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THE LAWS OF LAND.*

Mr M'Culloch's book introduces us to a question much debated in this age of class jealousy. As soon as we open it, we are straightway environed with "a barbarous noise of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs," amid whose jargon of phrases rises loudest and most frequent the cry of "commercial principles." It is a great grievance, it seems, that land should not be disposed of according to "commercial principles;" that hill and holt, and moor and dale, should not pass from seller to buyer with the same readiness as candles and calicoes. Truly we have enough, and more than enough, of these same commercial principles in all walks of thought. Even the pulpit is not free from them. Politics are positively smothered with them. Ethical science, with the shallowisms of Paley and Bentham round her neck, struggles feebly with them. The book-keeper is abroad every where, with an indestructible faith in double entry. The Spirit of the Age wears a pen behind his ear, and sits on a high stool with three legs. That the prevailing commercial principles should have been so long excluded from the absolute possession of our laws of land, and that those laws should have preserved to a time like this so much of their feudal character, is a notable proof of the adaptation of the laws to the general requirements of the community, and of the steadiness of that social system which is so essentially linked to the maintenance of these laws.

The cry of complaint to which we have above alluded, is inspired by many diverse motives. As Mr Cochrane's ragged followers flocked to Trafalgar Square to denounce the income-tax, so many a man takes up the shout against the law of primogeniture and entail, as tying up lands and restricting their sale, who never had the wherewithal to purchase a single acre if all broad England was in the market. On the other hand, the purse-proud citizen, sore that ready money is not yet quite at the top of the tree, and that he does not receive the same consideration at St James's as in Change Alley, delights to have some grievance whereon he can vent his spleen; and really, in some stolid instances, persuades himself that he is kept out of the land which his gold could buy, through the agency of aristocratical laws, as if George Robins had been a mythical personage, or the advertisements of Farebrother, Clark, and Lye were a mockery and delusion.

But the largest class of assailants are those who come to the debate fortified with certain specious economical arguments, generally derived from a one-sided view of some particular effect of these restrictive laws. To the demolition of these objectors Mr M'Culloch's work is more immediately addressed; and very effectually, in our opinion, does it accomplish its end. He has not, perhaps, treated the subject so widely as it might have been treated: he has not entered into the indirect social influences that might be

* *A Treatise on the Succession to Property vacant by Death.* By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. London: Longmans, 1848.

traced to our system of the laws relating to land; but the economical part of the question he has grasped most completely, and supported by most able and practical reasoning.

We must, we suppose, look for the text of the work, not where the text is usually found, but at the end. The following sentence, which is almost the concluding one, may be taken as the leading proposition of the work:—

“A powerful and widely-ramified aristocracy like that of England, not resting for support on any oppressive laws, and enjoying no privileges but which are for the public advantage, is necessary to give stability and security to the government, and freedom to the people. And our laws in regard to succession being well fitted to maintain such an aristocracy, and, at the same time, to inspire every other class with the full spirit of industry and enterprise, to change them would not be foolish merely, but criminal,—a *lèse majesté* against the public interests.”—P. 172.

It must not, however, be supposed from this remark, that any portion of the work is appropriated to a set defence of government by means of an aristocracy. By an aristocracy we mean the deposition of political power in the hands of men of leisure and education, as opposed to the tendency of the Reform Bill, to transfer the governing functions to the “practical” men of the trading and moneyed interests, and the analogous claims of Chartism, founded on Jack Cade’s complaint, that the “king’s council are no good workmen.” In England, we are pretty sure to have an aristocracy—that is, the influences which affect government and legislation will emanate principally from that class which is socially at the head of the nation; and the question is, whether we are to have a mere moneyed aristocracy, or one qualified by those mixed and undefinable conditions which, more than any thing else, act to keep down the growing and eager ascendancy of wealth *per se*. Among the safeguards of such an aristocracy as we have described, not the least powerful is to be found in the laws discussed in the work before us. Mr McCulloch, as we have said, assumes the importance to the country of preserving the present characteristics of British aristocracy; and he therefore

proceeds at once to show how the laws on which he treats operate for this preservation, and to rebut the objections advanced against them on the score of their relations to other classes of the community.

One of the most frequent of these objections is, that the laws in question tend to diminish the productiveness of the land, and thereby inflict a serious injury on the community at large; that they prevent, in many instances, the landlord from granting leases to his tenant beyond the term of his own life; that the tenant, in consequence, is not willing to incur the outlay of drainage and other expensive improvements, because he is not secured by a lease; while the landlord, on the other hand, will not enter into these expenses, because he does not feel the same interest in his limited estate which he would in the unconditional fee-simple.

Note first of all the logic of this argument. The tenant, it seems, will not spend his money in draining without a lease. As, however, a lease would suffice to induce him so to do, we might naturally suppose that the landlord’s estate for life, or in tail, would be at least an equal inducement. These reasoners, however, aver, that the landlord is only to be tempted by the unrestricted fee. According to this progressive scale, it might be fairly argued, that the tenant, on becoming lessee for years, would still require the landlord’s life-interest; and the latter, when seized of the fee, would decline the requisite expense, except on a guarantee of immortality, and justify himself by Horace’s authority,—

“Cunquam
Sit proprium quidquam juncto quod molis heræ
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.”

But the general scope of an argument may be just, though clumsily stated and fallaciously supported. We are, however, at no loss for experiments on the largest scale whereby to test the theory here noticed. We have English agriculture, subjected to a limited law of entail, contrasted on the one hand with Scottish agriculture, under a law of perpetual entail, and on the other with that of France and its compulsory gavelkind.

Mr M'Culloch has taken an elaborate view of the question in its relation to the tillage of the soil in these three countries respectively, more especially in France. We find, from the result of his investigation, that,—

"The average produce per acre of the crops of wheat in England and Wales in good years, has been carefully estimated at thirty-two bushels an acre, and it is certainly not under thirty bushels. But in France the produce of wheat, even in the richest and best cultivated departments, is little more, according to the official returns and the best private authorities, than twenty bushels an acre; and at an average of the entire kingdom, it hardly amounts in a good year to fourteen bushels. This result is completely decisive. It shows that one acre of land in England yields, from its being better farmed, considerably more wheat than two acres in France: and if we took barley or oats, turnips, beef, or wool for a standard, the difference in our favour would be seen to be still greater. . . . If labour were taken for a standard instead of land, the result would be still more in our favour. One man and one horse in England produce more corn and other agricultural produce than three men and three horses in France. Labour in the latter is misapplied and wasted."—P. 117.

Again:—

"While two husbandmen in France furnish a surplus of food above their own consumption adequate for *one* individual, the same number of English husbandmen furnish a surplus for no fewer than *four* individuals; showing that, as measured by its capacity of providing for the other classes of the population, English is to French agriculture as four to one."—P. 121.

So much for the comparison of French and English agriculture. Let us now turn to Scotland:—

"In an Appendix to the 'Sketches of the History of Man,' published in 1774, Lord Kames says, 'The quantity of land that is locked up in Scotland by entails has damped the growing spirit of agriculture. There is not produced sufficiency of corn at home for our consumption; and our condition will become worse and worse by new entails, till agriculture and industry be annihilated.' Now the extent of land under entail in Scotland has been certainly more than doubled, perhaps more than trebled, since this paragraph was written, and yet agriculture and manufactures have made a more rapid progress

in Scotland in the interval, and especially during the last thirty years, when entails were most prevalent, than in England, or in any other country whatever."—P. 71.

Lord Kames, in this respect, seems to have had the same subtle innuendo in prophesying counter to the event, as distinguishes Mr Cobden.

The first part of Mr M'Culloch's volume contains a cursory historical view of the earliest regulations of succession and inheritance. Thus, at p. 16, he traces the right of primogeniture, or preference of the eldest son, to the Mosaic law. We are far from maintaining that the specific details of the code promulgated on Sinai are a model of law for all nations; on the contrary, they were no doubt intended to be such as a wise human law-giver would frame, and consequently more or less applicable according to the changes and differences of social organisation. But we do hold that these laws indicate to mankind principles which are to be observed in all times and by all nations. Thus, the septennial release of debts, the return of every man to his possession in the year of jubilee, the prohibition of interest upon loans except to an alien, even the poor man's portion in the field and vineyard, may or may not be regulations adapted to a particular existing state of society. But they enunciate a principle of mercy and forbearance towards the poor and unfortunate, of which, we fear, our political economists and commercial legislators are too apt to lose sight. In conformity with this view, when we hear the right of primogeniture assailed as contrary to the law of nature, (by the way, where is this much-talked-of law of nature to be found?) we may safely appeal to the express recognition by the Jewish law of "the right of the first-born as the beginning of his father's strength," to show that the custom of primogeniture is at all events not repugnant to instinctive justice or the common-sense of mankind. The old Saxon law of gavelkind might be better adapted to a superabundance of land and a thin population; the preference of the youngest son, by the custom of Borough-English, might well prevail among the far progenitors of the

Saxon race on the steppes of Scythia,* when the elder brothers would be sent forth to roam over the boundless plain with their flocks and herds, the youngest remaining at home to be the prop of his father's old age. But in a settled and cultivated country, and among an advanced people, we maintain succession by primogeniture to be the most consonant, as a matter of theory, to the social feelings and requirements of man; and we think our author has fully established his position as to the beneficial character of its practical results.

In the course of his historical survey, Mr M'Culloch has of course touched on the principle of succession under the Roman law, but more lightly than we should have expected in reference to a system which has entered so largely into our Scottish law, and which is still accepted as a model framework of legal principles in most of the universities of Christendom. And the slight notice taken traces an analogy between the feudal and civil principles of succession, which we think is altogether incorrect. Our author, in speaking of the Roman law of succession, appears to confound in some measure the Roman term *hares* with the English word *heir*. The civilian definition of *hares* is *qui ex testamento succedit in universum jus testatoris*. In Scotland the word *heir* has much the same import:—"The law deems it reasonable," says Erskine, (*Inst.* book iii. tit. 8, §. 2) "that every fiar shall have the power by deed, during his life, to declare who shall have the lands after his death: and the person so favoured is called the *heir*." Whereas the feudal notion of the word *heir* preserved in the English law, is of one upon whom the estate is cast, after the death of his ancestor, by act of law and right of blood. In other words, *hares* is he who is appointed by the will of the deceased to succeed to his civil rights, and, in default of such appointment, the person indicated by a certain general law. But the *heir* (in English law) is the next and worthiest of blood, appointed by the common-law to succeed to his ancestor; although this rule of succession may be set

aside by the appointment or will of the ancestor, if possessed of the fee-simple. Bearing in mind this distinction, we shall perceive the cause of Mr M'Culloch's error when he says—

"The Furian, the Voconian, and the Falcidian laws were passed, the first two under the republic, and the latter under Augustus, to secure the interests of children by limiting the power of fathers to make settlements to their prejudice." P. 6.

Now, the Voconian law, so far from protecting the interests of children, frequently operated in the case of daughters to prejudice them;—of this we have a remarkable instance in the case of Annius Asellus, dwelt upon by Cicero, in the second action against Verres, *Orat.* i., c. 41—44. The law prevented all registered or assessed (*censi*) citizens of Rome from appointing a female as their *hares*. Again, the Furian and Falcidian laws were passed to secure the person nominated as *hares* from being prejudiced by the excessive amount of legacies under the will. Hence, if a man died leaving only daughters, he was prohibited by the Voconian law from appointing any of them as his *hares*; and the other two laws restrained him from appointing a nominal *hares*, and leaving his property to his daughters by way of legacies (*legata*.)

In truth, the English notion of heirship, as succession by right of blood, seems to be entirely due to the northern nations and the feudal system. Under both systems, however, it is observable how the progress of legislation and society has been to increase the privileges and diminish the duties of the constituted successor. For as, in tenure by chivalry, the heir was rather the person to whom, in consequence of proximity of blood, the lord might look for the performance of the military services, than the fortunate acquirer of the property, so the Roman *hares* was regarded more in the light of one on whom devolved the religious, civil, and private duties of the deceased; frequently so burdensome that the inheritance was altogether refused, until the heir was guarded by such laws as the Furian and Falcidian.

While we are in the humour of find-

* We suspect this custom may be traced in the Scythian legends of Herodotus. See his 4th book, chapters v., vi., and x.

ing fault, we may notice a passage in which we think Mr M'Culloch has not dealt fairly with the English law. It is as follows :—

"In one respect the law of intestacy appears to stand much in need of revision. It is interpreted so as to give, in many cases, more to the eldest son than the real estate and his share of the personalty. Suppose, for example, that a person dies intestate, leaving an estate worth (say) £100,000, with a mortgage made by him upon it for half its value, or £50,000, and leaving also £50,000 of personal property, in this case the real estate is obviously worth only £50,000; and consistently with the principles previously laid down, the eldest son should succeed to the estate burdened with its debt, and the personal property be divided among the children generally. But a different rule has been permitted to grow up. The personal property of persons dying intestate is the first fund for their debts, though secured upon their estates; and it is the surplus only, if there be any, after these debts are paid, that is divisible among the children, who, in the above case, would be entitled to nothing. This appears to be in all respects a most objectionable arrangement."—P. 41.

We cannot see any anomaly here. "It is a rule in equity," says Cruise, (*Digest*, tit. xv. c. 4.) "that where a person dies, leaving a variety of funds, one of which must be charged with a debt, that the fund which received the benefit by the contracting the debt shall make satisfaction." This seems to us perfectly just and reasonable, according to the principles of the English law. In the case put by Mr M'Culloch, the personalty of £50,000 obviously owes its existence to the mortgage debt; and it is, therefore, fairly applied to the discharge of that debt. But, *cessante ratione, cessat etiam lex*; this only applies where the deceased was himself the mortgager. Where the lands came to him mortgaged, his personal estate will not be liable, even though he may have made a covenant to pay it. We may refer the legal reader to the judgment of Lord King, delivered, with the assistance of Lord Chief-Justice Raymond and the Master of the Rolls, in *Evelyn v. Evelyn*, 2 P. Wms. 659. Compare *Cope v. Cope*, 1 Salk. 449. *Shafto v. Shafto*, 2 P. Wms. 661.

Although the custom of primogeniture and the law of entail exercise a similar influence on our social state, yet,

as they may be said in some measure to go by a different path towards the same end, Mr M'Culloch has treated them separately. With respect to the first, he begins by rebutting Adam Smith's sweeping denunciation:—"Nothing can be more contrary to the real interest of a numerous family, than a right which, in order to enrich one, beggars all the rest of the children." *Wealth of Nations*, p. 171.

"On the contrary," says Mr M'Culloch, "we are well convinced that much of the industry and of the superior wealth and civilisation of modern Europe, may be ascribed to the influence of the custom of primogeniture in determining the succession to estates; and that, were it abolished, or superseded by the opposite custom of equally dividing landed property among all the children, or even among all the sons, they would suffer universally by the change, the youngest as well as the oldest, while it would most seriously compromise the interests of every other class."—P. 28.

The truth is, that the right of primogeniture is rather to be regarded as having for its object the benefit of the community, than the interest of the particular family. If a man has £50,000 a-year and five sons, it may appear, at first sight, decidedly more conducive to "the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number," that each of these five sons should have £10,000 a-year, than that one should possess the whole, or bulk, of the paternal property, and the other four be left to buffet their way through the world. But it is for the interest of the nation that its aristocracy should be founded in old families, fortified and graced by historical associations; and these are only to be kept up by a devolution of their lands according to the feudal rule. But, as regards the interest of the particular family, it will appear on consideration that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this also is most effectually promoted by the law of primogeniture. By means of this law, the main stock of the family is left in its full strength as a nucleus round which the younger branches are united, and from which their members derive alike a great portion of their status in society, and inducement to advance themselves in their respective pursuits; and, on the other hand, the professions of the country are exalted and dignified by

the infusion into their ranks of men of birth and education, who are, at the same time, dependent on those professions for their advancement. Sir Matthew Hale, as quoted by Mr M'Culloch, forcibly describes the results of the opposite system. "This equal division of inheritance," he says, speaking of the old times of Saxon gavelkind, "did by degrees bring the inhabitants to a low kind of country living; and families were broken; and the younger sons which, had they not had these little parcels of land to apply themselves to, would have betaken themselves to trades, or to military, or civil, or ecclesiastical employments, neglecting those opportunities, wisely applied themselves to those small divisions of land; whereby they neglected the opportunities of greater advantage of enriching themselves and the kingdom." And if it should be urged that Sir Matthew Hale could do little more than form an *à priori* judgment of the social condition of England in the days of the Confessor, it should be remembered that the picture here drawn is precisely applicable to the state of France at the present day, and may easily be traced to its similar system of partition. An important public result of the same system, as regards the landholders in the exercise of their functions as citizens, may also be observed in that country. The large body of landed proprietors, amounting to between four and five millions, so far from being the leaders of the people, are, perhaps, the most inert and uninfluential class of the whole community. They pay the bulk of the taxes, and grumble accordingly; but beyond a vague dread of aristocracy—not unnaturally founded, perhaps, on the traditions of the vexatious privileges swept away in 1791—they seem disposed calmly to acquiesce in all the proclamations, charters, and chimeras that may be thrust upon them by busier handlers of the tools of government, and behold revolutions concocted in Paris, and bursting over their heads, apparently without the remotest conception that it any wise rests with them to control or guide the convulsion.

"It has sometimes been contended that the custom of primogeniture is injurious, from its interesting the leading families of the country in the support of expensive

public establishments, in which their younger branches are most commonly placed."—P. 38.

This objection also Mr M'Culloch brings to the test of experiment, and shows that this bias, if it really exist, is little perceptible, and that the aristocracy have shown much more zeal to discharge the functions of the ill-paid offices of the army and navy, than to get into their hands the lucrative situations connected with the administration of justice. It was certainly not the immediate interest of the aristocracy, for instance, to maintain the offices of the six clerks in Chancery, the profits on which were estimated for compensation at sums varying, we believe, from £2500 to £1000 per annum.

The law of entail is traceable to the same human instincts as the law of primogeniture. The clannish feelings of the northern nations, their notion of representation by blood, and the territorial character of their citizenship, all combined to produce an anxiety to perpetuate the old stocks in the homes of their fathers. Nor is this desire of posthumous control over the transmission of lands the product, as is sometimes alleged, of an artificial state of society. Man's possessory instinct essentially connects itself with the future—*Serit arbores que alteri prosint seculo*. The justice of gratifying this wish by general laws of the community is not more impeachable than that of guarding the indefeasible possession of the owner during his lifetime. It remains to be seen how far the sanction of entails is consistent with the good of the nation in general.

Every lawyer knows that the progress of legal decisions in England has been adverse to entails, and that, although the statute *De Donis* continues on the statute-book, yet it was long ago rendered almost nugatory by the introduction of fines and recoveries. Hence the term entail is now popularly applied to denote the strict settlement of lands, under provisions which prevent them from passing from the heirs to whom they are limited; this having been, of old, the result of an entail properly so called, though it now requires a more complicated mode of settling, and can only endure (so as to render the lands inalienable) for a

life or any number of lives in being, and twenty-one years afterwards. This more popular meaning of the word entail is that which Mr M'Culloch follows—his object being to treat of the influence of tying up lands from alienation.

Measuring the practice of entails by the rule of utility, Mr M'Culloch selects two points as the principal topics of discussion.

"In the first place, it is alleged in favour of entails that they stimulate exertion and economy; that they hold out to industry and ambition the strongest and safest excitement in the prospect of founding an imperishable name and a powerful family, and of being remembered and venerated by endless generations as their chief and benefactor. And, in the second place, it is said that entails form the only solid bulwark of a respectable aristocracy, and prevent generations from being ruined by the folly or misfortunes of an individual."—P. 78.

The first of these propositions is, no doubt, partially true; but the motive put forward has not, we think, as a matter of experience, the force that might, at first sight, be attributed to it. Perhaps the keenest accumulators of wealth have not been those who have fixed their capital in a landed estate. The man of business habits and judicious speculation is drawn to make his fortune in obedience to a passion which is partly developed, and at all events fostered, by the pursuit of his life. It cannot be said to arise altogether from a notion of benefiting posterity, of being the founder of a house—the man of whom future Fitztomkynses shall be ashamed—that John Tomkins, merchant, sets at nought all the expostulations of self-indulgence:

"*Tun' mare transilias ? tibi tortâ cannabe fulto*

Cona sit in transtro ? Veientanumque rubellum

Exhalet vapida læsum pice fissilis obba ?"

Enormous fortunes were accumulated during the declining days of the Roman republic. But entails being then unknown, and the Roman nobility having no territorial position, these fortunes, usually acquired by oppression and extortion in the provinces, were squandered in largesses and corruption at home. There was no other

way in which a Roman citizen of great wealth could establish the influence of his family. He could not, like an English gentleman, connect his name with a landed estate, and extend his influence by those good offices and local duties which lie so immediately open to a man in that capacity. As an almost necessary consequence, he sought for power through the demoralisation and corruption of the holders of the suffrage—causes which contributed more than any other to the downfall of the republic. By lavishing his gold in this manner, he obtained, not only political eminence for himself, but also that power which led to proconsulates and propratorships among his heirs, and thus gave them the opportunity of repairing, by fresh exactions, his diminished revenues.

Hence we should rather view the law of entail as an inducement to a man to perpetuate his thousands in broad acres than to acquire his fortune in the first instance. And, in conformity with this view, it may be observed, that it is more generally the son or other successor than the architect of the fortune himself who converts the accumulated wealth into this permanent form.

Mr M'Culloch's second point—the preservation of families by means of entails—is one of wider interest and more general importance. In a bustling mercantile community like ours, we cannot too jealously guard any institution which, directly or indirectly, tends to preserve distinctions due to something more than mere wealth. And there can be no doubt that the system of entails has saved many an ancient line from being thrust from its home of centuries to a strange spot, and this not only among the titled and wealthy, but among the yeomanry and "statesmen." In England, of course, a family may frequently perish through the possession of an estate in fee-simple passing into the hands of an unthrifty representative of the line, as the settlements require constant renewal. But in Scotland the system of perpetual entail exercises a much more potent influence in their behalf. Mr M'Culloch, though he rebuts many of the objections urged against the Scottish law, is nevertheless anxious to see it assimilated

lated in a great measure to that of England. There is, however, an exception which he would make to the rule against perpetuity of entails. It is with regard to the peerage, in which matter we cordially agree with him. There were, in ancient times, instances of barons who were degraded, from their dignity on account of their lack of sufficient revenue to support their hereditary title. The independence and the dignity of the House of Lords would be alike maintained by an enactment enabling, or even obliging, all peers to tie up by perpetual entail a certain portion of their estates to accompany the title. Such anomalies as that of an Earl of Buchan (Lord Erskine's father, see Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*) living in the uppermost flat of a sixteen-story house, would thereby be avoided with considerable advantage to the national interests.

Mr M'Culloch, therefore, who quotes Sir William Temple and Dr Johnson on the same side, would preserve the law of perpetual entail for the Scottish peerage, and extend it also to that of England. In other respects he is, as we have above stated, in favour of a considerable modification of the Scottish law of entail. He admits, however, the difficulty of dealing with existing entails.

"These have established a right of property not only in the actual possessors and their families, but, speaking generally, in a wide circle of collateral heirs; nor could the rights of the unborn heirs be affected without annulling the clauses in a great number of settlements, and also in marriage-contracts and other deeds *inter vivos*. It is, therefore, hardly possible materially to relax the fetters of entails with strict justice to all parties, though it might perhaps be slowly and gradually effected without inflicting any very serious hardship on any individual. We incline to think that this might be most easily brought about by saving the rights of living heirs of entail, and of such heirs as may be born under existing marriage-contracts. The interests of the possible heirs that might be prejudiced by the adoption of some such rule as this, are of so very unsubstantial a description that they might safely be neglected." P. 78.

At the time we write, a measure is pending before Parliament, entitled

"A Bill for the amendment of the Law of Entail in Scotland," and endorsed with the names of the Lord-Advocate, Sir George Grey, and Mr Solicitor-General for Scotland. Whatever difficulties Mr M'Culloch feels with regard to relaxing the fetters of entail, it is obvious that the contrivers of this bill are in nowise hampered by them. They go to work in the most off-hand manner possible. A short and unobtrusive-looking bill is to drive clean through all the existing settlements and deeds of tailzie, with their complicated train of clauses irritant and resolute, as if no mortal was concerned in the matter, and estates were the proper toys of law-makers.

The fact of the quantity of alienable land diminishing in a commercial country, while trade and population are increasing, is no doubt a state of things which calls for a remedy, since there must at some period or another be a failure of land adequate to meet the requirements of realised fortunes. If, in the judgment of reasonable and practical observers, the difficulty could be met by making all future entails subject to be barred by a process analogous to that existing in England, we should think there could be no hesitation in affirming it to be the most just and most expedient course to introduce such a change, and leave the existing settlements in their contemplated perpetuity. If, however, it can be clearly established that already too much land is locked up in the northern kingdom, and that the soil now free from entail is insufficient to satisfy the requirements of future buyers, then we should say that the utmost care and skill were required in framing enactments which should adapt themselves to the justice of particular cases, and should, as far as might be, save existing and vested interests in their delicate multiplicity and connexion. If ever such care and skill were required, it would be in a measure which interferes more extensively with vested rights—usually with good reason a sacred thing in the eye of the law—than any which appears in the statute-books of the three kingdoms. A statute to convert the Irish tenants into owners of the fee-simple of their several holdings, (a project which has been talked of,) would

scarcely be a more startling invasion of the rights of property as they are usually recognised. We do not, however, intend to impeach the general provisions of the bill. If, as we before observed, so important a change was found to be necessary, it is right to make it; and it is no more than was effected in England by a more gradual process—the subtle fictions of the law-courts, which virtually got rid of the statute *De Donis*. But we can anticipate nothing but uncertainty and multiplied litigation, from the apparently crude and careless project now before us.

An instance of the loose wording of this bill strikes the reader in the very first section. It proposes to enact “that where any estate in Scotland shall be entailed by a deed of tailzie, dated on or after the first day of March one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, it shall be lawful for any heir of entail, born after the date of such tailzie, being of full age, and in possession of such entailed estate in virtue of such tailzie, to acquire such estate in fee-simple, by applying to the Court of Session, &c.” Now, what is this estate which the heir of entail is to acquire in fee-simple? The estate-tail, for so it is by hypothesis. But to talk of acquiring an estate-tail in fee-simple is nothing better than downright nonsense. An estate-tail is, by the origin of the word, cut or carved (*taillé*) out of the fee-simple. You may talk of converting or enlarging the part into the whole, but you cannot talk of acquiring the part in the entirety of the whole. This is not all; the bill plunges at once in *medias res*, without favouring us with any sort of definition of the important phrase, “heir of entail,” in this and other clauses. The same expression in the statute 1 Jac. VII. c. 32, has already (see *Sandford's Entails*, p. 231) given rise to no small questioning and litigation, which promise to be renewed in abundance should this measure pass into a law. Again, perpetual inalienability is not an incident to all estates-tail. Lands merely bound by what are called the prohibitive clauses, may be alienated for a valuable consideration, though not by

a voluntary or (as the Scotch say) gratuitous conveyance. Tailzies, however, to which no clauses are annexed, do not prevent the heir from conveying the lands in any manner he pleases. Now, as the object of this bill is to relax the bonds of perpetual inalienability, we presume that only those tailzies which are guarded by the irritant and resolutive clauses are within its purview. If so, the general expression “deed of tailzie” should have been distinctly limited. If that expression should be held to comprehend all deeds of tailzie, which it must of course do when taken by itself, then the proposed act will exercise a very extensive disabling power, by restricting the unlimited right of alienation under tailzies of simple destination,* and the right of alienation for value under tailzies with prohibitive clauses only introduced, to the peculiar form and instrument pointed out by this bill, and which we suppose was devised in analogy to the forms substituted for fines and recoveries by the statute 3 & 4 Will. IV. c. 74.

We have already seen how Mr M'Culloch would deal with the difficulty of disturbing the devolution of lands already limited in perpetual entail—namely, by “saving the rights of living heirs of entail, and of heirs born under existing marriage-contracts.” We think our author has not, in this passage, expressed himself with due legal perspicuity and precision. The phrase “living heirs of entail” is somewhat vague and uncertain; we presume Mr M'Culloch intended the living issue of the heir of entail in possession, and all living heirs-substitute and their living issue. Again, what are existing marriage-contracts? Probably those marriage-contracts are intended, which are annexed to marriages solemnised before the introduction of a new system. Both these suggestions, as we have interpreted them, might with justice and advantage have formed part of the new law. It is true that this would, at all events for a considerable period of time, stop short of that assimilation of the Scottish law to the English which seems

* See *Erskine's Institutes*, B. iii. tit. 8, §§ 21-25.

to have been a great object with the framers of this bill. But the two systems would gradually correspond; and we hold that there is a principle of justice involved in the upholding of contracts the objects of which are as yet unfulfilled. Where an English settler has limited lands to a man for life, remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail, he knew, at the time of making the settlement, that it was liable to be barred with consent of the eldest son on his coming of age. But it was not so with a Scotch settler who executed a deed of tailzie to several brothers as successive heirs-substitute; and the legislature has no right, without the gravest public cause, to step in and defeat his intention.

But the bill, though intending to give far greater liberty to the owner of an entailed estate than Mr McCulloch does, or, as we think, is consistent with justice, sets about affording him aid in the most ambiguous and misty manner conceivable. The 2d clause enacts that the heir of entail in possession, born after the date of the act, may disentail in the manner provided by the act; and an heir of entail born before the date of the act may similarly disentail, "with the consent (and not otherwise) of the heir-substitute next in succession, and heir-apparent under the entail of the heir in possession," he being born after the date of the act, and capable of contracting.

We should recommend the tenant in tail to be very cautious how he attempts to "acquire his estate in fee-simple" under the provisions of this clause. He is to obtain the consent of the heir-substitute next in succession. So far his course is clear. But the same person is also designated by the term "heir-apparent under the entail of the heir in possession." Now, is this a qualification of the general term "heir-substitute next in succession," and must such person, under the act, be also heir-apparent? If so, what is the particular qualification required of him under the expression "heir-apparent?" Adhering to the use of the phrase in popular language, we must take, as the only circumstances under which the next heir-substitute and the heir-apparent are one and the same person, the case in

which the first estate under the entail is limited to a man and the heirs of his body, and the second to his second son and the heirs of his body; then, supposing the eldest son to die in the lifetime of his father, the second son would be both the next heir-substitute and also the heir-apparent. Is this, therefore, the only case within the act? Scarcely, we should think, was it so intended. Are we, then, to interpret the word heir-apparent in the sense in which the phrase heir-presumptive is generally used; and must we suppose that the cases indicated are those in which there is no issue under the first entail, and therefore the next heir-substitute is what we should call heir-presumptive to the person in possession? If so, what is to become of the numerous cases where there is issue to take under the existing estate-tail? Or can it be that the issue in tail is altogether forgotten by this act, and that the person whose consent is required is merely the next heir-substitute in any case? We are inclined to think this the most probable explanation of this unfortunate clause, but can scarcely imagine that it will be suffered to pass into a law. A further ambiguity, however, arises with respect to this term heir-apparent, from its having a peculiar technical meaning in the Scottish law. "He who is entitled," says Erskine, "to enter heir to a deceased ancestor is, before his actual entry, styled, both in our statutes and by our writers, *apparent heir*." If the bill intends any reference to this legal acceptation of the phrase, we can only understand the person whose consent is required, to be such person as, being next heir-substitute, would, on the immediate decease of the possessor, be his apparent heir, or entitled to enter on the lands. This, again, shuts out all those estates where the possessor has issue in tail, and would, consequently, limit the operation of the bill to exceptional cases. We think we have said enough to convince our readers that this clause is not likely to set free many entailed estates in Scotland—at all events, not without a chaos of litigation, in which the elements of profit will have a tendency to range themselves on the side of the lawyers.

The person whose consent is to be

obtained (whoever that mysterious person may be) is, as we have seen, to be born after the date of the act. In conformity with this principle, one would have supposed that where the next heir-substitute shall have been born before that date, then it should be necessary to obtain the consent of the first person entitled to take *per formam doni*, who shall be born after this date, together with the consent of all those who are to take before him. The third clause, however, introduces a new form of protection to the settlement, and merely enacts that, in such cases, the consent of a certain number of the heirs-substitute is to be obtained, (the blank left for the number was filled up with the word "three" in committee of the House of Commons. Nothing said about the issue in tail, as before.

Where the main enactments of the bill are so incomprehensible, it is useless to dwell on its details. We can only say, that whatever evils may be shown to exist under the present law, they will not only fail to be cured, but must be aggravated tenfold, by such a product of off-hand legislation—

"Sent before its time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,"

that it must necessarily die of its own deformity, unless the law-courts will lick it into shape by their decisions,—a shape (as it must be) in which its own parents would not know it again.

The law of real property in France exhibits a system so distinctly antagonistic to our English and Scottish law of entail, that we cannot be surprised at the attention with which Mr McCulloch has investigated its influences.

"According to the law of France, a person with one child may dispose at pleasure of a moiety of his property, the child inheriting the other moiety as legitim, or matter of right; a person having two children can only dispose of a third part of his property; and those having more than two must divide three-fourths of their property equally amongst them, one-fourth part being all that is then left at their disposal. When a father dies intestate, his property is equally divided among his children, without respect to sex or seniority. Nothing can be more distinctly opposed to the principles we have

endeavoured to establish, and to the system followed in this country, than this law. It is therefore lucky that it is now no novelty. It has been established for more than half a century, so that we may trace and exhibit its practical influence over the condition of the extensive population subject to its operation. Such an experiment is of rare occurrence, but when made is invaluable. And if its results should confirm the conclusions already come to, it will go far to establish them on an unassailable basis."—P. 80-81.

We have already seen how these results may be traced in the state of French agriculture. They may also, we think, be discerned in the relative position which the landholders of France bear to other classes in the social scale. These, numbering between four and five millions, ought, as a class, to constitute the leaders of the nation. So far from this being the case, they are perhaps the most inert and uninfluential portion of the community, having apparently had little or no voice in the two revolutions which have swept over their heads within the last eighteen years, and as little in the erection, maintenance, or downfall of the Throne of the Barri-cades. It yet remains to be seen whether they will continue to accept every thing which the clubs of Paris are willing to force upon them. As tax-payers and cultivators of the soil, it can hardly suit them to be propagandists; as men who have something to lose, they will not readily give in to the dictatorial vagaries of Ledru Rollin. If, however, they would hold their own, it is time for them to be up and doing. France has been governed by a minority before now.

We have always regarded it as one of the main advantages of a landed aristocracy, that it raises up a principle of social rank antagonistic to that of mere wealth. In France, the constant subdivision and transfer of land breaks down this influence, and causes land to be regarded as a mere marketable article and equivalent for money.

"In countries where the custom of primogeniture exercises a powerful influence, families become identified with estates—the family representing the estate, and the estate the family. The wealth and consideration enjoyed by the latter depend upon, and are intimately

connected with, the possession of the lands which have descended to them from their ancestors. They estimate their value by another than a mere pecuniary standard. They are attached to them by the oldest and most endearing associations; and they are seldom parted with except under the most painful circumstances. Hence the perpetuity of property in England in the same families, notwithstanding the limited duration of entails; great numbers of estates being at this moment enjoyed by those whose ancestors acquired them at or soon after the Conquest. But in France such feelings are proscribed. Estates and families have there no abiding connexion; and at the demise of an individual who has a number of children, his estate can hardly escape being subdivided. And this effect of the law tends to imbue the proprietors with corresponding sentiments and feelings. 'Non seulement,' says M. De Tocqueville, 'la loi des successions rend difficile aux familles de conserver intacts les mêmes domaines, mais elle leur ôte le désir de le tenter, et elle les entraîne, en quelque sorte, à coopérer avec elle à leur propre ruine.'—P. 85-86.

But Mr M'Culloch dwells more particularly on the injurious effects to agriculture from the parcelling out of the land into small properties. He shows that a small proprietor is not so efficient a cultivator of the soil as a tenant, in which doctrine Arthur Young had preceded him. He shows, also, that the subdivision of properties leads to the subdivision of farms, and urges that it is impossible to have good farming on small patches of land. Of the miseries of an agricultural system carried on by small farmers on petty holdings, we have already a sufficient example in Ireland. We cannot but think, however, that the progress of things in England has too much swallowed up those little farms of from thirty to fifty acres, which at one time were common over the country. Not but what capital is employed at a great disadvantage on these little holdings—but where there is a general system of good-sized farms, an intermixture of smaller farms is not attended with injurious effects proportional to those which arise where the whole of the land is split up into minute parcels. And then small farmers furnish a link between the yeomanry and peasantry, which it is useful to maintain, cheering the poor man's lot by pointing out to him a path by which he may advance

from the position of a day-labourer to that of an occupier of land. On the same principle we are rejoiced to observe the gradual extension of the allotment system; although it would have a still more beneficial effect, we think, if the land was granted in the shape of a croft about the cottage, thus giving the tenant a greater interest, and more individual sense of proprietorship, than when his piece of land is packed, along with a number of others, into a mass of unsightly patches.

In connexion with the small holdings in Ireland, it should not be forgotten that this subdivision of the land results mainly from the practice of sub-letting; and this again has arisen in a great degree from the practice of granting long leases, the want of which in England has served, among many other things, for an outcry against the landlords. Mr M'Culloch has pointed out the evils of too long leases on the farming tenant, that they superinduce a sense of security which easily degenerates into indolence. But the influence on Ireland is even worse, by breaking up the land into small patches, on which the occupier can but just maintain himself, paying an exorbitant rent to the middleman. For it is not the eager demand for land amongst the Irish peasantry, as we sometimes hear, that has produced this subdivision of the land, but the subdivision that has produced the demand, by putting the cultivation of the land into the hands of a class who are unable, through want of skill and capital, to carry it on; who cannot, therefore, furnish employment for the labourers, and thus drive them to grasp at little parcels of land as their only means of securing a wretched subsistence; and this security, as we know, has more than once proved but a fancied one, as in the disastrous failure of the potato crop.

While we are on this subject, we may draw the reader's attention to a very able pamphlet by an Irish gentleman, on Irish matters, which, though we believe it has never been published, has had an extensive private circulation. We allude to "Address to the Members of the House of Commons on the Landlord and

Tenant Question, by Warren H. R. Jackson, Esq." The work, though somewhat tinged with the hard politico-economical school, is written with great shrewdness of thought and freedom from prejudice, and is well worthy the careful attention of the honourable House. The writer, in discussing the vexed question he has taken in hand, fully coincides with the general principles laid down by Mr M'Culloch. "This," he says, (speaking of the subdivision of land) "is one of the monster grievances of Ireland, and you will do little good unless you abate it." This abatement he would bring about mainly by prospective laws, as by placing all contracts for subletting *hors la loi*, and so taking away from the first lessee all power of recovering his rent from the actual tenant. We cannot but think that this would be found a most salutary enactment. It should be remembered, that the occupier is responsible to the owner of the freehold by the power of distress vested in the latter, and it is but just that he should be relieved from the liability to pay two rents—a liability which it is manifest no good farmer would incur, but which the squalid ravager of the soil in Ireland is always eager for.

It has been said that no further legislative enactment is required in Ireland, and that administrative wisdom must do what yet remains to be done. Mr Jackson, however, shows that there are such deep-seated evils in Ireland as cannot be cured except by the direct interference of the legislature. But we think he expects too much from the Sale of Encumbered Estates Bill. An extensive change of proprietorship would, we are persuaded, be a great evil in Ireland. There is an attachment in general to the "ould stock" among their poorer neighbours, which would naturally be followed by a jealousy and prejudice against the new comers who displaced them. And this prejudice would of itself neutralise any efforts for improvement which the landlord might otherwise be disposed to make—although, in most cases, we should not expect much effort in this direction from a stranger mortgagee, often an unwilling purchaser, who would naturally

be anxious to contract with those parties from whom he could obtain his rents with least trouble, leaving them to deal with the land as they liked, and thereby continuing and increasing the odious middleman system.

Mr M'Culloch does not confine his examination of the compulsory partition in France to its influence on agriculture. He has discerned certain political effects of that and the concomitant system of which it is a part, with a precision which subsequent events have elevated into a sort of prophecy. The preface to his work is dated December 1847, and the work was published, we believe, early in January. There can, therefore, be no grounds for classing the following passage with those anticipations which are made after the event:—

"The aristocratical element is no longer to be found in French society; and the compulsory division of the soil, while it prevents the growth of an aristocracy, impresses the same character of mobility upon landed possessions that is impressed on the families of their occupiers. Hence the prevalent want of confidence in the continuance of the present order of things in France. What is there in that country to oppose an effectual resistance to a revolutionary movement? Monarchy in France has been stripped of those old associations and powerful bulwarks whence it derives almost all its lustre and support in this and other countries. The throne stands in solitary, though not unenvied dignity, without the shelter of a single eminence, exposed to the full force of the furious blasts that sweep from every point of the surrounding level. There is nothing intermediate, nothing to hinder a hostile majority in the Chamber of Deputies from at once subverting the regal branch of the constitution, or changing the reigning dynasty." —P. 132-133.

Scarcely was the printer's ink dry on this passage when the Throne of the Barricades was gone. We have given our author full credit for his sagacity in penetrating into the future, but we think it would puzzle him to foretell what is to come next. We are disposed to doubt, however, whether an aristocracy could have preserved the throne of Louis Philippe. It is true that in our own country William of Nassau and George of Brunswick maintained their crowns by

the aid of powerful sections of the nobility. But the revolutions which gave them those crowns were not the volcanic outbursts of popular force. Under such outbursts, no successful usurper, no "Hero-king," no sovereign by the will of the people, has been able to devise a principle which shall establish his throne in security, and serve in the stead of that prestige of old hereditary succession, that grand feudal idea of kingly right, which is the essential fountain of the reverence that guards royalty. Louis Philippe would have confirmed his sovereignty by means of the influence exerted upon interested officials. No sooner was his power shaken in its unstable equilibrium than the men whom his gold had bought rushed to worship the rising sun of the young Republic. Napoleon, before him, would have built up a similar power on military glory: his doom was sealed when his eagles turned from the field of Leipsic. Cromwell employed religious fanaticism to the same end: the fanaticism lasted his time; but we will venture to say that, had he lived, his protectorate would not have reached the seventeen years allotted to the democratic King of the French.

Our author is of opinion that, after all, the system of compulsory partition will fail to guard what has since become the French Republic:—

"But, though it were possible, which it is not, to obviate the mischievous influence of the French and other plans for preventing the increase and continuance of property in the same families, it may be confidently predicted that they will, in time to come as hitherto, wholly fail in their grand object of perpetuating the ascendancy of the democracy. In old settled and fully peopled countries, where the bulk of the population is necessarily poor and dependent, an aristocracy is indispensable for the support of a free system of government—*'Il importe à tous les peuples qui ont la prétention de devenir ou de rester puissants, d'avoir une aristocratie, c'est-à-dire un corps héréditaire ou non, qui conserve et perpetue les traditions, donne de l'esprit de suite à la politique, et se voue à l'art le plus difficile de tous, qu'aujourd'hui cependant tout le monde croit savoir sans l'avoir appris, celui de gouverner. Un peuple sans aristocratie*

pourra briller dans les lettres et les arts, mais sa gloire politique me semble devoir être passagère comme un météore.' CHEVALIER, *Lettres sur l'Amérique*, ii. 379," pp. 171, 172.

We have already said that we think England certain to have an aristocracy of some description. The ambition of the people to advance themselves individually in the social scale will necessarily lead to a high value being set upon those advanced positions, and will tend to make them the fulcrum from which the country is governed. And we can conceive nothing more fatal to our national organisation than the result which would follow indirectly from the repeal of these laws. It may be supposed at first sight that no very vital question is involved here. Let those who suppose so, take a view of the probable condition of society which would ensue. These, and other so-called feudalities, being swept away, land becomes a commercial article, according to the desire of the plutocratic reformers. Estates are trucked about in the market like bills of exchange; constantly changing hands, their owners have little connexion with them or the people that live on them, regarding them merely in the light of so much realised capital. The old families gradually become dispossessed; mere wealth is recognised as the sole qualification for rank and influence; and the leading class in the state is composed of men who are an aristocracy by virtue of ready money. Far be it from us to undervalue the enterprise, integrity, and industry of our merchant manufacturers and tradesmen. But we will say that when we meet with a man, as we often do among those classes, endowed with a broad range of thought and high and noble aims, we regard him as possessing these qualities not as a consequence, but in spite of a commercial training. The immediate effects of such training are to narrow the mind and cramp the soul, not in respect of domestic and social life—for in these, perhaps, the middle classes are unsurpassed by any other—but in the provinces of the statesman and the politician.

In these times, it seems to be com-

monly supposed that a legislator—like a poet—*nascitur, non fit*. There is a certain kind of training, the acquisition of a certain cast of thought, which are requisites for statesmen as a class, as much as his legal reading for a lawyer, or his apprenticeship for a handicraftsman. Statesmen, however, have to deal with practical matters; and therefore we think, as we have before said, that while the predominance of these requisites in the legislature is essential to good government, there may with advantage at the same time be a certain admixture of the men practically versed in commerce and manufactures. But this should be always a subordinate, not a leading, element in the principles which regulate the administration of government.—We repeat, that the counting-house, the loom, and the anvil, are not the best schools for legislators. For that office, a man requires leisure and education. We shall be told that a “Squire” is not necessarily an educated man. We do not maintain that he is. But, in the first place, as we cannot well have an education-test, we must go to the class in which, as a class, we find the highest and most enlarged form of education; and we believe that this qualification can, without question, be claimed for the leisure-class, or gentlemen of England. In the second place, it should be remembered, that if the squire is not always individually what we should call an educated man, he yet imbibes his thoughts and notions from those who are such, who give tone to the society in which he moves. In investigating the characteristics of classes, it can scarcely be but that a number of exceptions to our general rules will force themselves upon our attention. Yet, in good truth, we believe that almost all the individual examples which can be cited will bear out our estimate. The highest contributions to the Legislature, on the part of the middle or commercial classes, have been the shrewd practical men of business, men of the stamp of Mr Hawes. As for the Cobdens and Brights, *et hoc genus omne*, their only motive principle appears to be the interests of *My Shop*. Their notion of loyalty, patriotism, and British prosperity, is nothing but low wages,

high profits, and a brisk trade in calicoes.

Many of our readers will recollect a passage in Cicero, (*Off.* i. 42.) in which he reprobates, more or less, all commercial pursuits, in respect of their operations on the moral insight of man, and finishes with the praise of the culture of the soil, in these words: “*Omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid acquiritur, nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius.*” In this country we should find it difficult to go along with the feelings of the old Roman republican on these points. But though we have already expressed our high sense of the social and domestic virtues of the middle or trading classes, yet we are most confident in the truth of our position, that the shop is the worst possible preparation for the senate. We know that there is a talk abroad about earnest workers, drones of the hive, and so forth. By all means, let every man work who is fit to work. But it is not necessary, nor is it desirable, that every man should work for gain. On the contrary, we hold that a class endowed with leisure is indispensable, not only for the grace and civilisation, but even for the moral well-being of a community. That money should become the one grand loadstar of thought and action is the bane of those societies where the pursuit of money is the general employment; but where there is such a leisure-class as we have spoken of, forming the topmost rank of a nation otherwise chiefly mercantile, there are numberless influences derived from it which percolate through the underlying masses, and check or modify the exclusive reverence for wealth to which they would otherwise be prone. Even a mere blind respect for rank or title exalts the mind immeasurably as compared with mammon-worship.

While on the subject of our leisure-class, which is pretty nearly synonymous with the lauded gentry, we must not pass over in silence a subject in connexion with which the outcry against “the drones of the hive” is frequently introduced. We refer to the Game-Laws. The whole question of these laws has been so fully discussed in a recent Number of this maga-

zine, that we will not attempt in any way to open that controversy. But they are so commonly coupled with the Laws of Entail as "feudalities," and as interfering with the transmission of land according to "commercial principles," that we could not altogether omit the mention of them. We will at this time only observe, that the denunciation of the Game-Laws is a part of the crusade which Hard-Cash, that arrogant monopolist who bears no brother near his throne, is waging against all other objects of interest or devotion. Let it not be supposed that laws are of minor importance because they relate to the amusements of any portion of the community. They may derive their importance from that circumstance as tending to raise up something which shall cope with the lust of gold. The game-preserving interest is worth maintenance if only as clashing with mammonism.

While the brawlers about "improvement" and "progress," are heaping their meaningless abuse upon feudalities, we should be glad to know what they purpose to do with that greatest feudality of all, the Crown? Already there are symptoms of an intention to take that matter in hand. Mr Cobden and some of his Calibans have talked in the House of Commons about curtailing the "barbarous splendour" of the throne. They know nothing and care nothing about the historical association and constitutional truths embodied in the ancient appendages of royalty. How should they? They want

somebody to look after the police, and take care that no one robs their till; that is their idea of government. They want a man (some of them being willing to allow him a small salary, though others think that it does not pay) to preach to the masses, and tell them not to steal, and to be content with their wages; that is their idea of the church. We do not think, however, that the tone of thought prevalent among the Manchester school is destined yet to lead the mind of England. And we are the less inclined to look forward to such a national debasement when we find so enlightened an advocate of free-trade policy as Mr M'Culloch—the advocate of a theory which we hold to be erroneous, but not the selfish and greedy clamourer for the gain of himself and his class—thus coming forward to vindicate the laws which preserve the hereditary character of our aristocracy, which lend so efficient an aid in shielding us from the crushing tread of mammonism, and in preventing "commercial principles" from introducing the ledger and day-book into our manor houses, and the counter into our farmers' parlours. In this view we most heartily thank our author for his noble and energetic contribution to our National Defences at the present time; and as there is a wide field open in connexion with the subject he has so powerfully handled, we cannot take leave of him without expressing a hope that we may before long listen to him again "on the same side."

LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

PART II.

[The reader is informed that "Life in the Far West" is *no fiction*. The scenes and incidents described are strictly true. The characters are real, (the names being changed in two or three instances only,) and all have been, and are, well known in the Western country.]

"AND Mary Brand herself,—what is she like?"

"She's 'some' now; that is a fact," "and the biggest kind of punkin at that," would have been the answer from any man, woman, or child, in Memphis County, and truly spoken too; always understanding that the punkin is the fruit to which the *ne-plus-ultra* of female perfection is compared by the figuratively speaking westerners.

Being an American woman, of course she was tall, and straight and slim as a hickory sapling, well formed withal, with rounded bust, and neck white and slender as the swan's. Her features were small, but finely chiselled; and in this, it may be remarked, the lower orders of the American women differ from, and far surpass the same class in England, or elsewhere, where the features, although far prettier, are more vulgar and commonplace. She had the bright blue eye, thin nose, and small but sweetly-formed mouth, the too fair complexion and dark brown hair, which characterise the beauty of the Anglo-American, the heavy masses (hardly curls) which fell over her face and neck contrasting with their polished whiteness. Such was Mary Brand: and to her good looks being added a sweet disposition, and all the good qualities of a thrifty housewife, it must be allowed that she fully justified the eulogiums of the good people of Memphis.

Well, to cut a love-story short, in the which not a little moral courage is shown, young La Bonté fell desperately in love with the pretty Mary, and she with him; and small blame to her, for he was a proper lad of twenty—six feet in his moccasins—the best hunter and rifle-shot in the country, with many other advantages too numerous to mention. But when did the course, &c. e'er run smooth? When the affair had become a recog-

nised "courting," (and Americans alone know the horrors of such prolonged purgatory,) they became, to use La Bonté's words, "awful fond," and consequently about once a-week had their tiffs and makes-up.

However, on one occasion, at a "husking," and during one of these tiffs, Mary, every inch a woman, to gratify some indescribable feeling, brought to her aid jealousy—that old serpent who has caused such mischief in this world; and by a flirtation over the corn-cobs with Big Pete, La Bonté's former and only rival, struck so hard a blow at the latter's heart, that on the moment his brain caught fire, blood danced before his eyes, and he became like one possessed. Pete observed and enjoyed his struggling emotion—better for him had he minded his corn-shelling alone; and the more to annoy his rival, paid the most sedulous attention to the pretty Mary.

Young La Bonté stood it as long as human nature, at boiling heat, could endure; but when Pete, in the exultation of his apparent triumph, crowned his success by encircling the slender waist of the girl with his arm, and snatched a sudden kiss, he jumped upright from his seat, and seizing a small whisky-keg which stood in the centre of the corn-shellers, he hurled it at his rival, and crying to him, hoarse with passion, "to follow if he was a man," he left the house.

At that time, and even now, in the remoter states of the western country, rifles settled even the most trivial differences between the hot-blooded youths; and of such frequent occurrence and invariably bloody termination did they become, that they scarcely produced sufficient excitement to draw together half a dozen spectators of the duel.

In the present case, however, so public was the quarrel, and so well

known the parties concerned, that not only the people who had witnessed the affair, but all the neighbourhood thronged to the scene of action, where, in a large field in front of the house, the preliminaries of a duel between Pete and La Bonté were being arranged by their respective friends.

Mary, when she discovered the mischief her thoughtlessness was likely to occasion, was almost beside herself with grief, but she knew how vain it would be to attempt to interfere. The poor girl, who was most ardently attached to La Bonté, was carried, swooning, into the house, where all the women congregated, and were locked in by old Brand, who, himself an old pioneer, thought but little of bloodshed, but refused to let the "women folk" witness the fray.

Preliminaries arranged, the combatants took up their respective positions at either end of a space marked for the purpose, at forty paces from each other. They were both armed with heavy rifles, and had the usual hunting-pouches, containing ammunition, hanging over the shoulder. Standing with the butts of their rifles on the ground, they confronted each other, and the crowd drawing away a few paces only on each side, left one man to give the word. This was the single word "fire;" and after this signal was given, the combatants were at liberty to fire away until one or the other dropped.

At the word both the men quickly raised their rifles to the shoulder, and as the sharp cracks rung instantaneously, they were seen to flinch, as either felt the pinging sensation of a bullet entering his flesh. Regarding each other steadily for a few moments, the blood running down La Bonté's neck from a wound under the left jaw, whilst his opponent was seen to place his hand once to his right breast, as if to feel the position of his wound, they commenced reloading their rifles. As, however, Pete was in the act of forcing down the ball with his long hickory wiping-stick, he suddenly dropped his right arm,—the rifle slipped from his grasp,—and, reeling for a moment like a drunken man,—he fell dead to the ground.

Even here, however, there was law

of some kind or another, and the consequences of the duel were, that the constables were soon on the trail of La Bonté to arrest him. He, however, easily avoided them, and taking to the woods, lived for several days in as wild a state as the beasts he hunted and killed for his support.

Tired of this, however, he resolved to quit the country, and betake himself to the mountains, for which life he had ever felt an inclination.

When, therefore, he thought the officers of justice had tired of seeking him, and the coast was comparatively clear, he determined to start on his distant expedition to the Far West.

Once more, before he carried his project into execution, he sought and had a last interview with Mary Brand.

"Mary," said he, "I'm about to break. They're hunting me like a fall buck, and I'm bound to quit. Don't think any more about me, for I shall never come back." Poor Mary burst into tears, and bent her head on the table near which she was sitting. When again she raised it, she saw La Bonté, with his long rifle on his shoulder, striding with rapid steps from the house; and year after year rolled on, and he never returned.

A few days after this he found himself at St Louis, the emporium of the fur trade, and the fast rising metropolis of the west. Here, a prey to the agony of mind which jealousy, remorse, and blighted love mix into a very puchero of misery, La Bonté got into the company of certain "rowdies," a class which every western city particularly abounds in; and anxious to drown his sorrows in any way, and quite unscrupulous as to the means, he plunged into all the vicious excitements of drinking, gambling, and fighting, which form the every-day amusements of the rising generation of St Louis.

Perhaps in no other part of the United States, where indeed humanity is frequently to be seen in many curious and unusual phases, is there a population so marked in its general character, and at the same time divided into such distinct classes, as in the above-named city. Dating, as it does, its foundation from yesterday,—for what are thirty years in the growth of a metropolis?—

its founders are now scarcely passed middle life, regarding with astonishment the growing works of their hands; and whilst gazing upon its busy quays, piled with grain and other produce of the west, its fleets of huge steamboats lying tier upon tier alongside the wharves, its well-stored warehouses and all the bustling concomitants of a great commercial depot, they can scarcely realise the memory of a few short years, when on the same spot nothing was to be seen but the few miserable hovels of a French village—the only sign of commerce the unwieldy bateaux of the Indian traders, laden with peltries from the distant regions of the Platte and Upper Missouri. Where now intelligent and wealthy merchants walk erect, in conscious substantiality of purse and credit, and direct the commerce of a vast and numerously-populated region, but the other day stalked, in dress of buckskin, the Indian trader of the west; and all the evidences of life, mayhap, consisted of the eccentric vagaries of the different bands of trappers and hardy mountaineers, who accompanied, some for pleasure and some as escort, the periodically arriving bateaux, laden with the beaver skins and buffalo robes collected during the season at the different trading posts in the Far West.

These, nevertheless, were the men whose hardy enterprise opened to commerce and the plough the vast and fertile regions of the West. Rough and savage though they were, they alone were the pioneers of that extraordinary tide of civilisation which has poured its resistless current through tracts large enough for kings to govern; over a country now teeming with cultivation, where, a few short years ago, countless herds of buffalo roamed unmolested, the bear and deer abounded, and where the savage Indian skulked through the woods and prairies, lord of the unappreciated soil which now yields its prolific treasures to the spade and plough of civilised man. To the wild and half-savage trapper, who may be said to exhibit the energy, enterprise, and hardihood characteristic of the American people, divested of all the false and vicious glare with which a high state of civilisation, too rapidly attained, has obscured their real and

genuine character, in which the above traits are eminently prominent—to these men alone is due the empire of the West—destined in a few short years to become the most important of those confederate states which compose the mighty union of North America.

Sprung, then, out of the wild and adventurous fur trade, St Louis, still the emporium of that species of commerce, preserves even now, in the character of its population, many of the marked peculiarities which distinguished its early founders, who were identified with the primitive Indian in hardiness and instinctive wisdom. Whilst the French portion of the population retain the thoughtless levity and frivolous disposition of their original source, the Americans of St Louis, who may lay claim to be native, as it were, are as particularly distinguished for determination and energy of character as they are for physical strength and animal courage; and are remarkable, at the same time, for a singular aptitude in carrying out commercial enterprises to successful terminations, which would appear to be incompatible with the love of adventure and excitement which forms so prominent a feature in their character. In St Louis, nevertheless, and from her merchants, have emanated many commercial enterprises of gigantic speculation, not confined to its own locality or the distant Indian fur trade, but embracing all parts of the continent, and even a portion of the Old World. And here it must be remembered that St Louis is situated inland, at a distance of upwards of one thousand miles from the sea, and three thousand from the capital of the United States.

Besides her merchants and upper class, who form a little aristocracy even here, she has a large portion of her population still connected with the Indian and fur trade, who preserve all their characteristics unacted upon by the influence of advancing civilisation, and between whom and other classes there is a marked distinction. There is, moreover, a large floating population of foreigners of all nations, who must possess no little amount of enterprise to be tempted to this spot, from whence they spread over the remote western tracts, still invested by the

savage; and, therefore, if any of their blood is infused into the native population, the characteristic energy and enterprise is increased, and not tempered down, by the foreign cross.

But perhaps the most singular of her casual population are the mountaineers, who, after several seasons spent in trapping, and with good store of dollars, arrive from the scene of their adventures, wild as savages, determined to enjoy themselves, for a time, in all the gaiety and dissipation of the western city. In one of the back streets of the town is a tavern well known as the "Rocky Mountain House," and here the trappers resort, drinking and fighting as long as their money lasts, which, as they are generous and lavish as Jack Tars, is for a few days only. Such scenes as are enacted in the Rocky Mountain House, both tragical and comical, are beyond the powers of pen to describe; and when a fandango is in progress, to which congregate the coquettish belles from "Vide Poche," as the French portion of a suburb is nicknamed,—the grotesque endeavours of the bear-like mountaineers to sport a figure on the light fantastic toe, and their insertions into the dance of the mystic jumps of Terpsichorean Indians when engaged in the "medicine" dances in honour of bear, of buffalo, or ravished scalp,—are such startling innovations on the choreographic art as would cause the shade of Gallini to quake and gibber in his pumps.

Passing the open doors and windows of the Mountain House, the stranger stops short as the sounds of violin and banjo twang upon his ears, accompanied by extraordinary noises—which sound unearthly to the green-horn listener, but which the initiated recognise as an Indian song roared out of the stentorian lungs of a mountaineer, who, patting his stomach with open hands, to improve the necessary shake, choruses the well-known Indian chant:—

Hi—Hi—Hi—Hi,
 Hi-i—Hi-i—Hi-i—Hi-i
 Hi-ya—hi-ya—hi-ya—hi-ya
 Hi-ya—hi-ya—hi-ya—hi-ya
 Hi-ya—hi-ya—hi—hi,
 &c. &c. &c.

and polishing off the high notes with a whoop which makes the old wooden

houses shake again, as it rattles and echoes down the street.

Here, over fiery "monaghahela," Jean Batiste, the shallow half-breed voyageur from the north—and who, deserting the service of the "North-West," (the Hudson's Bay Company,) has come down the Mississippi, from the "Falls," to try the sweets and liberty of "free" trapping—hob-nobs with a stalwart leather-clad "boy," just returned from trapping on the waters of Grand River, on the western side the mountains, who interlards his mountain jargon with Spanish words picked up in Taos and California. In one corner a trapper, lean and gaunt from the starving regions of the Yellow Stone, has just recognised an old companyero, with whom he hunted years before in the perilous country of the Blackfeet.

"Why, John, old hos, how do you come on?"

"What! Meek, old 'coon! I thought you were under?"

One from Arkansa stalks into the centre of the room, with a pack of cards in his hand, and a handful of dollars in his hat. Squatting cross-legged on a buffalo robe, he smacks down the money, and cries out—"Ho, boys, hyar's a deck, and hyar's the beaver, (rattling the coin,) who dar set his hos? Wagh!"

Tough are the yarns of wondrous hunts and Indian perils, of hairbreadth 'scapes and curious "fixes." Transcendent are the qualities of sundry rifles, which call these hunters masters; "plum" is the "centre" each vaunted barrel shoots; sufficing for a hundred wigs is the "hair" each hunter has "lifted" from Indians' scalps; multitudinous the "coups" he has "struck." As they drink so do they brag, first of their guns, their horses, and their squaws, and lastly of themselves:—and when it comes to that, "ware steel."

La Bonté, on his arrival at St Louis, found himself one day in no less a place than this; and here he made acquaintance with an old trapper about to start for the mountains in a few days, to hunt on the head waters of Platte and Green River. With this man he resolved to start, and, having still some hundred dollars in cash, he immediately set about equipping himself for the expedition. To effect this, he first of all visited the

gun-store of Hawken, whose rifles are renowned in the mountains, and exchanged his own piece, which was of very small bore, for a regular mountain rifle. This was of very heavy metal, carrying about thirty-two balls to the pound, stocked to the muzzle and mounted with brass, its only ornament being a buffalo bull, looking exceedingly ferocious, which was not very artistically engraved upon the trap in the stock. Here, too, he laid in a few pounds of powder and lead, and all the necessaries for a long hunt.

His next visit was to a smith's store, which smith was black by trade and black by nature, for he was a nigger, and, moreover, celebrated as being the best maker of beaver-traps in St Louis, and of whom he purchased six new traps, paying for the same twenty dollars—procuring, at the same time, an old trap-sack, made of stout buffalo skin, in which to carry them.

We next find La Bonté and his companion—one Luke, better known as Grey-Eye, one of his eyes having been "gouged" in a mountain fray—at Independence, a little town situated on the Missouri, several hundred miles above St Louis, and within a short distance of the Indian frontier.

Independence may be termed the "prairie port" of the western country. Here the caravans destined for Santa Fé and the interior of Mexico, assemble to complete their necessary equipment. Mules and oxen are purchased, teamsters hired, and all stores and outfit laid in here for the long journey over the wide expanse of prairie ocean. Here, too, the Indian traders and the Rocky Mountain trappers rendezvous, collecting in sufficient force to ensure their safe passage through the Indian country. At the seasons of departure and arrival of these bands, the little town presents a lively scene of bustle and confusion. The wild and dissipated mountaineers get rid of their last dollars in furious orgies, treating all comers to galore of drink, and pledging each other, in horns of potent whisky, to successful hunts and "heaps of beaver." When every cent has disappeared from their pouches, the free trapper often makes away with rifle, traps,

and animals, to gratify his "dry," (for your mountaineer is never "thirsty;") and then, "hos and beaver" gone, is necessitated to hire himself to one of the leaders of big bands, and hypothesize his services for an equipment of traps and animals. Thus La Bonté picked up three excellent mules for a mere song, with their accompanying pack saddles, *apishamores*,* and lariats, and the next day, with Luke, "put out" for Platte.

As they passed through the rendezvous, which was encamped on a little stream beyond the town, even our young Mississippian was struck with the novelty of the scene. Upwards of forty huge waggons, of Connestoga and Pittsburg build, and covered with snow-white tilts, were ranged in a semicircle, or rather a horse-shoe form, on the flat open prairie, their long "tongues" (goles) pointing outwards; with the necessary harness for four pairs of mules, or eight yoke of oxen, lying on the ground beside them, spread in ready order for "hitching up." Round the waggons groups of teamsters, tall stalwart young Missourians, were engaged in busy preparation for the start, greasing the wheels, fitting or repairing harness, smoothing ox-bows, or overhauling their own moderate kits or "possibles." They were all dressed in the same fashion: a pair of "homespun" pantaloons, tucked into thick boots reaching nearly to the knee, and confined round the waist by a broad leathern belt, which supported a strong butcher knife in a sheath. A coarse checked shirt was their only other covering, with a fur cap on the head.

Numerous camp-fires surrounded the waggons, and by them lounged wild-looking mountaineers, easily distinguished from the "greenhorn" teamsters by their dresses of buckskin, and their weather-beaten faces. Without an exception, these were under the influence of the rosy god; and one, who sat, the picture of misery, at a fire by himself—staring into the blaze with vacant countenance, his long matted hair hanging in unkempt masses over his face, begrimed with the dirt of a week, and pallid with the effects of ardent drink—was suffering

* Saddle-blanket made of buffalo-calf skin.

from the usual consequences of having "kept it up" beyond the usual point, and now was paying the penalty in a fit of "horrors"—as *delirium tremens* is most aptly termed by sailors and the unprofessional.

In another part, the merchants of the caravan and Indian traders were superintending the lading of the wagons, or mule packs. These were dressed in civilised attire, and some bedizened in St Louis or Eastern City dandyism, to the infinite disgust of the mountain men, who look upon a bourge-way (bourgeois) with most undisguised contempt, despising the very simplest forms of civilisation. The picturesque appearance of the encampment was not a little heightened by the addition of several Indians from the neighbouring Shawnee settlement, who, mounted on their small active horses, on which they reclined, rather than sat, in negligent attitudes, quietly looked on at the novel scene, indifferent to the "chaff" which the thoughtless teamsters indulged in at their expense. Numbers of mules and horses were picketed at hand, while a large herd of noble oxen were being driven towards the camp—the wo-ha of the teamsters sounding far and near, as they collected the scattered beasts in order to yoke up.

As most of the mountain men were utterly unable to move from camp, Luke and La Bonté, with three or four of the most sober, started in company, intending to wait on "Blue," a stream which runs into the Caw or Kansas River, until the "balance" of the band came up. Mounting their mules, and leading the loose animals, they struck at once into the park-like prairie, and were out of sight of civilisation in an instant.

It was the latter end of May, towards the close of the season of heavy rains, which in early spring render the climate of this country almost intolerable, at the same time that they serve to fertilise and thaw the soil, so long bound up by the winter's frosts. The grass was every where luxuriously green, and gaudy flowers dotted the surface of the prairie. This term, however, should hardly be applied to the beautiful undulating scenery of this park-like country. Unlike the flat monotony

of the Grand Plains, here well wooded uplands clothed with forest trees of every species, and picturesque dells through which run clear and bubbling streams belted with gay-blossomed shrubs, every where present themselves; whilst on the level meadow-land, tops of trees with spreading foliage afforded a shelter to the game and cattle, and well-timbered knolls rise at intervals from the plain.

Many clear streams dashing over their pebbly beds intersect the country, from which, in the noonday's heat, the red-deer jump, shaking their wet sides, as the noise of approaching man disturbs them; and booming grouse rise from the tall luxuriant herbage at every step. Where the deep escarpments of the river banks exhibit the section of the earth, a rich alluvial soil of surprising depth appears to court the cultivation of civilised man; and in every feature it is evident that here nature has worked with kindest and most bountiful hand.

For hundreds of miles along the western or right bank of the Missouri does such a country as this extend, to which, for fertility and natural resources, no part of Europe can offer even feeble comparison. Sufficiently large to contain an enormous population, it has, besides, every advantage of position, and all the natural capabilities which should make it the happy abode of civilised man. Through this unpeopled country the United States pours her greedy thousands, to seize upon the barren territories of her feeble neighbour.

Camping the first night on "Black Jack," our mountaineers here cut each man a spare hickory wiping-stick for his rifle, and La Bonté, who was the only greenhorn of the party, witnessed a savage ebullition of rage on the part of one of his companions, exhibiting the perfect unrestraint which these men impose upon their passions, and the barbarous anger which the slightest opposition to the will excites. One of the trappers, on arriving at the camping-place, dismounted from his horse, and, after divesting it of the saddle, endeavoured to lead his mule by the rope up to spot where he wished to deposit his pack. Mule-like, however, the more

he pulled the more stubbornly she remained in her tracks, planting her fore-legs firmly, and stretching out her neck with provoking obstinacy. If truth be told, it does require the temper of a thousand Jobs to manage a mule; and in no case does the wilful mulishness of the animal stir up one's choler more than in the very trick which this one was playing, and which is a daily occurrence. After tugging ineffectually for several minutes, winding the rope round his body, and throwing himself forward and suddenly with all his strength, the trapper actually foamed with passion; and although he might have subdued the animal at once by fastening the rope with a half-hitch round its nose, with an obstinacy equal to that of the mule itself he refused to attempt it, preferring to vanquish her by main strength. However, this failed, and with a volley of blasphemous imprecations the mountaineer suddenly seized his rifle, and, levelling it at the mule's head, shot her dead.

Passing the Wa-ka-rasha, a well-timbered stream, they met a band of Osages going "to buffalo." These Indians, in common with some tribes of the Pawnees, shave the head, with the exception of a ridge from the forehead to the centre of the scalp, which is "roached" or hogged like the mane of a mule, and stands erect, plastered with unguents, and ornamented by feathers of the hawk and turkey. The naked scalp is often painted in mosaic with black and red, the face with shining vermilion. They were all naked to the breech-clout, the warmth of the sun having caused them to throw their dirty blankets from their shoulders. These Indians not unfrequently levy contributions on strangers whom they may accidentally meet; but they easily distinguish the determined mountaineer from the incautious greenhorn, and think it better to let the former alone.

Crossing Vermilion, they arrived on the fifth day at "Blue," where they encamped in the broad timber which belts the creek, and there awaited the arrival of the remainder of the party.

It was two days before they came up; but the day after, fourteen in number, they started for the moun-

tains, striking a trail which follows the "Big Blue" in its course through the prairies, which, as they advance to the westward, are gradually smoothing away into a vast unbroken expanse of rolling plain. Herds of antelope began to show themselves, and some of the hunters, leaving the trail, soon returned with plenty of their tender meat. The luxuriant but coarse grass they had hitherto seen now changed into the nutritious and curly buffalo grass, and their animals soon improved in appearance on the excellent pasture. In a few days, without any adventure, they struck the Platte River, its shallow waters (from which it derives its name) spreading over a wide and sandy bed, numerous sand bars obstructing the sluggish current, and with nowhere sufficient water to wet the forder's knee.

By this time, but few antelope having been seen,* the party became entirely out of meat; and, one whole day and part of another having passed without so much as a sage rabbit having presented itself, not a few objurgations on the buffalo grumbled from the lips of the hunters, who expected ere this to have reached the land of plenty. La Bonté killed a fine deer, however, in the river bottom, after they had encamped, not one particle of which remained after supper that night, but which hardly took the rough edge off their keen appetites. Although already in the buffalo range, no traces of these animals had yet been seen; and as the country afforded but little game, and the party did not care to halt and lose time in hunting for it, they moved along hungry and sulky, the theme of conversation being the well remembered merits of good buffalo meat,—of "fat fleece," "hump rib," and "tender loin;" of delicious "boudins," and marrow bones too good to think of. La Bonté had never seen the lordly animal, and consequently but half believed the accounts of the mountaineers, who described their countless bands as covering the prairie far as the eye could reach, and requiring days of travel to pass through; but the visions of such dainty and abundant feeding as they desecrated on set his mouth watering, and danced before

his eyes as he slept supperless, night after night, on the banks of the hungry Platte.

One morning he had packed his animals before the rest, and was riding a mile in advance of the party, when he saw on one side the trail, looming in the refracted glare which mirages the plains, three large dark objects without shape or form, which rose and fell in the exaggerated light like ships at sea. Doubting what it could be, he approached the strange objects; and as the refraction disappeared before him, the dark masses assumed a more distinct form, and clearly moved with life. A little nearer, and he made them out—they were buffalo. Thinking to distinguish himself, the greenhorn dismounted from his mule, and quickly hobbled her, throwing his lasso on the ground to trail behind when he wished to catch her. Then, rifle in hand, he approached the huge animals, and, being a good hunter, knew well to take advantage of the inequalities of the ground and face the wind; by which means he crawled at length to within forty yards of the buffalo, who were quietly cropping the grass, unconscious of danger. Now, for the first time, he gazed upon the noble beast of which he had so often heard, and longed to see. With coal-black beard sweeping the ground as he fed, an enormous bull was in advance of the others, his wild brilliant eyes peering from an immense mass of shaggy hair, which covered his neck and shoulder. From this point his skin was bare as one's hand, a sleek and shining dun, and his ribs well covered with shaking flesh. As he leisurely cropped the short curly grass he occasionally lifted his tail into the air, and stamped his foot as a fly or mosquito annoyed him—flapping the intruder with his tail, or snatching at the itching part with his ponderous head.

When La Bonté had sufficiently admired the animal, he lifted his rifle, and, taking steady aim, and certain of his mark, pulled the trigger, expecting to see the huge beast fall over at the report. What was his surprise and consternation, however, to see the animal flinch as the ball struck him, but gallop off, followed by the others,

and apparently unhurt. As is generally the case with greenhorns, he had fired too high, not understanding that the only certain spot to strike a buffalo is but a few inches above the brisket, and that above this a shot is rarely fatal. When he rose from the ground, he saw all the party halting in full view of his discomfiture; and when he joined them, loud were the laughs, and deep the regrets of the hungry at his first attempt.

However, they now knew that they were in the country of meat; and a few miles farther, another band of stragglers presenting themselves, three of the hunters went in pursuit, La Bonté taking a mule to pack in the meat. He soon saw them crawling towards the band, and shortly two puffs of smoke, and the sharp cracks of their rifles showed that they had got within shot; and when he had ridden up, two fine buffaloes were stretched upon the ground. Now, for the first time, he was initiated into the mysteries of "butchering," and watched the hunters as they turned the carcass on the belly, stretching out the legs to support it on each side. A transverse cut was then made at the nape of the neck, and, gathering the long hair of the boss in one hand, the skin was separated from the shoulder. It was then laid open from this point to the tail, along the spine, and the skin was freed from the sides and pulled down to the brisket, but, still attached to it, was stretched upon the ground to receive the dissected portions. Then the shoulder was severed, the fleece removed from along the backbone, and the hump-ribs cut off with a tomahawk. All this was placed upon the skin; and after the "boudins" had been withdrawn from the stomach, and the tongue—a great dainty—taken from the head, the meat was packed upon the mule, and the whole party hurried to camp rejoicing.

There was merry-making in the camp that night, and the way they indulged their appetites—or, in their own language, "throw'd" the meat "cold"—would have made the heart of a dyspeptic leap for joy or burst with envy. Far into the "still watches of the tranquil night" the fat-clad "depouille" saw its fleshy

mass grow small by degrees and beautifully less, before the trenchant blades of the hungry mountaineers; appetising yards of well-browned "boudin" slipped glibly down their throats; rib after rib of tender hump was picked and flung to the wolves; and when human nature, with helpless gratitude, and confident that nothing of *supêrexcellent* comestibility remained, was lazily wiping the greasy knife that had done such good service, —a skilful hunter was seen to chuckle to himself as he raked the deep ashes of the fire, and drew therefrom a pair of tongues so admirably baked, so soft, so sweet, and of such exquisite flavour, that a veil is considerably drawn over the effects their discussion produced in the mind of our green-horn *La Bonté*, and the raptures they excited in the bosom of that, as yet, most ignorant mountaineer. Still, as he ate he wondered, and wondering admired, that nature, in giving him such profound gastronomic powers, and such transcendent capabilities of digestion, had yet bountifully provided an edible so peculiarly adapted to his ostrich-like appetite, that after consuming nearly his own weight in rich and fat buffalo meat, he felt as easy and as incommoded as if he had been lightly supping on strawberries and cream.

Sweet was the digestive pipe after such a feast, and soft the sleep and deep, which sealed the eyes of the contented trappers that night. It felt like the old thing, they said, to be once more amongst the "meat;" and, as they were drawing near the dangerous portion of the trail, they felt at home; although not a night now passed but, when they lay down on their buffalo robes to sleep, they could not be confident that that sleep was not their last—knowing full well that savage men were hovering near, thirsting for their lives.

However, no enemies showed themselves as yet, and they proceeded quietly up the river, vast herds of buffaloes darkening the plains around them, affording them more than abundance of the choicest meat; but, to their credit be it spoken, no more was killed than absolutely required, —unlike the cruel slaughter made by most of the white travellers across the

plains, who wantonly destroy these noble animals, not even for the excitement of sport, but in cold-blooded and insane butchery. *La Bonté* had practice enough to perfect him in the art, and, before the buffalo range was passed, he was ranked as a first-rate hunter. One evening he had left the camp for meat, and was approaching a band of cows for that purpose, crawling towards them along the bed of a dry hollow in the prairie, when he observed them suddenly jump away towards him, and immediately after a score of mounted Indians appeared in sight, whom, by their dress, he at once knew to be Pawnees and enemies. Thinking they might not discover him, he crouched down in the ravine; but a noise behind causing him to turn his head, he saw some five or six advancing up the bed of the dry creek, whilst several more were riding on the bluffs. The cunning savages had cut off his retreat to his mule, which he saw in the possession of one of the Indians. His presence of mind, however, did not desert him; and seeing at once that to remain where he was would be like being caught in a trap, (as the Indians could advance to the edge of the bluff and shoot him from above,) he made for the open prairie, determined at least to sell his scalp dearly, and make "a good fight." With a yell the Indians charged, but halted when they saw the sturdy trapper deliberately kneel, and, resting his rifle on the wiping-stick, take a steady aim as they advanced. Full well the Pawnees know, to their cost, that a mountaineer seldom pulls his trigger without sending a bullet to the mark; and, certain that one at least must fall, they hesitated to make the onslaught. Steadily the white retreated with his face to the foe, bringing the rifle to his shoulder the instant that one advanced within shot, the Indians galloping round, firing the few guns they had amongst them at long distances, but without effect. One young "brave," more daring than the rest, rode out of the crowd, and dashed at the hunter, throwing himself, as he passed within a few yards, from the saddle, and hanging over the opposite side of his horse,—presenting no other mark than his left foot,—dis-

charged his bow from under the animal's neck, and with such good aim, that the arrow, whizzing through the air, struck the stock of La Bonté's rifle, which was at his shoulder, and, glancing off, pierced his arm, inflicting, luckily, but a slight wound. Again the Indian turned in his course, the others encouraging him with loud war-whoops, and once more passing at still less distance, drew his arrow to the head. This time, however, the eagle eye of the white caught sight of the action, and suddenly rising from his knee as the Indian was approaching, hanging by his foot alone over the opposite side of the horse, he jumped towards the animal with outstretched arms and a loud yell, causing it to start so suddenly, and swerve from its course, that the Indian lost his foot-hold, and, after in vain struggling to regain his position, fell to the ground; but instantly rose upon his feet and gallantly confronted the mountaineer, striking his hand upon his brawny chest and shouting a loud whoop of defiance. In another instant the rifle of La Bonté had poured forth its contents; and the brave Indian, springing into the air, fell dead to the ground, just as the other trappers, who had heard the firing, galloped up to the spot, at sight of whom the Pawnees, with yells of disappointed vengeance, hastily retreated.

That night La Bonté first lifted hair!

A few days after they reached the point where the Platte divides into two great forks:—the northern one, stretching to the north-west, skirts the eastern base of the Black Hills, and sweeping round to the south rises in the vicinity of the mountain valley called the New Park, receiving the Laramie, Medicine Bow, and Sweet-Water creeks. The other, or "South Fork," strikes towards the mountains in a south-westerly direction, hugging the base of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, and, fed by several small creeks, rises in the uplands of the Bayou Salado, near which is also the source of the Arkansa. To the forks of the Platte the valley of that river extends from three to five miles on each side, being enclosed by steep sandy bluffs, from the summits of

which the prairies stretch away in broad undulating expanse to the north and south. The "bottom," as it is termed, is but thinly covered with timber, the cotton-woods being scattered only here and there; but some of the islands in the broad bed of the stream are well wooded, which leads to the inference that the trees on the banks have been felled by Indians who formerly frequented this river as a chosen hunting-ground. As during the long winters the pasture in the vicinity is scarce and withered, the Indians feed their horses on the bark of the sweet cotton-wood, upon which they subsist, and even fatten. Thus, wherever a village has been encamped, the trunks of these trees strew the ground, with their upper limbs and smaller branches peeled of their bark, and looking as white and smooth as if scraped with a knife.

On the forks, however, the timber is heavier and of greater variety, some of the creeks being well wooded with ash and cherry, which break the monotony of the everlasting cotton-wood.

Dense masses of buffalo still continued to darken the plains, and numerous bands of wolves hovered round the outskirts of the vast herds, singling out the sick and wounded animals, and preying upon the calves whom the rifles and arrows of the hunters had bereaved of their mothers. The white wolf is the invariable attendant upon the buffalo; and when one of these persevering animals is seen, it is certain sign that buffalo are not far distant. Besides the buffalo wolf, there are four distinct varieties common to the plains, and all more or less attendant upon the buffalo. These are, the black, the gray, the brown, and last and least the *coyote*, or *cayote* of the mountaineers, the "*wach-unkamänet*," or "medicine wolf" of the Indians, who hold the latter animal in reverential awe. This little wolf, whose fur is of great thickness and beauty, although of diminutive size, is wonderfully sagacious, and makes up by cunning what it wants in physical strength. In bands of from three to thirty they will not unfrequently station themselves along the "runs" of the deer and the antelope, extending their line for many miles,—and the quarry being started,

each wolf will follow in pursuit until tired, when it relinquishes the chase to another relay, following slowly after until the animal is fairly run down, when all hurry to the spot and speedily consume the carcass. The cayote, however, is often made a tool of by his larger brethren, unless, indeed, he acts from motives of spontaneous charity. When a hunter has slaughtered game, and is in the act of butchering it, these little wolves sit patiently at a short distance from the scene of operations, while at a more respectful one the larger wolves (the white or gray) lope hungrily around, licking their chops in hungry expectation. Not unfrequently the hunter throws a piece of meat towards the smaller one, who seizes it immediately, and runs off with the morsel in his mouth. Before he gets many yards with his prize, the large wolf pounces with a growl upon him, and the cayote, dropping the meat, returns to his former position, and will continue his charitable act as long as the hunter pleases to supply him.

Wolves are so common on the plains and in the mountains, that the hunter never cares to throw away a charge of ammunition upon them, although the ravenous animals are a constant source of annoyance to him, creeping to the camp-fire at night, and gnawing his saddles and *apishamores*, eating the skin ropes which secure the horses and mules to their pickets, and even their very hobbles, and not unfrequently killing or entirely disabling the animals themselves.

Round the camp, during the night, the cayote keeps unremitting watch, and the traveller not unfrequently starts from his bed with adfright, as the mournful and unearthly chiding of the wolf breaks suddenly upon his ear: the long-drawn howl being taken up by others of the band, until it dies away in the distance, as some straggler passing within hearing answers to the note, and howls as he lopes away.

Our party crossed the south fork about ten miles from its juncture with the main stream, and then, passing the prairie, struck the north fork a day's travel from the other. At the mouth of an ash-timbered creek they came upon Indian "sign," and, as now they were in the vicinity of the treacherous

Sioux, they moved along with additional caution, Frapp and Gonneville, two experienced mountaineers, always heading the advance.

About noon they had crossed over to the left bank of the fork, intending to camp on a large creek where some fresh beaver "sign" had attracted the attention of some of the trappers; and as, on further examination, it appeared that two or three lodges of that animal were not far distant, it was determined to remain here a day or two, and set their traps.

Gonneville, old Luke, and La Bonté, had started up the creek, and were carefully examining the banks for "sign," when the former, who was in front, suddenly paused, and looking intently up the stream, held up his hand to his companions to signal them to stop.

Luke and La Bonté both followed the direction of the trapper's intent and fixed gaze. The former uttered in a suppressed tone the expressive exclamation, *Wagh!*—the latter saw nothing but a wood-duck swimming swiftly down the stream, followed by her downy progeny.

Gonneville turned his head, and extending his arm twice with a forward motion up the creek, whispered—"Les sauvages."

"Injuns, sure, and Sioux at that," answered Luke.

Still La Bonté looked, but nothing met his view but the duck with her brood, now rapidly approaching; and as he gazed, the bird suddenly took wing, and, flapping on the water, flew a short distance down the stream and once more settled on it.

"Injuns?" he asked; "where are they?"

"Whar?" repeated old Luke, striking the flint of his rifle, and opening the pan to examine the priming. "What brings a duck a-streakin it down stream, if humans aint behint her? and who's thar in these diggins but Injuns, and the worst kind; and we'd better push to camp, I'm thinking, if we mean to save our hair."

"Sign" sufficient, indeed, it was to all the trappers, who, on being apprised of it, instantly drove in their animals, and picketed them; and hardly had they done so when a band of Indians made their appearance on the banks

of the creek, from whence they galloped to the bluff which overlooked the camp at the distance of about six hundred yards; and crowning this, in number some forty or more, commenced brandishing their spears and guns, and whooping loud yells of defiance. The trappers had formed a little breast-work of their packs, forming a semicircle, the chord of which was made by the animals standing in a line, side by side, closely picketed and hobbled. Behind this defence stood the mountaineers, rifle in hand, and silent and determined. The Indians presently descended the bluff on foot, leaving their animals in charge of a few of the party, and, scattering, advanced under cover of the sage bushes which dotted the bottom, to about two hundred yards of the whites. Then a chief advanced before the rest, and made the sign for a talk with the Long-knives, which led to a consultation amongst the latter, as to the policy of acceding to it. They were in doubts as to the nation these Indians belonged to, some bands of the Sioux being friendly, and others bitterly hostile to the whites.

Gonneville, who spoke the Sioux language, and was well acquainted with the nation, affirmed they belonged to a band called the Yanka-taus, well known to be the most evil-disposed of that treacherous nation; another of the party maintaining that they were Brulés, and that the chief advancing towards them was the well-known Tah-sha-tunga or Bull Tail, a most friendly chief of that tribe. The majority, however, trusted to Gonneville, and he volunteered to go out to meet the Indian, and hear what he had to say. Divesting himself of all arms save his butcher-knife, he advanced towards the savage, who awaited his approach, enveloped in the folds of his blanket. At a glance he knew him to be a Yanka-tau, from the peculiar make of his moccasins, and the way in which his face was daubed with paint.

"Howgh!" exclaimed both as they met; and, after a silence of a few moments, the Indian spoke, asking—

"Why the Long-knives hid behind their packs, when his band approached? Were they afraid, or were they preparing a dog-feast to entertain their friends? That the whites were passing through his country, burning his wood, drinking his water, and killing his game; but he knew that they had now come to pay for the mischief they had done, and that the mules and horses they had brought with them were intended as a present to their red friends.

"He was Mah-to-ga-shané," he said, "the Brave Bear: his tongue was short, but his arm long; and he loved rather to speak with his bow and his lance, than with the weapon of a squaw. He had said it: the Long-knives had horses with them and mules; and these were for him, he knew, and for his 'braves.' Let the White-face go back to his people and return with the animals, or he, the 'Brave Bear,' would have to come and take them; and his young men would get mad and would feel blood in their eyes; and then he would have no power over them; and the whites would have to 'go under.'"

The trapper answered shortly.—"The Long-knives," he said, "had brought the horses for themselves—their hearts were big, but not towards the Yanka-taus: and if they had to give up their animals, it would be to men and not squaws. They were not 'wah-keitcha,'* (French engagés) but Long-knives; and, however short were the tongues of the Yanka-taus, theirs were still shorter, and their rifles longer. The Yanka-taus were dogs and squaws, and the Long-knives spat upon them."

Saying this, the trapper turned his back and rejoined his companions; whilst the Indian slowly proceeded to his people, who, on learning the contemptuous way in which their threats had been treated, testified their anger with loud yells; and, seeking whatever cover was afforded, commenced a scattering volley upon the camp of the mountaineers. The latter reserved their fire, treating with cool indifference the balls which began to

* The French Canadians are called *wah-keitcha*—"bad medicine"—by the Indians, who account them treacherous and vindictive, and at the same time less daring than the American hunters.

rattle about them; but as the Indians, emboldened by this apparent inaction, rushed for a closer position, and exposed their bodies within a long range, half-a-dozen rifles rang from the assailed, and two Indians fell dead, one or two more being wounded. As yet, not one of the whites had been touched, but several of the animals had received wounds from the enemy's fire of balls and arrows. Indeed, the Indians remained at too great a distance to render the volleys from their crazy fuses any thing like effectual, and had to raise their pieces considerably to make their bullets reach as far as the camp. After having lost three of their band killed outright, and many more being wounded, their fire began to slacken, and they drew off to a greater distance, evidently resolved to beat a retreat; and retiring to the bluff, discharged their pieces in a last volley, mounted their horses and galloped off, carrying their wounded with them. This last volley, however, although intended as a mere bravado, unfortunately proved fatal to one of the whites. Gonneville, at the moment, was standing on one of the packs, in order to get an uninterrupted sight for a last shot, when one of the random bullets struck him in the breast. La Bonté caught him in his arms as he was about to fall, and, laying the wounded trapper gently on the ground,—they proceeded to strip him of his buckskin hunting-frock, to examine the wound. A glance was sufficient to convince his companions that the blow was mortal. The ball had passed through the lungs; and in a few moments the throat of the wounded man began to swell, as the choking blood ascended, and turned a livid blue colour. But a few drops of purple blood trickled from the wound,—a fatal sign,—and the eyes of the mountaineer were already glazing with death's icy touch. His hand still grasped the barrel of his rifle, which had done good service in the fray. Anon he essayed to speak, but, choked with blood, only a few inarticulate words reached the ears of his companions, who were bending over him.

"Rubbed—out—at—last," they heard him say, the words gurgling in

his blood-filled throat; and opening his eyes once more, and looking upwards to take a last look at the bright sun, the trapper turned gently on his side and breathed his last sigh.

With no other tools than their scalp-knives, the hunters dug a grave on the banks of the creek; and whilst some were engaged in this work, others sought the bodies of the Indians they had slain in the attack, and presently returned with three reeking scalps, the trophies of the fight. The body of the mountaineer was then wrapped in a buffalo robe, the scalps being placed on the dead man's breast, laid in the shallow grave, and quickly covered—without a word of prayer, or sigh of grief; for, however much his companions may have felt, not a word escaped them; although the bitten lip and frowning brow told tale of anger more than sorrow, and vowed—what they thought would better please the spirit of the dead man than sorrow—lasting revenge.

Trampling down the earth which filled the grave, they placed upon it a pile of heavy stones; and packing their mules once more, and taking a last look of their comrade's lonely resting-place, they turned their backs upon the stream, which has ever since been known as "Gonneville's Creek."

If the reader casts his eye over any of the recent maps of the western country, which detail the features of the regions embracing the Rocky Mountains, and the vast prairies at their bases, he will not fail to observe that many of the creeks or smaller streams which feed the larger rivers,—as the Missouri, Platte, and Arkansas—are called by familiar proper names, both English and French. These are invariably christened after some unfortunate trapper, killed there in Indian fight; or treacherously slaughtered by the lurking savages, while engaged in trapping beaver on the stream. Thus alone is the memory of these hardy men perpetuated, at least of those whose fate is ascertained: for many, in every season, never return from their hunting expeditions, having met a sudden death from Indians, or a more lingering fate from accident or disease in some of the lonely gorges of the mountains, where no footfall save their own, or

the heavy tread of grizzly bear, disturbs the unbroken silence of these awful solitudes. Then, as many winters pass without some old familiar faces making their appearance at the merry rendezvous, their long protracted absence may perhaps occasion such remarks, as to where such and such a mountain worthy can have betaken himself, to which the casual rejoinder of "Gone under, maybe," too often gives a short but certain answer.

In all the philosophy of hardened hearts, our hunters turned from the spot where the unmourned trapper met his death. La Bonté, however, not yet entirely steeled by mountain life to a perfect indifference to human feeling, drew his hard hand across his eye, as the unbidden tear rose from his rough but kindly heart. He could not forget so soon the comrade they had lost, the companionship in the hunt or over the cheerful camp-fire, the narrator of many a tale of dangers past, of sufferings from hunger, cold, and thirst, and from untended wounds, of Indian perils, and of a life spent in such vicissitudes. One tear dropped from the young hunter's eye, and rolled down his cheek—the last for many a long year.

In the forks of the northern branch of the Platte, formed by the junction of the Laramie, they found a big village of the Sioux encamped near the station of one of the fur companies. Here the party broke up; many, finding the alcohol of the traders an impediment to their further progress, remained some time in the vicinity, while La Bonté, Luke, and a trapper named Marcelline, started in a few days to the mountains, to trap on Sweet Water and Medicine Bow. They had leisure, however, to observe all the rascalities connected with the Indian trade, although at this season (August) hardly commenced. However, a band of Indians having come

in with several packs of last year's robes, and being anxious to start speedily on their return, a trader from one of the forts had erected his lodge in the village.

Here he set to work immediately, to induce the Indians to trade. First, a chief appointed three "soldiers" to guard the trader's lodge from intrusion; and who, amongst the thieving fraternity, can be invariably trusted. Then the Indians were invited to have a drink—a taste of the fire-water being given to all to incite them to trade. As the crowd presses upon the entrance to the lodge, and those in rear become impatient, some large-mouthed possessor of many friends, who has received a portion of the spirit, makes his way, with his mouth full of the liquor and cheeks distended, through the throng, and is instantly surrounded by his particular friends. Drawing the face of each, by turns, near his own, he squirts a small quantity into his open mouth, until the supply is exhausted, when he returns for more, and repeats the generous distribution.

When paying for the robes, the traders, in measuring out the liquor in a tin half-pint cup, thrust their thumbs or the four fingers of the hand into the measure, in order that it may contain the less, or not unfrequently fill the bottom with melted buffalo fat, with the same object. So greedy are the Indians, that they never discover the cheat, and once under the influence of the liquor, cannot distinguish between the first cup of comparatively strong spirit, and the following ones diluted five hundred per cent, and poisonously drugged to boot.

Scenes of drunkenness, riot, and bloodshed last until the trade is over, which in the winter occupies several weeks, during which period the Indians present the appearance, under the demoralising influence of the liquor, of demons rather than men.

AMERICAN THOUGHTS ON EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS.

Boston, May 1848.

A THOUSAND leagues of ocean, my Basil, are indeed between us, but it is no longer right to reckon distances by leagues. Time is your only measure. I know of a gentleman who had a home in Paris, while Paris was capable of homes, and he came every year across the Atlantic, only to fish for trout. Why do you stare? You know very well that you have often waited a fortnight for a good day to go a-fishing. Come, then, pack up your slender reed, and spend such a fortnight in a steamer. By God's favour you shall be the better for sea air; and in two weeks from Liverpool, you shall find yourself on the shores of a lake in the interior of the State of New York, where, since the fifth day of the creation, the trout have apparently been multiplying in a manner that would astonish a Malthus. Such is now that dissociable ocean, which was once thought too great a waste of waters to be passed by colonial members of parliament representing the provinces of America. "*Opposuit Natura*;" said Burke, "I cannot remove the eternal barriers of the creation." But Burke forgot his Greek:—

"Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ, κούδεν ἀνθρώπου
δεινότερον πτελει· τοῦτο καὶ πολλοὶ πέραν
πόντου χειμερίῳ νῳτῷ χωρεῖ, περιβρυχί-
αισι περὶ ἑπ' οὐδ' αἶσι."

I know it is an old saw, but it is so freshened by the modern instance of steamers every week, that it has become quotable once more; and I have almost a mind to go on with the chorus, and show that Sophocles may be fairly rendered in favour of railways and iron-steeds. But the telegraph, Basil! I must even quote a bit of English for that. As gentle Cowper saith:—

"The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wing'd arrows of light!"

The wires are already stretched from Massachusetts, and almost from Halifax to the Gulf of Mexico. A spark here, and the lettered bulletin is reel-
ing off in Louisiana! The fresh news

will, hereafter, be hawked in the streets of Boston and along the wharves of New Orleans in the same hour. It will soon be sent farther still; and a British fleet in the Pacific may be served with orders from the Admiralty Board, not two weeks old. We are fairly in hand-shaking neighbourhood. I remember when European intelligence came to us rather as history than as news. It is not so now. While emotion is yet warm with you, it sets our own hearts throbbing. We, too, are, in the present tense, with Europe; for the revolutions of peace have been more wonderful than those of warfare. They have reunited what strife had sundered, and rendered England and America again one family.

Talking of revolutions, — how hot the noon of the century is growing! You will allow, dear Basil, that we in America are well situated to be lookers on. With all the security of distance, we have the advantages of nearness. You are on the stage—we are in the boxes. You go behind the scenes, and see the wire-working and machinery, but we get the effect of the spectacle. The great revolutionary drama is before us, and we can behold it calmly; interested, but not involved. For a devout or philosophical spectator, America is the true observatory. Here we can watch "the great Babel, and not feel the crowd." It is our own fault if, with such advantages, we do not anticipate the judgment of future ages, and arrive instinctively at conclusions which those who share the tumult itself must ordinarily learn in the soberness of after-thoughts, or, perhaps, by a dear experience.

Did you ask how the doings in France appear in republican eyes? And pray what do you expect me to answer? You appear to think republicanism a specific instead of a generic term, and to expect us to hail the French as our kindred. As well might I suppose that your monarchical sympathies deeply interest you in the autocracy of Dahomey and Dârfur. A boy may play with a monkey,

without admiring him; and although the monkey is a biped without feathers, the boy would not like to have him taken for a younger brother. Believe me, we are not yet ready to claim fraternity with the Provisional Government. *How we apples swim*, seems to be their salutation to America; but, for one, I reject the odorous impeachment. No one is very cordial, as yet, in returning it. There is a general gaping and staring; but the prevailing disposition towards France is to wait and see if she will be decent. You will agree with me, that this caution is creditable to the *Model Republic*.

In the spectacle before us, believe me, then, we know how to distinguish the harlequin from the hero, and are not in danger of clapping hands at the buffoonery of Paris, when we have just been charmed by the solemn buskin in which London came upon the stage—reluctant to play her part, but prepared to go through it nobly. A French melodrama, of men in smocks chanting *Mourir pour la Patrie*, or priests, in defiled surplices, asperging and incensing May-poles, must of course suit the tastes of the groundlings; but such inexplicable dumb-shows are generally understood to be only the prelude to something tragic that is coming. For one, I look for solemn monologues from Pio Nono and Lamartine; and, by-and-by, expect a scene between the Soldan and the Czar. I do not look without feelings of awe, for I am sure it is the shadow of God's own hand that is now passing over the nations. It is He that says, as of old, "remove the diadem and take off the crown; exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high." I am glad that others recognise his footsteps in the earth, and therefore was pleased with that motto lately quoted in *Maga*, from St Augustine—"God is patient, because He is eternal."

For seventeen years we have been watching the great political Humpty-Dumpty, in his efforts to come to an equilibrium, and to stand firm in his place; and the end is, that Humpty-Dumpty is fallen, according to the oracular rhyme of Mother Goose. What shall we say of him, except that he was barricaded in, and has

been barricaded out? Laugh as we may at the undefinableness of legitimacy, one feels that the lack of it makes a great difference in our disposition towards a discrowned king. Still, Louis-Philippe is treated with much forbearance, and men think of his hoar hairs and his eventful life. In one of our newspapers, a generous word has been spoken for his government, as about the best that France deserved, and his best measures have been reviewed with praise. Still, he is much disliked in America. One of his earliest Claremonts was with us; and when Lafayette made him a king, Americans felt as if they had a right to be pleased with his accession. But his quarrel with his benefactor turned the feeling strongly against him, for Lafayette was revered among us to the hour of his death. I think there is a general satisfaction with the fall of the Orleans dynasty; but it certainly has not been malicious or spiteful. An eminent American, who has lived long in Paris, has written two letters in the leading democratic newspaper of New York, in which the fallen monarch is more severely handled than he has been elsewhere. He is there said to be a much overrated man—possessed of no great talents, except those which enable him to dissimulate with the utmost cunning, and to manage with the basest perfidy. The writer, nevertheless, has no confidence in the revolution as having destroyed the monarchy; and quotes with approbation a sentiment which he says was advanced in conversation with himself, so long ago as 1830, by Odillon Barrot,—"Enfin, monsieur, la France a besoin de se sentir gouvernée." He thinks two things will work against the Duc de Bordeaux—that he has married an Austrian, and grown fat; yet he confidently predicts that Henry V. will one day ascend the throne of his ancestors. "As for a republic that is to go on harmoniously, and with any thing like tolerable quiet, law, and order," he concludes, "I hold it to be just as impracticable as it would be to set up a Doge of Venice and a Council of Ten in the State of New York. We hear only the voices of the revolutionists, the rest of the nation being temporarily mute. The day

will come, however, when the last will speak."

These sentiments are not singular among us. I am agreeably surprised by the great moderation of our people and of our press. When the tidings of the outbreak reached us, it produced excitement, of course; but there was no echo of the French howl, and remarkably little enthusiasm, all things considered. You have seen reprinted in England some of the most foolish things that were said in our most worthless prints. The press in general behaved with great reserve and caution. Successive steamers brought continual abatements to the degree of confidence, or hope, that had been inspired in the minds of the more ardent; and so general was the candour of the newspapers, that when those of the Clay party were pettishly accused of a sympathy with tyranny, the charge was easily met by quotations from democratic newspapers, equally liable to the imputation, if a manly reprobation of revolutionary misrule and excess be sufficient to prove it. The truth is, our country was caught in the trap in 1792. Then, the pulpit and the press strove together in glorifying France; and the remorse and burning shame that were the consequence, have left a very salutary impression.

In fact, the violent democracy of Paris is exerting a beneficial effect upon our people. We see the degrading spectacle, and learn to value ourselves for a love of law and order. There is a reluctance to reduce ourselves to the level of such a republic as has sprung up like a mushroom in a night, and is likely to perish in the same way. Our own revolution was not one of drunken riot, and street-singing blouse-men: our constitution is not a mere poetical theory of liberty and equality, nor a socialist's dream of brotherhood. We now learn the secret of our strength, and of that comparative durability which has almost surprised ourselves. We are, after all, a transplanted slip of old England; nor are we so essentially changed, my Basil, as even you imagine. The spirit of our people is indeed democratic; but the spirit of our constitution is imbued with a stronger element. The facts concern-

ing it will enable you to see one secret of our comparative success, and to judge whether France can possibly come to any thing as good. The founders of this republic were not Frenchmen, but Englishmen; I mean they were of English stock, and had learned all their notions of liberty from the history of England. Each province of America had taken shape under the British constitution; and when the provinces became independent, the general government was organised in such wise as to supply the place of that constitution. Its founders did not frame a new and untried constitution, *a priori*, according to their own schemes; they simply modified the great principles of British constitutional law to suit a new state of things, and a peculiar people. A monarchy was out of the question; but they did not intend to make a democracy. They only made a republic. The democratic spirit came in with Jefferson and French politics at the beginning of the present century. It has become dominant, but by no means triumphant; and its great obstacle has been the constitution. In the several states it has changed the constitutions one after the other, introducing universal suffrage, and other democratic features. But the national constitution has not been so easily reached; and it is the strength of the great party with which Clay and Webster are identified, and which is a constant check on the popular party. It is republican, but not simply democratic. The executive magistracy is elective; but the electors are not the people, directly, but electoral colleges, appointed by the several states; and the office itself is endowed with prerogatives, some of which are more unlimited than the corresponding rights of the British crown. Our senate is a mere modification of the House of Lords: it is a body more select than the lower house, and not so immediately responsible to constituents; and its practical working shows the great importance of such a balance-wheel in any government. There is no working without it, in spite of what your Roebucks may say. The House of Commons reappears in our House of Representatives, which, like its great original, is the safety-valve of popular

feeling, and gives sonorous vent to a mighty pressure of steam and vapour, which would otherwise blow us to atoms, with a much less endurable noise. The whole fabric of our law is a precious patrimony derived, with our blood, from England. Our new states are filling up with emigrants from the continent of Europe, but they all adopt the law of their older sisters; and thus the institutions of the immortal Alfred may be found among the Swedes and Danes of Wisconsin. These, then, are the elements of our strength; and you observe they partake of the strength of the British empire, which has been legitimately and naturally imparted to us, like the mother's life-blood to the daughter of her womb. We have indeed characteristic peculiarities. We have tried some new experiments; but let not France suppose she can imitate them. We are a new country, a sparse population, and our people have their heads full of subduing the soil, and setting water-wheels in streams, and making roads and canals. We have no natural taste for insurrection and confusion, for we have nobody that is idle enough to want such work. Our new wine, then, has been put into new bottles; and the fool that attempts to decant it into the old vessels of Europe, will ruin it and them together.

Our newspapers have pointed out another secret of our strength, which France cannot possibly enjoy. In spite of that wild prophecy of Lady Hester Stanhope to Lamartine—so much of which has come true—Paris is France, and will be France while France holds together. The city of Washington is not America; and its great acres of unoccupied building lots are the best thing about it. The State governments, which could not have been planned beforehand, but are a natural product of old events—which dispose of all local matters, and prevent sectional jealousies, which divide and balance power, and *satisfy small ambition*,—these are the helps, without which our national existence could not have been prolonged beyond the lifetime of Washington himself. The threatened disturbance of the admirable equilibrium which has heretofore been maintained between North

and South, and East and West, by the introduction of Mexican and Texan states, and the power which it will throw into the hands of a few persons at the seat of government, is even now our most alarming danger. We know, from what we see among ourselves, that governments must take form, not from human devices, but from God's providences. We ourselves are the results of circumstances: no scheming patriot could have made us what we are; and no imitative Frenchman can give to his country a government like ours; nor, if he could, would it survive beyond the lifetime of some individual, whose popularity would supply a temporary strength to its essential weakness. An imported constitution must be a sickly one, in any country on earth.

For us, then, there is a legitimacy in our institutions which makes them durable, and dear to all classes of our people. But to be loyal to our own republic is by no means to be committed to universal republicanism, far less to be delighted with universal anarchy. You must pardon our tastes. We are young, and we think a jacket and shako becoming. We wear our appropriate costume as gracefully as we can. We are yet the growing, perhaps the awkward, but still the active boy. But when Europe befools itself, in its dotage, with republican attire, we lads have a right to laugh. It will do for us to play leap-frog, or cut any other caper that we choose; but who can restrain derision when corpulent imbecility assumes an unskirted coat, and submits its uncovered proportions to hootings and to kicks, or throws a ponderous summersault that less demonstrates agility than exposes nakedness!

I speak for myself, and for many, very many of my countrymen. Our mere populace are of course possessed with the idea that a universal Yankee-doodle is the panacea for all the miseries of the world. It has been told them so often by demagogues, that they are pardonable. But even they would probably allow that the *Chinese*, for instance, are not yet quite ready for liberty-poles and ballet-boxes, and by degrees might be brought to confess as much for any country less remarkable and astonishing than our own.

But there is a solid mass of good sense among us that is not so deceived. It consists of those who would rejoice to see a rational republic in France, or in any other country; but who know that, with the exception perhaps of Holland, such a thing is impossible, and that, in France, reason is more likely to reappear as the divinified harlot of Notre Dame than in any more respectable form. As to Great Britain, even our schoolboys have learned that, with all the stability of empire, it unites the freedom of a republic; and in spite of some feeling against John Bull, I scarcely know the man who would not be sorry to see it suddenly or violently revolutionised. On Irish affairs opinion is not so sane among us. Few of us know any thing about them; and for the sake of the starving peasantry of Ireland, there is some sympathy with its turbulent Gracchi. Believe it, the general tone of sentiment on this side the Atlantic, among reflecting men, is far more conservative than you imagine. Indeed, all classes stand amazed at the democracy of Europe. Our wildest enthusiasts are outdone, even by some who sit in the House of Commons; and the rampant socialism of Paris is as unlike the worst excesses of our elections, as the ferocity of a tiger is unlike the playfulness of a kitten. Young as we are, we are better mannered; and I must say, dear Basil, that when the older nations of the world are allowing themselves such license, we have a right to regard ourselves as taking new rank, and deserving more credit than has heretofore been given us, as, after all, a law-loving and law-maintaining people.

You will say, as was said to the trumpeter in *Æsop*—"No, no,—you make all the mischief; others cut throats, but you have set them on." But is the democratic spirit really of American origin? Our Plymouth orators—the men who annually glorify our earliest colonists—usually trace it to the Puritans, and through them to Geneva. At all events, it now infects the world, and those are the happy and the permanent governments which are prepared for its violence, by constitutional vents and floodgates. It is not to be stifled, or dammed up. We believe, therefore, that our own

government is the best for ourselves, and few of us have any fear for that of England. On British matters we do not feel bound to judge by our own experiences. We are free to theorise on broader principles; and many of us form our own opinions, not as cool and critical foreigners, but as having a deep interest in the preservation of the institutions of our ancestors. Why should we not? The study of history carries us, at once, beyond the narrow limits of threescore years and ten, which is the age of our national existence, and as soon as we pass that boundary we too are Britons. The blood of our forefathers ran in English veins, or flowed for British freedom and sovereignty. This fact is enough to make our educated and reflecting men speculatively conservative as to British politics. We know the past, and do not feel the party-heats of the present in England. Hence I am far from being alone among my countrymen, in looking at English matters with an English heart. Even our commercial class have a reason for wishing internal peace and prosperity to England; and I believe there is generally something better than selfishness in the prevalent goodwill toward her. I wish you could have watched, as I did, the feelings of our whole people, while lately, between the arrivals of two steamers, there was a solemn feeling of surprise as to what would be the results of the Chartist demonstration! Till the news came, the stontest of us held our breath. I assure you, Basil, the peril of England was observed with a deep anxiety. During all that time I met not a respectable man who wished to see a revolutionary result. It was the talk of all circles. Our merchants trembled for England; our scholars hoped for her; a clerical gentleman assured me that he daily prayed for her. The press very generally predicted a triumph of order, but there were some specimens of newspaper literature that ventured an opposite augury. I wish you could have seen this city when the result was known. The news was received with a thrill. There was some laughing at the parturient mountain and the still-born mouse, but a graver cheerfulness was the reigning emotion. We deeply

felt that, by the mercy of God, the world had been spared from a conflagration which the match of a madman could light, but which only another deluge could extinguish. For one, I was as a watcher by the sea-side, who, after a night of tempest, waits for the fog to rise, and then thanks God to see the good old ship coming home, in season, her masts all standing, and her flag untorn.

I had felt fears, my Basil. What was not imaginable, when Europe presented the appearance of a table on which empires had fallen in a day, like card-houses blown down by the breath of children! I knew that neither France, nor Prussia, nor Austria, nor Italy, were anything like England, which is founded on a rock, and knit together by joints and bands: but I felt that England is no longer what she was. With a Whig government she is never herself.* The Whigs are more than half Frenchmen. I tell you you seem to me not half enough afraid of your Whigs; they are worse than your Radicals. You show some uneasiness under the Jewish Disabilities Bill, but I wish you could see it as it strikes a looker-on. If time has on you the effect which distance has on me, you will yet look back on that measure as you now look back on the great mistake of 1829. It will haunt you like a nightmare, and you will regard it with less of anger than of shame and remorse; with the deep conviction that, if the friends of the constitution had done their duty, it never would have disgraced a Christian state. True, the Whigs are responsible for inflicting the blow; but what has been done to avert it? So far as I know, nothing commensurate with the greatness of the evil. You seem to give way to it as only one of many inroads upon old proprie-

ties, which are inevitable, and cannot be withstood. But is the unchristianising of the state to be spoken of side by side with even the destruction of colonies, and the discouragement of agriculture? As it strikes me, it is not a thing of a class, it stands out a portent, a harbinger, a phenomenon of its own kind. Not that it surprises me. From Lord John Russell nothing that argues fatuity and lack of political principle should surprise any one. To carry out the plans to which he has committed himself, he must consistently pander to infidels, foster heretics, and subsidise Jews. To the reforms of the last score of years, there could be no more fitting sequel than this coalition with a people loaded with the hereditary burthen of the saving blood of the Crucified. I only marvel that the bill goes on so slowly. The Baron should have been long since in his place, and the Easter holidays should have been disregarded, out of respect to his feelings. It is astonishing that he is not already an ecclesiastical commissioner. The times are not now as during a former French revolution, when a British statesman could say†—"the Jews in Change Alley have not yet dared to hint their hopes of a mortgage on the revenues belonging to the see of Canterbury." You are always praising your church, Basil, but allow me to ask, Why you may not live to see a Jewish rabbi nominated to a bishopric. As I understand it, the obsequious chapter would be obliged to perform the election, and close all by anthems to Almighty God, ascribing to Him the glory of a gift so felicitous and so auspicious to the church! It would not be the first time, I believe, that Lord John has set the *Te Deum* of

* We fully agree with our correspondent as to the danger of Whiggery in our councils, but are so far reconciled to the Whigs being in office at the present crisis, by the knowledge that, had they been in opposition, they would, to a certain extent, have fraternised with French Republicans and English Chartists. Who could doubt that such would have been the conduct of the men who headed physical force processions, and hounded on window-breaking vagabonds in the Reform riots of 1830? What amount of profligate partisanship might not be expected from the men who, when thirsting for office, solemnly denounced as unconstitutional and unjust the course pursued by a conservative government towards O'Connell, which identical course they now, when in power, adopt towards Mitchell, a much less dangerous criminal?

† *Barke's Reflections on the French Revolution.*

cathedrals going, like the whistles of a juggler's barrel-organ. Forgive me, Basil; I am not mocking the agonies of your church, but I am scorning a British minister that can use for her destruction the powers confided to him for her nourishment and defence. I have learned my notions of your politics from Edmund Burke, and I remember what he said in his *Reflections on the French Revolution of 1792*—for, by the way, revolutions in France must be always referred to by dates, and will soon be known, like policemen, by letters and numbers. "The men of England," said that great and honest man, "the men I mean of light and leading in England, would be ashamed, as of a silly deceitful trick, to profess any religion in name which, by their proceedings, they appear to condemn." Does not Lord John profess to be a Christian? I must caution you, too, against supposing that I dislike the Israelites. Far from it. In my own country I am glad that they labour under no disabilities, and I can testify to their good order, decency, and propriety of behaviour as citizens. But we have "no past at our back," and nothing in our system which demands a prior consideration. No, Basil—I honour a Jew, however much I may pity him. Crying old clothes, or lolling in a banker's chariot, the Jew is to me a man of sacred associations. And then—a Jewish gentleman—he makes me think at once of the sons of Maccabæus and all the Asmoneans; those Hebrews of the Hebrews, those Tories of Israel! What natural sympathy has a Jewish gentleman with a Whig? Were I merely covetous of votes I would say—let the Jews in! I could trust *their* conscience; I could appeal to their own feelings; I would put it to them whether their liberalism would consent to eat pork with the Gentiles, or to call in the uncircumcised to make laws for the synagogue. We pity the blindness of the Jews that offered their thirty pieces of silver—but we do not despise them. Our contempt settles on the head of the Christian who consented to take them at the bargain.

You speak of this Jew bill as the first step! Why, yes, the first step in tragedy; there was a former one in farce. There is Sir Moses Montefiore!

Who made him a knight? "A Jewish knight," said I, at the time—"hear it, ye dry bones,—ye cross-legged effigies—ye Paladins—ye Templars! Hear it, Du-Bois-Gilbert,—hear it, Richard Cœur-de-Lion! Yes, and thou, too, old Roger de Coverley! Hear it, thou true old English knight; for they that bought thine old clothes now come for thine old spurs!" So said I—wondering that no one seemed to wonder. The nineteenth century had not time to stare. There was not even a London *Punch* to laugh at such a *Judy*, and so Moses was belted and spurred, no man gainsaying; and knighthood, that was Sidney's once, is just the thing for Sir Peter Laurie now.

And if a Jewish knight, why not a Jewish senator! True, there is something grand in the idea of a "nation that never, since the Wittenagemote, has seen a lawgiver, unbaptised; and then there is still a red cross in the flag of England; and there has been a pleasing notion that the Christian faith was part and parcel with the British constitution; and even we in America, averse to church and state, have long allowed ourselves to admire one exception to the rule, and to confess the majestic figure made among the nations by a Christian empire, shining forth in splendid contrast to surrounding kingdoms, some of them infidel and some of them superstitious, but she alone the witness to reasonable faith, and faithful reason. But who regards it in this light? Who among you stands up to warn his country of the glory that is departing? Who has said any thing in parliament at all adequate to the turning-point of a nation's religion? I have looked for some one to speak as Burke would have spoken, of "uncovering your nakedness, by throwing off that Christian religion which has hitherto been your boast and comfort." I have longed to see his promise made good,—"*we shall never be such fools as to call in an enemy to the substance of any system, to remove its corruptions, to supply its defects, or to perfect its construction.*" I read *The Times*, but as yet I have looked in vain. A few honest remonstrances have indeed been ventured amid cries of *oh, oh!* and vociferations of buck-toothed laughter

from the benches that support the honourable members from Cottonburgh and Calicopolis. But who has stood up as for altars and fires? I hope, ere this reaches you, the question will be creditably answered. I hope the Christianity of England will not die without a struggle. I suspect it will be of no use, but I look yet for some John of Gaunt in the House of Lords. Imagine him, my Basil:—

“This sceptred isle,
This England,
Renowned for her deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now—paw'd out to Jews!”

This is what ought to be said; and I look for it, if not from lords spiritual, then even from lords temporal. But surely it would well become the primate's mouth! Of course, it would do little good; but then the religion of England would fall at least dramatically. It would make a picture quite as good as the death of Chatham. Do you remember the lawn-sleeves in that picture? The bishops are “in at the death.”—but nothing more.

But another steamer has come in with news; and France is all the talk. The elections are over; the *Modérés* have triumphed; the National Assembly has convened, and the Provisional Government is at an end. *Vive Lamartine!* Of course the stock of the republic takes a rise, but holders are not firm. The bloodshed at Rouen, the *émeutes* at Elbeuf and Limoges, and the threats of the *Communistes*, do not precisely inspire confidence. Still, we are so far surprised, and those who have predicted favourably for France grow a little more sanguine in their hopes. I am glad to say that Louis Blanc has no sympathisers here. All are convinced that Lamartine will make the best of it, and that, if he fails, the republic will be suffocated and expire in a stench. For one, it seems to me that Lamartine is not bad enough to encounter successfully the frantic malice of his opponents, and that their eventual success is cer-

tain. Already, things have very likely taken a decisive turn, and by the time this letter reaches you, the doings of the Assembly will have enabled you to conjecture whether the nation is going by the long way, or the short cut, to Henry Fifth. As all will be stale before you can read what I now write, I will not presume to predict the immediate results; but I am sure that the assembling of such a set as have been returned to the legislature, would be enough to blow up the strongest government on earth. Jew, Dominican, pastor and bishop, poet and butcher, all in their tricoloured sashes—was there ever such a full-blown tulip-bed of liberty, equality, and fraternity!

The announcement of several clergymen as members of the Assembly reminds me that there has been some sickly sentiment among us, about the *piety* that has been displayed in this revolution. In Boston we are favoured with some strange types of religious enthusiasm; in fact, the type of Christianity that prevails among us is peculiarly our own; and like our improvements in machinery, deserves the proverbial name of a “Boston notion.” Emerson, who is now illuminating England, may give you some idea of what I mean; and a queer story that is told of one of his disciples, may furnish you with an explanation of the fact, that some men see religion in the sacking of the Tuileries. The youth was at the Opera to see a celebrated *danseuse*, and excited general attention by his somewhat extraordinary applause. His enthusiasm so transported him, that the emotions of his heart became unconsciously audible. As the dancer began to whirl, he cried, “*Ah, that is poetry!*” As she stretched her toe to the horizontal, he exclaimed, “*That's divinity!*” but when she proceeded to an evolution that forced the ladies to pay attention to their fans, he burst into the climax—“*That's religion!*” If this be caricature, the Emersonians richly deserve it. They are laughed at even in Boston. But they are not alone in thinking well of the piety of Paris, and arguing from it that there will be no reign of terror; as if there was not vastly more show of religion in the first revolution! If there is an archbishop

of Paris now, there was formerly a Talleyrand for high-priest and master of ceremonies. Oh, but they rejoin with a story! When the blouses were gutting the palace of its pictures and marbles, they found, among other works of art, an image of the Crucified. As a blousenian was about to dash it to atoms, there was a cry, "Save it—save the great teacher of fraternity!" The crucifix was accordingly saved, and borne about the streets amid songs and curses, and, very appropriately, "with lanterns and torches." "Ah, *that's religion!*" says your Emersonian. So, when recreant priests baptise a liberty-pole, or join a procession of blouses, with crosses and censers, *that's divinity*, at least. Was ever hypocrisy so revolting! The nauseous mockery has its only parallel in the writings of George Sand, who makes a favourite hero and heroine betake themselves to an adulterous bed, after duly reciting their prayers, in which the absent husband is very affectionately remembered. If a revolution thus begun is not destined to go speedily through all the ripening and rotting of a godless anarchy, it is to be accounted for only on the principle that "He who is Eternal can wait." The old scene at Notre Dame may not be actually revived, and the Bible may not be literally dragged through Paris again tied to an ass's tail; but the undisguised atrocities of the first revolution may, after all, be exceeded by the smooth-faced blasphemies of that which has already degraded the world's Redeemer into the patron saint of insurrection, and the father of infidel fraternity.

Poor Lamartine! Is this the man, my Basil, whom you once likened to Chateaubriand? *Quantum mutatus!* I knew him, till lately, only as a poet and a traveller. He certainly went to Palestine with the spirit of a

palmer. He bathed in Siloa with enthusiasm, and almost expired of feeling under the venerable olive-trees of Gethsemane.

How Frenchy—how intensely French! mass in the morning, and weeping and sighing,—a revel before nightfall, and desperate gaming. And this man to be the Cromwell of the commonwealth? He could hardly have been the Milton, though it would have been more becoming. And what will be his career? It is a pity Lady Hester Stanhope was not permitted to consult his stars in full when he met her on Mount Lebanon, when she praised his handsome foot and arched instep, and told him he should be very important in the history of the world. Ah, how certainly he will yet lament, if he does not lament already, the fulfilment of the oracle! Such weird sisters as Lady Hester generally tell *only half*, leaving the rest to imagination and to time. But whether this Phacton, who has grasped the reins, is to set the world on fire; whether he, in turn, is only to try the game of Humpty-Dumpty and to fall; or whether, even as I write this, he be not already under the foot of *Louis Blanc* and his *Communistes*,—what probabilities or improbabilities shall aid my conjecture? This thing only will I venture as my surmise, though not my hope, that kings shall reign again in France, as if Lamartine never lived: that tricoloured cockades shall be made no more, and lilies be cultivated again: that there will soon be longings for a sight of the *drapeau blanc*, and a prince of the sons of St Louis: and that, fat as he is, and Bourbon as he is, and half Austrian as he has made himself, Henry Duke of Bordeaux will soon be known as HENRI LE DESIRÉ.

Yours ever, my dear Basil,
ERNEST.

THE CAXTONS.—PART IV.

CHAPTER IX.

I was always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning, day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called 'old' so long as he is an early riser, and an early walker. And oh, youth!—take my word of it,—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedgerows.

Passing by my father's study, I was surprised to see the windows unclosed—surprised more, on looking in, to see him bending over his books—for I had never before known him study till after the morning meal. Students are not usually early risers, for students, alas! whatever their age, are rarely young. Yes; the great work must be getting on in serious earnest. It was no longer dalliance with learning: this was work.

I passed through the gates into the road. A few of the cottages were giving signs of returning life; but it was not yet the hour for labour, and no "Good morning, sir," greeted me on the road. Suddenly at a turn, which an overhanging beech-tree had before concealed, I came full upon my Uncle Roland.

"What! you, sir? So early? Hark, the clock is striking five!"

"Not later! I have walked well for a lame man. It must be more than four miles to — and back."

"You have been to — : not on business? No soul would be up."

"Yes, at inns there is always some one up. Ostlers never sleep! I have been to-order my humble chaise and pair. I leave you to day, nephew."

"Ah, uncle, we have offended you. It was my folly—that cursed print—"

"Pooh!" said my uncle, quickly. "Offended me, boy! I defy you!" and he pressed my hand roughly.

"Yet this sudden determination! It was but yesterday, at the Roman

Camp, that you planned an excursion with my father to C—— Castle."

"Never depend upon a whimsical man. I must be in London to-night."

"And return to-morrow?"

"I know not when," said my uncle, gloomily; and he was silent for some moments. At length, leaning less lightly on my arm, he continued—"Young man, you have pleased me. I love that open saucy brow of yours, on which nature has written 'Trust me.' I love those clear eyes that look man manfully in the face. I must know more of you—much of you. You must come and see me some day or other in your ancestor's ruined keep."

"Come! that I will. And you shall show me the old tower—"

"And the traces of the out-works;" cried my uncle, flourishing his stick.

"And the pedigree—"

"Ay, and your great-great-grandfather's armour, which he wore at Marston Moor—"

"Yes, and the brass plate in the church, uncle."

"The deuce is in the boy! Come here—come here; I've three minds to break your head, sir!"

"It is a pity somebody had not broken the rascally printer's, before he had the impudence to disgrace us by having a family, uncle."

Captain Roland tried hard to frown, but he could not. "Pshaw!" said he, stopping, and taking snuff. "The world of the dead is wide; why should the ghosts jostle us?"

"We can never escape the ghosts, uncle. They haunt us always. We cannot think or act, but the soul of some man, who has lived before, points the way. The dead never die, especially since—"

"Since what, boy? you speak well."

"Since our great ancestor introduced printing," said I, majestically.

My uncle whistled "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*."

I had not the heart to plague him further.

"Peace!" said I, creeping cautiously within the circle of the stick.

"No! I forewarn you—"

"Peace! and describe to me my little cousin, your pretty daughter—for pretty I am sure she is."

"Peace," said my uncle, smiling. "But you must come and judge for yourself."

CHAPTER X.

Uncle Roland was gone. Before he went, he was closeted for an hour with my father, who then accompanied him to the gate; and we all crowded round him as he stepped into his chaise. When the Captain was gone, I tried to sound my father as to the cause of so sudden a departure. But my father was impenetrable in all that related to his brother's secrets. Whether or not the Captain had ever confided to him the cause of his displeasure with his son,—a mystery which much haunted me,—my father was mute on that score, both to my mother and myself. For two or three days, however, Mr Caxton was evidently unsettled. He did not even take to his great work; but walked much alone, or accompanied only by the duck, and without even a book in his hand. But by degrees the scholarly habits returned to him; my mother mended his pens, and the work went on.

For my part, left much to myself, especially in the mornings, I began to muse restlessly over the future. Ungrateful that I was, the happiness of home ceased to content me. I heard afar the roar of the great world, and roved impatient by the shore.

At length, one evening, my father, with some modest hums and ha's, and an unaffected blush on his fair forehead, gratified a prayer frequently urged on him, and read me some portions of "the great Work." I cannot express the feelings this lecture created—they were something akin to awe. For the design of this book was so immense—and towards its execution, a learning so vast and various had administered—that it seemed to me as if a spirit had opened to me a new world, which had always been before my feet, but which my own human blindness had hitherto concealed from me. The unspeakable patience with which all these materials had been collected year after year—the ease with which

now, by the calm power of genius, they seemed of themselves to fall into harmony and system—the unconscious humility with which the scholar exposed the stores of a laborious life;—all combined to rebuke my own restlessness and ambition, while they filled me with a pride in my father, which saved my wounded egotism from a pang. Here, indeed, was one of those books which embrace an existence; like the Dictionary of Bayle, or the History of Gibbon, or the *Fasti Hellenici* of Clinton,—it was a book to which thousands of books had contributed, only to make the originality of the single mind more bold and clear. Into the furnace all vessels of gold, of all ages, had been cast, but from the mould came the new coin, with its single stamp. And happily, the subject of the work did not forbid to the writer the indulgence of his *naïve*, peculiar irony of humour—so quiet, yet so profound. My father's book was the "History of Human Error." It was, therefore, the moral history of mankind, told with truth and earnestness, yet with an arch unmalignant smile. Sometimes, indeed, the smile drew tears. But in all true humour lies its germ, pathos. Oh! by the goddess *Moria* or *Folly*, but he was at home in his theme! He viewed man first in the savage state, preferring in this the positive accounts of voyagers and travellers, to the vague myths of antiquity, and the dreams of speculators on our pristine state. From Australia and Abyssinia, he drew pictures of mortality unadorned, as lively as if he had lived amongst Bushmen and savages all his life. Then he crossed over the Atlantic, and brought before you the American Indian, with his noble nature, struggling into the dawn of civilisation, when friend Penn cheated him out of his birth-right, and the Anglo-Saxon drove him back into darkness. He showed both analogy and contrast between

this specimen of our kind, and others equally apart from the extremes of the savage state and the cultured. The Arab in his tent, the Teuton in his forests, the Greenlander in his boat, the Fin in his rein-deer car. Up sprang the rude gods of the north, and the resuscitated Druidism, passing from its earliest templeless belief into the later corruptions of crommell and idol. Up sprang, by their side, the Saturn of the Phœnicians, the mystic Budh of India, the elementary deities of the Pelasgian, the Naith and Serapis of Egypt, the Ormuzd of Persia, the Bel of Babylon, the winged genii of the graceful Etruria. How nature and life shaped the religion; how the religion shaped the manners; how, and by what influences, some tribes were formed for progress; how others were destined to remain stationary, or be swallowed up in war and slavery by their brethren, was told with a precision clear and strong as the voice of Fate. Not only an antiquarian and philologist, but an anatomist and philosopher—my father brought to bear on all these grave points, the various speculations involved in the distinctions of race. He showed how race in perfection is produced, up to a certain point, by admixture: how all mixed races have been the most intelligent—how, in proportion as local circumstance and religious faith permitted the the early fusion of differing tribes, races improved and quickened into the refinements of civilisation. He tracked the progress and dispersion of the Hellenes, from their mythical cradle in Thessaly; and showed how those who settled near the sea-shores, and were compelled into commerce and intercourse with strangers, gave to Greece her marvellous accomplishments in arts and letters—the flowers of the ancient world. How others, like the Spartans, dwelling evermore in a camp, on guard against their neighbours, and rigidly preserving their Dorian purity of extraction, contributed neither artists, nor poets, nor philosophers to the golden treasure-house of mind. He took the old race of the Celts, Cimry, or Cimmerians. He compared the Celt who, as in Wales, the Scotch Highlands, in Bretagne, and in uncomprehended Ireland, retains his old characteris-

tics and purity of breed, with the Celt whose blood, mixed by a thousand channels, dictates from Paris the manners and revolutions of the world. He compared the Norman in his ancient Scandinavian home, with that wonder of intelligence and chivalry which he became, fused imperceptibly with the Frank, the Goth, and the Anglo-Saxon. He compared the Saxon, stationary in the land of Horsa, with the colonist and civiliser of the globe, as he becomes, when he knows not through what channels—French, Flemish, Danish, Welch, Scotch, and Irish—he draws his sanguine blood. And out from all these speculations, to which I do such hurried and scanty justice, he drew the blessed truth, that carries hope to the land of the Caffre, the hut of the Bushman—that there is nothing in the flattened skull and the ebony aspect that rejects God's law, improvement; that by the same principle which raises the dog, the lowest of the animals in its savage state, to the highest after man,—viz. admixture of race—you can elevate into nations of majesty and power the outcasts of humanity, now your compassion or your scorn. But when my father got into the marrow of his theme—when, quitting these preliminary discussions, he fell pounce amongst the would-be wisdom of the wise; when he dealt with civilisation itself, its schools, and porticos, and academies; when he bared the absurdities couched beneath the colleges of the Egyptians, and the Symposia of the Greeks;—when he showed that, even in their own favourite pursuit of metaphysics, the Greeks were children; and in their own more practical region of politics, the Romans were visionaries and bunglers;—when, following the stream of error through the middle ages, he quoted the puerilities of Agrippa, the crudities of Cardan; and passed, with his calm smile, into the *salons* of the chattering wits of Paris in the eighteenth century, oh, then his irony was that of Lucian, sweetened by the gentle spirit of Erasmus. For not even here was my father's satire of the cheerless and Mephistophelean school. From this record of error he drew forth the grand eras of truth. He showed how earnest men never think in vain, though their thoughts may be errors. He proved

how, in vast cycles, age after age, the human mind marches on — like the ocean, receding here, but there advancing. How from the speculations of the Greek sprang all true philosophy; how from the institutions of the Roman rose all durable systems of government; how from the robust follies of the North came the glory of chivalry, and the modern delicacies of honour, and the sweet harmonising influences of woman. He tracked the ancestry of our Sidneys and Bayards from the Hengists, Genseric, and Attilas. Full of all curious and quaint anecdote—of original illustration—of those niceties of learning which spring from a taste cultivated to the last exquisite polish—the book amused, and allured, and

charmed; and erudition lost its pedantry now in the simplicity of Montaigne, now in the penetration of La Bruyère. He lived in each time of which he wrote, and the time lived again in him. Ah, what a writer of romances he would have been, if—if what? If he had had as sad an experience of men's passions, as he had the happy intuition into their humours. But he who would see the mirror of the shore, must look where it is cast on the river, not the ocean. The narrow stream reflects the gnarled tree, and the pausing herd, and the village spire, and the romance of the landscape. But the sea reflects only the vast outline of the headland, and the lights of the eternal heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is Lombard Street to a China orange," quoth Uncle Jack.

"Are the odds in favour of fame against failure so great? You do not speak, I fear, from experience, brother Jack," answered my father, as he stooped down to tickle the duck under the left ear.

"But Jack Tibbets is not Augustine Caxton. Jack Tibbets is not a scholar, a genius, a word—"

"Stop," cried my father.

"After all," said Mr Squills, "though I am no flatterer, Mr Tibbets is not so far out. That part of your book which compares the crania or skulls of the different races is superb. Lawrence or Dr Pritchard could not have done the thing more neatly. Such a book must not be lost to the world; and I agree with Mr Tibbets that you should publish as soon as possible."

"It is one thing to write and another to publish," said my father irresolutely. "When one considers all the great men who have published; when one thinks one is going to intrude one's-self audaciously into the company of Aristotle and Bacon, of Locke, of Herder—of all the grave philosophers who bend over nature with brows weighty with thought—one may well pause, and—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Uncle Jack; "science is not a club, it is an ocean.

It is open to the cockboat as the freight. One man carries across it a freightage of ingots, another may fish there for herrings. Who can exhaust the sea? who say to intellect, the deeps of philosophy are preoccupied?"

"Admirable!" cried Squills.

"So it is really your advice, my friends," said my father, who seemed struck by Uncle Jack's eloquent illustration, "that I should desert my household gods; remove to London, since my own library ceases to supply my wants; take lodgings near the British Museum, and finish off one volume, at least, incontinently."

"It is a duty you owe to your country," said Uncle Jack, solemnly.

"And to yourself," urged Squills.

"One must attend to the natural evacuations of the brain. Ah! you may smile, sir; but I have observed that if a man has much in his head, he must give it vent or it oppresses him; the whole system goes wrong. From being abstracted, he grows stupefied. The weight of the pressure affects the nerves. I would not even guarantee you from a stroke of paralysis."

"Oh, Austin!" cried my mother tenderly, and throwing her arms round my father's neck.

"Come, sir, you are conquered," said I.

"And what is to become of you, Sisty?" asked my father. "Do you

go with us, and unsettle your mind for the university?"

"My uncle has invited me to his castle; and in the meanwhile I will stay here, fag hard, and take care of the duck."

"All alone?" said my mother.

"No. All alone! Why Uncle Jack will come here as often as ever, I hope."

Uncle Jack shook his head.

"No, my boy—I must go to town with your father. You don't understand these things. I shall see the booksellers for him. I know how these gentlemen are to be dealt with. I shall prepare the literary circles for the appearance of the book. In short, it is a sacrifice of interest I know. My *Journal* will suffer. But friendship and my country's good before all things!"

"Dear Jack!" said my mother affectionately.

"I cannot suffer it," cried my father. "You are making a good income. You are doing well where you are; and as to seeing the booksellers—why, when the work is ready, you can come to town for a week, and settle that affair."

"Poor dear Austin," said Uncle Jack, with an air of superiority and compassion. "A week! Sir, the advent of a book that is to succeed requires the preparation of months. Pshaw! I am no genius, but I am a practical man. I know what's what. Leave me alone."

But my father continued obstinate, and Uncle Jack at last ceased to urge the matter. The journey to fame and London was now settled; but my father would not hear of my staying behind.

No; Pisistratus must needs go also to town and see the world; the duck would take care of itself.

CHAPTER XII.

We had taken the precaution to send, the day before, to secure our due complement of places—four in all (including one for Mrs Primmins)—in, or upon, the fast family coach called the Sun, which had lately been set up for the special convenience of the neighbourhood.

This luminary, rising in a town about seven miles distant from us, described at first a very erratic orbit amidst the contiguous villages before it finally struck into the high-road of enlightenment, and thence performed its journey, in the full eyes of man, at the majestic pace of six miles and a half an hour. My father, with his pockets full of books, and a quarto of "*Gebelin on the Primitive World*" for light reading under his arm; my mother, with a little basket, containing sandwiches and biscuits of her own baking; Mrs Primmins, with a new umbrella, purchased for the occasion, and a bird-cage containing a canary, endeared to her not more by song than age, and a severe pip through which she had successfully nursed it—and I myself, waited at the gates to welcome the celestial visitor. The gardener, with a wheel-barrow full of boxes and portmanteaus, stood a little

in the van; and the footman, who was to follow when lodgings had been found, had gone to a rising eminence to watch the dawning of the expected planet, and apprise us of its approach by the concerted signal of a handkerchief fixed to a stick.

The quaint old house looked at us mournfully from all its deserted windows. The litter before its threshold, and in its open hall; wisps of straw or hay that had been used for packing; baskets and boxes that had been examined and rejected; others, corded and piled, reserved to follow with the footman: and the two heated and hurried serving-women left behind standing half-way between house and garden-gate, whispering to each other, and looking as if they had not slept for weeks—gave to a scene, usually so trim and orderly, an aspect of pathetic abandonment and desolation. The genius of the place seemed to reproach us. I felt the omens were against us, and turned my earnest gaze from the haunts behind with a sigh, as the coach now drew up in all its grandeur. An important personage, who, despite the heat of the day, was enveloped in a vast superfluity of belcher, in the midst of which galloped a gilt fox, and

who rejoiced in the name of "guard," descended to inform us politely that only three places, two inside and one out, were at our disposal, the rest having been pre-engaged a fortnight before our orders were received.

Now, as I knew that Mrs Primmins was indispensable to the comforts of my honoured parents, (the more so, as she had once lived in London, and knew all its ways,) I suggested that she should take the outside seat, and that I should perform the journey on foot—a primitive mode of transport which has its charms to a young man with stout limbs and gay spirits. The guard's outstretched arm left my mother little time to oppose this proposition, to which my father assented with a silent squeeze of the hand. And, having promised to join them at a family hotel near the Strand, to which Mr Squills had recommended them as peculiarly genteel and quiet, and waved my last farewell to my poor mother, who continued to stretch her meek face out of the window till the coach was whirled off in a cloud like one of the Homeric heroes, I turned within, to put up a few necessary articles in a small knapsack, which I remembered to have seen in the lumber-room, and which had appertained to my maternal grandfather; and with that on my shoulder, and a strong staff in my hand, I set off towards the great city at as brisk a pace as if I were only bound to the next village. Accordingly, about noon, I was both tired and hungry; and seeing by the wayside one of those pretty inns yet peculiar to England, but which, thanks to the railways, will soon be amongst the things before the Flood, I sat down at a table under some clipped limes, unbuckled my knapsack, and ordered my simple fare, with the dignity of one who, for the first time in his life, bespeaks his own dinner, and pays for it out of his own pocket.

While engaged on a rasher of bacon and a tankard of what the landlord called "No mistake," two pedestrians, passing the same road which I had traversed, paused, cast a simultaneous look at my occupation, and, induced no doubt by its allurements, seated themselves under the same lime-trees, though at the farther end of the table.

I surveyed the new-comers with the curiosity natural to my years.

The elder of the two might have attained the age of thirty, though sundry deep lines, and hues formerly florid and now faded, speaking of fatigue, care, or dissipation, might have made him look somewhat older than he was. There was nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. He was dressed with a pretension ill suited to the costume appropriate to a foot-traveller. His coat was pinched and padded; two enormous pins, connected by a chain, decorated a very stiff stock of blue satin, dotted with yellow stars; his hands were cased in very dingy gloves which had once been straw-coloured, and the said hands played with a whalebone cane surmounted by a formidable knob, which gave it the appearance of a "life-preserver." As he took off a white napless hat, which he wiped with great care and affection with the sleeve of his right arm, a profusion of stiff curls instantly betrayed the art of man. Like my landlord's ale, in that wig there was "no mistake:" it was brought—(in the fashion of the wigs we see in the popular effigies of George IV. in his youth)—low over his forehead and raised at the top. The wig had been oiled, and the oil had imbibed no small quantity of dust; oil and dust had alike left their impression on the forehead and cheeks of the wig's proprietor. For the rest, the expression of his face was somewhat impudent and reckless, but not without a certain drollery in the corners of his eyes.

The younger man was apparently about my own age, a year or two older perhaps—judging rather from his set and sinewy frame than his boyish countenance. And this last, boyish as it was, could not fail to demand the attention even of the most careless observer. It had not only the darkness but the character of the gipsy face, with large brilliant eyes, raven hair, long and wavy, but not curling; the features were aquiline but delicate, and when he spoke he showed teeth dazzling as pearls. It was impossible not to admire the singular beauty of the countenance; and yet, it had that expression at once stealthy and fierce, which war with society

has stamped upon the lineaments of the race of which it reminded me. But, withal, there was somewhat of the air of a gentleman in this young wayfarer. His dress consisted of a black velvet shooting-jacket, or rather short frock, with a broad leathern strap at the waist, loose white trousers, and a foraging cap, which he threw carelessly on the table as he wiped his brow. Turning round impatiently and with some haughtiness from his companion, he surveyed me with a quick observant flash of his piercing eyes, and then stretched himself at length on the bench, and appeared either to doze or muse, till, in obedience to his companion's orders, the board was spread with all the cold meats the larder could supply.

"Beef!" said his companion, screwing a pinchbeck glass into his right eye. "Beef;—mottled, cowey—humph. Lamb;—oldish—rawish—muttony, humph. Pie;—stalish, veal?—no, pork. Ah! what will you have?"

"Help yourself," replied the young man peevishly, as he sat up, looked disdainfully at the viands, and after a long pause, tasted first one, then the other, with many shrugs of the shoulders and muttered exclamations of discontent. Suddenly he looked up and called for brandy; and to my surprise, and I fear admiration, he drank nearly half a tumblerful of that poison undiluted, with a composure that spoke of habitual use.

"Wrong!" said his companion, drawing the bottle to himself, and mixing the alcohol in careful proportions with water. "Wrong! coats of stomach soon wear out, with that kind of clothes' brush. Better stick to 'the yeasty foam' as sweet Will says. That young gentleman sets you a good example," and therewith the speaker nodded at me familiarly. Inexperienced as I was, I surmised at once that it was his intention to make acquaintance with the neighbour thus

I was not deceived. "Any to tempt you, sir?" asked this personage after a short pause, describing a semicircle with the point of his knife.

"I thank you, sir, but I have dined." "What then? 'Break out into a second course of mischief,' as the swan

recommends—swan of Avon, sir! No? 'Well then, I charge you with this cup of sack.' Are you going far, if I may take the liberty to ask?"

"To London, when I can get there!"

"Oh!" said the traveller—while his young companion lifted his eyes; and I was again struck with their remarkable penetration and brilliancy.

"London is the best place in the world for a lad of spirit. See life there; 'glass of fashion and mould of form.' Fond of the play, sir?"

"I never saw one!"

"Possible!" cried the gentleman, dropping the handle of his knife, and bringing up the point horizontally: "then, young man," he added solemnly, "you have, but I won't say what you have to see. I won't say—no, not if you could cover this table with golden guineas, and exclaim with the generous ardour so engaging in youth, 'Mr Peacock, these are yours, if you will only say what I have to see!'"

I laughed outright—may I be forgiven for the boast, but I had the reputation at school of a pleasant laugh. The young man's face grew dark at the sound: he pushed back his plate and sighed.

"Why," continued his friend, "my companion here, who I suppose is about your own age, he could tell you what a play is! he could tell you what life is. He has viewed the manners of the town: 'perused the traders,' as the swan poetically remarks. Have you not, my lad, eh?"

Thus directly appealed to, the boy looked up with a smile of scorn on his lips. "Yes, I know what life is, and I say that life, like poverty, has strange bedfellows. Ask me what life is now, and I say a melodrama; ask me what it is twenty years hence, and I shall say—"

"A farce?" put in his comrade.

"No, a tragedy—or comedy as Congreve wrote it."

"And how is that?" I asked, interested and somewhat surprised at the tone of my contemporary.

"Where the play ends in the triumph of the wittiest rogue. My friend here has no chance!"

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley," hem—yes—Hal Peacock may be witty, but he is no rogue."

"That was not exactly my meaning," said the boy dryly.

"A fice for your meaning," as the swan says. "Hallo, you, sir! Bully Host, clear the table, fresh tumblers—hot water—sugar—lemon, and the bottle's out! Smoke, sir?" and Mr Peacock offered me a cigar.

Upon my refusal, he carefully twirled round a very uninviting specimen of some fabulous havannah—moistened it all over, as a boa-constrictor may do the ox he prepares for deglutition; bit off one end, and lighting the other from a little machine for that purpose which he drew from his pocket, he was soon absorbed in a vigorous effort (which the damp inherent in the weed long resisted) to poison the surrounding atmosphere. Therewith, the young gentleman, either from emulation or in self-defence, extracted from his own pouch a cigar-case of notable elegance, being of velvet, embroidered apparently by some fair hand, for "From Juliet" was very legibly worked thereon—selected a cigar of better appearance than that in favour with his comrade, and seemed quite as familiar with the tobacco as he had been with the brandy.

"Fast, sir—fast lad that!" quoth Mr Peacock, in the short gasps which his resolute struggle with his uninviting victim alone permitted—"nothing but—(puff, puff)—your true—(suck—suck,) syl—syl—sylva—does for him. Out, by the Lord! 'the jaws of darkness have devoured it up;'" and again Mr Peacock applied to his phosphoric machine. This time patience and perseverance succeeded, and the heart of the cigar responded by a dull red spark (leaving the sides wholly untouched) to the indefatigable ardour of its wooer.

This feat accomplished, Mr Peacock exclaimed triumphantly, "And now what say you, my lads, to a game at cards?—three of us—whist and a dummy?—nothing better—eh?" As he spoke, he produced from his coat-pocket a red silk handkerchief, a bunch of keys, a nightcap, a tooth-brush, a piece of shaving-soap, four lumps of sugar, the remains of a bun, a razor, and a pack of cards. Selecting the last, and returning its motley accompaniments to the abyss whence

they had emerged, he turned up, with a jerk of his thumb and finger, the knave of clubs, and, placing it on the top of the rest, slapped the cards emphatically on the table.

"You are very good, but I don't know whist," said I.

"Not know whist—not been to a play! not smoke! Then pray tell me, young man," (said he majestically, and with a frown,) "what on earth you *do* know!"

Much consternated by this direct appeal, and greatly ashamed of my ignorance of the cardinal points of erudition in Mr Peacock's estimation, I hung my head, and looked down.

"That is right," renewed Mr Peacock, more benignly; "you have the ingenuous shame of youth. It is promising, sir—'lowliness is young ambition's ladder,' as the swan says. Mount the first step, and learn whist—sixpenny points to begin with."

Notwithstanding my newness in actual life, I had had the good fortune to learn a little of the way before me, by those much-slandered guides called novels—works which are often to the inner world what maps are to the outer; and sundry recollections of "Gil Blas" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" came athwart me. I had no wish to emulate the worthy Moses, and felt that I might not have even the shagreen spectacles to boast of, in my negotiations with this new Mr Jenkinson. Accordingly, shaking my head, I called for my bill. As I took out my purse—knit by my mother—with one gold piece in one corner, and sundry silver ones in the other, I saw that the eyes of Mr Peacock twinkled.

"Poor spirit, sir! poor spirit, young man! 'This avarice sticks deep,' as the swan beautifully observes. 'Nothing venture, nothing have.'"

"Nothing have, nothing venture," I returned, plucking up spirit.

"Nothing have!—Young sir, do you doubt my solidity—my capital—my 'golden joys?'"

"Sir, I spoke of myself. I am not rich enough to gamble."

"Gamble!" exclaimed Mr Peacock, in virtuous indignation—"Gamble! what do you mean, sir? You insult me!" and he rose threateningly, and slapped his white hat on his wig.

"Pshaw! let him alone, Hal,"

said the boy contemptuously. "Sir, if he is impertinent, thrash him." (This was to me.)

"Impertinent!—thrash!" exclaimed Mr Peacock, waxing very red; but catching the sneer on his companion's lip, he sat down, and subsided into sullen silence.

Meanwhile I paid my bill. This duty, rarely a cheerful one, performed, I looked round for my knapsack, and perceived that it was in the boy's hands. He was very coolly reading the address which, in case of accidents, I had prudently placed on it—*Pisistratus Caxton, Esq., — Hotel, — Street, —, Strand.*

I took my knapsack from him, more surprised at such a breach of good manners in a young gentleman who knew life so well, than I should have been at a similar error on the part of Mr Peacock. He made no apology, but nodded farewell, and stretched himself at full length on the bench. Mr Peacock, now absorbed in a game

of patience, vouchsafed no return to my parting salutation, and in another moment I was alone on the high-road. My thoughts turned long upon the young man I had left: mixed with a sort of instinctive compassionate foreboding of an ill future for one with such habits, and in such companionship, I felt an involuntary admiration, less even for his good looks than his ease, audacity, and the careless superiority he assumed over a comrade so much older than himself.

The day was far gone when I saw the spires of a town at which I intended to rest for the night. The horn of a coach behind made me turn my head, and, as the vehicle passed me, I saw on the outside Mr Peacock, still struggling with a cigar—it could scarcely be the same—and his young friend stretched on the roof amongst the luggage, leaning his handsome head on his hand, and apparently unobservant both of me and every one else.

CHAPTER XIII.

I am apt—judging egotistically, perhaps, from my own experience—to measure a young man's chances of what is termed practical success in life, by what may seem at first two very vulgar qualities; viz., his acquisitiveness and his animal vivacity. A curiosity which springs forward to examine every thing new to his information—a nervous activity, approaching to restlessness, which rarely allows bodily fatigue to interfere with some object in view—constitute, in my mind, very profitable stock in hand to begin the world with.

Tired as I was, after I had performed my ablutions, and refreshed myself in the little coffee-room of the inn at which I put up, with the pedestrian's best beverage, familiar and oft-calumniated tea, I could not resist the temptation of the broad bustling street, which, lighted with gas, shone on me through the dim windows of the coffee-room. I had never before seen a large town, and the contrast of lamp-lit, busy night in the streets, with sober, deserted night in the lanes and fields, struck me forcibly.

I sauntered out, therefore, jostling and jostled, now gazing at the win-

dows, now hurried along the tide of life, till I found myself before a cook's shop, round which clustered a small knot of housewives, citizens, and hungry-looking children. While contemplating this group, and marvelling how it comes to pass that the staple business of earth's majority is how, when, and where to eat, my ear was struck with "In Troy there lies the scene," as the illustrious Will remarks."

Looking round, I perceived Mr Peacock pointing his stick towards an open doorway next to the cook's shop, the hall beyond which was lighted with gas; while, painted in black letters on a pane of glass over the door, was the word "Billiards."

Suiting the action to the word, the speaker plunged at once into the aperture and vanished. The boy-companion was following more slowly, when his eye caught mine. A slight blush came over his dark cheek; he stopped, and leaning against the door-jambs, gazed on me hard and long before he said—"Well met again, sir! You find it hard to amuse yourself in this dull place; the nights are long out of London."

"Oh," said I, ingenuously, "every thing here amuses me; the lights, the shops, the crowd; but, then, to me every thing is new."

The youth came from his lounging-place and moved on, as if inviting me to walk; while he answered, rather with bitter sullenness, than the melancholy his words expressed—

"One thing, at least, cannot be new to you; it is an old truth with us before we leave the nursery—'Whatever is worth having must be bought; ergo, he who cannot buy, has nothing worth having.'"

"I don't think," said I, wisely, "that the things best worth having can be bought at all. You see that poor dropsical jeweller standing before his shop-door,—his shop is the finest in the street,—and I dare say he would be very glad to give it to you or me in return for our good health and strong legs. Oh no! I think with my father—'All that are worth having are given to all;—that is, nature and labour.'"

"Your father says that; and you go by what your father says! Of course, all fathers have preached that, and many other good doctrines, since Adam preached to Cain; but I don't see that the fathers have found their sons very credulous listeners."

"So much the worse for the sons," said I bluntly.

"Nature," continued my new acquaintance, without attending to my ejaculation—"nature indeed does give us much, and nature also orders each of us how to use her gifts. If nature gave you the propensity to drudge, you will drudge; if she gives me the ambition to rise, and the contempt for work, I may rise—but I certainly shall not work."

"Oh," said I, "you agree with Squills, I suppose, and fancy we are all guided by the bumps on our foreheads?"

"And the blood in our veins, and our mother's milk. We inherit other things besides gout and consumption. So you always do as your father tells you! Good boy!"

I was piqued. Why we should be ashamed of being taunted for goodness, I never could understand; but certainly I felt humbled. However I answered sturdily—"If you had as good a father as I have,

you would not think it so very extraordinary to do as he tells you."

"Ah! so he is a very good father, is he! He must have a great trust in your sobriety and steadiness to let you wander about the world as he does."

"I am going to join him in London."

"In London! Oh, does he live there?"

"He is going to live there for some time."

"Then, perhaps, we may meet. I, too, am going to town."

"Oh, we shall be sure to meet there!" said I, with frank gladness; for my interest in the young man was not diminished by his conversation, however much I disliked the sentiments it expressed.

The lad laughed, and his laugh was peculiar. It was low, musical, but hollow and artificial.

"Sure to meet! London is a large place: where shall you be found?"

I gave him, without scruple, the address of the hotel at which I expected to find my father; although his deliberate inspection of my knapsack must already have apprised him of that address. He listened attentively, and repeated it twice over, as if to impress it on his memory; and we both walked on in silence, till, turning up a small passage, we suddenly found ourselves in a large churchyard,—a flagged path stretched diagonally across it towards the market-place, on which it bordered. In this churchyard, upon a grave-stone, sat a young Savoyard; his hurdy-gurdy, or whatever else his instrument might be called, was on his lap; and he was gnawing his crust, and feeding some poor little white mice (standing on their hind-legs on the hurdy-gurdy) as merrily as if he had chosen the gayest resting-place in the world.

We both stopped. The Savoyard, seeing us, put his arch head on one side, showed all his white teeth in that happy smile so peculiar to his race, and in which poverty seems to beg so blithely, and gave the handle of his instrument a turn.

"Poor child!" said I.

"Aha, you pity him! but why? According to your rule, Mr Caxton, he is not so much to be pitied; the

dropsical jeweller would give him as much for his limbs and health as for ours! How is it—answer me, son of so wise a father—that no one pities the dropsical jeweller, and all pity the healthy Savoyard? It is, sir, because there is a stern truth which is stronger than all Spartan lessons—Poverty is the master-ill of the world. Look round. Does poverty leave its signs over the graves? Look at that large tomb fenced round; read that long inscription:—‘*Virtues*’—‘*best of husbands*’—‘*affectionate father*’—‘*inconsolable grief*’—sleeps in the joyful hope,’ &c., &c. Do you suppose these stoneless mounds hide no dust of what were men just as good? But no epitaph tells their virtues; bespeaks their wives’ grief; or promises joyful hope to them!”

“Does it matter? Does God care for the epitaph and tombstone?”

“*Date qualche cosa!*” said the Savoyard, in his touching patois, still smiling, and holding out his little hand.

Therein I dropped a small coin. The boy evinced his gratitude by a new turn of the hurdy-gurdy.

“That is not labour,” said my companion; “and had you found him at work, you had given him nothing. I too have my instrument to play upon, and my mice to see after. Adieu!”

He waved his hand, and strode irreverently over the graves back in the direction we had come.

I stood before the fine tomb with its fine epitaph; the Savoyard looked at me wistfully.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Savoyard looked at me wistfully. I wished to enter into conversation with him. That was not easy. However, I began:—

PISISTRATUS.—“You must be often hungry enough, my poor boy. Do the mice feed you?”

SAVOYARD puts his head on one side, shakes it, and strokes his mice.

PISISTRATUS.—“You are very fond of the mice; they are your only friends, I fear.”

SAVOYARD, evidently understanding Pisistratus, rubs his face gently against the mice, then puts them softly down on a grave, and gives a turn to the hurdy-gurdy. The mice play unconcernedly over the grave.

PISISTRATUS, pointing first to the beasts, then to the instrument.—“Which do you like best, the mice or the hurdy-gurdy?”

SAVOYARD shows his teeth—considers—stretches himself on the grass—plays with the mice—and answers volubly.

PISISTRATUS, by the help of Latin comprehending that the Savoyard says, that the mice are alive and the hurdy-gurdy is not.—“Yes, a live friend is better than a dead one. *Mortua est hurda-gurda!*”

SAVOYARD shakes his head vehemently.—“*Nô—nô! Eccellenza, non é mortu!*” and strikes up a lively air

on the slandered instrument. The Savoyard’s face brightens—he looks happy: the mice run from the grave into his bosom.

PISISTRATUS, affected.—“Have you a father—*An vivat pater?*”

SAVOYARD, with his face overcast.—“*Nô—eccellenza!*” then pausing a little, he says briskly, “*Si-Si!*” and plays a solemn air on the hurdy-gurdy—stops—rests one hand on the instrument, and raises the other to heaven.

PISISTRATUS understands.—“The father is like the hurdy-gurdy, at once dead and living. The mere form is a dead thing, but the music lives.” Pisistratus drops another small piece of silver on the ground, and turns away.

“God help and God bless thee, Savoyard. Thou hast done Pisistratus all the good in the world. Thou hast corrected the hard wisdom of the young gentleman in the velvetreen jacket; Pisistratus is a better lad for having stopped to listen to thee.”

I regained the entrance to the churchyard—I looked back—there sat the Savoyard, still amidst men’s graves, but under God’s sky. He was still looking at me wistfully, and when he caught my eye, he pressed his hand to his heart, and smiled. “God help and God bless thee, young Savoyard.”

REPUBLICAN FRANCE.

JUNE 1848.

How far is the application to France, of the epithet employed in the title that heads these pages, a misnomer? This is a question that would be answered very differently by those who study its state of feeling, and those who judge its position by mere established fact. That the fact and the feeling are completely at issue throughout the country, is undoubted, indisputable. A republican government has been established by the *coup de main* of a small minority in France—has been accepted by the hesitation of surprise—has been maintained by the desire of peace and order:—so far goes fact. Republican principles were hateful to the immense majority of the country at large in the past, uncongenial to its habits and sentiments, impossible according to its views; they are productive, as yet, of nothing but confusion, distress, ruin, riot, and mistrust, in the present; they are looked upon with alarm as regards their results in the future:—so much for feeling. Fact and feeling, then, are at variance and in collision. The result of the conflict lies hidden in the mysteries of that future, the issue of which, at no epoch of history, perhaps, clearseeing eyes and wise foreseeing heads could less pretend to predict, than in the present chaotic hurly-burly of European society. The politicians who declared that the general spirit of the country in France was, in their vague and fantastic language of the Chamber, *Centre-gauche*, or the advocate of liberal progress, may have been very right,—but republican it never was, republican it is not. Republican—without pretension to the audacity of a prediction but just stated as impossible—it certainly does not as yet appear ever likely to become.

In its present state of feeling, then, France—that is to say, the country, the provinces, the departments, or whatever France, out of Paris, may be called—is about as much genuine republican, as a white man who suddenly finds his face smeared over with the contents of a blacking-bottle is a

genuine negro. But, for the sake of avoiding that confusion of terms and ideas in which the French themselves are so fond of indulging, to an extent that proves the delication of “the vague” to take far higher flights among them, especially in their republican tenets, than any flown by confused German head,—let it be taken as a rule, that fact is to have the precedence of feeling, as in most matters in the world,—and let it be supposed that the misnomer is no misnomer, that there has been no mistake, in truth, in the title of “Republican France.”

Between France out of Paris and France in Paris, a great distinction, in speaking of the country, must always be drawn; although, in the matter of republicanism in the feelings of the mass, the same blacking-bottle remark might be applied to the majority of the citizens of the capital, as to the country at large. No family of grown-up daughters, who have been tyrannically kept in the nursery like children when they no longer felt themselves such, and made to wear mamma's worn-out dresses scantily cut down to their shapes, could be more sundered in feeling from their lady-mother, and jealous of her overgrown charms, her gaiety, her splendour, and her power, than the departments,—kept in the nursery upon centralisation system, and fed upon the bread-and-milk of insignificance,—are of the tyrannical supremacy, the overweening superiority, and the disdainful airs, affected to her despised progeny by Mother Paris. The pursuance of the concentrating system has thus produced an estrangement in the family,—a jealousy and spite on the one hand, a greater and increasing assumption of airs of supremacy on the other. The family ties between Paris and Franco are as wholly disunited as family ties can be, in the necessities of a more or less intimate connexion: the mother has isolated, in her despotism, herself from her children, the children have imbibed distrust and envy of the mother. The

consequence is, that there are two distinct families in feeling,—there are two Frances; there is the France of Paris, of Paris that asserts its right to be all France, and the France of the departments, that, in spite of the assertions of Paris, desire to put in their little claim for a small share in the name, and would like to have their own little fingers in the pies of revolutions, and changes of government in the family, that mamma cooks up. True, they are supposed to eat at the same table, but mamma has all the tit-bits. They have a voice in the family council, but it is when mamma has already issued her *dictum*, and declared that such and such things shall be as she has decided it. They help to support the family establishment with the moneys which mamma declares they must contribute out of their heritage; but then mamma, they declare, spends a most undue proportion upon herself, in dressing herself out with finery, keeping up an unnecessary state, and throwing away the sums confided to her to overpay a throng of unruly onhangers, with all the prodigality of fear; while they, the poor daughters, are made to put up with cast-off finery, and to be thwarted and twitted by harsh governesses, and to fight, as best they may, with an obstreperous herd of unpaid pensioners, which mamma's mismanagement has excited to uproar; and then, after all, to kiss hands and thank mamma for whatever they can get,—scanty sugar-plums and many cuffs. Is this to be endured? The children grumble much, and particularly since mamma has chosen to make changes in the direction of the household establishment of which they by no means approve, and has only produced confusion and disorder in it. But at present they can do no more than grumble; mamma has the rod, and they know that she will use it; mamma has the supreme influence, and habit makes them think they must abide by it. There is no doubt, at the same time, that the children and parent would unite in a common bond of union were the family honour to be asserted against an attack from any adversary to the family out of the house. Their intestine jealousies would be forgotten for the time, for

the maintenance of the common good—a fancied good; for, after all, mother and daughters have the same blood, the same temper and character, the same vain-glory, conceit, and irritability, the same strong prejudices of ignorance; and they would join hands and clamour together in the same opposition to the stranger. But this common-cause making, upon occasions of extraordinary pressure from without, detracts nothing, at other times, from the mistrust, jealousy, and angry susceptibility of the children in internal affairs. In moments of family crisis, will matters always go on as heretofore?

Nurseries will be obstreperous sometimes, and children will revolt, and mammas may pass very uncomfortable moments in the face of angry daughters in rebellion. Will the children take upon themselves, at last, to protest against mamma's disdainful commands, and assert a will of their own, and a right to think for themselves? This question is one upon the solution of which depends the fate of France, as well as upon the many thousand chances which the capricious and ever-shifting gales of a revolutionary atmosphere may, at any moment, suddenly blow, like a spark into a powder barrel, shattering the face of the past, and changing the direction of the future. Twice already, since the revolution of February, has the question been nearly answered in the affirmative. The last instance, of which more anon, may be taken as a striking proof that the children may possibly not always submit to the dictates of the mother,—that family mistrust may break out into family quarrel, and family quarrel in nations is civil war. Who again, however, may venture to predict what shall be the destinies of Republican France,—what web of darkness or of light, of blood-streaked stuff or of gold-threaded tissue, it may be weaving with its agitated and troubled hands, or what force it may interpose to tear the work to shreds before it be even yet completed? Most may fear, none may say. But prediction, upon whatever cunning foresight it may be based, must always call a sort of feeling of inspiration,

nearly allied to superstition, to its aid : and thus the fanciful mind may, without taking upon itself the airs of a Pythoness, give way to a little superstition, and yet, perhaps, be not too strongly condemned of folly. There exists an old prophecy in France, emanating from a monk of the middle ages, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted, or, at all events, cannot be disputed, in as far as it was in well-known existence at the commencement of this century. It predicts, in mystic language,—dark, it is true, but wonderfully clear after its verification,—all the many revolutionary changes that have taken place in France, and now once more proclaims the reign of the “sons of Brutus.” “Armed men,” it distinctly says, “will march upon the doomed city,” “sword and fire will prevail against it,” “the wolves will devour each other.” May the seeming superstition of a fantastical question be pardoned ! May not these words refer to the future outbreak of the provinces of France against the capital ? If they do, in what sense, with what tendencies, to forward the views of what party, may it be ? Be that as it may, however, it is not the obscure future that is dealt with here, but the present confused and uncertain state of Republican France.

As it may be inferred from what has been said, Paris, then, has put on its crown, as capital, to some purpose. Never did despot assert his right to dictate his autocratic will to serfs and slaves more authoritatively than does revolutionary and republican Paris to the provinces of France. No three-tailed Bashaw of old melodrams could be more imperative in his ordinances, more arrogant in the conviction of the indisputability of his will. The bare supposition that the provinces could have a will of their own would strike Paris dumb with astonishment. Paris has been accustomed to consider itself not only as the heart, but the head, and the arms and legs to boot, of the whole country. The inert body has no more, in its consideration, to do, than allow itself to be fed with what scanty morsels of bounty and importance Paris may choose to afford, and then not to dare to grumble afterwards if the food

prove unsavoury to its tastes, or indigestible to its susceptibilities. Paris is “Sir Oracle,” and, when it speaks, no provincial “dog dare bark.” Paris, thus, is the great type of the mainspring of the national character,—which works sometimes, we allow, for good as well as for evil :—namely, of that mixture of vanity and overweening conceit, which may be found at the bottom of almost every action of the French. It calls itself “the great capital of the civilised world,” and thus considers that, although the departments may be admitted to the reflected rays of lustre that emanate from its superior glory, they “must look upon themselves as mere satellites, created to revolve at its liking and its high will, and perform their revolutions in whatever direction it deems fit to make its own revolution. Let it not be supposed that this representation is exaggerated, or that it proceeds from the distorted views of a foreigner. Hear the Parisian himself speak ; list to his expressions of contempt for those unknown and barbarous regions called departments ; mark how he asserts the unutterable superiority of his Parisian essence ; see how he tosses his head and curls his lip with an infinitely aristocratic air, when he condescends to notice them with a word ; and never was Paris more eager in the maintenance of its tyrannical supremacy ; never was it more despotically and autocratically disposed ; never more aristocratic, to use the pet phrase of the day, than under the rule of *soi-disant* liberty, and of liberty of opinion, above all other liberties proclaimed by the French republic.

What were the expressions of the first republican minister of the interior, that type of republican exclusiveness and despotism, in his famous and rather too famous *bulletins de la république*, issued to all France as the language and opinions of the government of the day ? Paris, they informed the world, was the heart of France, from which all life and living principle emanated, through which every drop of the country’s blood must flow, in order that it might beat in unison, and be refreshed with true republican vitality. Paris, they said again, was the hand that had created and fashioned

the republic, and that was to direct its steps, lead it vigorously forward in its way—as it was the head that conceived, it was the hand that executed: it was more than all this, it was the *soul* of France—the pure and true essence emanating from the new deity, the republic. Paris, they asserted in as many direct words, was the mistress whose will was to be obeyed. It is unnecessary to point out how little such declarations were in accordance with republican principles, what little affinity they had with the three great watchwords of the day, “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.” Republicanism in France, according to those old traditions, to which those who call themselves the only true and pure republicans seem always to be looking back as the only true and pure models for their admiration and imitation, was always based upon despotism, supported by constraint, compulsion, violence, and even terrorism; and the first efforts of modern republicanism were evidently exerted to place their old, newfangled, statue of bastard liberty upon the same heterogeneous pedestal. The instructions of the same Bashaw-minister to the emissaries whom he despatched as Bashaws of lesser and fewer tails into the provinces, to see that they were duly disposed to fall down and worship the Goddess Republic, that had been set up, were modelled after the same and still rougher fashion.

The missionaries were invested with autocratic powers to make and unmake according to their own autocratic will; to send away functionaries who might appear lukewarm in the cause; to put in their places such acolytes as might better serve the altars of the goddess, and to offer up sacrifices to her, civil and military, judicial and political, as they might think pleasing to the divinity, or convenient and agreeable to their own hates and prejudices. They were particularly requested to *travailler* the country, to torture it, as the French phrase goes; and were taught, if they could not hammer the hard and unbending metal of departmental feeling to the shape they fancied, just gently to make the iron red-hot with the fire of terrorism, and then twist it to the suitable form. How well the

in many instances, per-

formed the task—how well they employed the fiery passions of the mob to produce the desired red-hot effect, and then strike—is a matter of historical fact.

In the elections for the National Assembly, the same dogmas of republican religion were strenuously enforced. No emissaries of the Inquisition ever used more moral violence to propagate a faith among suspected schismatics, than did these ministers of republican despotism to enforce the full, entire, and uttermost doctrines of their creed, even to the minutest articles. Where the moral influence appeared unlikely to penetrate as deeply into men's hearts as was desired, other and more direct methods were adopted to make entire converts; and, when these methods were found too mild to work the intended effect, and purge the land of moderatism and anti-wholehog-ism, another stronger and more racking dose was administered: the mob was excited to overawe with threat and terrorism, and, where it could not prevent, to destroy. How should the departments dare to have a will of their own? The rebellious children were to be whipped like schoolboys into learning their lessons of pure and undefiled republicanism, and reciting them as Master Commissioner taught them; there was no better rod in pickle for such naughty urchins than the scourge of the fury of a mob, carefully taught another lesson, and one it was not slow of learning—namely, that it was master, and must constrain obedience to its will; while, in fact, itself obeyed the influence, and was the instrument of the master-spirit that ruled up above, and made the best, or rather the worst use of its rule. That all these measures failed in a great measure—those of violence as well as those of moral constraint—is attributable to a variety of complicated reasons, connected with the present state of the departments; and the how and why they failed, will be the subject of a few considerations presently.

What, again, were the expressions of the more violent and so-called only true republican party in the capital, proceeding from its organs, the clubs, upon the same occasion of the elections? To all the candidates who

presented themselves before them, the same question was propounded. If, when the votes of all France were taken, it should be found that the departments declared themselves averse to the establishment of a republic, what would be the duty they would have to perform,—what steps would they take? Those who did not declare that they would turn against that National Assembly, of which they themselves might then be members, and take up arms to march upon it, were denounced as traitors to their country, unworthy of the votes of true men, and hooted from the tribune, in which they had dared to stand forward as future representatives of the people. It would have been in vain to insinuate to these good gentlemen, that, in the application of the principle of universal suffrage, in which every man was not only an elector, but eligible as representative, the voice of the majority would be the voice of all France; and that it was for all France, by the voice of its majority, to decide upon the form of government best suited to all France. In vain, indeed. The ready answer would invariably have been—that Paris was the mistress of France, and had a right to dictate its will; that Paris had made the revolution, and that, consequently, Paris was privileged to support the principles of that revolution, and to arrogate to itself all its advantages: that the country at large, in fact, had nothing to do but to give in its approval, and be happy that its concurrence was so far demanded, and that, should it dare to have an opinion of its own, woe betide it! All this insolent bombast of the ultra party in Paris might have been spared, however; the cause of “Paris v. the Departments” was never called into the court of the country. The departments had accepted the establishment of the republic as a *fait accompli*: they never desired to subvert the new order of things by another convulsion, that would have plunged the country, already so miserable, into an increase of misery; but they protested in favour of a republic of peace and order, upon moderate principles; and, lo and behold, Paris itself combined with them in this desire. The disappointed party of the directing master-spirits of Paris

have been none the less furious in their expressions of contempt for the openly declared will of all France. They had long kicked down their idol of universal suffrage with disdain, as soon as they had found that, in spite of all the hidden machinery they had set to work in it, the idol had not obeyed their will, or declared their oracles. Universal suffrage they pronounced a hoax: constraint, tyranny, anarchy, conspiracy, civil war, were proclaimed by them the only true elements of the only true republic. Frantic with disappointment at the result of their own manœuvres, by which they had been caught in their own toils, they seized upon the pretext of sympathy in the sorrows of another country; and, aided by the treachery of certain of their own party in authority, invaded the obnoxious Assembly, overthrew the government for an hour, and proclaimed a terrorist government of their own. Foiled again in this audacious attempt, *foiled at least for the time being*, they now endeavoured to patch up the shaking soil that has given way beneath their feet, and plunged their leaders into a quagmire, and to build new foundations for fresh aggressions upon the discontent of a part of the working-classes. For this purpose they have taken two newfangled tools into their hands, the one of impulsion, the other of repulsion—the one of enthusiasm, the other of alarm; and both are so vaguely fashioned, and of so unintelligible a nature, that the real fact of their existence can never be proved, although their use, their purpose, and their design, in the hands of these men, are very clear. The one of these tools is a bugbear, a phantom, a bogie, to which they endeavour to give as terrific an aspect as possible, in order to fright ignorant men over into their own ranks. This evil spirit, they declare, has an existence, although no one ever saw it, no one ever felt it, no one ever knew where it dwells. No superstitious people was ever endeavoured to be worked up into a more irrefragable belief of some mysterious demon that haunts them in dark woods and obscure places to devour them—nor, generally, with more complete success over the credulous; far

fear is the most powerful agent over the minds of the masses, and more especially when the fear is of the unknown and mysterious : and certainly no demon was ever described with a more hideous or blacker face. This bogie, phantom, bugbear, is a supposed influence called "Reaction." No precise form is given to it, for that would be to deprive it of more than half its terrors. No ! *omne ignotum pro terribili* is the policy. Nothing can be more vague or indefinite than this same monster, Reaction ; it remains an Ossianic cloudlike spectre, floating no one knows whence, but bringing death and pestilence in its train. If the working-classes suffer, it is the Reaction, they are told, that is the cause of all their sufferings. If all their exactions, however exorbitant and impossible, are not conceded at once, it is because that horrible Reaction labours that their just demands should be withheld. If the most violent of their own body are not elected as the true representatives of the people, it is because that pestilential Reaction has cast a spell over the minds of all the electors. The Reaction has also, potent demon although it be, all the freaks and caprices of a lesser imp ; it performs the strangest and most incomprehensible feats,—for if a discontented mass of workmen revolt unsuccessfully, and gain not their ends, it was the Reaction again that was the cause of all. The Reaction, for its own vile reactionary purposes, it was, that treacherously induced them to revolt, when they themselves were naturally inclined to be the most peaceable, contented, and the least exorbitant people on the earth. See how perfidious, Machiavellic, and Jesuitical, is this horrible monster Reaction ! Pity it is that, in order to establish the fact of its real existence, it should not as yet have made itself visible to mortal eyes in any incarnate form ! The Reaction is, however, no less, men are told, the enemy of the republic, the adversary of all true republican principles, labouring ever to overthrow it ; above all, the enemy of the people and the people's interests, their undermining serpent, their secret assassin. It is already sapping, unseen, the foundations of the republic, and it intends to pull down the ruins of that august

structure upon the heads of the people, and crush it for ever beneath them. In spite of the infinite harm worked upon the spirit of the lower classes by the establishment of the belief in this phantom, there would, perhaps, be no real danger in the effect produced by the clamours of insensate ultra journals, the preachings of agitating demagogues, and the insidious insinuations of anarchist *meneurs* among the crowd, did not certain members of the government itself, and some of those in authority, render themselves parties concerned to the propagation of the belief, either genuinely, from having been themselves carefully inoculated with the *virus* of false fear, until they have really taken the disease, or designedly, for the advancement of their own purposes—did they not, in fact, throw a sop continually to mob-lecturers, by insinuating their own conviction in the existence of "bogie" by their decrees, edicts, and proclamations, and, when they are called to put down anarchy, never obey without crying "Reaction" at the same time, and vainly giving the phantom a slap on the face. As it is—and herein lies the evil—the people are taught that the National Assembly, as it is now constituted, is the concentrated essence of the spirit of Reaction—that the representatives of the people, with but few exceptions, are the ministering imps in a visible form of the invisible demon. If a word of reason is spoken in the Assembly against the clamours of unreasonable demand—"Look ye there ! reaction !" is the cry ; if it prepares safe measures of repression against the open efforts of anarchy—"reaction ;" if it defends its own existence against the subversive attempts of conspirators—"reaction ;" if it attempts to establish the republic upon a firm and solid, but moderate basis—"reaction ;" if it does any thing—"reaction ;" if it does nothing—"reaction ;" if it cannot perform impossible wonders for the amelioration and prosperity of the lower working-classes,—at which, however, it labours most hard,— "reaction — reaction — reaction ; the reaction of aristocratic feeling — the reaction of ill will — the reaction of indifference and indolence ;" thereby always meaning reaction against the

true republic, and its true representatives, the lower classes. The phantom Reaction is thus used as a tool by a wild and violent party against the present order of things ; against the moderate majority of the Assembly more particularly ; against all things and all men not suiting its views, its schemes, its dreams, and its ambitions ; and the bugbear is not ill got up to scare the credulous of the lower classes more completely into the toils of the malcontents, with the fear that reaction really may destroy that idol from which they have been taught to expect all the good gifts of "roasted larks," for which they have only to open their mouths, and "showers of gold," for which they have only to stretch forth their hands—that idol that has been lacquered over with the false gilding of delusive promises by imprudent rulers, and which the many still fancy to be all of solid gold—in a word, the Republic. The reaction, in truth, exists not, or exists not in the manner that people would be led to believe. If it exists, it is in the disgust of the more laborious and less tumultuous of the lower classes themselves, who, in their increasing misery, would be happy to accept the Lama of Thibet, or any other abstraction, with an absolute government, in the place of the false idol of their hopes, that has as yet only deluded them into greater misery—it is in the reactionary cry of the wretched, who call for "King Log," or any other senseless ruler that would bring with it peace, and order, and a hope of well-being.

The other tool employed by the designing malcontents—that of impulsion—is the banner upon which is inscribed "*Republique Democratique*." We have a republic, it is true, they say, but not the republic of our wishes. This is only a mere republic like any other : we want a democratic republic, and the democratic republic is taken from us ; but the democratic republic we must and will have. Ask them what they mean by their "*republique democratique*," they will not be able to inform you. They launch into phrases which are but phrases : they lose themselves in a cloudy confusion of terms and ideas : they pretend to give you vague and chaotic

explanations, that are no explanations at all : they know not themselves what they mean. Universal suffrage upon its broadest basis, with all the rights and privileges thereto attached, in their most democratic sense, is no democratic republic according to their view. What is ? Who can tell?—certainly not they. "They have clamoured for the moon," says a wit of the day, "and the moon has been given them ; and now they cry, 'we are betrayed ; we wanted the sun, and the sun we will have.' But have a care ! the sun will blind your eyes, my friends, and you will stagger in still greater darkness ; the sun will burn your fingers, and you will smart beneath the blisters. But they heed not ; they still clamour for the sun." At all events, the banner on which flaunts aloft the words—" *Republique democratique* " is a good rallying banner for all malcontents, a good banner under which to enlist the unwary among their ranks. It is a cry, a clamour, and all the more enticing because it is vague, unexplained, mysterious in its fresh promises of some fancied good that has not yet arrived, full of the great and alluring unknown. Thus it serves a purpose.

But to return from this long digression upon the efforts of subversive parties, to the state of feeling that subsists in Republican France between its now well-sorted and divided elements—Paris and the provinces.

What are, again, the expressions used by the lower classes with regard to the departments ? what the feelings they express ? Ever the same. Paris, they declare, makes, has made, and will make all the revolutions of the country. Paris, consequently, is all in all in France : Paris is the mistress, and the queen, the supreme arbitress of the destinies of France : Paris must be obeyed in all its wishes and its high will. What were the words of the workmen of the national workshops, in a late revolt, to the Minister of Public Works ? They were told that there was no longer any work for them in the capital, that their pretended labour was an irony of labour, that the country paid them for doing nothing, and that they were eating the bread of idleness under the name of work : they were told that

they were to be dispersed in the provinces, to be employed upon great works of public utility—upon railroads and canals, that stood still for want of hands: while money was lavishly promised them for this work, which the treasury could no longer afford upon unproductive labour. What was their answer? That they, the people, had made the revolution in Paris, that they were the masters of Paris, that Paris was theirs, to work in it their work; that, as masters of Paris, they were not to be bid leave it; that leave it they would not; that if labour failed, money must be found them at all events, or they would find means of taking it; in short, that they would not be *degraded* by being sent into the provinces. The workmen of Paris claim, then, to be the masters of the capital, and still more, in their esteem, the masters of all France. The people of Paris, then, is the people; it owns no other. Now the people, in modern republican phrase, and alas! in government decrees also, is by no means the nation; it means the lower classes alone. The people, it has been previously declared, is the sovereign people, whose voice is the voice of God; then, they reply, by the simplest reasoning, the sovereign people, whose voice is the voice of God—it is alone we: it is the lower classes. But there is still another deduction to be drawn. Among the lower classes it is only the active, the stirring, the discontented, the disorderly and tumultuous, who come forward in evidence as the representatives of this people. And thus it is very clear that the sovereign people, whose voice is the voice of God, the sovereign of France, is a small body of uneducated, misled, and wrong-headed men in the capital. So stands the account in theory. And who can deny that, in theory, they are in truth the masters? Who shall say when the chances of revolutionary struggles may not make them so in fact?

So stands the state of feeling on the side of Paris—how stands it on the other side?

When the revolution of February broke out, the departments scarcely knew themselves, their wishes, or their feelings. They had no mutual understanding. They were taken by

surprise. They had not the time to consult their sentiments. Notoriously anti-republican as has been shown to have been the spirit of all France in the departments, they accepted, however, from old habit, the *dictum* of Paris: they accepted, as has been before remarked, from that species of resignation shown in France to a *fait accompli*: they accepted from a wish to avoid all further convulsion, from a love of established order in whatever shape it might come—from a hope that, whatever the form of government proclaimed and imposed upon the country, all would “go well.” And besides, the republic, they were told, was only a provisional form of government at a moment of crisis, when no other could be adopted: upon its future form of government, the country, it was said, was to be freely consulted: the provinces were not prepared for the ulterior *dictum* of Paris, that, without consulting the nation at all, the republic was to be considered as definitive; and that those who desired a change would be regarded as traitors to their country. But France is not what it was; it is enlightened by the experience of successive revolutions. The jealousy of the departments towards despotic Paris had long been boiling in men's hearts: it did not at first boil over; but when, instead of order and peace, the provinces found that the new government produced only results of disorder, animosity, and ruin, the departments began to grumble and murmur openly—for the first time they seemed determined to show that they ought to have, and would have, a will of their own. In the commencement all was tranquil. In some parts of France the republic was accepted, if not with that enthusiasm which lying Parisian papers would have induced the world to believe, at all events with a species of contentment, arising from the trust that a more equitable popular government would relieve the mass from some of those charges which weighed so heavily upon them under the former government, and remove constraints that were painful to them. In other parts, there prevailed a sort of sullen resignation to the establishment of a régime which was dreaded from its

experience of a hateful past, and was repulsive to its tastes—but it was a resignation to the *fait accompli*. Some thus hoped, and others feared; but all combined in assuming an attitude of quiet expectation.

In this state was France, when an imprudent Minister of the Interior, pushed on by ambitious, designing, misguided, and reckless men, sent down as a scourge upon the country those commissaries of obnoxious memory, who were publicly charged to work their will upon the departments as they pleased, by the means they pleased, by whatever oppressive or repressive measures they pleased, provided they worked the suspected and mistrusted departments into a proper feeling of true republican principle, according to the most ultra traditional doctrines of old republicanism. Down upon the country came the autocratic commissaries with these instructions; and, in too many instances, with the best intentions of torturing and tormenting the country, after their own fashion and according to their own views, to their heart's content. Down they came, with their history of the first republic in their heads, and the desire in their hearts of emulating the zeal of those fearful representatives of the people of the last century, who ruled in the departments, each a petty, but a bloody tyrant. To all alike the same violence of disposition must not be attributed: there were a few more prudent and better-thinking men among the number—although they, in certain instances, were afterwards accused in high quarters of mild laxity, and recalled as suspected of moderatism; but the many were evidently disposed to play the tyrant to the life, in their desperate measures to twist the country to their will. The times, however, were changed; the spirit of the age no longer permitted of the same violence. *Messieurs les Commissaires* could not well proceed by the old-established and expeditious method of cementing the foundations of republics, one and indivisible, by blood, or erecting the scaffolding of the odifice on scaffolds. Shootings, drownings, and guillotinings were instruments rather too rough to be accepted by the manners of the time. But they had other means in their power, and

according to the tenor of their instructions, which they thought to use, and attempted to use, with just as much effect. They dismissed functionaries in wholesale numbers—put their creatures, or those who cringed and worshipped, in their places, with orders to brow-beat and bully the recalcitrant, and with the exhibition of high example before their eyes. They threatened and accused; and when these means failed, according to their fancy, or when they were too mild for the taste of Master Commissary, the other underhand instruments of terrorism, already mentioned, were employed to make men crouch and tremble. The manner in which mobs have been excited against the better classes, or those who were suspected of moderatism, by manœuvres unequivocally traced to the agency of the commissaries themselves, and the frightful excesses committed, are matters of common notoriety and of newspaper history. The scenes of the old Revolution were resorted to, although in another form; and not only supposed anti-republican sentiment, but moderatism, was endeavoured to be kept down by agents of terror, and the ever-ready riotous populations of the great towns. It would be an endless and a useless task to re-transcribe all the scenes of the violence of an insensate mob, secretly got up by the republican agents in authority, more than secretly connived at, and openly and avowedly excused and applauded. The rod that the commissary himself could not prudently employ, he placed in the hands of a designedly inflamed and infuriated people, to scourge the country to his will. One of the strongest instances, however, may be found in that state of continual terror on the one hand, and violence on the other, which for many long weeks hung over the head of the doomed city of Lyons. See there the mob constituting itself into illegally armed bodies, sundered from and inimical to the national guards, assuming names, such as *les voraces* and *les dévorants*, by which they themselves marked their character, ruling the whole city of Lyons by fear; exacting, spoliating, arresting suspects at will; searching the houses of quiet inhabitants under the pretext of conspiracies against the republic

that did not exist, and of concealed arms, such as they themselves illegally bore, that never could be found; dragging trembling priests from the altar to be confined in cellars, because they were suspected of anti-republicanism; laying their hands upon church plate as the property of traitors; liberating prisoners arrested for revolt and disorder—arresting the magistrates who had condemned them; dictating their orders to military officers for the release of soldiers put under restraint; pulling a general from his horse, and nearly immolating him to the wrath of their high justice in the streets; commanding the fortresses, making barricades at the least opposition to their will, domineering over the whole city as masters—a herd of power-intoxicated savages—and the commissary looking on, applauding, sanctioning their deeds, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and approving them with the words “*Allez, mes enfans ! vous faites bien !*” Such scenes as these, carried to the utmost limits of anarchy and excess in Lyons, have been exhibited also in almost all the great towns of France, with all the effect of well-applied terrorism. There is scarcely one that has not similar outrages, from the violence of an excited mob, to lay to the charge of him who was set in authority over them—to work his will, so said the letter of his instructions—but to preserve peace and order, in a country where convulsions, collisions, and commotions were so infinitely to be dreaded and avoided—so should his duty have told him. It ought to be said, at the same time, that the acknowledged authorities of the government were aided in their high revolutionary mission, and in the extraordinary means they employed in its execution, by less acknowledged agents, in the persons of emissaries from the violent ultra clubs of Paris; who, arrogating to themselves the right to the true expression of the only true feeling of Paris—and consequently, *à fortiori*, of all France—racked the country with their manœuvres, their excitements to violence, their bullying threats and intimidations. Unacknowledged by government authority as they were, however, their missions were bestowed on them by the quondam friends and fellow-conspirators, under the former

reign of the Minister of the Interior; their expenses were supported by funds, supplied no one could say by what hand, although most might divine; their measures were evidently taken in accordance, and in perfectly good understanding, with the departmental commissary.

What, however, was the result? The very reverse from that intended by *Messieurs les Commissaires* and their supporter, the Minister of the Interior. They over-reached themselves, and worked the very effect they attempted to exterminate. Instead of subjugating the departments to their will of ultra-republicanism by the violence of terrorism, they almost roused the whole better feeling of the country, at first quietly disposed and resigned, against the very principles of republicanism in general. The sentiment at first accepted was soured and embittered; the discontent and aversion daily increased; and it was more than once openly affirmed that the departments were ready to revolt, and formed the design of marching upon Paris. That this subject was actually discussed in large, and not even secret meetings in the provinces—and even in such as had been always considered ultra-liberal and democratic in their opinions, as parts of Normandy, for instance—admits of but little doubt; and this feeling, although it was never actually embodied in any living and active fact of resistance, may be taken as one example in support of the opinion, that the children may not always prove so submissive to the dictates of the mother, and may one day raise their voices and hold forth their hands to dispute her will. The open and general outbreak of the provinces, which was at one time expected, and was the common topic of conversation in Paris, was suppressed, however, by the influence of the better-thinking and more prudent men in the country. But the feeling of opposition and resistance did not fail to manifest itself in minor demonstrations. Expostulations were at first made against the tyranny and the inflammatory manœuvres of the government commissaries; then broke out angry remonstrances on the part of the *bourgeoisie*, backed by the better and quieter of the working-classes; and at last, when all these more legitimate

means failed, the populations of several of the larger towns rose against the provisional despot, who played the autocrat and the tyrant in the name of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

The national guards took up arms to demand the revocation and the departure of the obnoxious commissary. The commissary, in opposition, acted the self-same part of which a despotic king has since been so violently accused by the republican journals. As Ferdinand of Naples is said to have excited the dregs of the populace, the lazzaroni, to aid him in a reactionary movement in his favour, so did even the republican commissary after the self-same system. He caused the mob to be roused to his assistance, as to that of the only true democratic friend of the people; he called upon them to take up arms and combat in his defence: the lazzaroni mob of the departments was the weapon he wielded to overcome the resistance of the majority to his will. In most instances the recalcitrant part of the provincial populations prevailed. In several of the larger towns, as in Bordeaux, Bourges, and many others, the commissary was obliged to take to flight: in some the palace of the little tyrant was stormed, he himself was made prisoner, and was taken to the railroad, and "packed off" back to that Paris which had sent him. In a very few instances only the influence of the commissary gained the day: in still less was he again returned, to be enforced upon the department from which he had been driven; and in one case he was sent back by the powers that were, only to be again ignominiously expelled.

In the department of the Ariège, at the town of Foix, a journal, founded under the auspices of the commissaries of the government, and professing the most violent ultra-republican doctrines, was publicly burnt by the magistrates and most influential persons of the place, to show their contempt and abhorrence of the principles and actions of the authority set over them. Other instances of the general opposition, either to the commissaries themselves or to the agents they had appointed and supported, on account of their violence, their tyrannical measures, and their anarchical principles, are too numerous to quote; and, generally speaking, the feeling was so

strong, that the *Messieurs les Commissaires*, or rather, *les Citoyens Commissaires*, were obliged to give way before the expression of popular indignation.

The departments then, for the first time, have begun to show that they are determined not to be treated as the mere humble serfs of the capital,—that they are resolved to have a will and an action of their own. The results have been such that, even among the staunch republicans in the provinces, and among those who look to the republic as the only form of government at present suitable to France, symptoms of a tendency to a federal system have indubitably sprung up,—of a tendency, in fact, to that system in opposition to which, under the first revolution, the title of "one and indivisible,"—so little understood at the present day, so constantly repeated by the herd without any real meaning being attached to it,—was bestowed upon the republic. The fear of a powerfully organised resistance to the sacred principles of French republicanism,—unity and indivisibility,—is, at this very time, one of the bugbears by which those in power are terrified and haunted. But, whether this fear be well founded or not, it suffices for the present purpose, to show that a disunited feeling exists to a great extent between the departments and the capital; and that, while on the one hand the former begin to show a disposition to resist the overweening influence and tyrannical importance of the former, on the other, a dread is beginning to be expressed of their growing discontent, and a suspicion is constantly expressed of their increasing tendency to reactionary principles, likely to prove eventually subversive to the republic. Among those "lookers-on," who proverbially "see the most of the game," there are some who, in their exceptional and impartial position as foreigners, are able to see expressed in letters from the provinces "curses, not loud, but deep," against "that detestable, unruly, and insolent Paris, that has made alone a hateful revolution, which it imposes on all France." It cannot, however, be said, at the same time, that any reactionary feeling against the republic itself, and a republican form of government, prevails in the country at large. That which is thought to be stigmatised by

the ultra party with the term of "reaction," appears, as yet, to be nothing but the acceptance of a republic based upon the principles of peace and order; but, at the same time, an opposition to all views and doctrines likely to produce disorder and anarchy. And yet still, in another sense, the feeling of the country at large cannot be said to be strictly republican: the "true men" might be in vain sought except in the disorderly, tumultuous, excitable, and easily stirred populations of the great manufacturing towns.

Shortly after the appointment of the obnoxious commissaries, several causes arose to increase the discontent of the departments, not only among the *ci-devant* upper and middling classes, but among the lower classes, — particularly in the agricultural districts, and more especially among that peasant population that has so universally in France acquired a little property in land. One of these causes was the imposition of the new taxes. Under the former *régime*, France had been crushed down by the weight of its impositions. One of the first advantages of the republic was announced, in official proclamations, to consist in the removal of taxes, and in the enormous diminution of state expenses necessarily attendant upon a republican form of government. Already the country people looked to a release from the greater part of their obligations: the system of "no taxes at all," they thought, in their *naïveté*, was to follow; instead of which came very shortly the decree, begging the country for the loan of a certain proportion of the taxes for the ensuing year beforehand, in order to meet the deficiencies in the finances, followed up almost immediately by the more imperative ordinance, imposing the additional 45 per cent in support of the increased, not diminished, expenses of the republican government. In many parts of the country the peasant population refused to pay this additional tax, or responded only to the demand with that equivocal answer, so characteristic of the French peasant, "We'll see about it." It nevertheless, however, refused to pay at the same time the rents of its lands, upon the pretext that it was ruined by the revolution, and the

exactions of the republic. It was in vain that the government protested that these measures were necessitated by the financial dilapidations of the dethroned dynasty. Clear-sighted enough where their own interests are concerned, the French peasants in the provinces replied by denunciations of that odious Paris. Paris, they declared, had chosen to make for the nonce a revolution in which they had not aided, and which they had not desired, and then Paris turned to its own advantage alone the results of that revolution. It had imposed upon all France, by calling for resources from a country already drained, to be lavishly squandered in rewarding the idleness of its own tumultuous and unruly inhabitants among the working-classes, which it dreaded, by the establishment of its expensive so-called *ateliers nationaux*, and by paying fresh troops under the name of *gardes mobiles*, — when the standing army was already such a burden to the country, — for the sake of draining off and regularising the worst dregs of its own population, and satisfying the caprices of a riotous Parisian mob, that chose to object to the presence of the old military force among it, while it accepted a new defensive and repressive force, in addition to the former, under a new title. Upon such questions, of vital importance to their own interests, the country people of the provinces were not disposed to listen to argument or reason; and in the discontent at the exorbitant exactions of the capital the jealousy of the departments towards Paris waxed stronger and stronger.

Another cause, which added greatly to the increasing apprehension and aversion was the preaching of the communist doctrines in Paris, upon the first establishment of republican principles, and the support apparently given to these wild and spoliating principles by certain members of the Provisional Government itself. If there be any feeling more alive than any other in the breast of the French peasant, it is that attached to the acquirement and the possession of landed property in however humble a form, be it but a small field or a tiny vineyard. If he has any hope, any ambition, any sentiment, which he thinks worth living for, it is the extension, by any and every

means, of his small domain. On the fact of this possession are concentrated all the mainspring motives and agencies of his whole existence—in this, his industry, his talent, his cunning, his thoughts, his affections, his very love for his children, to whom he hopes to transmit it. The great *mobile* of the character of the French peasant is self-interest in this respect. The doctrines, then, which preached that the possession of all landed property by individuals is an infamous spoliation of the *res publica*, filled the country people in the provinces with the liveliest alarm, and contributed to establish a still greater hatred to a state of things that tended to produce results so fatally detrimental to all that they held dear. The Parisian, almost as blindly ignorant of the state of his own country—which, in his theory that Paris is all France, he looks upon with indifference, if not contempt—as he is proverbially utterly ignorant of every other country beyond the frontiers of France, even the most neighbouring—and, in fact, of every thing that touches upon geography or the state of nations, of which he has only the vaguest and most incorrect notions—thought that all his wild fraternity schemes, developed and accepted by those who possessed nothing, in the capital, would be received with enthusiasm also by the “miserable, oppressed, and tyrannised inhabitant of the fields and plains;”—such was the language used, and eagerly caught up. The Parisian soon found, by experience, that he had made a gross mistake. The emissaries sent down into the provinces by the professors and high-priests of communism, or by the ultra clubs, and supported, there is every reason to believe, by the members of the government before alluded to, met only with the most active repulsion. Their Utopian ideas of universal fraternity, and spoliation of property were scorned, scouted, and opposed: themselves were hooted, pelted, almost lapidated as incendiary enemies of the peasant. “The innocent and humble inhabitant of the fields” was indignant, insulted, aggrieved, that he should be so contemptuously considered “miserable and oppressed:” he showed himself in the light of the landed proprietor, the most avariciously interested in the

possession of property, and by no means the wofully individual the Parisian had been accustomed to believe him, according to his text-books of *vau-de-villes* and *melodramas*. The agents of communistic doctrines were forced to retreat in dudgeon, to declare the French peasant the most ignorant and pig-headed animal upon earth, still under the yoke of the tyrants, and *endoctriné* by the aristocrats; and to avow that the departments were not ripe for the enlightenment of communism, perhaps even to denounce them as infamously reactionary. Certain it is that communistic doctrines found no enthusiastic disciples in the country; or, if the propagandism made any steps, it was after the fashion so characteristically depicted in a caricature published by the *Charivari*, in which a peasant appears before the mayor of his *commune* to say, that, since a general *partage des biens* is to take place, he puts down his name for the *château*, but makes a most wofully wry face upon hearing that his own field has been already divided among the paupers of the village. The propagation of communism, then, only excited fears instead of hopes, consternation instead of joy, and tended still more to indispose the country people, and excite their aversion and discontent towards a state of things likely to become so prejudicial to their interests: more than ever, they were disposed to revolt.

In this state was the feeling of the country at large when the general elections came on, accompanied by all the violence of party manoeuvre to support the principles of ultra-republicanism, advocated by the unscrupulous minister of the nation; but all these efforts tended only to indispose it still more, and to call forth, in spite of the desperate opposition made, its sense in favour of respect of property, order, and moderatism of views in the republic, if republic there was to be. As is well known, an immense majority of those men of moderate principles, whom all the ill-judged and hateful efforts of the violent and reckless republicans at the head of affairs had so greatly contributed to form into a decided, self-conscious, and compact party of opponents, was returned to the Assembly. Most of the leading men of the liberal party under

the former dynasty, who had stood forward as friends of progressive reform, but not as opponents to the constitutional monarchy principle, were likewise elected, with great majorities, by the suffrages of the people. The country declared its will to be against the views of the principal and stirring influence which emanated from the reckless man who governed the interior affairs of the country in the capital. But it did not forget, at the same time, and it still bears an inveterate grudge to the violent agents of that ultra-republicanism, chiefly concentrated in Paris, who had filled the country with disorder, tumult, terror, and, in some cases, bloodshed, by the atrocious and outrageous means it placed in the hands of a riotous mob to overawe them, and sway the direction of the elections, and by the base manœuvres employed to attain their ends. It does not forget the despotism of certain commissaries, who, after having their own lists of ultra-democratic candidates, whom they intended to force down the throats of the electors, printed, threatened the printer, who should dare to print any other, with their high displeasure, and caused them to shut up their press. It does not forget the seizure of those papers that proposed moderate candidates, with every attempt to strangle in practice that liberty of the press which was so clamorously claimed in theory. It does not forget the voters' lists torn from the hands of voters by a purposely excited mob. It does not forget the odious manœuvre by which agents were largely paid and sent about to cry "*Vive Henri V.*" in the streets of towns, in order to induce the belief in a Bourbonist reactionary party, and thus rouse the passions and feelings of the flattered and declamation-intoxicated mob against the moderates, regardless of the consequences—of the animosity and the bloodshed. It does not forget the intimidation, the threat of fire and sword, the opposition by force to the voting of whole villages suspected of moderatism—the collision, the constraint, the conflict, the violence. It does not forget all this, nor also that it owes the outrage, the alarm, and the suffering, the ruin to peace and order, to commerce, to well-being, to fortune, to that central power which turned a legion

of demons upon it, in the shape of revolutionary emissaries and agents. It forgets still less the scenes of Limoges, where a mob were turned loose into the polling-house to destroy the votes, drive out the national guards, disarm these defenders of order and right, and form a mob government, to rule and terrorise the town, while Master Commissary looked on, and told the people that it did well, and laughed in his sleeve. It forgets still less the fury of the disappointed upon the result of the elections, their incitements to insurrections, their preachings of armed resistance for the sake of annulling the elections, obtained, it must never be forgotten, by *universal suffrage*, in face of their culpable manœuvres: the emissaries again sent down from the clubs, and with an apparent connivance of certain ultra-members of the government, from the charge of which, now more than ever since the conspiracy of the 15th May, they will scarcely be able to acquit themselves: the efforts of these emissaries to make the easily excited and tumultuous lower classes take up arms, and the bloody conflicts in the streets of Rouen: the complicity of the very magistrates appointed by these members of the government—the terror and the bloodshed, and then the cry of the furious ultras that the people had been treacherously assassinated—the conspiracies and incendiary projects of the vanquished at Marseilles, the troubles of Lisle, of Amiens, of Lyons, of Aubusson, of Rhodéz, of Toulouse, of Carcassonne—why swell the list of names?—of almost every town in France, all with the same intent of destroying those elections of representatives which the country had proclaimed in the sense of order and of moderatism. It forgets still less the dangers of that same 15th May, when the government was for a few hours overthrown, by the disorderly, the disappointed, the discontented, the violent ultra-republicans, the conspirators of Paris,—when some of those, who had been formerly their rulers, were arrested as accomplices, and others still in power can scarcely yet again avoid the accusation and conviction of complicity.

All the other troubles of this distracted country, since the revolution of February, may be passed over—the

ruin to commerce, the poverty, misery, and want, the military revolts excited by the same emissaries to cause divisions in the army, as likewise the unhappy troubles of Nismes; where the disturbances took a religious tendency—as a conflict of creeds between Roman Catholics and Protestants, rather than a political or even a social character,—although they still bore evidence of the disorder of the times and the disturbance of the country. The elections, then, contributed more powerfully than ever to the fermentation, the discontent, the mistrust, and the ill-will of the country.

In this state of France, with the feeling of impatient jealousy and irritation against tyranny and despotism expressed by the departments towards the capital, with the evident disunion between the provinces and Paris, what are likely to be the destinies of the Republic hereafter? Again it must be said—who can tell, who foresee, who predict? The Republic has been accepted, and is maintained, from a love of order and the *status quo*: but there is no enthusiasm, no admiration for the republican form of government throughout the country at large; there is, at most, indifference to any government, whatever it may be, provided it but insure the stability and prosperity of the country. If an opinion may be hazarded, however, it is, that the danger to the present established form of things will not arise so much from the conflict of contending parties in the capital, as from the discontent, disaffection, jealousy, and, perhaps, final outbreak and resistance of the departments. Terrorism has had its day; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to apply the system once again to the country in its present state. What other means will the violent possess—what coercive measures, if, when parties come to an issue, the wearied and disgusted country should rise to protest against the disorders of Republican Paris? There seem at present to be none. The result of such an outbreak would be inevitable civil war. The strong instance before alluded to, of the determination of the departments to assert a will of their own, was given

in a very striking manner in the case of the 16th May. One of the emissaries got possession of the electric telegraph at the Home Office, and sent down despatches into all the provinces, to inform the country that the Assembly was dissolved, and the new government of the ultra-republican party had taken the reins of power. Instead of being awed into submission as heretofore, instead of calmly and resignedly accepting the *fait accompli* as was their wont, the departments immediately rose to protest against the new revolution of Paris. Before a counter-despatch could be sent down into the provinces, to let them know that the former order of things was restored, the national guards of all the great towns were up and out, with the cry "to arms!" and it was resolved to march upon Paris. It was not only in the towns within a day's journey of the capital that the movement was spontaneously made. In the furthest parts of the country, from the cities of Avignon, Marseilles, Nismes, and all the south of France, the national guards were already on their way towards the capital, before the information that declared the more satisfactory result of the day could be made public. It is more than probable, then, that, should a desperate faction ever seize upon the power, or even should a close conflict of parties further endanger the safety of the country and its tottering welfare, that the provinces would again take up arms against Paris, and that a civil war would be the result.

This is rather a suggestion hazarded, than a prediction made, as to the future fate of the French republic. Whatever that future may be, an uneasy submission on the part of a great anti-republican majority to the active agency of a small republican minority—but, at the same time, a desire of maintaining a government, whatever it may be, if supportable, for tranquillity's sake; a feeling of humiliation and degradation in this utter submission to the will of Paris throughout the country—but, at the same time, an apparent growing determination eventually to resist that will, should it at last prove intolerable—such is the present state of Republican France.

COLONISATION.

AUSTRALIA is the greatest accession to substantial power ever made by England. It is the gift of a Continent, unstained by war, usurpation, or the sufferings of a people. But even this is but a narrow view of its value. It is the addition of a territory, almost boundless, to the possessions of mankind; a location for a new family of man, capable of supporting a population equal to that of Europe; or probably, from its command of the ocean, and from the improved systems, not merely of commercial communication, but of agriculture itself, capable of supplying the wants of double the population of Europe. It is, in fact, the virtual future addition of three hundred millions of human beings, who otherwise would not have existed. And besides all this, and perhaps of a higher order than all, is the transfer of English civilisation, laws, habits, industrial activity, and national freedom, to the richest, but the most abject countries of the globe; an imperial England at the Antipodes, securing, invigorating, and crowning all its benefits by its religion.

Within the last fifty years, the population of the British islands has nearly tripled; it is increasing in England alone at the rate of a thousand a day. In every kingdom of the Continent it is increasing in an immense ratio. The population is becoming too great for the means of existence. Every trade is overworked, every profession is overstocked, every expedient for a livelihood threatens to be exhausted under this vast and perpetual influx of life; and the question of questions is, How is this burthen to be lightened?

There can be but one answer,—Emigration. For the last century, common sense, urged by common necessity, directed the stream of this emigration to the great outlying regions of the western world. North America was the chief recipient. Since the conquest of Canada, annual thousands had directed their emigra-

tion to the British possessions: the conquest of the Cape has drawn a large body of settlers to its fine climate; but Australia remained, and remains, for the grand future field of British emigration.

The subject has again come before the British public with additional interest. The Irish famine, the British financial difficulties, and the palpable hazard of leaving a vast pauperism to grow up in ignorance, have absolutely compelled an effort to relieve the country. A motion has just been made in Parliament by Lord Ashley, giving the most startling details of the infant population; and demanding the means of sending at least its orphan portion to some of those colonial possessions, where they may be trained to habits of industry, and have at least a chance of an honest existence. We shall give a few of these details, and they are of the very first importance to humanity. On the 6th of June Lord Ashley brought in a resolution, "That it is expedient that means be annually provided for the voluntary emigration, to some one of her Majesty's colonies, of a certain number of young persons of both sexes, who have been educated in the schools, ordinarily called 'ragged schools,' in and about the metropolis."

In the speech preparatory to this resolution, a variety of statements were made, obtained from the clergy and laity of London. It was ascertained that the number of children, either deserted by their parents, or sent out by their parents to beg and steal, could not be less than 30,000 in the metropolis alone. Their habits were filthy, wretched, and depraved. Their places of living by day were the streets, and by night every conceivable haunt of misery and sin. They had no alternative but to starve, or to grow up into professional thieves, perhaps murderers. Of the general population, the police reports stated, that in 1847 there had been taken into custody 62,181 individuals of

both sexes and all ages. Of these, 20,702 were females, and 47,479 males. Of the whole, 15,693 were under twenty years of age, 3,682 between fifteen and ten, and 362 under ten. Of the whole, 22,075 could neither read nor write, and 35,227 could read only, or read and write imperfectly.

The average attendance last year in the "ragged schools" was 4000. Of these 400 had been in prison, 600 lived by begging, 178 were the children of convicts, and 800 had lost one or both their parents, and of course were living by their own contrivances. Out of the 62,000, there were not less than 28,113 who had no trade or occupation, or honest livelihood whatever!

The statement then proceeded to consider the expense to which the nation was put to keep down crime. It will perhaps surprise those readers who object to the expenses of emigration.

In 1847. The expense of Park-	
hurst Prison was .	£14,349
" Of Pentonville Prison,	18,307
In 1846. Of County Gaols,	147,145
Of County Houses of	
Correction, .	160,841
" Of Rural Police,	180,000
" Of Prosecutions for	
Coining, .	9000
In 1847. Of Metropolitan Po-	
lice, .	363,164

The whole but a few items, yet amounting to a million sterling annually. In this we observe the Millbank Penitentiary, an immense establishment, Newgate, the Compter, and the various places of detention in the city, are not included; and there is no notice of the expenses of building, which in the instance of the Penitentiary alone amounted to a million.

Yet, to dry up the source of this tremendous evil, Lord Ashley asks only an expenditure of £100,000 annually, to transform 30,000 growing thieves into honest men, idlers into cultivators of the soil, beggars into possessors of property, which the generality of settlers become, on an average of seven years.

There can be no rational denial of the benefit, and even of the necessity, of rescuing those unfortunate creatures from a career which, beginning in vice and misery, must go on in

public mischief, and end in individual ruin. Lord Ashley's suggestion is that the plan shall be first tried on the moderate scale of sending 500 boys, and 500 girls, chosen from the ragged schools of London, under proper superintendents, to the most fitting of the colonies; by which we understand Australia. The plan may then be extended to the other parts of the kingdom, to Scotland and Ireland. He concluded by placing his motion in the hands of government, who, through the Home Secretary, promised to give it all consideration.

It is certainly lamentable that such statements are to be made; and we have little doubt that the foreign journalist will exult in this evidence of what they call "the depravity of England." But, it is to be remembered that London has a population of nearly two millions—that all the idleness, vice, and beggary of an island of twenty millions are constantly pouring into it—that foreign vice, idleness, and beggary contribute their share, and that what is abhorred and corrected in England, is overlooked, and even cherished abroad. It is also to be remembered, that there is a continual temptation to plunder in the exposed wealth of the metropolis, and a continual temptation to mendicancy in the proverbial humanity of the people.

Still, crime must be punished wherever it exists, and vice must be reformed wherever man has the means; and, therefore, we shall exult in the success of any judicious plan of emigration.

It happens, at this moment, that there is an extraordinary demand for emigration; that every letter from Australia calls for a supply of human life, and especially for an emigration of females,—the proportion of males to females in some of the settlements being 9 to 1; while the number of females predominates, by the last census in England.

There is a daily demand for additional labourers, artificers, and household servants, and with offers of wages which in England neither labourer nor artisan could hope to obtain. Thousands are now offered employment, comfort, and prospective wealth in Australia, who must burthen the

workhouse at home. The advantages are so evident, the necessity is so strong, and the opportunity is so prompt and perfect, that they *must* result in a national plan of constant emigration, until Australia can contain no more—an event which may not happen for a thousand years.

It happens, also, by a striking coincidence, that Australian discovery has just assumed new vigour; and that instead of the barrenness and deformity which were generally supposed to form the principal characteristics of this vast territory, immense tracts have been brought to European knowledge for the first time, exhibiting remarkable fertility, and even the most unexpected and singular beauty. We now give a sketch of the journey in which those discoveries were made.

To explore the interior of this great country has been the object of successive expeditions for the last five-and-twenty years. But such was the want of system or the want of means, that nothing was done, except to increase the tales of wonder regarding the middle regions of Australia. The theorists were completely divided; one party insisting on the existence of a mediterranean or mighty lake in the central region, *because* there was a tendency in some of the small rivers of the coast to flow inward. Others, with quite as much plausibility, laughed at the idea; and, from having felt a hot wind occasionally blowing from the west, had no doubt that the central region was a total waste, a desert of fiery sand, an Australian Sahara! while both parties seem to have been equally erroneous, so far as any actual discovery has been made.

But it seems equally extraordinary, that even the only two expeditions which within our time have added largely to our knowledge, alike should have neglected the most obvious and almost the only useful means of discovery. The especial object of exploration must be, to ascertain the existence of considerable rivers pouring into the sea, because it is only thus that the government can effectively form settlements. The especial difficulty of the explorers is, to find provisions, or carry the means of subsistence along with them. Both

difficulties would be obviated by the steam-boat, and by nothing else. The natural process, therefore, would be, to embark the expedition in a well appointed and well provisioned steamer; to anchor it at the necessary distance from the coast, which in general has deep and sheltered water, within the great rocky ridge; and then send out the explorers for fifty or a hundred miles north and south, making the steamer the headquarters. Thus they might ascertain every feature of the coast, inch by inch, be secure of subsistence, and be free from native hostility.

Yet all the expeditions have been overland, generally with the most imminent hazard of being starved, and occasionally losing some of their number by attacks from the natives. Thus also the present expedition of the surveyor succeeded but in part, though it had the merit of discovering that the reports of Australian barrenness belonged but to narrow tracts, while the general character of the country towards the north was of striking fertility. The purpose of Sir T. Mitchell's late expedition was, to ascertain the probability of a route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria. But as this route was to be made dependent on a presumed river flowing into the gulf, the actual object was to reach the head of that river—an object which could have been more effectually attained by tracing it upward from the gulf; and, in consequence of not so tracing it, the expedition ultimately failed.

To establish an easy connexion between the colony of New South Wales and the traffic of the Indian Ocean, had long been a matter of great interest. Torres Strait, the only channel to the north, is a remarkably dangerous navigation; while, by forming an overland communication directly with the Gulf of Carpentaria to the west of the strait, the commerce would find an open sea. A trade in horses had also commenced with India, which was impeded by the hazards of the strait. There had also been a steam communication with England by Singapore, and there was a hope that this line might be connected with a line from the gulf.

The idea of tracing a river towards

the north was a conjecture of several years' standing, in some degree founded on the natural probability that an immense indentation of the land could not but exhibit some outlet for the course of a considerable fall of waters, and also that there had been a report by a Bushman, of having followed its course to the sea.

After some difficulties with the governor, which were obviated by a vote of the Colonial Legislature of £2000 for the expenses of the expedition, it set out from Paramatta on the 17th of November 1845. The expedition consisted of Sir Thomas Mitchell; E. B. Kennedy, Esq., assistant-surveyor; William Stephenson, Esq., surgeon and naturalist; twenty-three convicts, who volunteered for the sake of a free pardon, which was to be their only payment; and three freemen. They had a numerous list of baggage conveyances, &c. &c.; eight drays, drawn by eighty bullocks; two boats, thirteen horses, four private horses, three light carts, and provisions for a year, including two hundred and fifty sheep, which travelled along with them, constituting a chief part of their animal food. They had also gelatine and pork. The surveyor-general preferred light carts, and horses in place of bullocks; but it was suggested that the strong drays were necessary, and that bullocks were more enduring than horses—the latter an opinion soon found to be erroneous. It is rather singular, that either opinion should not have been settled fifty years ago.

Some natural and well-expressed reflections arise, in the course of this volume, on the lonely life of the settler. Its despondency, and its inutility to advance his moral nature, are in some measure attributed to the absence of the "gentler sex."

"At this sheep station," says Sir Thomas, "I met with an individual who had seen better days, and had lost his property amid the wreck of colonial bankruptcies; a 'tee-totaller,' with Pope's 'Essay on Man' for his consolation, in a *bark hut*. This man spoke of the depravity of shepherd life as excessive. . . . The pastoral life, so favourable to the enjoyment of nature, has always been a favourite with the poets. But here it appears to be

the antipodes of all poetry and propriety, simply because man's better half is wanting. Under this unfavourable aspect the white man comes before the aboriginal. Were they intruders, accompanied with wives and children, they would not be half so unwelcome. In this, too, consists one of the most striking differences between settling and squatting. Indeed, if it were an object to *uncivilise* the human race, I know of no method more likely to effect it, than to isolate a man from the gentler sex and children. Remove afar off all courts of justice and means of redress of grievances, all churches and schools, all shops where he can make use of money, and then place him in close contact with savages. 'What better off am I than a black native!' was the exclamation of a shepherd to me."

A general description of the aspect of New South Wales would be difficult, from its extreme diversity in parts; but the general face of the country is marked by lines of granite hills; short water-courses, which in summer are dry, or retain the water only in pools; clumps of trees, generally dotted over the soil, and occasional *prairies*. But the soil is generally fertile, and, in the spring, exhibits a great variety of flowers. Thus the land is every where fit for European life, though in the same latitude with the hottest portions of Africa. It has occasional gushes of intense heat, but they seem not to have affected the health of the expedition; and with that progress of comforts which follows all civilisation, the heat and cold alike may be successfully mitigated. We have not heard of any endemic in Australia; the epidemic has never visited its shores. The chief want in the pasture-grounds is water, but even that is merely the result of the rudeness of early settling; for vast quantities of water run to waste, or are lost in swamps, which future colonists will receive in tanks, and check with dams. The capricious abundance and deficiency of this prime necessary of life, for it is more essential than food, is shown in a striking passage of this picturesque Journal. They were still within the sheep-feeding country. Water was much wanted. Mr Stephenson, the natu-

ralist, was sent out on the inquiry. He returned soon, having met two of the mounted police, who told him that "a flood was coming down from the Turen Mountains."

"But the little encampment was held in suspense. Still, the bed of the Macquarie continued so dry, that the report could scarcely be believed. Towards evening, a man was stationed with a gun, to give a signal on the appearance of the flood. The shades of evening came, but no flood; and the man returned. This was a period of considerable anxiety, for the need of water was urgent.

"Some hours later, and after the moon had risen, a murmuring sound, like that of a distant waterfall, mingled with occasional cracks, as of breaking timber, drew our attention." They then returned to the river bank. Still no flood appeared, though they continued to hear the sounds of the crashing timber. At length an increase of the sounds told them that the water was in the next bend. All this, in a serene moonlight night, was new. At length it came, and came in power and beauty.

"It rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonbeams, a moving *cataract*; tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks. It was preceded by a *point* of meandering water, picking its way, like a thing of life, through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed of what thus again became a flowing river." The phenomenon might make a fine subject for the pencil, if our artists were not divided between the palace and the pigstye. The noble river rolling along under a *tropical* moon; the wild country around, with its forests and hills touched by the light; the bronzed faces and bold figures of the men of the expedition, gazing with natural surprise and gladness at this relief, and at the majestic object before them; and even the cattle hurrying up from the encampment, to cool the thirst which had pressed so severely on them during the day, all were made for the finest efforts of the pencil.

"By my party," says Sir T. Mitchell, "situated as we were at the time—beating about the country, and impeded in our journey solely by

the almost total absence of water—suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat,—I am convinced the scene can *never* be forgotten! There came abundance at once, the product of storms in the far-off mountains, that *overlooked our homes!* My first impulse was to have welcomed this flood on our knees; for the scene was sublime in itself, while the subject, an abundance of water sent to us in a desert, greatly heightened the effect to our eyes. I had witnessed nothing of the kind in all my Australian travels."

But the writer is an accomplished man of science, and he leads the contemplation to still more glorious things. "Even the heavens presented something new, at least uncommon, and therefore in harmony with this scene. The variable Star of Argol had increased to the first magnitude, just above the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, which slightly inclined over the river, in the only portion of sky seen through the trees. That very red star, thus increasing in magnitude, might, as characteristic of her rivers, be recognised as the 'Star of Australia,' when Europeans cross the line. The flood gradually filled up the channel nearly bank high, while the living cataract travelled onward much slower than I had expected to see it; so slowly, indeed, that more than an hour after its first arrival, the *sweet music* of the head of the flood was distinctly audible from my tent, as the murmur of waters and crash of logs travelled slowly through the tortuous windings of the river bed. I was finally lulled to sleep by that melody of waters."

It has been often remarked, that Europeans once accustomed to a life of wandering, can never return to the life of cities; and even the clever journalist before us appears to have been a little captivated with this life of the wilderness. It may be easily admitted, that vigorous health, and active exercise, variety of objects, even if those objects are no more than new ridges of mountains or new rills of water; with keen appetite and sound sleep, are all excellent things in their style. But, is life given to man only to eat, gaze, and sleep? What is the life of the wilderness above that of the brute? The

true improvement of man, and, therefore, the especial employment intended for man, is, that increase of knowledge, of command over the powers of nature, and of the various means of adding to the conveniences, comforts and value of human existence, which, delivered down to us by our forefathers, it is our part to deliver with increase to our posterity. But the savage improves in nothing; he is as much a brute this year as he was a thousand years ago. Savagery is, in practice, a total defeat and denial of all the original purposes for which our nature was made. And it is with some regret and more surprise, that we quote, from such a source, such language as the following :—

“We set out, guided by our native friend,” (a savage whom they had hired to lead them to some water-courses.) “He was a very perfect specimen of the *genus homo*, and such as is *never* to be seen, except in the precincts of savage life, *undegraded* by any scale of *graduated classes*; and the countless *bars* these present to the free enjoyment of existence.” Whether this is actually a recommendation that we should throw off our clothes and walk in nudity, for the purpose of recovering the original elegance of our shapes, or whether it is the borrowed rapture of some savage in person which the gallant officer has transplanted into his pages, to vary his more rational conceptions, we know not; but he has *not* made us converts to the pleasures of cold, hunger, filth, and bloodshed, which furnish the realities of savage life, even in the paradisaic solitudes of Australia.

The savage, in his original state, is simply an animal, superior to his own dog only in sharpness of intellect; but wholly inferior to his dog in fidelity and affection. All savages are tyrannical—cruel to their wives, if wives they can be called—and in general cheating and plundering wherever they can. As to their bodily organs, of course, they cannot be perverted where they cannot reach temptation; but no savage comprehends moral restraint, and he gets drunk whenever he has the opportunity, and robs wherever he finds any thing to steal. On the other hand, civilisation necessarily enfeebles no man, and what the

gallant Colonel regards as its “degradation of man by classes,” produces quite the contrary effect; for the humbler the class, generally the more vigorous—as the peasant is a stronger man than the artisan, and the artisan than the nobleman. Even the idea that savage limbs can do more than civilised, is equally erroneous. A well clothed and well fed Englishman, if well formed, and with some training, will outwork, outrun, and outwrestle any savage from pole to pole. A ropedancer, a tumbler, or a horse-rider, at any of our theatres, though bred in the very heart of civilisation, or even in the hotbed of its temptations, will perform feats of activity which would defy all the muscles of a generation of savages. The truth is, that civilisation improves the features, the form, and the powers of the human frame. Men in society may be indolent, and throw away their advantages; but society is the place for man. Rousseau once made a noise by talking nonsense on this subject; but Rousseau *knew* that he was talking nonsense. Whether his imitators are equally cognisant of their own performances, is another question; but we come to better things.

This journey settled the disputed point of “horses or bullocks, light carts, or heavy drays.” The bullocks and the drays were a perpetual annoyance; to feed and water the one, and to drag the other, soon became the grand difficulty of the expedition. We find the Colonel perpetually leaving them to follow, when any peculiar object of exploration was in view. At length the whole “park” was left to take its rest, under the second in command; and the Colonel, with eight men, two native boys, fourteen horses, and two light carts, with provisions for ten weeks, moved to the northward, to trace where the division of the waters was to be found, and then follow some of them down to the Gulf.

We were not prepared for the beauty sometimes exhibited by the Australian landscape. The Journal compares it to a succession of Ruysdaels. “The masses of rock, lofty trees, shining sands, and patches of water in wild confusion; the mimosa, the Anthistiria-grass, of a red brown, contrasting most harmoniously with the light

green bushes ; all those again so opposed to the dark hues of the casuarinæ, mimosæ, and rifted rocks, that a Ruysdael or a Gainsborough might have found an inexhaustible stock of subjects for the pencil."

This wild travelling has its discomforts, and now and then its dangers ; but it is a perpetual source of exciting sensations. Every step is new, and every day's journey may place the traveller within some region of unexpected value or beauty. One of the hopes of the Journalist, on commencing this portion of his travels, was to discover a chain of hills to the north-west, from which he might trace the course of a river to the Gulf. At last this chain rose before his eyes.

"The most interesting sight to me was that of blue pics at a great distance to the northwest, the object of all my dreams of discovery for years. *No white man had before seen them.* There we might hope to find the division of the waters still undiscovered—the pass to Carpentaria still unexplored. I called this hill Mount First-View, and descended, delighted with what I had seen from its rocky crest." The latitude was 27°, yet the thermometer at sunrise was but at 45°, at noon 68°, and at 9 p.m. 45°.

The captivations of the scenery were equal to the delights of the temperature, though so near the tropics.—"An Australian morning is always charming. Amid those scenes of primeval nature it seemed exquisitely so. The barita or gymnoskina, the organmagpie, was here represented by a much smaller bird, whose notes, resembling the softest breathings of a flute, were the only sounds that met the ear. What the stillness of evening adds to such sounds in other climes, is felt more intensely in the stillness of morn in this."

The forms of the vegetation, both tree and shrub, are picturesque, and the colours are finer still :—"Instead of autumnal tints, there is a perpetual blending of the richest hues of autumn with the most brilliant verdure of spring ; while the sun's welcome rays in a winter's morning, and the cool breath of the woods in a summer morning, are equally grateful. This was in the depth of the Australian winter, and, which sounds oddly to

the European ear, in the 'merry month of June.'"

Advancing still to the north, a country of an extraordinary kind was reached in July ; and they had now found, that most important of all objects in a wilderness, a fine "flowing stream, full of sparkling water to the margin." The Journalist seems quite enamoured with the surrounding scene, a miniature Australian Switzerland :—"The hills overhanging it surpassed any I had ever seen, in picturesque outline. Some resembled Gothic cathedrals in ruins ; some, forts ; other masses were perforated ; and being mixed and contrasted with the flowing outlines of evergreen woods, and having a fine stream in the foreground, gave a charming appearance to the whole country. It was a vision worthy of the toils of a pilgrimage. Those beautiful recesses of unpeopled earth could no longer remain unknown. The better to mark them out on any map, I gave to the valley the name of *Salvator Rosa*. The rocks stood out sharply and sublimely from the thick woods, just as John Martin's fertile imagination would dash them out in his beautiful landscapes. I never saw any thing in nature come so near those creations of genius and imagination." But this river, which they followed for some time, ran so far to the east, that they justly began to doubt its being the one of which they were in search, and they turned again to the north. They now passed into a fine level country, incomparably formed for settlement. "An almost boundless extent of the richest surface in a solitude corresponding to that of (southern) China, yet still unoccupied by man. A great reserve provided by Nature for the extension of his race."

They left the *Salvator* between the 21st and 22d degrees of latitude, and moved to the north-west. There at length their aspirations, though only partially, were probably realised. In the middle of September they reached some heights, from which lay before them a vast extent of open downs traversed by a river, traceable to the utmost verge of the horizon, and falling to the *north-west* ! "Ulloa's delight at the first view of the Pacific could not have surpassed mine," is the natural exclamation of the Journalist.

"Nor could the fervour with which he was impressed have exceeded my sense of gratitude for being allowed to make such a discovery. From that rock the scene was so extensive as to leave *no room for doubt* as to the course of the river, which, then and there revealed to me alone, seemed like a reward direct from Heaven for perseverance, and as a compensation for the many sacrifices which I had made, in order to solve the question as to the interior rivers of tropical Australia."

From the 16th to the 24th of September the course of the river was followed, which still was north-west, but at this period the party returned. The reason stated is the failure of provisions. This must have been a most vexatious disappointment—so vexatious, that we cannot comprehend how it could have been submitted to without some more remarkable effort than any thing that we find recorded in these pages. That an expedition equipped for a four months' journey should have turned back at the very moment when a few days', perhaps a few hours', march, might have completed its object, is altogether incomprehensible, while it had any conceivable means of subsistence. In such a condition of things, the traveller ought to have eaten his horse, if he could get nothing else. But there was actually, at no great distance behind, a *dépôt* of their own bullocks and sheep, all feeding comfortably, and, as the party found on marching back to them, "Sheep and cattle fat, the whole a sort of farm." A good stackyard had been set up, a storehouse had been built, a garden had been fenced in, and contained lettuce, radishes, melons, and cucumbers. Indeed, the whole establishment exhibited the effects of good order and discipline.

Why, then, did not the Journalist return on his track, and establish the discovery which was the express object of his mission? This exceeds our knowledge. The only direct intimation of his necessities in these pages is, "our provisions were nearly out, the sun having reduced the *mess sugar* and *melting the bacon*, which had been boiled before we set out." Whether the *lean* of Australian bacon may liquefy in the sun is more than our European

experience can tell, but we presume it must be ranked among the wonders of a new country; at all events, the Journalist returned without having done the very thing for which his expedition had been fitted out, and left the object to be completed by his subordinate, who was subsequently despatched in the direction of the north-west. Thus, though probabilities are in favour of the river, which the Colonel named the Victoria, the point is by no means settled, and Australian curiosity may be disappointed after all.

As the party approached the river, they saw considerable numbers of the natives. On reaching one of the lagoons, the shrieks of many women and children, and the angry voices of men, apprised them that they had at length overtaken the tribe, and unfortunately had come on them by surprise. "Aya, minya!" was vociferated repeatedly, and was understood to mean, "What do you want?" I steadily adhered to my own tactics towards the aborigines, and took not the slightest notice of them, but rode on according to my compass-bearing. On looking back for my men, I saw one beckoning me to return. He had observed two natives with spears and clubs hide themselves behind a bush in the direction in which I was advancing. On my halting, they stole away. The whole seemed to have been amusing themselves in the water during the noonday heat, which was excessive, and the cool shades round the lagoon looked most luxuriant. Our position, on the contrary, was any thing but enviable. Even there, in the heart of the interior, on a river utterly unheard of by white men, an iron tomahawk glittered in the hand of a chief. The anxious care of the females to carry off their children seemed the most agreeable feature of the scene. Some had been digging in the mud for worms, others searching for fresh-water mussels, and if the whole could have been witnessed unperceived, such a scene of domestic life among the aborigines had been worth a little more risk. The strong men assumed a strange attitude, which seemed very expressive of surprise, having the right knee bent, the left leg forward—the right arm dropping, but grasping clubs—the left arm raised,

and the fingers spread out. "Aya, aya, minaya," they continually shouted. However, the party rode on, and the shouts died away.

The Journalist occasionally recovers from his enthusiasm for savagery. We have no more bursts in his earlier style, "Such truth and exemption from disease, such *intensity* of existence, in short, must be far beyond the *enjoyments of civilised men*, with all that art can do for them. And the proof of this is to be found, in the failure of all attempts to persuade these free denizens of uncultivated earth to forsake it for the tilled ground. They prefer the land, unbroken and free from the earliest curse pronounced against the first banished and first created man." All this unfortunately shows nothing, but that the gallant Colonel would be the wiser for going back to his Bible, where he would find the words, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake." But at last (page 328) we have a sketch of the reality. "It would appear that, the finer the climate and the fewer man's wants, the more he sinks towards the condition of the lower animals. Where the natives had passed the night, no huts, even of bushes, had been set up. A few tufts of dry grass only marked the spot, where, beside a small fire, each person had sat, folded up like the capital letter N. Their occupation during the day was only wallowing in a muddy hole, in no respect cleaner than swine. They have no idea of any necessity for washing themselves between their birth and the grave, while groping in mud for worms." After admitting the filth, the indolence, and the uselessness of the savage; contrasting, however, his teeth and tongue favourably with those of the civilised man or child, of which he pronounces it to be "ten to one but he should find *only impurity and decay*," (a point in which we are wholly at issue with him,) he asks, "what then is civilisation in the economy of the human animal?" He answers, "Cultivated man despises the perishable substance, and pursues the immortal shadow." We are but little satisfied with the language of this solution, nor is its meaning much more intelligible. In the first place, man,

in a civilised state, does not necessarily injure his bodily organs. The fool who cannot stir, or even sit, without a cigar in his mouth, or the drunkard who continually sacrifices health and understanding to intoxication, has only to condemn himself. But, give the savage tobacco and rum, and he will as speedily destroy his organs, and bring himself to the grave, as the most civilised profligate in existence. And as to the grand supposed use of civilisation—the fixing our minds on "immortal shadows"—if by this be meant giving us ideas of religion, there are many highly civilised nations which think but very little of religion, and many highly civilised persons who think of it nothing at all. Yet, it is only justice to the gallant Colonel to quote this sentence. "Animal gratification is transient and dull compared to the acquisition of knowledge, the gratification of mind,—the raptures of the poet, or the delight of the enthusiast, however imaginary. Such were my reflections on this day of rest, in the heart of a desert, while protected from the sun's rays by a blanket."

But even his metaphysics are entirely a misconception. The original purpose of civilisation is, to enable man to live in society; that is, in peace, with the advantages of mutual assistance. That those objects are powerfully aided by religion is true, and that science may be best cultivated in settled life, is equally true; but those are merely collateral. Civilisation means the work of law, of safe intercourse, of secure property, and of all the safeguards of society which ultimately enable man to polish the general manners, and to improve the general mind. Religion is not the consequence, but the origin of Civilisation.

We now take leave of the journey, with the sketch of the rivers. After moving for some distance between two streams, they approached the junction, which formed—"the broad, deep, and placid waters of a river as deep as the Murray. Pelicans and ducks floated upon it, and mussel shells of extraordinary size lay in such quantities, where the natives had been in the habit of eating them, as to resemble snow covering the ground. But even that reach-seemed diminu-

tive, when compared with the vast body of water of which traces had been left there; affording evidence, that though wide, they must have been impetuous in their course. Verdure alone shone now, over the wide extent to which the waters sometimes rose. Beyond that channel lay the almost boundless plains; the whole together forming the finest region I had ever seen in Australia."

Still the luckless character of the Australian rivers appears; and after expecting that this fine channel, which there seemed navigable for steamers, would continue, in a few miles more it exhibited only ponds. Whether the great central stream may not exhibit the same caprice, is still the question.

The party returned to Sydney in January 1847; and in March, Mr Kennedy, the second in command, was sent, as has been already stated, to explore the course of the Victoria.

There are some valuable observations on the aborigines. It is said that they have good natural faculties, and one of them named Uranigh, an attendant on the expedition, obtains especial praise for sagacity, fidelity, and courage. But, from inevitable circumstances, it appears to be the fate of the natives to waste away before the European blood, and, even without any violence or oppression, gradually to vanish. To teach them to earn their bread, to adopt European habits of any kind, or even to live with any sense of comfort in the vicinity of European settlers, seems impossible, and thus they gradually retire into the interior. This process has so uniformly occurred in all colonised countries, where a new civilisation has been introduced, that it may be regarded as almost a law of nature. "Fire, grass, and kangaroos," are essential to native life; and when the pastures are no longer suffered to be burned, and when the kangaroos disappear, the savage *must* retire. Sir T. Mitchell's favourite project would be, to send away a young married pair to the south of Europe, where they might learn the cultivation of the grape and olive, fig, &c.; then to bring them back with their children. But we are afraid they would make but few converts; that the benevolent experiment would be totally thrown

away; and that the poor, idle, and useless being, whom Sir Thomas will persist in calling the noble savage, must be left to eat rats and mice, to live in misery and wretchedness, and to be inevitably pushed into the wilderness, to make way for a superior class of human capability.

But, regarding the condition of the natives as utterly beyond European influence, except so far as it may and ought to be exerted to protect them from all injury,—there are other questions of high importance, relative to the condition of the convicts. The preamble of the Transport Act made the reformation of the culprit a primary object. "There never was any use of forced labour so effective. The galley-slaves of France and Italy were in general made more wicked, if possible, by their imprisonment and work. We think it also next to an impossibility that any culprit, punished by temporary imprisonment, and then thrown out again among his associates, *can* change his habits. Who will employ a known felon? A single act of robbery may give him more means of gross gratification, than he could obtain by the severest toil in a twelve-month. The temptation is too strong. The only hope of his recovery, is in his being sent where his bad character will not utterly prevent his getting a good one; where he will have profitable work, (let the profit be more or less;) where he will have few temptations, and none of his old ones; and where he may have a prospect of bettering his condition among his fellows. All these he had, and has, in New South Wales.

But it is remarkable and unfortunate, that we seldom have a new head of the colonial department who does not bring with him some new theory; and the fashionable theory now is, to try the effect of prison discipline. We have no hesitation in denouncing this theory, as ineffectual, intolerably costly, highly dangerous, and even actually cruel. We take the points in succession: we doubt whether it has really reformed one prisoner out of a thousand. Its expense is enormous: the single prison at Millbank cost a million sterling, and probably £100,000 a-year for its support. The model prison at Pentonville is an architectural *bijou*,

but terribly expensive. Men cannot be reformed by turnkeys in the most moral costume, or by locks of the most exquisite invention.—It is dangerous: because those felons, once let loose, almost invariably become felons again; and a general jail-delivery once a year, from handcuffs and shackles, may people the streets with ruffianism.—It is even cruel. The prisoners are not merely deprived, for a long succession of years, of all healthful exercise—for who ever could take healthful exercise within prison walls?—but shut out from all the view and enjoyment of nature, and especially from matrimony; they cannot be husbands or fathers. It is true, that the felon forfeits all rights, if they are found incompatible with the public safety; but we have no *right* to inflict on him any suffering beyond that which is absolutely necessary. If by sending him to Australia we can accomplish, without cruelty, those objects which we *cannot* accomplish without cruelty at home, it is our duty to send him to Australia.

We know that a middle system of imprisonment, to be followed by transportation, has been attempted, but we have no faith in its operations. The true place is Australia.

Sir Thomas Mitchell, the very best authority on such subjects, tells us, "There is no country in which labour appears to be more required to render it available to, and habitable by civilised man, than New South Wales. *Without labour, the inhabitants must be savages, or such helpless people as we find the Aborigines.* With equal truth, it may be asserted that there is *no region* of earth susceptible of so much improvement solely by the labour and ingenuity of man." There are no unwholesome savannahs; the rocky ranges afford the means of forming reservoirs, &c., of water, which, under the tropics, is life, abundance, and health; there is an immensity if it be properly used, and Australia might be made the finest scene of vegetation and luxuriance in the world.

We take our leave of this volume with regret. It is strikingly written; it excites and rewards curiosity, and (a few rambling ideas excepted) it powerfully increases our interest in Australian discovery, and in that whole mighty region of the Pacific, which God's providence has given into the hands of England, for the happiness of mankind.

SIBERIA.

OF no important portion of the dominions of the five great European powers are such vague and imperfect notions entertained, as of the vast tract comprised between Russia in Europe and the Kamschatkan sea, between the Chinese empire and the Arctic Ocean. Courageous explorers have not been wanting, of the inclement steppes and rugged mountains forming Europe's bulwark against the Mongul and the Tartar. Men of enterprise and distinction have undertaken the task, and executed it well. But their journeys, usually performed with special objects and scientific

views, have been recorded for the most part in a similar spirit. Either an ardent love of science and zeal for its advancement, or the strong encouragement and liberal subsidies of an enlightened government, are requisite inducements to brave the perils and hardships of Siberian travel. The mere inquisitive and speculative traveller has difficulty in persuading himself, that the country can reward him for the discomfort and inconvenience he must endure in traversing it. Not that Siberia is entirely devoid of wild attractions and romantic associations. To the adventurous hunter, its

Travels in Siberia: including Excursions Northwards, down the Obi to the Polar Circle, and Southwards to the Chinese Frontier. By ADOLPH ERMAN. Translated from the German by W. R. COOLEY. Two vols. London, 1848.

vast forests and thinly-peopled plains give assurance of sport. The motley character of its native and immigrant population affords to the philosopher curious matter of consideration. A place of deportation for traitors and criminals—and not unfrequently for the innocent—its name is inseparably connected with the memory of innumerable unfortunates who have there pined out their existence in expiation of crime, or in obedience to mandates often as unjust as arbitrary. Fallen favourites of the Czars, rebels against their tyranny, traitors to their person, murderers, and other malefactors, and even prisoners of war, have here found a living grave till released by death, clemency, or flight. Did the tears of exiles fertilise, Siberia should be a teeming land. Since its first subjugation by Ivan the Terrible, how many a Russian magnate, lord of thousands of serfs, owner of millions of rubles, proud of his position, and confident of imperial favour, has suddenly found himself travelling eastward under escort, banished and a beggar. How many mournful trains of minor offenders have plodded their weary way across the Uralian chain, guarded by barbarian Bashkirs, to labour in the mines of Nerchinsk, or to lead a peasant's toilsome life on the margin of the Frozen Sea. From those vast and ice-bound regions, escape can rarely be accomplished. But at intervals, during the last five-and-thirty years, bearded and toil-worn men of martial aspect have crossed the German frontier, and astonished those they accosted by wild tales of suffering, and ignorance of the most notorious events. Some have inquired for Napoleon, and wept when they learned he was a captive, or dead. Circumstances of current history, known to each child and peasant, were to them a mystery and a marvel. These strange wanderers, escaped from long bondage in Siberia, were amongst the last survivors of that countless host led northwards by a Corsican's ambition, and whose funeral pile was lighted in Moscow's city.

Amongst the delineators of Siberia and its inhabitants, of the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the country and its people, one of the most successful is the German gentleman and scholar whose admirable work

has just now appeared in a clever English dress. The son of a man of great learning and high attainments, Mr Adolph Erman treads nobly in his father's footsteps. Still young, he has done much to increase the lustre of the honourable name transmitted to him. Born in the year 1806, he was but two-and-twenty years of age when he undertook, at his own cost, a journey round the world, having for its chief object a series of magnetical observations. The expedition was completely successful. Starting from Berlin to St Petersburg, he crossed northern Asia, with occasional digressions of a few hundred leagues, took ship at Okhotsk for Kamschatka, thence proceeded to California, visited Otaheite, and came round by Cape Horn and Rio Janeiro to Europe and Berlin. Then he sat down to write of what he had seen, entitling his work—"Journey round the Earth, across North Asia and both Oceans." But the tale of travel so extensive takes time to tell; and, up to the present date, he has not protracted his narrative beyond Okhotsk. What he has done, however, is complete in itself, very interesting, and withal somewhat voluminous, since its abridged translation forms two heavy octavos, heavy in amount of paper and print, but not, we must in justice admit, in the nature of their contents. Whilst recording scientific investigations, the author does not neglect subjects more generally interesting. Upon all he brings to bear an extraordinary amount of reading and research. The result is a book of travels of no ephemeral nature, but that will long be esteemed as a standard work, and respected as a valuable authority.

Mr Erman commences his narrative of travel on the day of his departure from Berlin; but its earlier portion has been compressed by the translator, in order to escape as soon as possible from Europe, and get upon the less trodden ground east of Tobolsk. Much has been written of late years concerning European Russia and its inhabitants, and it was hardly to be expected that even so acute an observer as Mr Erman should find any thing particularly novel to say about them. He takes

a sensible and practical view of the condition, character, and disposition of the population; and is happy in his detection and indication of national peculiarities. He does not, like the majority of travellers in Russia, enter the country with a settled determination to behold nothing, from the White Sea to the Black, but oppression and cruelty on the one hand, slavery and suffering upon the other. He does not come to a premature decision, that because Russia is ruled by an absolute monarch, all happiness, prosperity, and justice are essentially banished from the land. It is really pleasant to find a deviation from the established routine of books about Russia. These are now nearly all concocted upon one and the same plan. The recipe is as exact as any in Mrs Rundell; and is as conscientiously adhered to by literary cooks, as that great artist's invaluable precepts are by knights and ladies of the ladle. Tyranny, misery, and the knout are the chief ingredients of the savoury dish. We are shown a nation of cretins, crushed under the boot-heel of an imperial ogre; whilst a selfish, servile aristocracy salaam their admiration, and catch greedily at the titles and gewgaws thrown to them as a sop by their terrible master. This is the substance of the mess, which, being handsomely garnished with lying anecdotes of horrible cruelties practised upon the unfortunate population, is deemed sufficiently dainty to set before the public, and is forthwith devoured as genuine and nutritive food by the large body of simpletons who take type for a guarantee of veracity. Mr Erman despises the common trick and claptrap resorted to by vulgar writers. Avoiding anecdotalage, and abuse of the powers that be, he gives, in brief shrewd paragraphs, glimpses of Muscovite character and feelings, which clearly prove the people of that vast empire to be far happier, more prosperous, and more practically free, than the inhabitants of many countries who boast of liberty because anarchy has replaced good government. Judging less from any distinct assertions or arguments advanced in these volumes, than from their general tenor, and

by the inferences to be gleaned from them, we must consider the Russians a contented and flourishing nation, likely to make the larger strides in civilisation that they are unimpeded by revolutionary agitation. Propagandists meet little encouragement amongst the loyal and light-hearted subjects of the autocrat. "We have often observed at Moscow," says Mr Erman, "birch-trees hewn for fencing, yet still alive in the horizontal position, and throwing out shoots. The great distinction of the vegetable nature in this region is its tenacity of life; and, singularly enough, the same capability of existing under oppression, and of withstanding stubbornly every revolutionising influence, is here the characteristic of man also. The ear of the stranger is sure, at every turn of conversation, to catch the sounds — 'Kak ni bud,' (no matter how,) with which the Russians are used to give expression to their habitual indifference, and renunciation of all care. . . . Notwithstanding the great variety of condition which the population exhibit, every thing has the stamp of nationality, and an obstinate adherence to established usage may be plainly recognised as a fundamental principle. Some foreign customs, indeed, are adopted from strangers residing in Moscow; but they are, at the same time, so changed as to be assimilated to the national manners. Russian nationality may be compared to a river, which receives other streams without changing its name; or, still better, to a living organism, which, while devouring every variety of food, continues still the same."

It was on the 29th of July that Mr Erman, who travelled in company with the Norwegian professor Hansteen, left Moscow, and moved eastwards, passing through a productive country, strewn with populous and comfortable villages. At Pokróf, his first halting-place, his chamber walls were adorned with rude carvings and paintings, whose subjects were taken from the events of 1812, and represented the valiant deeds of the peasantry. Buikova, a village forty miles east of Moscow, was the farthest point to which the French penetrated.

Their invasion has left but a faint impression upon the popular mind in Russia—even in Moscow, which suffered so much at their hands. Conflagrations have been common occurrences in that city, and the inhabitants are accustomed to be burned out. We read of seven such events, from the thirteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century, in all of which the destruction was complete, or very nearly so. The fire of 1812 spared many of the stone churches, on whose towers "the Mahomedan crescent rises above the cross, a monument of earlier revolutions. The yoke of the Tatars was so lasting and oppressive, that later events of a similar kind seem comparatively unimportant; and even the French invasion is here thought little of, being usually compared with the irruptions of the Pechenegues and that of the Poles in later times, but never set on a level with the Tatar domination." The French have little prestige in Russia. Whatever respect they previously enjoyed there, was completely annihilated by the pitiful figure they cut in the Moscow campaign; retreating, as they did, a ragged, disorderly, frost-bitten remnant, before a swarm of armed peasants and irregular horse. And Muscovite sign-painters and saint-carvers decorate village walls with episodes of the disastrous overthrow of an army, probably the most powerful and really efficient ever got together. Any notion entertained by the Russians of French invincibility was as completely dissipated in that country by the events of 1812, as it was in Germany by the ensuing, and scarcely less important, campaign of 1813.

Passing Murom, where a sort of Yankee tradition exists of a "robber-nightingale," which entices travellers into the woods by its song, and then kills them by the power of its notes, Mr Erman reached Nijni Novgorod at the moment of the great annual fair. The mixture of European and Asiatic produce and manufactures gives the Russian fairs an appearance singularly striking to the foreigner's eye. Things the most opposite are there brought together. *Ohrasé*, or Greek holy images, amulets, and other objects used in the solemnities of the Græco-Russian church, are seen in juxta-

position with the elegant luxuries and superfluities of extreme European civilisation. The clumsy carvings of Uralian peasants are found in the next warerooms to the fragile and fashionable masterpieces of a Parisian milliner. The chief part of the goods come from great distances. Amongst the important articles of traffic are tea from China, horse-hides from Tatar, iron bars from Siberia, shawls of camel's-down from Bokhara. The Bokharians also import large quantities of cotton, partly raw and partly spun. This is one of the principal objects of trade at Nijni. Concerning the origin of this useful substance, curious fables were current in Russia not quite a century ago. "It appears to me certain," says Mr Erman, "that the story of the zoophytic plant called Baránez, or lamb-plant (formed as a diminutive from Barán, a sheep,) originated in some embellished account of the cotton plant. Herberstein relates it at full length and unchanged, just as he had heard it. 'There has been seen, near to the Caspian Sea, a seed, rather larger and rounder than that of a melon, from which, when set in the ground, is produced something similar to a lamb, of the altitude of five palms, having a very fine fleece, &c., &c. The German edition of Herberstein (Basel, 1563) adds that the Baránez has a head, eyes, ears, and all the limbs, like a sheep. But it mentions correctly '*the very fine fleece which the people of that country commonly make use of to pad their caps withal.*' This is the ordinary use which the Tatar tribes in general make of cotton at the present day." The fair at Nijni lasts two months, and brings together six hundred thousand persons of different nations and tribes, or about thirty-three times the number of the stationary population. It produces a large revenue to the imperial treasury,—the letting of the wooden booths, and of two thousand five hundred and twenty-two stone storerooms, (to each of which latter is attached a chamber for the owner of the goods to live in) alone yielding, so far back as 1825, nearly four hundred thousand rubles; whilst the population of the government, or district, amounting to nearly a million of souls, paid taxes

to the amount of fourteen millions of rubles.

Nijni Novgorod is the point of rendezvous for criminals from the western provinces of the empire, condemned to Siberian exile. They arrive there in small detachments, to pursue their journey in large bodies. In the vicinity of every post-house along the road is another building known as the Ostrog or fort, which is merely a large barrack divided into numerous small chambers, and surrounded by a fence of palisades, where the convicts are lodged upon the journey. From various passages scattered through Mr Erman's book, it appears that these Siberian exiles are by no means so badly treated as has frequently been stated and believed. In most instances the punishment derives its severity less from any painful toil or cruel discipline imposed upon them, than from the rigidity of the climate, the separation from friends, and the mortal ennui those accustomed to civilisation and society cannot but experience, whilst leading the monotonous life of a peasant or Cossack in regions as dreary as any the globe's surface affords. The first caravan of prisoners encountered by Mr Erman, at about a hundred versts beyond Nijni, were well clothed and cared for, and seemed neither dissatisfied with their past journey, nor overwhelmed with care about the future. "With every train of them are several waggons, drawn by post-horses, to carry the women and the old and infirm men; the rest follow in pairs, in a long train, after the waggons, escorted by a militia established in the villages. It is but rarely that one sees special offenders with fetters upon their legs during the march." The majority of tales circulated by romancing travellers, with reference to Siberian exile, have little foundation save in the imagination of the narrators. Amongst these fictions is to be reckoned the statement that certain classes of the banished are compelled to pass their lives in hunting the sable, and other animals. The great majority of the delinquents are condemned only to settle in Siberia; and when hard labour in the Uralian mines, and in certain manufactories, is superadded, it is generally for a

year or other limited period. Those of the peasant class have to support themselves, whilst offenders of a higher rank, and unused to manual labour, have an allowance made them by the government. In various places Mr Erman met with exiles, from some of whom he obtained curious information. They are usually known by the mild name of "*the unfortunates*," and are held in no particular disfavour by the natives, with whose families they intermarry. By a remarkable enactment of the Russian law, serfs, when transported to Siberia, become in all respects as free as the peasants in western Europe. Mr Erman refers to this with strong approval, and attributes to it the happiest results. "I have often," he says, "heard intelligent and reflecting Russians mention, as an almost inexplicable paradox, that the peasants condemned to become settlers, all, without exception, and in a very short time, change their habits and lead an exemplary life; yet it is certain that the sense of the benefit conferred on them by the gift of personal freedom is the sole cause of this conversion. Banishment subservient to colonisation, instead of close imprisonment, is, indeed, an excellent feature in the Russian code; and though the substitution of forced labour in mines for the punishment of death may be traced back to Grecian example, yet the improving of the offender's condition by bestowing on him personal freedom, is an original as well as an admirable addition of a Russian legislator." It is of course by the higher class of exiles that the banishment is most severely felt; but these live in the towns, that the succour received from government may reach them the more easily, and submit, for the most part, with great equanimity to the startling change from the luxury of Moscow or St Petersburg, to the dulness and simplicity of Tobolsk, and even of worse places. Some of them have to do penance in church for a certain time after their arrival, and a portion of these continue the practice when it is no longer compulsory. At Beresov, a town in western Siberia, which Mr Erman passed through on an excursion northwards from Tobolsk, the oral chronicles of the inhabitants

furnish curious details of the numerous illustrious exiles who have there ended their days. Menchikoff, the well-known favourite of Peter I., was one of these. "After his political extinction, he prepared himself, by devout penitence, for his natural decease. He worked with his own hands in erecting the little wooden church, now fallen to decay, which stands thirty or forty feet above the bank of the Sosva, at the southern extremity of the town: he then served in it as bell-ringer, and was finally buried by the grateful inhabitants of Beresov, immediately before the door of the building." It was here, at Beresov, that Mr Erman fell in with a number of unlucky conspirators, who had lost fortune, rank, and home, by their association in a recent abortive revolutionary attempt. Amongst them were a M. Gorski, at one time a count and general of cavalry, and the ex-chieftains Focht and Chernilov. They usually wore the costume of the country, but upon holidays they donned European coats, *in order to display the vestiges of the orders which had once been sewed upon them.* A curious instance of vanity, traceable, perhaps, to a desire to distinguish themselves from persons condemned to the same punishment for crimes of a more disgraceful nature.

In the streets of Yekaterinburg, the first town of importance after crossing the Asian boundary, parties of exiles are a frequent spectacle; the number passing through in a year being estimated at five thousand, or about two-fifths of the annual export of convicts to Siberia, as stated by Mr Stepanov, whose statement, however, Mr Erman seems disposed to consider exaggerated. The detachments are usually guarded by Kosaks of the Ural, and by a company of Bashkir militia. These Uralian Kosaks are well uniformed, armed, and mounted, and enjoy the same privileges as the Kosaks of the Don. They are allowed an immunity from every impost, but are bound to devote themselves to the public service. Touching the Bashkirs, another irregular and half-savage militia, serving to swell the ranks of Russia's enormous army, Mr Erman, who made some stay at Ye-

katerinburg, the northern limit of their residence, gives curious particulars. They are the only aboriginal Siberian tribe whose mode of life regularly alternates from the nomadic to the fixed. Their winters are passed in permanent villages of wooden huts, erected usually upon the skirt of a forest. But when spring approaches, they collect their flocks and herds, strap hair tent-cloths upon their saddles, and are off to the plains. They appear to live upon horseback, and are indolent, indocile, and useless out of the saddle. The only thing the men do, is to drive home the mares at milking-time; all other domestic toil is left to the women. And although grass abounds in the summer pastures, hay is unknown amongst them. The cattle sustain life in winter as best they may, on stunted or decayed herbage, sought under the snow and gathered on the dunghills. Fermented mare's milk is the favourite drink of the Bashkirs, who live chiefly upon mutton and fish, and upon the fruit of the bird-cherry (*Prunus padus*) kneaded into a sort of cake. In the chase they make use of hawks, which they are particularly skilful in training. The smaller species of these birds are used to take hares, whilst the greater will strike foxes, and even wolves. The roving careless life of the Bashkirs possesses a peculiar charm, admitted even by the civilised Russians; and it is with no good will that, on the return of winter, the tribes re-enter their settled habitations. "They approach them with reluctance, and believe that Shaitan, or the evil spirit, has taken up his abode in the huts that oppress them with such a sense of restraint. The men accordingly remain at some distance from the settlement, and send the women forward, armed with staves, with which they strike the door of every hut, uttering loud imprecations; and it is not till they have made the rounds with their noisy exorcisms, that the men ride forward at full speed and with terrific shouts, to banish the dreaded demon from his lurking-place." The chief weapon of these Bedouins of the north is the same which so forcibly excited Captain Dalgetty's risibility upon his visit to the Children of the Mist. But al-

though in these days of Paixhans and percussion, bows and arrows certainly appear rather anomalous, they are by no means contemptible weapons in the hands of some of the Siberian tribes. Of this Mr Erman had abundant opportunity to convince himself, especially when his ramble northwards from Tobolsk brought him amongst the Ostyaks of the river Obi. The ordinary hunting weapons of these people are bows six feet long, of very slight curve, and from which four-foot arrows are discharged with murderous effect. Much practice and strength are required to draw these bows; and our scientific traveller, who, not having taken the necessary precaution of shielding the left arm with a piece of horn, from the recoil of the string, had been unable to draw his bow to more than one-third of the arrow's length, was not a little astounded to see an Ostyak pigmy, with sore eyes and a sickly aspect, send a blunt arrow one hundred and sixty feet, and strike the object aimed at, the stem of a larch, near its summit, fully sixty feet from the ground. Blunt arrows, headed with flattened iron balls, are used to kill sables and squirrels; that the skin may not be injured; the sharp ones are a settler for any quadruped the country produces.

After many days' journey through Tatar villages of wooden huts, and towns that are little better, the first view of Tobolsk, obtained some miles before reaching the place, is quite imposing; and the traveller, who might think he had got a few stages beyond civilisation, is cheered and encouraged by the sight of church-towers, lofty monasteries, and well-built houses. In vain does he seek an inn. Such things are unknown in Siberia; and, if he has no acquaintance in the town, he must apply to the police-master, who recommends him to the hospitality of an inhabitant, by whom he is made welcome during his stay, without demand for remuneration, although, if proffered, it will sometimes be accepted. In this manner Mr Erman and his companions were accommodated in the upper storey of a well-built wooden house; and here their progress eastward was arrested by the character of the weather. It

was the commencement of October, the period of transition from summer to winter, and the traveller's entrance into the town was rendered memorable by a heavy fall of snow—"white flies," as the postillions called the flakes, which they beheld with much pleasure. Their satisfaction was probably owing to the fact that in Siberia the coldest part of the year is the most favourable for travelling, a matter of interest to people of their profession. But the moment of transition, whilst the struggle lasts between summer and winter, when snow encumbers the ground, and frost has not yet hardened it, is known, as well as the similar period at the close of winter, as "the time of the unroading," (spoiling of the roads;) and the Russians have even manufactured a verb "to be unroaded." The snow obstructs wheeled carriages, and forbids the use of the sledge; and, unless peremptorily compelled to move forward, the Russian merchants—the most experienced of Siberian travellers—await, in some convenient resting-place, the hardening of the winter road. From Mr Erman's account, a better place than Tobolsk could scarcely be found, in those wild regions, wherein to pass a few weeks of compulsory inaction. Nevertheless, and although cordially received by the governor-general, Velyaminov, from whom, and from other Russian officers, he got much useful information, our traveller was impatient to be off. He had a pet scheme in view. From the very commencement of the journey he had planned an excursion to the mouth of the Obi, within the Arctic circle. To this he was partly induced by the desire of tracing certain magnetic lines, and partly by "the alluring prospect of enjoying, on the northern part of the Obi, the first undisturbed intercourse with the aboriginal possessors of the land, where they are little changed by foreign influence." Accordingly, towards the middle of November, the drifting ice upon the Irkutsk having united into a solid sheet, Mr Erman joyfully made final preparations for his journey to Obdorsk. They were few, and soon completed. A Kosak guide and interpreter, a fur dress, a copper kettle, bread and ham, salted salmon and caviar, were stowed in a

couple of sledges, one of which was light enough to be drawn by dogs or reindeer. It was held advisable also to take out a fresh passport, signed by the governor of Tobolsk, in lieu of the one delivered at St Petersburg, for, in places far removed from the great road across Siberia, people have confused and indistinct notions of the power which issues from the capital of the empire. The larger sledge was provided with *otvódi* or guides—two strong bars placed lengthways on either side the carriage to prevent an upset. "Towards the end of winter, the snow-ways, which are constantly travelled upon, have an undulating surface, like that of a stormy sea, and give the sledge a motion so like that of a ship tossed on the waves, that travellers unused to it often grow seasick on the road, and the use of *otvódi* is a very necessary precaution." Russian travelling, delightfully rapid, has many drawbacks. Upon the log-roads, (formed of tree-trunks,) the violent and incessant jolting is said to have even worse effects than the excessive undulations of the sledge. After a few years, it not only brings on a complete paralysis of the mental faculties of the Russian postillions, but also occasions spinal disease, to such an extent as to have obtained for those roads the significant name of spine-crushers.

On the 22d November, when Mr Erman began his slide northwards, traffic had not yet given the road that wavy configuration so uncomfortable to the bilious traveller. The post from Tobolsk to Beresov had made but one journey on the winter-track, and the sledges glided rapidly and smoothly on the almost virgin snow-way. Beyond Tugalova, a village 110 miles from Tobolsk, they travelled on the frozen Irtnish, and frequently passed the self-acting machinery used for the winter fishing. This consists of a strong pole in an inclined position, with its lower extremity frozen fast in the ice. "At the upper end of this pole was a continuation made of switches, which, bending down, reached to the surface of the ice; at that point was a hole through which was let down the hook and line. The upper part of the apparatus is seen bent-down more or less according as

the bait is still untouched, or as a fish pulling at it has freed a check put to the elasticity of the rod, and is thus, in consequence of its own efforts, drawn nearer to the surface of the water." The ingenuity of this contrivance would avail little, however, were not means found of rousing the sleepy sturgeon from their winter slumbers. They lie in muddy hollows in the bed of the river, quite motionless, and clustered together for the sake of warmth. To awaken them, hard balls of clay, heated in the fire, are thrown from time to time into the water, below the line. Driven from their resting-place, they swim up stream, according to their custom, and come upon the bait. This mode of fishing is very productive. Fishing, of one kind or other, is the principal occupation of the Ostyaks, in the heart of whose country, after three or four days' journey, Mr Erman found himself. The rivers abound with excellent fish—eels, especially, being very abundant, but not much eaten, although their skins are in great request as window-panes. These are rubbed with fat, to make them more transparent, but there are small roundish swellings in the skin which refract and confound the rays of light. A better substitute for glass is a flake of ice, used by the Sosnovian Ostyaks, a tribe further north. The flakes are about a foot thick, and are propped from without by a pole, whose lower end bears obliquely against the ground. The fire, kept burning in the hut, thaws the inner surface of the ice, rendering it smooth as a mirror. A whiter and brighter light penetrates through these windows than through the fish-skins, which the Sosnovians use for boots, and even for clothes. Strong and air-tight, and well rubbed with fat, they are almost as warm as fur, and better against the wet.

The commencement of a fishing season or expedition is celebrated by the Ostyaks with all manner of queer saturnalia. Although nominally Christians, and accustomed to attend church once a-year, they are very heathenish in some of their rites and ceremonies, and make a strange jumble of their old superstitions and their new faith. The priests do not invariably set them a good

example. "Our Russian informant complained bitterly of the priest in his neighbourhood, who came into the village on holidays so drunk, that the congregation assembled to no purpose."

With such pastors, no wonder if the sheep cleave to some of their ancient usages. Those who are departing on an expedition, slaughter a tame animal, and smear their faces with its blood, accompanying the sacrifice with a carousal. In one village Mr Erman found the huts remarkably empty, and was told that the men had just gone a-fishing, and that their wives were drinking brandy in the kabak or public-house. The sale of spirits in Siberia, as in all the Russian dominions, is a government monopoly, and brandy is only to be had in certain houses, to whose keepers the privilege is farmed. In a small dark room, scarcely ten paces wide, Mr Erman found ten or twelve Ostyak dames clustered round the bottle, and benevolently drunk. His account of their maudlin state is amusingly grave and sentimental. "A number of short corpulent figures, with black sparkling eyes, could be just seen, moving and mingling together, in the narrow space. They all talked with animation, and with remarkably delicate voices, which now gave expression only to soft and joyous emotions. They embraced, one after the other, the Yamschik, who entered with us; and their soft voices, now almost whining, seemed attuned, not so much to words of old acquaintance, as to the endearments of young and growing love." The ladies having emptied their purses without quenching their thirst, the good-natured German, who observed that "the pleasure of drinking had but just risen to its highest pitch," opened them a credit with the kabak-keeper. "They, now took especial pains to show themselves deserving of the European treat, by good Christian observance. Devout Russians are in the habit of neutralising the Satanic operation of spirituous liquors by a rapid movement of the right hand, intended to describe the cross, or by a softly-ejaculated prayer, or merely by blowing the breath upon the glass. But the good-humoured Ostyaks, novices in Christian prayer as in drinking, made the

sign of the cross to such an extent, so slowly and with such deep bowing of the body, as would be required by the church only on the most solemn occasions."

Although much engrossed by fishing, the Ostyaks do not neglect the chase. Their thick woods abound in the better kinds of fur animals, and the annual tribute of two sable skins, payable by each family to the Russian government, is not very difficult to obtain. It is seldom found necessary to pay an equivalent in other skins. Although quite the beginning of winter, Mr Erman's host, in an Ostyak village, showed him a fine sable skin, which he kept in a strong box, like a treasure, concealed in a corner of his dwelling. Its value was diminished by a yellowish tinge, ascribed to the animal's having lived in a wood where there was too much light. Besides sable and squirrel, the reindeer, the fox, the glutton, and the elk, are objects of chase. Mr Erman tried to get at the fact of the enmity said to exist between the two latter animals. The reply to his inquiries was the old story current in Europe—how the glutton leaps from a branch on the elk's neck, and keeps his seat till the death of his steed. No one, however, had seen any thing of the kind: it was matter of tradition, handed down from their dead fathers. The ermine is taken in traps. The fox is in great variety, the most esteemed being the crossed stone fox, whose colour is partly a grayish yellow, partly white, so distributed that the grayish parts unite prettily to form a cross, one bar of which extends along the back, whilst the other stretches obliquely down the middle ribs to the belly. The fur of this animal is greatly prized by the Russian clergy, for whom pelisses, covered with natural crosses, are made from it. The latitude of the town of Beresov is the headquarters of the Siberian beaver, hunted not for the fur but for the precious castoreum or beaver-stone, to which such great medical virtues are ascribed. Attempts have been made in Germany to obtain from the beavers of that country a product which might replace that of Siberia; but all in vain. The fine quality is only to be had in the far north, where, as Mr

Erman fancifully observes, nature scatters animal perfumes in place of fragrant flowers. "The Kosaks and Russian traders have exalted the beaver-stone into a panacea. . . . To the sentence, 'God arose, and our enemies were scattered,' the Siberians add, very characteristically, the apocryphal interpolation, 'and we are free from headache.' To ensure this most desirable condition, every one has recourse, at home or on his travels, and with the firmest faith, to two medicincs, and only two, viz., beaver-stone, or beaver-efflux, as it is here called, and sal-ammoniac." From the strength of the castoreum, the Siberians infer that other parts of the animal must possess peculiar virtues. Gouty swellings are said to subside rapidly when rubbed with the fat, and the beaver's teeth are popularly believed to cure toothach.

The beaver is the only fur animal in these latitudes that does not change its colour in the course of the year. This is probably owing to the circumstance, that in winter it dwells wholly in the water, thus enjoying a comparatively equable temperature. In the river Obi, at Beresov, the water does not usually freeze below the depth of four feet eight inches, and the beaver always has two entrances to his dwelling, one high on the bank above the stream, the other below the freezing limit. The architectural and wood-cutting habits of the animal are the same here as in America; but two assertious, new to Mr Erman, were made respecting it by the Beresov hunters. He was assured that "among beavers, as with bees and men, there are distinctions of ranks; each chief keeping a number of labourers, the toils of which he oversees and directs without taking part in them; and, again, it was stated that the contents of the castoreum bags depend on the moon." It was impossible to verify the veracity of these two statements. As regards the moon's influence, however, there is ground for a suspicion that its advantages are rather felt by the hunter, than essential to the virtues of the drug. Full moon is maintained, both by Ostyaks and Russians, to be the propitious time.

The most northern tribe of Ostyaks, who dwell between the rivers Obi and Yenisei, surpass their southern neighbours in venatorial skill, as they, in their turn, are surpassed by the Samoyedes, who live in the northernmost regions of Siberia. The men of the Yenisei kill wolves, which, on account of their long soft hair, are reckoned greatly superior to the forest and steppe wolves of middle Siberia. They are also famed for their dexterity in killing and capturing reindeer. "Tying leathern cords between the tops of the antlers of their tame deer, they turn the animals loose, one by one, in the neighbourhood of a wild herd; these do not fail to attack the strangers, and their antlers becoming entangled in the cords during the contest, they are held fast by the tame deer till the men arrive. These Ostyaks know also how to plant spring-bows, which send the arrow against the animal's breast." But the Samoyedes, besides these ordinary artifices, have other and ingenious ways, peculiar to themselves, of ensnaring and slaying the brute creation, by putting themselves as much as possible on an equality with the animals pursued, going on all-fours, and imitating them in voice and clothing. The Polar bear is a common victim to their cunning devices, and even to their open attacks; for their intimate acquaintance with the formidable beast makes them regard him as an easy prey. The Samoyedes assert that the white bear far exceeds the black bear in ferocity and strength, whilst fully equal to it in cunning; yet, owing to his unwieldiness, they encounter it without fear, and always reckon on victory as certain. A man will often go singly against a Polar bear, eight feet long, without any other weapon than his knife, which he fastens to the end of a pole. In spring and autumn these animals are found upon the ice, near the hole whence the seals come forth to breathe. There the bear covers himself up with snow, facing the hole, and with one paw stretched into the water." The Samoyede seal-hunters imitate the bears, and when the seal walks out upon the ice, they shove a board over the hole and capture the phoca. Concerning

the bear the Ostyaks entertain peculiar notions, viewing it with a sort of superstitious respect. "A member of the court of justice told me that, in suits between Russians and Ostyaks, it is still the custom here (at Beresov) to bring into court the head of a bear, and that this animal, which is supposed to be omniscient, is there appealed to as a witness by the Ostyaks. In swearing they make the gesture of eating, and call upon the bear to devour them in like manner if they do not tell the truth." Some similar reverence for Bruin exists, we believe, amongst certain North American tribes.

The draught-dogs, so faithful and useful to the northern Siberians, often receive but scurvy treatment at their masters' hands. The Ostyaks, who are honesty personified, and who laugh at the common European precautions of locking up valuables and bolting doors, cannot endure the predatory propensities of their canine allies, and fly into a passion whenever an unlucky dog sneaks into their dwelling in search of warmth or food. The poor brute is immediately a mark for the blows and kicks of every body present, the storm of abuse being justified by the cunning and greediness of its object, who, if allowed to abide in the house, would soon reduce its inmates to short commons. There is some excuse for the dogs' voracity, however; for, according to Mr Erman's account, they are considerably more than half-starved, and are rarely admitted to the fire to be fed, save when they return weary and distressed from a long journey. Severe as is the cold in those regions, protection from it is not essential to the existence, or even to the health of these hardy dogs. They sleep outside the houses, in holes which they thaw in the snow by their own warmth. At Obdorsk, where there are no pastures, and consequently no horses, four hundred dogs are kept by sixty inhabitants, and each of them is estimated to draw five poods* (two hundred pounds) weight in the loaded sledge. About eight o'clock in the evening these four hundred brutes

set up a hideous howling, by way of claiming their daily meal, consisting invariably of fish, which, for them as well as for their owners' consumption, is first dried in the sun and then pounded, bones and all. Except this evening concert, a bark or a cry is rarely uttered by these dogs, unless at first starting when yoked to the sledge, or on coming across a reindeer team upon the road. Hydrophobia would be a terrible scourge in this dog-district, but the disease is fortunately unknown there. Steller has stated the same thing of the dogs of Kamachatka, and Mr Erman concludes that the malady is a result of the European system of living in towns. And as the Siberian dogs are so very moderately fed, he infers that excess, not want, generates the morbid habit. We are inclined to attribute more importance to the quality than to the quantity of the food. A fish diet may be more conducive to a wholesome state of the animals' blood than the masses of horse-flesh, paunch, and other rank and unclean offal commonly given to dogs in Europe, and especially in England, where the carnivorous addictions of the bipeds induce a belief in the propriety of unlimited flesh-feeding for quadrupeds.

The large annual importation of exiles, the system of conscription, and the advantages offered to public officers volunteering for Siberian service, are the most important and efficacious measures by which Russia proceeds gradually but steadily with the colonisation and civilisation of her Asiatic dominions. The conscripts are sometimes drawn, not only from Tobolsk, but from the remotest parts of Siberia, and the term of military service being twenty-eight years, it is probable that only a small proportion return to their native villages. Those who do are looked up to as oracles by their countrymen. They are objects of pride to their families and of respect to every body else; the place of honour is theirs by right, and they are addressed by the title of Master Soldier.* The ferry

* *Gospodin Slujivui*. Gospodin is equivalent to the French Monsieur or Seigneur, and Slujivui means literally one who has served in the army.

of the Irkutsk, by Tobolsk, whose passage is considered the symbol of political death to the numerous exiles who each year cross it—bestows a step of rank on all public servants offering themselves for duty in Siberia Proper. The passion for rank, stronger in Russia than in any other country, drives hosts of officers across this important boundary; but as they are not obliged to remain more than three years, most of them return home at the end of that time. Far nearer to St Petersburg than the Asiatic frontier, civilisation is still at a very low ebb amongst the aboriginal tribes. Close to Nijni Novgorod, and within a very short distance of Moscow, the prevailing population consists of Cheremisses and Chuvashes, two tribes many of whose customs are nearly as barbarous as their names. These people are shy and timid, very slow in acquiring industrious habits, and addicted to sundry practices stamping them as semi-savages. In some places they cling to paganism, and offer up horned beasts, fruit, and vegetables to their various deities. The Chuvash ladies wear a sort of bustle of sheet copper, hanging from the girdle backwards over the hips, and having appended to it all manner of metal ornaments, making a perpetual clatter in walking. But these tribes are the pink of refinement by comparison with those in the northern portion of the Muscovite empire,—with the Ostyaks, who eat out of the same trough with their dogs, or with the Samoyedes who tear with their teeth, and swallow with infinite relish, huge lumps of raw and reeking flesh. The women of the latter people wear, as their favourite decoration, (certainly no inappropriate one) a glutton's tail, hanging down the back of their pelisse. Their hair is plaited in tails, to which all manner of lumber, brass and iron rings, and rusty musket-locks, are attached. Mr Erman's account of "Life in the *Chum*" (the skin tent of the Samoyedes) is quaint and graphic.

"The reindeer calf, which we had got on the way, was killed and cut up in front of the tent a few minutes after our arrival. The men now brought the bleeding flesh into the

tent, and began devouring it immediately, quite raw, with the heartiest appetite. The old man was satisfied with sucking the brain from the head, whilst each of our younger comrades gnawed away at a limb of the animal, even to the bone. They laughed at the amazement which my good-humoured Esthonian attendant expressed at their blood-stained faces; and when he gave them to understand, through the interpreter, that they were no better than wolves, they seemed quite unprepared for such reproof; replying gravely, that they were at the same time no worse than the wolves, since they shared honestly with them, and left the bones and some scraps of flesh merely for their sake." In this same tent there was a little monster of a boy named Peina, whom one reads of with a sort of shudder, and with a strong suspicion that the creature was not *canny*. Mr Erman himself seems to write of him with peculiar reserve, stating facts, but evidently unwilling to give an opinion as to the exact nature of the beast. Peina, who had first-rate masticators, got his share of the raw meat, which did not prevent his drawing on his mother's lacteal resources, and thumping her brutally till she honoured the draft, or handed him the pot-ladle, with which he supped scalding porridge to his great internal contentment. The travellers' bread, although frozen hard and not easy eating for adult jaws, disappeared by wholesale within those of Peina. At night the anomalous urchin was laid naked in a canoe-shaped basket, and covered up so thickly with furs that his cries seemed to come from the depths of the earth. In the morning his mother took him from his bed and set him up, still naked, before the fire to warm himself. Sugar, when first presented to him, he called snow, and threw away, but when once he had tasted the dainty, his demands for it were unceasing and peremptory. Taking into consideration the uncomfortable and uncleanly peculiarities of the Samoyedes, both young and old, we cannot feel surprised that Mr Erman's interpreter conceived an intense dislike to their society, and so managed matters that one morning,

whilst the man of science was busy measuring a base-line to ascertain the heights of some mountains, his Samoyede companions suddenly disappeared with their tent and their reindeer, leaving him with three ill-equipped sledges and a few Ostyak attendants, and with no choice but to make the best of his way back to Obdorsk, whence he soon afterwards returned to Tobolsk. There he passed his Christmas, and then resumed his journey; but this time in a southerly direction. After having penetrated to sixty-seven degrees north, the region of eternal frost, he struck southwards to the latitude of the Land's End, making a dip into China, which furnishes some of the best chapters in his book.

Irkutsk, the last town of importance north of the Chinese frontier, consists of nineteen hundred houses, fifty being of brick, and the remainder of wood, and is probably the cheapest place in the civilised world as regards articles of food. We say "civilised," because, although situate in a barbarous region, and possessing a population of a very motley character, the town has much that is European in its aspect and usages. It possesses an exchange, government factories, where newly-arrived convicts are employed, a school of medicine, a gymnasium, and a handsome parade-ground. In the market, formed of wooden booths, the stores of food were enormous. Beef cost about a halfpenny a pound; of flour one penny would purchase nearly eight and a half pounds; partridges and heathfowl were sold at five farthings a-piece. But we are in haste to get amongst the Celestials. First comes a gallop across More Baikal, a large lake just beyond Irkutsk, on which the Russian government maintains an armed flotilla. This gallop is a fine bit of helter-skelter, over ice brilliant as glass. "There was no snow upon the ice, so that its surface shone like a polished mirror in the moonlight. The horses that were put under our sledges in Kadilnaya had to be held on each side till the very moment of starting, when they broke at once into full gallop, which they kept up till we landed on the further shore. We completed seven German miles in two hours and

a quarter, undoubtedly the most extraordinary as well as the most speedy stage upon any route in Russia." Thence, onwards to the frontier line. "We followed the crowd that pressed forward towards a narrow door in the front of a long wooden building. This admitted us into the inner quadrangle of a Russian warehouse. A corresponding door, at the opposite side of this court, opens just upon a wooden barricade, which constitutes the barrier of China. In this there is a wide portal, ornamented with pillars, and displaying the Russian eagle above it, along with the cipher of the reigning emperor, Nicholas the First, by whom it was erected." On passing through this gate, the change is immediate and striking,—from Russian sobriety of aspect and hue to the gaudy finery of China. Maimachen, the name of the Chinese town visited by Mr Erman, has a very masquerading air to a European eye. The walls on either side of the streets do not look like house walls, the roofs being flat and invisible from the street. "Indeed, they are nearly altogether concealed by the gay-coloured paper lanterns and flags, with inscriptions on them, hung out on both sides of the way. Cords, with similar scrolls and lanterns, are likewise stretched from roof to roof across the street. These dazzling decorations stand out in glaring contrast with the dull yellow of the ground and walls. In the open crossings of the streets, which intersect each other at right angles, stood enormous chafing-dishes of cast-iron, like basins, upon a slender pedestal four feet in height. The benches by which they were surrounded were occupied by tea-drinkers, who sat smoking from the little pipes they carry at their girdles, whilst their kettles boiled at the common fire." Mr Erman had the good fortune to be on the frontier at the period of the Chinese festival of the White Moon, which is in fact the celebration of the new-year, and he had the still greater luck to be invited to share in it at Maimachen. He found the town in its gayest costume. The expenditure of flags and lanterns was prodigious. The scrolls usually contained the names of the families before whose houses they were hung out,

coupled with words of auspicious import, as gladness, riches, wisdom, &c. There was a great firing of crackers and rockets, partly to celebrate the day, but chiefly in honour of the guests. Before dinner the latter were diverted by a theatrical representation. Maimachen boasts a regular company of actors, and upon this great occasion they did their best. Their orchestra was of a rather violent description, consisting of "wooden drums, shaped like casks, brass cymbals, and plates of the same metal, or gongs, held by a string and beaten with knockers, and wooden truncheons, of different sizes, which they used as castanets." There were no actresses; but the deficiency was not to be detected, the younger and more delicate men personating women to the life by the aid of wigs and long tresses of black hair, but especially by curls pressed flat upon the forehead. Masks were not used, but paint was in abundance; in some cases with a view to represent spectacles, mustachios, &c.; in others to conceal the human features, or give them a monstrous aspect. "One face was covered with coloured rays, issuing from the mouth. The same actor had also a feather on his head—in Chinese comedy the conventional mark of a ghost or apparition. Another wore a golden helmet, which constituted him a warrior. Several kept beating themselves incessantly on the hip with a cane, and by so doing intimated that they were on horseback." The play itself was more like a game of romps than any regular dramatic representation. Little was said; but, on the other hand, there was a deal of dancing, drumming, and running about. Mr Erman could make neither head nor tail of the proceedings. By way of experiment, however, he made some tender gestures to one of the pseudo-ladies, who acknowledged them in the most amiable manner, and after that the horsemen without horses paid him much attention, pointing with their sticks to his spectacles, and trying to touch them as they passed. All this greatly diverted the Mongol audience, evidently delighted to see a real counterpart to the painted spectacles of some of the actors.

The play over, Mr Erman and the

other guests, preceded by the uproarious orchestra, marched off to dinner at the house of the sarguchei or chief officer of Maimachen. This gentleman, a tall, thin person of stern countenance, dressed in gray velvet, had a white button on the crown of his black felt hat, indicating his rank, and a chalcedony ring, an inch wide, upon his right-hand thumb, this being a mark of official dignity. "His nails," says our traveller, "did not extend above half an inch beyond the tips of his fingers, his personal vanity being in this respect subdued, as might be expected in a man of sober mind and mature years." The man of short nails and sober mind was exceeding hospitable, welcomed his guests in a soft and sonorous voice, and sat down with them to dinner at tables covered with scarlet cloth. The regale that followed might have caused a European *chef* to pale his ineffectual fires from sheer envy. It began, oddly enough, with fruits, sweetmeats, and tea. These discussed, a piece of fine paper, for a napkin, and a pair of ivory chopsticks, were laid before each guest, and the tables, which were six feet wide, were covered over thickly with small porcelain plates full of all manner of complicated edibles. Fat abounded in the dressing, to neutralise which weak vinegar was used. The first series of saucers duly honoured, a second was brought in and put on the top of its predecessor. Others followed, and as the previous stratum was never removed, there soon arose upon the table a lofty pile of gastronomical curiosities. Pipes and *chowsen*, a Chinese spirit distilled from rice, concluded the feast, as the strangers thought;—but they were vastly mistaken. The soup course had still to come, and that was followed by an infusion of cabbage-leaves, drawn out of an urn by a cock, and drunk steaming hot. Now a dinner commencing with preserved apricots, and concluding with cabbage water, agreed with German stomachs, Mr Erman does not inform us. After managing to taste upwards of a hundred dishes, he went to visit the temple of Fo, whose court was guarded by two clay lions painted green, whilst at his shrine were deposited, on account of the festive season, a prodigious heap of

delicacies. Whole sheep without the skin, plucked chickens, pheasants, and guinea-fowls, in their natural positions, and glistening with fat, lay in hillocks at the feet of half-a-dozen grotesque and indecent idols. On a long table a wall of offerings was built up, consisting of dressed meat and cakes of every kind, the whole surrounded with an elaborate lattice-work of white dough, five or six feet high, the openings of which were filled with dried fruits and confectionary of the finest kind. Perfumed candles burned before the disgusting idols, and brass discs hung from the ceiling, and were struck with clappers when any bearing offerings approached.

The contents of the shops at Maimachen gave Mr Erman a very high opinion of Chinese skill, and ingenuity. He saw scientific instruments of great merit, very clever clockwork, paintings drawn and finished with the greatest care, (although highly objectionable by the indelicacy of their subjects,) porcelain, sculpture, bowls, vases, and figures of various kinds of stone. "There were large spherical bowls, and oval vases, of chalcedony and agate, and reliefs cut in cornelians, nephrit, and other coloured stones. Of the latter kind, the most common are flowers, the several parts of which are formed of various and tastefully selected stones, and then cemented with mastic on a foundation of stone. For many of these articles, highly elaborate, and at the same time quite useless, the merchants of Maimachen asked four thousand tea-bricks, (a standard of currency,) or about two thousand five hundred Russian dollars. In this we saw a proof of luxury and profuse expenditure amongst the Chinese. Many other branches of industry indicated enervation and effeminacy of manners: musk, for instance, and other perfumes, enclosed in little bags, and considered indispensable appendages to a young man's dress. A curious plaything, considered equally essential, is composed of two polished balls, about an inch in diameter, which the men always carry with them. "These are taken in the right hand, at idle times, and rolled and rubbed one over the other with the fingers; the noise they make amuses, and perhaps there

is something agreeable, also in the feel of them. Here, in Maimachen, I saw some of these balls made of glass, striped green and white, and hollow, containing within them a little lump of clay, which rattled with every motion." The musk and perfumes, however abundantly used, are all insufficient to counteract a very peculiar and unpleasant smell attributed by Mr Erman to the Chinese. He first perceived it at the theatre, and took it to arise from an inordinate addiction to leeks on the part of actors and audience, whose breath and clothes were infected with the disagreeable odour of that bulb. But he was subsequently induced to regard it as a national taint, a Chinese exhalation, not to be overcome by any amount of artificial perfume, and whose cause is matter of inquiry for the chemist. Doubtless the Chinese would get rid of it, were it possible so to do, for the care they bestow on personal beauty and elegance is very great. Another striking defect in the inhabitants of Maimachen is to be found in their black and decayed teeth. The cause of this Mr Erman suspects to be the solution of copper, produced by the empyreumatic oil of tobacco in the bronze mouth-pieces of their pipes.

At a post-house upon his road back to Irkutsk, Mr Erman and his party were met by a deputation from no less a personage than the Khamba Lama, the high-priest of the Buraets, a Mongolian tribe closely allied in language and customs to the natives of the northern provinces of China. The embassy consisted of four lamas or priests attired in scarlet robes and bright yellow hats. They brought an invitation to a grand festival, which was readily accepted,—and a very remarkable business it proved to be. The discordant theatrical music at Maimachen was a mere trifle compared to the monstrous noise made by the Buraet kettle-drums, so large that they were dragged upon four wheels, and by copper trumpets ten feet long, borne by one man and blown by another. "The grave prelude of the wind instruments was like a roaring hurricane, and the chorus of brass gongs, drums, &c., resembled the crash of a falling mountain." In

this place we find some curious and interesting details respecting the Buddhist religion and priesthood, after which Mr Erman returns to Irkutsk, and resumes his journey eastward, through the valley of the Lena, to the land of the Tunguzes and Yakuts. The chief town of the latter people, Yakutsk, is two degrees to the south of Beresov, which Mr Erman had visited on his way to Obdorsk; but, nevertheless, the cold is far more severe at the former place, where frozen earth is found near the surface all the year round, and the same condition of the ground continues to the depth of six hundred feet. "The inhabitants of the Swiss Alps would not unjustly think themselves lost if they were compelled to live at the height of ten thousand feet, or two thousand three hundred feet above the hospital of the great St Bernard, and there to support and clothe themselves by keeping cattle, and with the productions of the surrounding mountains; yet they would then, and not now, they arrived at that height, be settled on ground having the same temperature which I found here amongst the Yakuts, who are rich in cattle. It would seem, therefore, as if that succeeded in Siberia which was impossible in Europe, if we did not take into account that the same constant temperature of the ground may be made up at different places of very different elements." Notwithstanding the severity of their climate

and resistance of their frozen soil, the Yakuts are a prosperous people, having attained a considerable degree of civilisation, and amongst whom crime is rare, although the influence of Russian example and contact daily renders it less so. There is much interest in Mr Erman's account of them, and of the wandering Tunguzes, the last tribe with whom he consorted before his arrival at Okhotsk. Here his reception was not very flattering. "We were looked at with much curiosity from all the house-doors on the way, for the devout elders of the place had been filled with anxious forebodings by the accounts of the arrival of a foreigner. They signed themselves with the cross whenever he was mentioned. And I learned to-day that they had fears of war, conscription, and other calamities." Nor was their alarm abated by learning that "the heathen foreigner wore snow-shades (spectacles) even in thick weather, and that he carried a dog in the sledge with him. Thus the return to civilised man was marked in the first instance by the encounter of intolerant superstition, and it was necessary to forget the nobler traits of the wilderness before we could become reconciled to the Russians of Okhotsk." At which place Mr Erman's narrative ceases. We await with interest its promised continuation—an account of his adventures in Kamchatka, California, and the Pacific.

THE SCOTTISH DEER FORESTS.

We would that, like stout Lord Percy of yore, it were in our power at this present moment to chronicle a vow that we should forthwith take our pastime for three summer days on the pleasant hills of Scotland. Alas for us, that we are doomed, from divers causes, to absent ourselves from felicity awhile, and, amidst the heat and noise of London, listen with intense disgust to the brutal bayings of the Chartists! This very night, we hear, the ignoble hunt is to be up in Bishop Bonner's fields. Crowds of dirty, unshaven, squalid ruffians, who have not the strength to use the pike, but the will to employ the knife of the assassin—fellows whom even Cobden would be chary to recognise as his *quondam* supporters, defenders, and dupes—not unmingled with foreign propagandists, whom even France, in the fury of her revolutionary tornado, repudiates—are thronging to the place of rendezvous, where, doubtless, their souls will be worthily regaled by the ravings of some rascally vendors of sedition, blasphemy, and treason. Then will ensue the usual scene which for nights has disgraced the metropolis. Some unfortunate tradesman, whose curiosity has been stronger than his prudence, will be fixed upon as a "special" or a spy—the cowards, presuming upon their numbers, and the apparent absence of all executive power, will attempt a deliberate murder—the police will sally from their hiding-place to the rescue—there will be a storm of brickbats, a determined charge with the baton, a shop or two will be gutted, some score of craniums cracked, and to-morrow morning the greasy patriots, at the bar of Bow Street, will read their recantation, and, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, protest their loyalty to the Queen. Such are the pastimes of merry England in the month of June, and such the results of that enlightened policy which yields every thing to popular clamour, adopts the

most fatal delusions as distinct principles of right, and then shrinks, trembling and aghast, from the inevitable result of their development!

We do not want—in this article at least—to be political, and we vow that we took up our pen three minutes ago in a spirit of perfect good-will and harmony towards all manner of men. But the hoarse bawling of these cannibals has somewhat ruffled our temper, dispelled for the moment our dreams of the mountains, and forced us back to the sterner realities of popular tumult and the truncheon. If this sort of thing lasts, we shall indubitably emigrate. Assassination, as recommended by the modern Hamilcar, is by no manner of means to our taste. Our opinion coincides with that of the gracious Captain of Knockdunder, and, were we promoted to a judicial function, "the chiel they ca' the Fustler" should ere long fustle in a tow. Neither are we at all disposed to fraternise with the milder Cuffey—a fellow, by the way, who is not without some redeeming scintillations of humour. We have no wish to be introduced to him even at a mesmeric soiree; and, acting upon the principle of Jacquey, we shall pray heaven to decrease our acquaintance, and put the Tweed as speedily as possible between ourselves and the partisans of O'Connor. We hope the Lord Provost, though discomfited in his Police Bill, has been looking after the tranquillity of the Calton. If not, we must move further north, and finally locate ourselves somewhere in the vicinity of Dalnacardoch. The deuce is in it, if the revolutionary mania has penetrated to that sequestered region! No son of the mountains has ever yet given in his adhesion to the Charter—treason hath not stained the tartan, and no republican pins have ever been exposed beneath the checkered margin of the kilt. There is loyalty at least in the land which was traversed by Montrose and Dun-

Lays of the Deer Forest, with Sketches of Olden and Modern Deer Hunting, &c. &c. By JOHN SOBIESKI and CHARLES EDWARD STUART. 2 vols., post 8vo. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

dee; and without the slightest fear that any of the numerous points of that interesting but incomprehensible public document, which Mr Joseph Hume proposes to condense, shall be unduly obtruded on our notice, we shall at once exchange our London dwelling for the more pleasant bothy of the hills.

As for a companion, we shall seek none better—for we could not find one—than this last publication of the Stuarts. And here, once for all, let us draw a line of distinction betwixt the poetry and the prose of these very remarkable brothers. We have not the remotest intention of sitting in judgment on the “Lays,” or of testing the poetical merits of John Sobieski and Charles Edward, either by the canons of Longinus, or by that superior code of literary laws which Maga has promulgated to the world. The poems, which occupy exclusively the first of these volumes, are, with one exception, fugitive in their nature, and appear to have been penned rather from occasional impulse, than from any deliberate intention of publication. Accordingly, we find that most of them relate to topics personal to the authors themselves—and with these we do not meddle. In others, there are flashes of the deep national spirit which still survives—though our rulers do not seem to mark it—in Scotland: indignation at the neglect with which too many of our national institutions have been treated, and mournful lamentings over the misfortunes of a former age. But the impulse which leads to the composition of poetry does not always imply its accomplishment. Poetry, as an art in which excellence can only be obtained by a combination of the simple and the sublime, requires a study far more intense and serious than the mere critic is apt to allow. In a former Number we devoted an article to an exposition of those principles, which are absolutely invariable in their application, and which must be thoroughly understood, if they are not intuitive to the poet; and, being in no mood for repetition, we shall simply say that we adhere to our recorded doctrines. The Stuarts, it must be confessed, are more successful with the rifle than the lyre. We

would far rather meet them in the garb of the forester, than in the more fantastic fashion of the minstrel: be theirs the lot of Ryno the hunter, not the darkened destiny of the bard.

Do, therefore, what you please with the first volume—pack it up in your portmanteau, or place it on the shelf beside Chambers’ History and the collections of good old Bishop Forbes. But if you profess to be a deer-stalker—though we fear your profession to be false—or if you are but an aspiring neophyte, and hankerer after that proud position—or if you merely bound your aspirations towards the compassing of the death of a roebuck—or if simply you have a keen and a kindly eye for nature, and are a lover of the sylvan solitudes—in one or other, or all of these characters, we pray you to deal more leisurely with the other tome, which is the Hunter’s Vade-Mecum, the best guide ever yet published to the haunts of the antlered monarch.

We are fond of Mr Scrope, and we have an excessive partiality for St John. Two finer fellows never shouldered a rifle; and our conscience does not accuse us of having used too superlative an epithet in their praise. This was the more creditable on our part, because we knew them both to be Southrons; and while freely admitting the sportsman-like qualities of the one, and the strong picturesque style and spirit of the other, we felt a slight, passing, but pardonable pang of jealousy, that they should have stepped in, and pre-occupied the native field. Where, thought we, are our Scottish deer-stalkers? Can the lads not handle a pen as well as touch a trigger? Will none of them, who have been trained to the hills since they were striplings, stand forth for the honour of Albion, and try a match with these fustian-coated circumventers of the stag? By the shade of Domhnall Mac-Phionnlaidh nan Dan, we blush for the literary reputation of our country, and almost wish that we were young enough ourselves to take the hill against the invading Sassenach! At length—and we are delighted to see it—the reproach has been swept away. Two stalwart champions of the forest have risen in the persons of the Stuarts—

they have encountered the Englishmen with their own weapons, and, in our opinion, beaten them hollow.

Mr Scrope had the merit of producing the earliest work in which deer-stalking was treated as a distinct and peculiar branch of the art venatory. We speak of it now from recollection; for our copy, somewhat frayed, and worn by the fingers of ambitious sportsmen, is in the snug corner of a library some hundred miles to the northward. But we remember well the Waltonian character of the book—the professional style in which the elder practitioner enforced his precepts upon the dawning intellect of his companion; and the adventures, neither few nor feeble, which were depicted in the heart of the Atholl forest. Taken as the production of an English sportsman, Mr Scrope's book is highly creditable: considered as the manual of a deer-stalker, it is at the best indifferent. Nor, indeed, could it well be otherwise. Not until middle age, if we are informed rightly, did Mr Scrope first send a ball into the ample shoulder of a hart: his young blood never beat tumultuously in his veins at the sight of the mighty creature rolling over upon the heather, and its antlers buried in the moss. His boyish enthusiasm, we fear, was expended upon game of less mark and likelihood—partridges, perchance, as they whirled from the turnips, or possibly he was "entered" with the hare. Wordsworth's maxim, that the boy is the father of the man, is peculiarly applicable in sporting matters. Upon the character of the country in which the latent spirit of the hunter is earliest developed, depends, in a great degree, his future success, and certainly his accomplishment as an Orion. The young squire, who has been brought up in the faith of Sykes, who never stirs abroad without a keeper, and who is accustomed to see his delicate pointers execute their manœuvres with almost mathematical precision on the flat stubbles of Norfolk, labours under a huge disadvantage in the higher branches of his science, compared with the Highland boy who has received his education on the hill. What though the single barrel of the latter be a clumsy implement, indeed in competition with the

Purdie which decorates the shoulder of the former—though the hound that sometimes attends him, though oftener he is alone, never slept a single night in a kennel, and is the ruggedest specimen of his kind—still he is in the enjoyment of advantages incomparably superior for the development of all his faculties, and the sharpening of every sense. The triumph of the sportsman does not lie so much in the killing as in the finding of his game. Were it otherwise, the pigeon-slayer of Battersea or the Red-house would have just claims to the honours of Sir Tristram, and the annihilator of poultry to rank with the Nimrods of the world. Our young friend the Squire shoots well—that is to say, he can kill with reasonable precision; but, after all, what is he save an instrument? Take Ponto away from him, tie up Jano, send a bullet through the brain of Basta, and a pretty beggarly account you will have of it in the evening when we come to the emptying of the bags! Or lead him down to the sea-shore, and show him a whaup, which in the English tongue is denominated a curlew; request him to use all his possible skill to compass possession of the bird; but do not set your heart on having it, else, as sure as fate, you are doomed to disappointment. Whaup is quite alive to his own interests, and by no means unsuspicious of the Saxon, who advances straight towards him with a hypocritical air of unconcern. Had the Highland lad been there, what a difference! He would have dropped like a stone behind that rock, wriggled like a serpent over the sand, kept the bird between himself and the sea, taken advantage of every inequality in the ground, discerned from the attitude of his quarry whether its suspicions were aroused or not, and in ten minutes a pluff of white smoke and a report would have announced its extermination. As it is, the curlew remains apparently unconcerned until the Lord of the Manor has reduced the intermediate distance to a hundred and twenty yards, and then, with a shrill whistle, takes flight along the margin of the tide. Or set him to stalk a blackcock, perched high of an Autumn morning on a dyke. How clumsily he sets about it! how miser-

able is his stoop! how wretchedly he calculates his distance! That wide-awake hat, which, for the sake of symmetry, he has been pleased to surmount with a feather, is as conspicuous to the country for miles round, and of course to the blackcock, as was the white plume of Murat in the field of battle, and as potent to effect a clearance, of which we presently have ocular demonstration.

We contend, therefore, that it is extremely difficult for the man, be he ever so addicted to field-sports, who has been educated in a cultivated country, to disembarass himself of the artificial habits which he is tolerably sure to acquire. His trolling may be excellent—indeed, English gentlemen are, generally speaking, first-rate shots—but he will be deficient in the science of the naturalist, and in that singular acuteness of perception which can hardly be gained save by an early intimacy with nature, on the mountain, the moor, or in the glen. No subsequent education or experience can make up for the normal deficiency, least of all in the pursuit of an animal so wary, so instinctive, and so peculiar in its habits as the deer. Of course we do not mean to deny that there is much which may be learned. What a pointer is to partridges, some wary and experienced forester may often be made to the deer; and if you put yourself under his tuition, and scrupulously obey his orders, you may very possibly succeed in attaining the object of your desires. Nor indeed can you do better, up to a certain point, notwithstanding the strictures of the Stuarts, who are, we think, unnecessarily wroth at the system which would call in the aid of any supplementary assistance. We hope no gentleman who has rented a forest for the ensuing season will be deterred from following the feet of a Highland Gamaliel on account of any ridicule which may be attached to the fact of his having been “taken up” to a deer. If he should rashly attempt stalking at his own hand, without any preliminary instruction, we should be sorry to found our hopes of dinner on the chance of his acquisition of a haunch.

“When advancing upon deer [say our authors]—except in strange ground—the forester, or any other attendant,

should be left behind a stone, or in some covert, before the stalker commences his approach; not from any recognition of the false reproach made against the guides by Mr Scrope, but because there is no occasion for an assistant, and the action of one has more celerity, independence, and security from discovery, than when a greater number are in motion. The charge made by the author of ‘The Art of Deer-stalking,’ that the forester is often in the way, and sometimes obstructs the shot, is not true, unless in instances of inexperienced and awkward individuals, who are not to be found among that class of foresters of whom the guest of the *Atholl Forest* proposes his remarks. With a MacKenzie, or a MacDonald, a Cattanach, and a MacIlardie, the asserted inconvenience must proceed from the ignorance or maladroitness of the gray worm which crawls at his back, and who often does not know what he is doing, or where he is going, with his ideas *égaré* on his sensitive knees and varnished Purdie, unconscious of what he ought to do and nervous for what he ought not, flurried with eagerness and disgusted with his posture, and who, never seeing a deer except once in the year, is led up to him like a ‘blind burraid,’ by one whose language he scarcely understands. In general, therefore, the embarrassments of the ‘creep’ are those of the superior, who is frequently so ignorant, unpractised, and dependent upon the guidance of the forester, that to be ‘taken up to the deer,’ has become the modern forest phrase for the approach of the sportsman. This contemptible term, and its contemptible practice, has only been introduced within the last quarter century, since the prevalence of stalking gentlemen utterly unacquainted with the ground and pursuit of deer. Of old, the ‘*Sàdghair nasal nam bèann*’ was initiated to the hill when yet but a ‘*biorach*’ of a stalker; and when he became a matured hill-man, he should no more have suffered himself to be—‘taken up to his deer’ by an attendant, than a Melton fox-hunter to be trained after the hounds by a whipper-in with a leading rein.—What should have been the sentiments of the old chiefs and Uaislean of the last century—the Dukes of Atholl and Gordon—Glenгарrie—John Abercrombie—*Iain dubh Bhail-a-Chroàin*—to hear a deer-hunter speak of being ‘taken up to his deer!’—Certainly that he was a noble ‘*amadan*’ or ‘*gille-crùbach*,’ who had not the faculties or the limbs to act for himself.—But this is only one of the many instances for which the hills of Gael may mourn with the mountains of Gilboa—‘*Quomodo ceciderunt robusti!*’”

Far are we from insinuating that Mr Scrope is at all liable to the remarks contained in the foregoing extract. On the contrary, we hold him to be a man of vigorous mind and acute eye, and any thing but a contemptible foe to the stags, after the measure of his own experience. If he is deficient at all, it is in the poetry and higher mysteries of the art, which hardly would be expected from a stranger, whose initiation was necessarily late. Waverley, though a respectable shot, and a man of literary taste, would, we apprehend, have described the driving and disposition of the tainchel less effectively, and certainly far less truly, than Fergus M'Ivor; so great a difference is there betwixt the craft of the master and his pupil. Let Mr Scrope, therefore, rest content with the laurels he has won, and the trophies he has taken from the forest. Not unforgotten is his name in Atholl, nor unloved. Let him be a guide to the Southren, but he must not dream of rivalling the Stuarts in woodcraft, or Stoddart in the science of piscation.

Of Mr St John's "Wild Sports of the Highlands," we have already spoken in terms of unqualified praise. A more delightful volume was never adapted for the pocket of the sportsman: a more truthful or observant work has seldom issued from the pen of the naturalist. His sketches and pictures of deer-stalking we allow to be as perfect in their way as the compositions of Landseer; and having said so much, we shall not make any further call upon that gentleman's blushes. Still, even his experience is limited, and his knowledge imperfect. He has given us a brilliant account of his own exploits upon the hill, but he has not lived long enough in the wilder haunts of the deer accurately to understand their habits. Not so our authors, who for years have been denizens of the mountains, speaking the tongue of the Gael, wearing the native garb, and following the chase with an ardour and enthusiasm unparalleled in these degenerate days.

Gentlemen who complain of the inferior accommodation afforded by some of the more distant hostelries of Scotland—who are shocked at the absence of warming-pans, and tremulously

nervous about your sanatory condition, when subjected to the enormity of damp sheets—how would you like to spend a few nights on the misty hill-side, or even in the hut of the hunters? We shall take you if you please to the latter spot, merely premising that, in order to reach it, we must cross the Findhorn, now roaring down in spate. A terrible stream is that Findhorn, as Mr St John well knows; but we question whether he ever ventured to ford it on the rise, as was done by one of the Stuarts. For the information of distant friends, we beg to put our imprimatur to the following description of this furious Highland flood, which rolled between the residence of the hunters and their favourite ground.

"That stream, however, which was so calm, and bright, and sunny, when the otters floated down its current in a still summer's morning, was a fierce and terrible enemy in its anger; and, for a great part of the year, the dread of its uncertainty and danger was a formidable cause for the preservation of that profound solitude of the forest which so long made it the sanctuary of deer, roe, and every kind of wild game. The rapidity with which the river comes down, the impassable height to which it rises in an incredibly short time, its incertitude and fury, would render it an object of care to bold forders and boatmen; but with the peasants of the 'laich,' unaccustomed, like the Highlanders, to wrestle with a mountain torrent, and, excepting in rare instances, unable to swim or manage a coble, it inspires a dread, almost amounting to awe, and none except ourselves ventured to keep a boat above the fishing-station of Slui. Pent within a channel of rocks from fifty to a hundred and eighty feet in height, the rise of the water is rapidly exaggerated by the incapability of diffusion; and the length of its course sometimes concealing beyond the horizon the storms by which it is swelled at its source, its floods then descend with unexpected violence. Frequently when, excepting a low wreath upon Beann-Drineachain, the sun is shining in a cloudless sky, and the water scarce ripples over the glittering ford, a deep hollow sound—a dull approaching roar may be heard in the gorges of the river; and almost before the wading fisherman can gain the shore, a bank of water, loaded with trees, and rocks, and wreck, will come down three—four—five feet abreast—sweeping all before it

in a thunder of foam and ruin. In ordinary cases, after two days of rain, the stream will rise twenty or thirty feet—it has risen nearly ten fathoms in its rocky gulf; and once upon this occasion it mounted fifteen feet in a quarter of an hour. When the dawn broke, it appeared sweeping through the trees, which the evening before hung fifty feet above its brink—a black roaring tempest loaded with ruins and debris, from which were seen to rise at times the white skeletons of trees peeled of their bark, beams and couples of houses—a cart—a door—a cradle, hurrying and tilting through the foam and spray, like the scattered ‘float-
some’ of a wreck.

“It may be judged how far it was convenient in winter to hunt a forest separated by such a boundary, of which the nearest certain passage was by a bridge two miles to the west, with frequently the view of hunting three miles to the east. Often we have gone out in a clear sapphire morning, when there was scarce a ripple on the pools, and the water on the ford was not over our ‘glunachan,’ and when we returned at evening, and approached through the dark veil of pines which descended to the river, have heard a roar as if the world was rolling together down the black trough before us, and as we came out on the bank, found a furious tempest of water, tumbling, and plunging, and leaping, over stock and rock twenty feet upon the clatach, where we had left it whimpering among the pebbles in the morning; while, in the far, deep, birch-embowered channel, where the stream was then so still and placid that you could only guess its course by the bright glistening eye which here and there blinked between the trees and stones,—now it came yelling, and skirling, and clamouring down the rocks and falls, as if all the air was full of gibbering, babbling, laughing demons, who were muttering, and yammering, and prophesying, and hooting, at what you were going to do, if you attempted to cross.”

We pray you at your leisure to read on, and you will presently see what peril our authors underwent at the fearful fords of the Findhorn. Once or twice in our life we have been in similar jeopardy, and we can testify with unction to the singular sensations which beset a man in the midst of a roaring river, when the rapids are shooting away below, and the boulder-stones rolling beneath his feet. We pass over some perilous instances of adventure, which at

length became so frequent as to lead to the construction of the hut.

“Such continually and unexpectedly were the ferries of the Findhorn, and many such escapes we had, in daylight and in darkness.—Twice I have been swamped, often nearly upset, and more than once carried off my legs in the fords; and—I say it with humility, and always under the mercy of heaven—that I owed rescue either to actual swimming, or to the confidence inspired by that power when struggling with the strong and terrible enemy.”

“This continual exposure to battle and disappointment, however, became at length too vexatious an abridgment of sport and certainty; and as I would—and often—have made my bed under a fir tree rather than go round by the bridge of Daltullich, I resolved upon another alternative—to build in the forest a ‘*bothan an t-sealgair*,’ or ‘hunter’s hut,’ where we might lodge for the night when it was impossible to cross the water.

“There is a high and beautiful Craig at the crook of the river near the ‘Little Eas,’—a precipice eighty feet in height, and then like a vast stone helmet crowned with a feathery plume of wood, which nodded over its brow. From its top you might drop a bullet into the pool below, but on the south side there is an accessible woody bank, down which, by planting your heels firmly in the soil and among the roots of the trees, there is a descent to a deep but smooth and sandy ford. Upon the summit of the rock there is, or there was—my blessing upon it!—a thick and beautiful bird-cherry, which hung over the Craig, and whose pendant branches, taking root on the edge of the steep, shot up again like the banana, and formed a natural arbour and close trellis along the margin of the precipice. Behind its little gallery, there is a mighty holly, under which the snow rarely lays in winter, or the rain drops in summer. Beneath the shelter of this tree, and within the bank at its foot, I dug a little cell, large enough to hold two beds, a bench, a hearth, a table, and a ‘kistie.’ The sides were lined with deals well caulked with moss, and the roof was constructed in the same manner, but covered with tarpauling, which, lying in the slope of the surrounding bank, carried off any water which might descend from thaw or rain, and, when the autumn trees shook off their leaves, could not be distinguished from the adjoining bank. Its door was on the brink of the Craig, veiled by thick bird-cherries on the edge of

precipice ; and the entrance to the little path, which ascended from either side upon the brow of the rock, was concealed by a screen of birch and hazel, beneath which the banks were covered with primroses, wood-anemones, and forget-me-nots. Bowers of honeysuckle and wild-roses twined among the lower trees ; and even in the tall pines above, the rose sometimes climbed to the very top, where 'all its blossoms, clustering to the sun, hung in white tassels out of the dark-blue foliage. There the thrush and the blackbird sang at morning and evening, and the owl cried at night, and the buck belled upon the Torr.—Blessed, wild, free, joyous dwelling, which we shall never see again !”

A lovely place indeed must that have been in the pleasant days of summer ! We do not wonder at the fondness with which the Stuarts speak of that lodge in the wilderness, reared as it was in the midst of the most beautiful and romantic scenery which exists within the compass of the seas of Britain, or, for aught we know, elsewhere. Years have rolled by since we last set foot upon the banks of Findhorn ; but never shall we forget the glories of that deep ravine, or the noble woods of Ahtyre, still possessed by the descendants of the princely Comyns. Did we not expect to be summoned out within half an hour to contribute to the safety of the realm by breaking the head of a Chartist, we should ourselves launch out into description, and try conclusions with Horatio M'Culloch. But, after all, it would be a work of supererogation. Mr St John has already illustrated most charmingly that abode of the faithful ; and he will not be displeased to see that, even in painting, he has met with formidable rivals. Rarely, indeed, have we met with any thing so perfect as the following sketch :—

“Near Slui on the Findhorn there is a range of precipices and wooded steeps crowned with pine, and washed by a clear and rippling stream of the river, through which there is an excellent ford, very well known to the roe, for escaping to the woods of Slui when pressed by the hounds. This reach is called the Ledanreich, from a remarkable craig, a sheer naked even wall of sandstone, lying in horizontal strata eighty or ninety feet high : At the eastern extremity of this rock there is a great division, partly separated from the

main curtain by a deep woody slope, which dips into the precipice with little more inclination from the perpendicular than to admit of careful footing. In the face of the divided craig, the decomposition of the softer stone between the courses of the strata has wasted it away into narrow galleries, which, passing behind the tall pillars of the pines growing from the rifts and ledges, extend along the face of the precipice, veiled by a deep tapestry of ivy, which spreads over the mighty wall of rock, and hangs from shelf to shelf over the covered ways. Beyond the craigs, the bank of the forest, an abrupt steep, covered with oak and copsewood, slopes down to the river, its brow darkened with a deep-blue cloud of pines, and its descent carpeted with moss, primroses, and pyrolas, here and there hollowed into quaint ‘cnachs,’ filled with hazels, thorns, and giant pines. Along this woody scarp, and through its thick copse, the roe had made narrow galleries, which communicated with the ivy corridors on the face of the craig, to which there were corresponding ways upon the opposite side. In that fortress of the rock, for shelter from the sun and flies, and seclusion from the stir of the world during the day in the heat of summer, the red-deer and roe made their secret haunt, concealed behind the deep dim veil of leaves, unseen and unsuspected in the cool hollows of the cliff. The prying eye might search the craig from below, and the beaters or the woodmen might whistle, and whoop, and shout above, but nothing appeared or moved except the gray falcon, which rose channering out of the rifts. Above the craig the wooded bank was so abrupt, that to the front view there was no indication of a slope, and any who passed quickly over the brow was immediately out of sight. At each descent beyond the extremities of the whole range of rocks there was a common roe’s run and pass, which was supposed to be ‘deadly sure’ if the deer took the path, since the precipice below was believed to be an infallible barrier against any intermediate escape. Often, however, when pressed upon the terrace above, the deer neither went through the passes nor turned against the beaters, but vanished as if by magic—nobody could tell where ; and it was the common opinion of the drivers and fishermen, that, when forced near the river, they threw themselves over the craigs ‘for spite,’—a belief often confirmed by old Davie Simpson, who declared that he had often found their bodies beneath the rocks, and in the Cluach, the Clerk’s Pool, and the ‘Furling Hole.’ He did not, however, relate what wounds they had, and the truth was,

that those which disappeared at the brow of the Ledanreich dashed down the sudden dip of the bank between the precipices, and, turning through the ivy corridors, went out through the copse galleries upon the other side, and either descended to the water or skirted below the pass, and went back into the forest. Those which were found dead were such as had been mortally wounded at some in-wood pass, and, unable to take, or cross the water, had died on the beach, or been carried down by the river. In the same mysterious passages which gave concealment and escape to the stags and bucks, the does were used to lay with their kids, and from thence at morning and evening they brought them out to pluck the tender grass upon the green banks beyond. Often from the brow above, or from behind the ivy screen, we have watched their 'red garment' stealing through the boughs, followed by their little pair drawing their slender legs daintily through the wet dew, and turning their large velvet ears to catch every passing sound upon the breeze as it brought the hum of the water, or the crow of the distant cock—now trotting before, now lingering behind their dam, now nestling together, now starting off as the gale suddenly rustled the leaves behind them—then listening and re-uniting in a timorous plump, pricking their ears, and bobbing their little black noses in the wind,—then, as the doe dropped on her knees in the moss, and laid her side on the warm spot where the morning sun glanced in through the branches, they gambolled about her, leaping over her back, and running round in little circles, uttering that soft, wild, plaintive cry like the treble note of an accordion, till, weary of their sport, they lay down at her side, and slept while she watched as only a mother can. No marvel it was that they loved that safe and fair retreat, with all its songs and flowers, its plenty and repose. All around was sweet, and beautiful, and abundant, such as the poetical imagination of the painter can rarely compose, and never, unless like Salvator he has lived in the wilderness with its free denizens. Upon the summit above the craig there was a broad and verdant terrace surrounded by ivied pines and feathering birches, and upon a little green glade in the midst grew two of the most beautiful objects ever produced by art or nature. These were a pair of twin thorns exactly similar in size, age, and form, and standing about three yards from each other: their stems as straight as shafts, and their round and even heads like vast bushes of wild thyme, but each so overgrown with ivy and woodbine, that

their slender trunks appeared like fretted columns, over which the thorny foliage served as a trellis to suspend the heavy plumes of the ivy and the golden tassels of the woodbine. Many a 'lady's bower' we have seen, and many a rich and costly plant reared by the care of man, but none so beautiful as those lonely sisters of the forest, planted by His hand in His great garden, where none beheld but those for whom He made it lovely—the ravens of the rock, the deer who couched under its shade by night, and the birds who sang their matins and their even-song out of its sweet boughs."

If we go on quoting at this rate, we shall never reach the hill, and as yet we have not started from the hut. To say the truth, we are in no hurry, and neither, we suspect, upon many occasions were the Stuarts, indomitable huntsmen as they are. What though at night the river swept with the sound of thunder below, making the solid rock vibrate to its deep foundation,—what though the wind swept mightily down the ravine, swaying the trees like saplings, and threatening to tear them away,—what though the windows of heaven were open, and the deluge came down, and the bark of the hill-fox sounded sharp above the roaring of the water and the wood,—yet within that little bothy that rests upon the face of the craig, the wearied huntsmen slept peacefully; and in the morning, says one of them,—“I was awakened as usual by the whistle of the robin in the bird-cherry, and the sharp note of the blue bonnet sharpening his little saw on the top of the holly. I went out to the narrow terre-plain over the craig. The wind was gone, and the sun smiling on the still leaves and dewy grass—the flood torrent of the river dancing and laughing in its light, and the calm bright air breathing with the sweet perfume of the damp plants, and all the freshness and fragrance of the forest wilderness.” We back it against the forest of Ardennes!

Every true hunter is humane. What! you say—do you call it humane to persecute the unfortunate stag, the monarch of the wilds, to the death?—to drive rifle-bullets into the target of the harmless roe? to murder otters by the dozen, and to slaughter seals

by the score? Indubitably we do. Let us reason a little upon this. Yesterday, you recollect that you dined upon very juvenile veal, smothered in a mess of dingy vegetable matter which we apprehend to have been sorrel, after the beastly fashion of the Gauls. Posterior to that, you devoured the larger moiety of a duckling. This morning we saw you, with our own eyes, regaling yourself at the club, between the intervals of muffin, with what assuredly were outlets of lamb. After all this, can you have the face to stand up and defend your own humanity? For how many days had the sun dawned upon that luckless calf, the mangled fragments of which upon your platter rather resembled the rags of a kid-glove, than food meet for the stomach of a Christian? How long had the feeble quackle of *Draco* been heard round the row of peas near which he unsuspectingly perambulated, little dreaming how much the pods thereof were mixed up with his future destiny? How many races were run upon the meadow by that perished daughter of the sheep? Three infantine lives cut off simply for your sole gormandising! This is but a slight case. Set you down to a rook-pie, and you will engulf a dozen unfortunates before you bury your visage in the pewter. Pay for you at Blackwall, and the whitebait will disappear by the thousand. It is in vain that you attempt to shift the atrocity of your inordinate appetite from your own shoulders to those of the grazier, the butcher, the poulterer, or the fisherman. Cobden, or Joe Hume, or any other of the political economists belonging to the tribe who would starve the workman in order that they may guzzle themselves, will tell you that invariably the demand regulates the supply. You, therefore, are the responsible party: the young have fallen into your Scylla—the immature of days have been swept into the vortex of your Charybdis! Moreover, if you were a sportsman—which you are not—our minds would be grievously troubled for the future safety of the singing-birds. Welford, the friend of Bright, as we all remember, proposed a grand crusade throughout Britain against the feathered tribe; and you

are not at all unlikely to join in a general St Bartholomew of the sparrows. Do you venture to retort upon us? Do you think we take life unnecessarily, or that we are base enough to use our weapons until the quarry has reached its prime? No calf or fawn ever fell by the hand of the genuine hunter—no cheeper or pout ever sullied the interior of the sportsman's bag. Not until the better part of his life has been run,—till his muscles are hard as iron, his slot deep, and his branches towering on the beam,—not until he has lived and loved, do we strike down, as if with lightning and painless death, the great hart in the middle of the wilderness. But to all innocent things—to the harmless indwellers of the forest and moor, the true hunter is a guardian and a friend. The strong man is ever brave, and none but the strong can pass to where the herds of the mountain dwell.

One more scene at the Hut, and we shall illustrate this subject further.

"But though our bothie was far from resembling the *Peri Paribanon's* cell, or the rock-palace where the old kaiser keeps his court in the bowels of the Unterberg—we loved it, not only for its bucks and stags, and all its greenwood cheer, but for the love of nature by which it was surrounded. Beyond its 'vert and venison,' there was a world of life and interest for those who had the eye to mark and the heart to read its book. On every side we had companions; from the passenger which came from Norway, to the little native guest—the robin which roosted in the holly-bush above us. 'The robin?'—you smile and say. Yes, there was but one. He lived in the bush, as we lived in the bothie, and we were his neighbours too long not to be very well acquainted. His species, as well as all the small tribes, conformable to the minuteness of their range and habits, are very local, and may be found all the year in, or near, the same place; and those who feed them will rarely wait many minutes for their appearance. There were many robins which lived about the bothie, and all were continually in its vicinity, and very tame; but none so gentle and grateful as our little neighbour in the holly. They would, however, enter the hut, sit on the bed or the table, and hop about the floor, and, when I went out, follow me to the brae. They liked very much to see me turn up the soil, which always provided them with a little feast; ac-

cordingly, they were never absent at the planting of a shrub or a flower; and when I brought home, in my shooting-bag, a tuft of primroses, pyrolas, or lilies of the valley, they were always in attendance to see them put into the bank. For watching my occupation, they preferred something more elevated than the ground, but not so high as the branches of the trees, which were too far from the earth to give them a clear sight of what I turned up; for their accommodation, therefore, I made little crosses and crotchets, and, when I was planting, set them up beside me, moving them as I proceeded from place to place. Each was immediately occupied by an attentive observer; and, whenever an insect or a worm was discovered, one of the nearest darted down and caught it, even from between my fingers, and disappeared for a few moments under the rock or behind the great holly, to enjoy his success undisturbed. At his disappearance his place was immediately occupied by another, but at the return of the first it was amiably resigned by his successor. The blue-bonnets were almost as numerous as the robins, but they never arrived at the same intimacy and confidence. They never entered the bothie in my presence, and even when I fed them they would not approach as long as I remained outside the door; but as soon as I went in they descended four or five together, chattering and fluttering about the entrance, peeping in at the little window, and stretching their necks as far as they could, to see where I was, and if all was right. Then they would begin their breakfast on what I had left for them, talking a great deal about it, but occasionally ogling the door, in a manner from which I concluded that there was but small esteem or gratitude in their conversation.—Far different was the friendship of our little neighbour in the holly. In the morning he used to come down and perch on the arm of the bird-cherry, which stretched over the precipice before the door, waiting for its opening and the preparation of the breakfast, which he always shared; and when we were seated he would venture over the sill, and gather the crumbs about the table at our feet. Often when the first blood-red streaks of the autumn morning shone like lurid fire through the little window, we were awakened by his sad and solitary whistle, as he sat on his usual branch, his jet-black eye cast towards the door, impatient for our appearance. Many of his little cousins there were in the wood, with whom we were also well acquainted, and between us happened many an incident, which increased our interest and familiarity.

I remember a day, one of those deep still blue days so solemn in the forest; the ground was covered with a foot of snow, and all the trees were hanging like gigantic ostrich feathers; but all the world was blue,—the sky was a sleeping mass of those heavy indigo clouds which forebode a ‘feeding storm,’—not a tempest, but a fall of snow; for, in Scotland, snow is called ‘storm,’ however light and still it falls: thus, in tracking the deer, we say he ‘has brushed the storm from the heather;’ and a ‘feeding storm’ is when the clouds are continually feeding the earth with its velvet pall.—The reflection of those deep-blue clouds cast a delicate tint of the same colour over the whitened world. I was standing with my back against a huge pine—one of the old remnant of the great forest of Moray, which had, no doubt, heard the bell toll for the first Stuart earl.—I counted the rings in a smaller tree which once stood in the same hollow;—I ghnuned its wreck as I would have avoided a corpse which I could not bury, and always, when I passed near it, averted my face; but one day running to cut off a buck, and just heading him, I dropped on my knee to receive him as he came out from a mass of junipers, and when reloading, I found that I had knelt by the stump of my old friend.—I counted two hundred and sixty-four rings in his wood!—how many carls had he seen?—Well, I was leaning against his elder brother, as I suppose by the size. I had been there for a long time, waiting to hear the dogs bring back a buck from—I don’t know now from where.—As I had been through all the swamps, and stripes, and wet hollows on that side of the forest, and waded through two and three feet of snow-wreaths, my kilt and hose, and, as it seemed, my flesh was saturated to the bones with ‘snaw-bree,’ and I began to beat, first one foot, and then the other, to quicken the blood, which was warm enough in my trunk.—I had scarce commenced this exercise, when I heard a little ‘tic!’ close to my ear, and the soft low voice of a bird—a sound, neither a whistle nor a chirp, but which I knew very well before I turned and saw the robin, who sat on a dry branch within a yard of my cheek. I guessed what had brought him: he was very cold, his ruffled back humped as round as a ball, and his tail drooping almost perpendicular with his legs, as if it was a little brown peg to lean on, like that on which the travelling Tyrolean merchant rests his pack. He looked at me with his large black eye; then, with a flirt of his tail and a bow with his head, indicated that, if I had no objection, he should like to descend to the place which

I occupied; the object of which he expressed, by turning his head sidelong, and directing one eye into the black earth which my foot had beaten bare in the snow. I immediately drew back a couple of feet, and he instantly dropped into the spot of mould, peeped and picked under every leaf and clod of earth, and, when there was nothing more, hopped up on the guard of my rifle, on which I was leaning, and, turning his head, looked at me with his upper eye.—I again stepped forward, and recommenced my foot-exercise, during which he returned to his branch, examining my progress with some impatience. As soon as my foot was removed, he again dropped into the hollow, and busily collected all the little grubs and chrysales which, though too small for me to see as I stood, I knew abounded beneath the scree leaves and thatch of moss and sticks. In this manner I repeated his supply several times, on one of which, when I was too long, or he too impatient, he dropped from his perch, and hovered over the space in which my foot was at work, and, as I continued, lighted on the point of the other shoe, and remained there, peeping into the hollow, until I withdrew my foot, and then descended to finish his repast. When he was satisfied, he ruffed his feathers, looked up sidelong to me, and, after a shake of satisfaction, resumed his perch close to my head, and, after pruning and oiling his feathers, mounted another branch higher, and opened his little throat with that most sad, sweet, and intermitting warble which gives such a melancholy charm to a still winter's day."

Take a picture of the roe, and you will hardly doubt the humanity of our sportsmen. But why talk of it thus? No one, we hope, save a member of the Manchester manufacturing school could feel otherwise — certainly not a genuine hills-man; and we quote the passage simply for its extreme beauty and perfect fidelity to nature. No creature is more beautiful than the kid of the roe-deer, especially when seen in their rest, or moving through the ferns, on a summer evening, beside their gentle mother the doe.

"In the bedding season the does retire into the most secret thickets, or other lonely places, to produce their young, and cover them so carefully that they are very rarely found; we have, however, deceived their vigilance. There was a solitary doe which lived in the hollow below the *Braigh-cloiche-léithe* in Tarnaway. I sup-

pose that we had killed her 'marrow;' but I was careful not to disturb her haunt, for she was very fat and round, stepped with much caution, and never went far to feed. Accordingly, when at evening and morning she came out to pick the sweet herbs at the foot of the brae, or by the little green well in its face, I trode softly out of her sight, and if I passed at noon, made a circuit from the black willows, or thick junipers, where she reposed during the heat. At last, one fine sunny morning I saw her come tripping out from her bower of young birches as light as a fairy, and very gay and 'canty'—but so thin, nobody but an old acquaintance could have known her. For various mornings afterwards I saw her on the bank, but she was always restless and anxious—listening and searching the wind—trotting up and down—picking a leaf here and a leaf there, and after her short and unsettled meal, she would take a frisk round leap into the air—dart down into her secret bower, and appear no more until the twilight. In a few days, however, her excursions became a little more extended, generally to the terrace above the bank, but never out of sight of the thicket below. At length she ventured to a greater distance, and one day I stole down the brae among the birches. In the middle of the thicket there was a group of young trees growing out of a carpet of deep moss, which yielded like a down pillow. The prints of the doe's slender-forked feet were thickly tracked about the hollow, and in the centre there was a bed of the velvet 'fog,' which seemed a little higher than the rest, but so natural, that it would not have been noticed by any unaccustomed eye. I carefully lifted the green cushion, and under its veil, rolled close together, the head of each resting on the flank of the other, nestled two beautiful little kids, their large velvet ears laid smooth on their dappled necks, their spotted sides sleek and shining as satin, and their little delicate legs as slender as hazel wands, shod with tiny glossy shoes as smooth and black as ebony, while their large dark eyes looked at me out of the corners with a full, mild, quiet gaze, which had not yet learned to fear the hand of man: still they had a nameless doubt which followed every motion of mine—their little limbs shrunk from my touch, and their velvet fur rose and fell quickly; but as I was about to replace the moss, one turned its head, lifted its sleek ears towards me, and licked my hand as I laid their soft mantle over them. I often saw them afterwards when they grew strong, and came abroad upon the brae, and frequently I called off old Dreadnought

when he crossed their warm track. Upon these occasions he would stand and look at me with wonder—turn his head from side to side—snuff the ground again, to see if it was possible that he could be mistaken—and when he found that there was no disputing the scent, cock one ear at me with a keener inquiry, and seeing that I was in earnest, trot heavily onward with a sigh.

“The affection of the roe for their young is very strong; and timid and feeble as they are by nature, inspired by the danger of their offspring, they become brave and daring, and, in their defence, will attack not only animals but men. We were one day passing along the west walk of Eilcan-Agnis, and, beyond a turn in the path, heard the sound of feet running towards us, and immediately out shot a cat round the corner, and, close at her heels, a doe pursuing her with great eagerness. Knowing that her pursuer could not overtake her, and having no instinctive dread of her kind, the cat did not give herself the trouble to run faster than just sufficient to keep beyond her reach, while the doe pursued her with an angry scrambling pace, and, whenever she was near overtaking her, endeavoured to kneel on her back. This is a mode of attack common to deer as well as cattle, which, when they have overthrown their object, not only gore them with their horns, but bruise and crush them with their knees. At our appearance there was a pause; the cat cantered up the brae to the top of a little rock, where she lay down in the sun to see what would happen between us and her pursuer. The doe, after a few bounds, turned round and looked indignantly at us, and stamped and belled in great displeasure; this she continued for some moments, glancing occasionally at the cat with a strong desire to resume her chase; but being restrained by a sense of prudence, she slowly ascended the hill, stopping at intervals to stamp and bell at us, who knew very well that she had two kids in the junipers upon the craig.”

Now let us up to the hill, where the mighty herds are feeding. Scotland will, in all probability, never see a tainchel more; indeed, save at a royal hunting, it were scarcely desirable now. The feudal system has melted away, the clans are broken and scattered, and we care not again to see a pageant which is indissolubly connected in our memories with national gallantry and misfortune. But the deer are still on the mountain and in the wood, and we shall seek them in their former haunt. Wood-stalking,

though the Stuarts speak of it with considerable enthusiasm, was never much to our taste. It is true that the largest stags are generally to be met with in the wood, and we have followed the sport ere now in the Spessart, among the pines of Darmstadt, and the thickets of Strath Garve; but it must always partake more or less of the character of driving, and we never have felt, while engaged in it, that enthusiasm and keenness which sends the blood to the heart of the hunter when he first discovers a herd in the gorge of some solitary glen. Then he feels that he must put forth the whole resources of his art—that he must baffle the acutest of all instincts by the aid of human cunning—that he has a thousand difficulties to overcome before he can arrive within reach of his quarry, and that a single false step or miscalculation is sufficient to destroy the labour, the patience, and the vigilance of a day.

Great, fat fallow-deer, waxing into obesity in a park, do not seem to mind the approach of a human being, even were he an alderman redolent of black-currant jelly. But the red-deer, as many incipient stalkers know to their cost, has a very different amount of perception. Unless you take the wind of him, he is off like a shot, though your distance may be upwards of a mile. In the words of the old stalker, “Above all things, let not the devil tempt you to trifle with a deer’s nose: you may cross his sight, walk up to him in a gray coat, or, if standing against a tree or rock near your own colour, wait till he walks up to you; but you cannot cross his nose, even at an incredible distance, but he will feel the tainted air. Colours or forms may be deceptive or alike; there are gray, brown, and green rocks and stocks as well as men, and all these may be equivocal; but there is *but one scent of man*, and that he never doubts or mistakes; that is filled with danger and terror, and one whiff of its poison at a mile off, and, whether feeding or lying, his head is instantly up, his nose to the wind, and, in the next moment, his broad antlers turn, and he is away to the hill or the wood; and if there are no green peas, corn, or potatoes in the neighbourhood, he may not be seen

on the same side of the forest for a month." A word to the wise, from the lips of a Celtic Solon!

So much for your chance, if, in the plenitude of your full flavour, you take the hill, regardless of the currents of the air, which, moreover, are perpetually shifting. But there are other difficulties. Though not impossible, it is very ticklish work to get within shot of a deer by any other means save diligent creeping, and sometimes, when the ground is unusually flat and open, that method of approach is impracticable. Then there are divers enemies—that is, of yours, for in reality they are scouts to the deer—whom you must try particularly to avoid. This is not easy. Sometimes when you are sinuating like a serpent towards the especial stag of your heart, a blundering covey of grouse will start from the heath, and give an effectual alarm; sometimes the shrill whistle of the plover will change your anticipated triumph into mourning; and sometimes a charge of that disagreeable cavalry the mountain sheep, little less sagacious and wary than the deer themselves, will put the whole of the glen into disorder. But the worst enemies you have to guard against are the hinds, who are usually so disposed as to be out upon the feeding-grounds, and thus to mask the stag. In such a position, it becomes a point of honour to circumvent the lady, which is any thing but an easy task. The Stuarts give us an admirable recollection of such a scene in the forest of Glen-Fidich, which is so exciting that, though rather long, we make no apology for transferring it to the columns of *Maga*.

"After about an hour's stalking, we came upon the shoulder of a long slope, which looks into the gorges of two or three short glens, opening to a narrow plain, on which we saw a noble sight—a herd of four or five hundred deer, among which were many very fine stags. After having feasted my eyes with this splendid sight—the illustrious cavalry of the hill, the crowned and regal array of the wilderness—I began to calculate how to make the approach, how to slip between the chain of vidette hinds, and numerous picquets of small stags, which commanded almost every knoll and hollow. In the centre of the main body, with a large plump of hinds—which he

herded within a wide vacant circle—there was a mighty black hart, with a head like a blasted pine, and a cluster of points in each crown. Though each stag of the surrounding circle had not less than ten points, there were none which approached his size, and they all kept at a respectful distance, while he marched round and round the central group of hinds. 'He will have them all in the ring before long,' said MacLellan; 'yon's one of the old heroes of the Monadh-liath; he has not been four-and-twenty hours in the forest.' I looked with an eager and longing eye at his gigantic stature, but there was no apparent possibility of approaching even the outward circle of stags. The herd was scattered over all the ground between the hill, and every little knoll and eminence had its restless picquets, and plumps of discomfited stags, which had been beaten by the great hart, and were chafing about, driving off and broding the buttocks of all the inferior stags which came in their way, then returning and staring with jealous disgust at the mighty stranger, who gave them no notice, except when one or two more audacious, or less severely beaten, made a few steps before his companions; upon which he immediately charged, drove them before him, and scattered the nearest in every direction. Upon these occasions, some kind of greater levity than the rest took the opportunity of extending her pasture, or paying her compliments to her companions, for which she immediately received a good prod in the haunch, and was turned back again into the centre.

"There is no doing any thing there," said I.

"Deed no', replied MacLellan, shutting up his glass, 'we be to go down to the foot of the burn.'

"This was a stream which runs through the middle of the narrow plain, and empties itself into the Fidich, about four miles below, at the east end of the forest. Before resolving upon this, however, we made an attempt to cross the little glen to the north-west; but, after passing round one hill, and nearly to the top of another, we fell in with a small herd of insignificant stags, but none among them being worth the disturbance of the great herd; and being unable to pass them unobserved, we were obliged to adopt the last alternative, and descend to the Fidich. In about an hour and a half we performed this retrogradation, and, having crossed at the forester's house, ascended the burn till we again approached the deer, and stealing from knoll to knoll, again came in sight of the herd. The

outskirts of its wide circle had been much broken and deranged by the jousts and expulsions during our absence ; and we saw that it was impossible to get near the better stags without taking the channel of the stream. We immediately descended into the water, and crept up the middle, sometimes compelled to crouch so low, that the pools reached our hips, and, as the stones were round and slippery, it was very uneasy to proceed without floundering and splashing. At length, however, we were within the circle of the deer : there was not a breath of wind, and the least sound was audible in the profound stillness. We slipped through the water like eels, till we came to a little rock, which, crossing the burn, made a shelving fall, which there was no means of passing, but by drawing ourselves up the shoot of the stream. With some difficulty I pushed my rifle before me along the edge of the bank, and then, while the water ran down our breasts, we glided up through the rush of the stream, and reached the ledge above. The return of the water, which I had obstructed, made, however, a rush and splash different from its accustomed monotonous hum, and I had scarce time to lay flat in the burn, when a *hind* sprang up within a few yards, and trotted briskly away, then another, and another. I thought that all was over, and that, in the next moment, we should hear all the clattering hoofs going over the turf like a squadron of cavalry. All remained still, however, and, in a few seconds, I saw the first hind wheel about, and look back steadily towards the fall. I was rejoiced to observe that she had not seen us, and had only been disturbed by the unusual sound of the water. She continued, however, anxious and suspicious—watched and listened—picked off the tops of the heather—then walked on, with her ears laid back, and her neck and step stilted away as stiff as if she had been hung up in the larder for a week. This, however, was not the worst ; all the surrounding *hinds* which noticed her gait gathered here and there, and stood on the tops of the little knolls, like statues, as straight as pucks, with nothing visible but their narrow necks and two peg-legs, and their broad ears perked immovably towards us, like long-eared bats. MacLellan gave me a rueful look. ‘Cha n-eil comas air.’ ‘Never mind,’ said I, ‘we shall see who will be tired first.’ The forester gave a glance of satisfaction, slid up his glass on the dry bank, and we lay as still as the stones around us, till the little trouts, which had been disturbed by our convulsion, became so accustomed to our shapes,

that they again emerged from under the flat pebbles, and returned to their station in the middle of the stream, skulling their little tails between my legs with no more concern than if I had been a forked tree. At length the immobility of the hinds began to give way : first one ear turned back, then another, then they became sensible of the flies, and began to flirt and jerk as usual, and, finally, one applied her slender toe to her ear, and another rubbed her velvet nose upon her knee ;—it was more than half an hour, however, before, one by one, they began to steal away, perking and snuffing, and turning to gaze at the least air that whiffed about them. At length they all disappeared, except one gray, lean, haggard old grandmother of hinds, who had no teeth, and limped with one leg, probably from a wound which she received fifty or perhaps a hundred years before I was born. Her vigilance, however, was only sharpened by age ; time, and the experience of many generations, had made her acquainted with all the wiles and crafts of the hill,—her eyes and ears were as active as a kid’s, and I have no doubt she could smell like Tobit’s devil.—MacLellan looked at her through his glass, and spit into the burn, and grinned against the sun—as if he was lying in the bilboes instead of cold water.—The old sorceress continued to watch us without relaxation, and at last lay down on the brow of the knoll, and employed her rumination in obstinate contemplation of the bank under which we were ambushed. There was now no alternative but to recommence our progress up the burn ; and as I was determined to circumvent the hind, I prepared for every inconvenience which could be inflicted by the opposite vexations of a sharp, rough, slippery, and gravelly stream. Fortunately, at the place where we then were, it was so narrow, that we could hold by the heather on both sides, and thus drag ourselves forward through the water, between each of which advances I pushed my rifle on before me. In this manner we reached the turn of the brook, where I concluded that we should be round the shoulder of the knoll, and out of sight of the hind, who lay upon its east brow. This was effected so successfully, that, when we looked behind, we only saw her back, and her head and ears still pointing at the spot which we had left. One hundred yards more would bring us within sight of the great hart ; the general position of the herd had not changed, and I hoped to find him near the central knoll of the flat, at the base of which the burn circled. We were almost surrounded by deer ; but the

greater number were small vigilant hinds, the abomination and curse of a stalker. At length, however, we reached the knoll, and rested, to take breath, at its foot ; I examined my rifle, to see that the lock was clean and dry. We took a view of all around us, and, drawing ourselves cautiously out of the burn, slid up through the heather on the south side of the eminence.—Scarce, however, had our legs cleared the stream, when we discovered a pair of ears not above fifteen yards from the other side.—‘*Mo inhallachd ort !*’ [My curse upon you]—whispered MacLellan. She had not discovered us, however, and we glided round the base of the knoll—but on the other side lay three hinds and a calf, and I could see no trace of the great hart.—On the edge of the burn, however, further up, there were five very good stags, and a herd of about thirty deer, on the slope of the north brae. All round us the ground was covered with hinds ; for the prevalence of the westerly wind, during the last few days, had drawn the deer to that end of the forest. Upon the spot where I lay, though I could only see a portion of the field, I counted four hundred and seventy ; and it was evident that no movement could be made upon that side. We tried again the opposite slope of the knoll ;—the hind which we had first seen was still in the same place, but she had laid down her head, and showed only the gray line of her back over the heather. We drew ourselves cautiously up the slope and looked over the summit. On the other side there was a small flat moss, about seventy yards in breadth ; then another hillock ; and to the left two more, with little levels, and wet grassy hollows between them. Upon the side of the first knoll there were two young stags and some hinds ; but the points of some good horns showed above the crest.—The intervening ground was spotted with straggling hinds, and we might lay where we were till to-morrow morning, without a chance of getting near any of the good deer. While we deliberated, MacLellan thought that, by crawling with extreme caution up a wet hollow to the left, we might have a chance to approach the stags whose horns we had seen behind the other knoll, and, as nothing better could be done, we decided upon this attempt. The sun was going down from the old towers of Auchandùn, and we had no more time than would give light for this venture.—We slid away towards the hollow, and, drawing ourselves, inch by inch, though the heather and tall thin grass, had reached the middle of the level between the hillocks, when we heard a

stamp and a short grunt close beside us—I had scarce time to turn my head, and catch a glimpse of a base little gray hind who, in crossing the hollow, had stumbled upon us.—It was but a moment : a rapid wheel and rush through the long grass, and I heard the career of a hundred feet going through the hollow. I sprang on my knee, and skaled a dozen small stags and hinds which came upon us full speed ; for those behind, not knowing from whence came the alarm, made straight for the hill. The herd were now gathering in all directions ; charging—flying—re-uniting, dispersing, and reassembling in utter disorder, like a rout of cavalry.—I made a run for the middle knoll,—two stags, with pretty good heads, met me right in the face.—I did not stop to look at them, but rushed up the brae.—What a sight was seen from its top !—upwards of six hundred deer were charging past—before, behind, around, in all directions.—The stately figure which I sought—the mighty black hart, was slowly ascending an eminence about three hundred yards off, from whence he reconnoitred the ground below ; while the disarray of stags and hinds gathered round him, like rallying masses of hussars in the rear of a supporting column. I was so intent upon the king of the forest, that I saw nothing else.—No other heads, forms, numbers, took any place in my senses ; all my faculties were on the summit of that height.—At this moment I felt my kilt drawn gently ; I took no notice—but a more decided pull made me look round :—MacLellan motioned up the slope, and I saw the points of a good head passing behind a little ridge, about eighty yards away. I looked back at the hart—he was just moving to the hill. What would I have given to have diminished a hundred and fifty yards of the distance which divided us ! He passed slowly down the back of the eminence and disappeared, and the gathering herd streamed after him. ‘*O Chial ! A Chial !*’ exclaimed the forester—‘*bithidh e air falbh !*’ The stag whose horns I had seen had come out from behind the ridge, and stood with his broad side towards me, gazing at the herd ; but as they moved away, he now began to follow. The disappearance of the great hart, and the disappointment of MacLellan, recalled me to the last chance. I followed the retreating stag with my rifle, passed it before his shoulder, whiz went the two-ounce ball, and he rolled over headlong in the heath, on the other side of the knoll, which the next stretch would have placed between us. I looked to the hill above : the whole herd was streaming up the long green hollow in its west shoulder

headed 'by the mighty of the desert.' They rounded and passed the brow, and sloped upward on the other side, till the forest of heads appeared bristling along the sky-line of the summit. In a few moments afterwards, as the sun was going down upon Seir-na-Lapaich, and the far western hills of Loch Duaiach, the terrible wide-forked tree came out in the clear eastern sky on the top of the hill, and, crowding after, at least two hundred heads—crossing, and charging, and mingling—their polished points flashing in the parting sunbeams, and from many a horn, the long steamers of the moss fluttering and flying like the pennons and banner-rolles of lances. The herd continued to file along the ridge of the hill, and wheeling below the crest, countermarched along the sky-line, till their heads and horns slowly decreased against the light."

With such a book as this before us, we could go on alternately commenting and extracting until we had broken the back of the Number. Even now we are dying to pilfer the account of the late Glengarry's course with "Black Dulochan," and the no less exciting history of the three day's ruse with a roebuck. But abstinence is a virtue which is forced upon us in the present instance, rather from the lack of space than from any exercise of voluntary discretion; and we shall now leave the deer without further molestation for a season, hoping soon to encounter them in person with our rifle somewhere about the skirts of Cairn-Gorm.

This is, we have no hesitation in saying, the best work on deer-stalking which has yet been written; and the amount of information which it contains regarding the habits of the stag

and roe, combined with the vivid pictures of which we have made such ample use, cannot fail to render it popular. In an antiquarian point of view, it is also highly interesting; for it embodies a large amount of traditional lore, sketches of the clans, and fragments of Highland song, of much superior merit to those which have hitherto come into our hands. The disquisitions, too, upon the disappearance of some animals once indigenous to Scotland—such as the wolf, the elk, the wild bull, and the beaver—exhibit a great amount of research, and supply a gap which has long been wanted in the page of natural history.

One word to the authors—though we fear our words must travel a long way before they can reach them in a foreign land. Why should they not recast and add to their second volume, so as to make it a single and unrivalled work upon the noblest sports of the Highlands? If it has proved so fascinating, as in truth we have felt it, in the more cumbrous shape of notes, how much better would it be if issued, not as an appendage to the poems, but in a distinct and articulate form? Perpend upon this, John Sobieski and Charles Edward, at your leisure; and let us add, that we trust some of your more gloomy anticipations may fall short of reality; that the walks of Eilean-Agais, that little Eden of the north, may again be gladdened by your presence; and that the sound of your hunting-horns may once more be heard in the woods of Tarnaway, and on the hills near the sources of the Findhorn.

THE BURIED FLOWER.

IN the silence of my chamber,
When the night is still and deep,
And the drowsy heave of ocean
Mutters in its charmed sleep,

Oft I hear the angel voices
That have thrill'd me long ago,—
Voices of my lost companions,
Lying deep beneath the snow.

O, the garden I remember,
In the gay and sunny spring,
When our laughter made the thickets
And the arching alleys ring !

O the merry burst of gladness !
O the soft and tender tone !
O the whisper never utter'd
Save to one fond ear alone !

O the light of life that sparkled
In those bright and bounteous eyes !
O the blush of happy beauty,
Tell-tale of the heart's surprise !

O the radiant light that girdled
Field and forest, land and sea,
When we all were young together,
And the earth was new to me !

Where are now the flowers we tended ?
Wither'd, broken, branch and stem ;
Where are now the hopes we cherish'd ?
Scatter'd to the winds with them.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !
Nursed in hope and rear'd in love,
Looking fondly ever upward
To the clear blue heaven above :

Smiling on the sun that cheer'd us,
Rising lightly from the rain,
Never folding up your freshness
Save to give it forth again :

Never shaken, save by accents
From a tongue that was not free,
As the modest blossom trembles
At the wooing of the bee.

O ! 'tis sad to lie and reckon
All the days of faded youth,
All the vows that we believed in,
All the words we spoke in truth.

Sever'd—were it sever'd only
 By an idle thought of strife,
 Such as time might knit together ;
 Not the broken chord of life !

O my heart ! that once so truly
 Kept another's time and tune,
 Heart, that kindled in the spring-tide,
 Look around thee in the noon.

Where are they who gave the impulse
 To thy earliest thought and flow ?
 Look around the ruin'd garden—
 All are wither'd, dropp'd, or low !

Seek the birth-place of the lily,
 Dearer to the boyish dream
 Than the golden cups of Eden,
 Floating on its slumbrous stream ;

Never more shalt thou behold her—
 She, the noblest, fairest, best :
 She that rose in fullest beauty,
 Like a queen, above the rest.

Only still I keep her image
 As a thought that cannot die,
 He who raised the shade of Helen
 Had no greater power than I.

O ! I fling my spirit backward,
 And I pass o'er years of pain ;
 All I loved is rising round me,
 All the lost returns again.

Blow, for ever blow, ye breezes,
 Warmly as ye did before !
 Bloom again, ye happy gardens,
 With the radiant tints of yore !

Warble out in spray and thicket,
 All ye choristers unseen, -
 Let the leafy woodland echo
 With an anthem to its queen !

Lo ! she comes in her beauty,
 Stately with a Juno grace,
 Raven locks, Madonna-braided
 O'er her sweet and blushing face :

Eyes of deepest violet, beaming
 With the love that knows not shan
 Lips, that thrill my inmost being
 With the utterance of a name.

And I bend the knee before her,
 As a captive ought to bow,—
 Pray thee, listen to my pleading,
 Sovereign of my soul art thou !

O my dear and gentle lady,
 Let me show thee all my pain,
 Ere the words that late were prison'd
 Sink into my heart again.

Love, they say, is very fearful
 Ere its curtain be withdrawn,
 Trembling at the thought of error
 As the shadows scare the fair.

Love hath bound me to thee, lady,
 Since the well-remember'd day
 When I first beheld thee coming
 In the light of May.

Not a word I dared to utter—
 More than he who, long ago,
 Saw the heavenly shapes descending
 Over Ida's slopes of snow:

When a low and solemn music
 Floated through the listening grove,
 And the throstle's song was silenced,
 And the dole of the dove:

When immortal beauty open'd
 All its grace to mortal sight,
 And the awe of worship blended
 With the throbbing of delight.

As the shepherd stood before them
 Trembling in the Phrygian dell,
 Even so my soul and being
 Own'd the magic of the spell;

And I watch'd thee ever fondly,
 Watch'd thee, dearest, from afar,
 With the mute and humble homage
 Of the Indian to a star.

Thou wert still the Lady Flora
 In her morning garb of bloom;
 Where thou wert was light and glory,
 Where thou wert not, dearth and gloom.

So for many a day I follow'd
 For a long and weary while,
 Ere my heart rose up to bless thee
 For the yielding of a smile.

Ere thy words were few and broken
 As they answer'd back to mine,
 Ere my lips had power to thank thee
 For the gift vouchsafed by thine.

Then a mighty gush of passion
 Through my inmost being ran;
 Then my older life was ended,
 And a dearer course began.

Dearer!—O, I cannot tell thee
 What a load was swept away,
 What a world of doubt and darkness
 Faded in the dawning day!

All my error, all my weakness,
 All my vain delusions fled:
 Hope again revived, and gladness
 Waved its wings above my head.

Like the wanderer of the desert,
 When, across the dreary sand,
 Breathes the perfume from the thickets
 Bordering on the promised land;

When afar he sees the palm-trees
 Cresting o'er the lonely well,
 When he hears the pleasant tinkle
 Of the distant camel's bell:

So a fresh and glad emotion
 Rose within my swelling breast,
 And I hurried swiftly onwards
 To the haven of my rest.

Thou wert there with word and welcome,
 With thy smile so purely sweet;
 And I laid my heart before thee,
 Laid it, darling, at thy feet!—

O ye words that sound so hollow
 As I now recall your tone!
 What are ye but empty echoes
 Of a passion crush'd and gone?

Wherefore should I seek to kindle
 Light, when all around is gloom?
 Wherefore should I raise a phantom
 O'er the dark and silent tomb?

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
 In thy fair and glorious prime,
 Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
 Through the umbrage of the lime.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
 Birds were singing on the tree,
 Every thing was bright and glowing,
 When the angels came for thee.

Death had laid aside his terror,
 And he found thee calm and mild,
 Lying in thy robes of whiteness,
 Like a pure and stainless child.

Hardly had the mountain violet
 Spread its blossoms on the sod,
 Ere they laid the turf above thee,
 And thy spirit rose to God.

Early wert thou taken, Mary!
 And I know 'tis vain to weep—
 Tears of mine can never wake thee
 From thy sad and silent sleep.

O away! my thoughts are earthward!
 Not asleep, my love! art thou,
 Dwelling in the land of glory
 With the saints and angels now.

Brighter, fairer far than living,
 With no trace of woe or pain,
 Robed in everlasting beauty,
 Shall I see thee once again,

By the light that never fadeth,
 Underneath eternal skies,
 When the dawn of resurrection
 Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

W. E. A.

HUZZA FOR THE RULE OF THE WHIGS!

AIR—"Old Rosin the Beau."

ALL ye who are true to the altar and throne,
 Come join in this ditty with me;
 And you who don't like it may let it alone,
 Or listen a little and see.
 How quietly now we may sleep in our beds,
 And waken as merry as grigs;
 Though fears of rebellion hang over our heads,
 We're safe while we're ruled by the Whigs.

In the 'nineties we saw (I remember the day)
 Revolution disguised as Reform;
 But the country was saved in a different way,
 By the Pilot that weather'd the storm.
 Our vessel was steer'd by the bravest and best,
 And, except a few quality sprigs,
 The whole English nation had thought it a jest
 To propose being ruled by the Whigs.

But as matters now stand in this ill-fated realm,
 When old comrades will give us the slip,
 We are strangely compell'd to put men at the helm
 To prevent them from scuttling the ship.
 Only think, for a moment, if Russell were out,
 How wild he'd be running his rigs!
 About popular rights he would make such a rout—
 'Tis lucky we're ruled by the Whigs.

The Church—can you doubt what her danger would be
 Were Tories at present in power?
 Lord John, or his friends, we should certainly see
 Attacking her posts every hour.

But as long as the Bishops may help out his lease,
 He won't injure a hair of their wigs;
 Nay, he even proposes the list to increase—
 So huzza for the rule of the Whigs!

If Grey were at large, how he'd lay down the law
 On the cures he for Ireland had found;
 And swear that he never would rest till he saw
 Her Establishment razed to the ground.
 But Grey, while in office, sits muffled and mum,
 Like a small bird asleep in the twigs;
 And Ward, in the Commons, is equally dumb—
 So huzza for the rule of the Whigs!

If any of us had made war on Repeal
 With the weapons that Clarendon tries,
 What shrieks of indignant invective from Shiel
 At the wrongs of Old Erin would rise.
 By millions of noisy Milesians back'd,
 From the peer to the peasant that digs—
 How would Monaghan murmur that juries were pack'd!—
 So huzza for the rule of the Whigs!

On Aliens or Chartists to hear them declaim,
 You'd think Castlereagh come from the dead,
 Though the mixture of metaphors isn't the same,
 And the courage and coolness are fled.
 But the Whigs are becoming respectable men
 As any that ever kept gigs,
 They are practising *now* all they preach'd against *then*—
 So huzza for the rule of the Whigs!

Go on, my good lads—never think of retreat,
 Though annoy'd by a squib or a squirt;
 You're fulfilling the fate such impostors should meet,
 And eating your ~~face~~ ^{bucket} of dirt.
 Then swallow it fast, for your hour may not last—
 We shall soon, if it pleases the pigs,
 Give your places to men of a different cast,
 And get rid of the rule of the Whigs!

THE NAVIGATION LAWS.

"WHEN the Act of Navigation," says Adam Smith, "was made, though England and Holland were not actually at war, the most violent animosity subsisted between the two nations. It is not impossible, therefore, that some of the regulations of this famous act may have proceeded from national animosity. They are *as wise, however, as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom.* National animosity, at that particular time, aimed at the very object which the most deliberate wisdom would have recommended,—the diminution of the naval power of Holland, the only naval power which could endanger the security of England. The Act of Navigation is not favourable to foreign commerce, or to the growth of that opulence which can arise from it. As defence, however, is of much more value than opulence, the Act of Navigation is perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England."* Before these pages issue from the press, this, undoubtedly the wisest of all the commercial regulations of Great Britain, and under which the maritime strength and colonial empire of England have risen to a pitch of grandeur unknown in any other age or country, will be numbered among the things which have been. The House of Commons, by a majority, have voted for the repeal of the Navigation Laws.

Free trade will soon have done its work, so far, at least, as the House of Commons is concerned. It is gradually but unceasingly advancing, and swallowing up successively all the great interests of the empire, save that of the capitalists, as it moves forward. The agricultural interests will find themselves deprived, in February next, of all protection; and the British cultivator exposed to the competition, without any shield save a nominal duty of 1s. a quarter, of states where wheat can be raised, with a fair profit in average years, at 18s. a quarter, and brought to this country for 10s. at the very utmost of freight. As soon as we have two fine harvests in succes-

sion, it will be seen to what state this system will reduce British rural production. The West India interests have been next assailed; and our colonies, upon whom free labour has been forced, upon a compensation being given to the proprietors on an average of a fourth of the value of their slaves, are speedily to be exposed, with no protection but a differential duty of 5s. 6d. a hundredweight, diminishing 1s. 6d. a-year, till, in 1854, it disappears, to the competition of slave colonies, where sugar can be raised for £4 a ton, while in the British colonies the measures of government have precluded its being raised for less than £10 a ton. As a natural consequence, cultivation is about to cease in those noble settlements; the forest and the jungle will speedily supplant the smiling plantations, and £100,000,000 worth of British property will be lost beyond redemption.

Domestic manufactures were at the same time assailed, though with a more gentle hand than rude produce. Protective duties on them were lowered, though not entirely removed; and the consequence is, that at this time there are 8000 hands wholly unemployed at Manchester, and above 10,000 at Glasgow, and distress to an unparalleled extent pervades the whole commercial and manufacturing classes. Nothing daunted by these calamitous results, so exactly what the opponents of free trade predicted would ensue, so diametrically the reverse of the unbounded prosperity which they promised the nation as the consequence of their changes, the Free-traders, in pursuance of their usual system of preferring their own opinions to the evidence of facts, are preparing to apply the same system to the commercial navy of the country, and, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, against the opinion of Adam Smith, to depress our shipping interest as much as they encourage that of foreign states, and endanger our national existence, by crippling our own means

of defence as much as they augment the means of attack in the hands of our enemies. Not content with rendering us dependent for a large part of our bread on foreign nations, they are determined on measures calculated to deprive us of the means of maintaining our naval superiority, or upholding the national independence. They are set upon saving the nation a few millions a-year in freight, though the consequence is, that we shall be alike unable to withstand a pacific blockade or hostile aggression.

Many estimable and thoughtful persons in the country, struck with astonishment at the adoption and determined adherence to such a suicidal policy—alike by our rulers and a powerful party in the country—in the face of the decisive evidence afforded by facts, and the universal distress of the nation, as to its ruinous tendency, have come to the opinion, that we have been struck with a judicial blindness, and that Providence, as a just punishment for our sins, and for the furtherance of its mysterious designs in the general government of mankind, has rendered our own infatuation the means of working out our destruction. They think it affords a marvellous proof of the weakness of the human mind, and the impotence of man against the arm of his Creator, that this vast empire, which has done such mighty things in the annals of history, and which has stood proof against the hostility of the combined world, directed by consummate ability, when its rule was that of justice, should thus crumble away and perish, not from external violence or foreign aggression, but solely from domestic infatuation, when that rule has passed away. And observing that this country has already suffered greater losses, and been more severely crippled in its resources by the effects of three years of free trade and fettered currency policy, than by the whole efforts of France during a war of twenty years—and still the same course is blindly persevered in—they draw the conclusion that the evil is irremediable by human means, and that the nation, if not absolutely shipwrecked, will approach as near the verge of ruin as the providence of God will permit human infatuation to effect.

Without denying that there is much

truth in these observations, and humbly acknowledging a Divine superintendence alike in the rise and the decline, the prosperity and decay, of nations, it yet appears more reasonable to trace the extraordinary obstinacy of the ruling party in the nation to the causes which, humanly speaking, seem to have been mainly instrumental in producing it. The fanaticism of the political economists, who, like all other fanatics, are inaccessible to reason or experience, is, without doubt, a main cause of the disastrous policy to which the nation seems now irrevocably pledged. But a still more powerful agent in producing the determined adherence to this system, in the face of the most conclusive evidence of its pernicious tendency, is to be found in the *class* government which it is now apparent the Reform Bill has imposed upon the nation. It is now unhappily proved that the *trading* interest, in whom a decisive majority both in the constituency and the number of seats in parliament has been vested by the Reform Bill, are alive, like all other classes, mainly to the suggestions of their own advantage; and that advantage they think is, to buy cheap and sell dear. Whatever we were in the days when Napoleon said it, we are now, if not a nation of shopkeepers, at least a nation ruled by *shopkeepers*. The colonies are entirely unrepresented. Schedules A and B, sixteen years ago, cut off all their representatives. The landed interest is in a minority, from two-thirds of the seats in the Commons being for boroughs; and those boroughs, owing to the depression of the producing classes by the currency laws, and the vast increase of the trading interests from the same cause, being for the most part under the direction of the commercial part of the community. It is in these circumstances that we are to look for the real causes of the adoption of free-trade principles of late years by our statesmen, and the determined adherence to it, in spite of all experience, by a majority of the House of Commons. Such conduct is the inevitable result of every *uniform* system of representation, because that lands the government in the *class* government of the majority, composed of a particular interest. The evil was not felt under the old constitution, because it was *not* a *class* government,

being based on a multifarious, not a uniform representation. Its *defects*, as they are now called, *i. e.* its nomination boroughs, combined with the extension of our colonial and shipping interests, had let in a most efficient representation of *all* the interests in the empire, as well as that of the inhabitants of those islands, into the House of Commons. It is to this cause that the protection of *all* interests by the old House of Commons is to be ascribed. Doubtless, under the old system the Corn Laws would have been upheld; but the West Indies would have been saved from ruin, domestic industry rescued from bankruptcy, and the Navigation Laws, the palladium of our national independence, preserved from destruction.

That the Navigation Laws have been a great advantage to our shipowners and seafaring interests is self-evident. They afforded superior advantages in conducting the trade of the empire to British over foreign shipowners; and they nursed up, accordingly, the immense and hardy body of British seamen, who have founded and protected our colonial empire, and rendered Great Britain the terror and admiration of the world. What, then, is the great benefit which is anticipated from the repeal of laws, the practical operation of which has been attended with such uniform and unparalleled benefits? The benefit is, that it will save our merchants some millions a-year in the payment of freights. It is calculated by the Free-traders that £30,000,000 yearly is paid by Great Britain for freights; and of this sum, it is thought a fourth, or £7,500,000 yearly, may be saved by the employment of foreign instead of British sailors in the conducting of our commerce, or the reduction of freight and seamen's wages in these islands, which will result from their unrestrained competition. This is the benefit to attain which our Navigation Laws, the nursery of our seamen, are to be sacrificed. And the question to be considered is,—Is the gain real, or apparent only; and, supposing it is real, is it worth the risk with which it is attended?

Is the advantage real, or apparent only? Concede to the Free-traders all they contend for: call the saving to the nation annually in freights, to

be effected by free trade in shipping, not £7,500,000, but £10,000,000 annually. The strength of the argument will admit of almost any concession. Admit this, and consider what it is worth, and on whom it is made. It is not worth a *fiftieth* part of the revenue of the nation, which, in the produce of land and manufactures alone, is above £500,000,000 annually. A week of sunshine in autumn, a favourable set of Fall orders from America, the stoppage of a revolution in Europe, are each worth more to the nation. But, such as it is, from whom is it gained? Why, it is all *gained from our own people*: it is a saving effected to *one class of our inhabitants by impoverishing another class*. If our merchants and the purchasers from them pay £20,000,000 a-year for freight of goods sea-borne, instead of £30,000,000 as formerly, undoubtedly there is a saving of £10,000,000 to *them*, or the consumers who buy from them. But of whom is this saving made? From whom is it derived? Is it not from our shipbuilders, shipowners, and seamen, who get so much the less: either by being driven out of the market by foreign mercantile navies, or by getting their own profits or wages reduced by external competition to that amount? Ten millions now earned by shipowners and sailors in Great Britain, is, on the most favourable supposition for the Free-traders, *taken from them*, and given to the dealers in or consumers of the commodities which they transport. Is the nation, as a whole, any gainer by that transfer? If ten pounds are taken from John and given to James, are John and James, taken together, any gainers by the transfer? And is not the great family of the nation composed of all its members, not of John only, but of John and James taken together? Is not the repeal of the Navigation Laws, in this view, robbing Peter to pay Paul? This is the mighty advantage, for the attainment of which we are going to crush by external competition our mercantile shipping; and endanger the national independence, by withering the nursery of the navy, by which it can alone be maintained! Can there be a stronger proof of how completely, by the operation of the Reform Bill, we have fallen under the influence of

class government; and how entirely such class government blinds the vision even of the most clear-sighted, to any thing but the perception of its own immediate interests?

The evidence taken before the Commons' committee, on the comparative cost of building and navigating ships in the north of Europe and in this country, comes to this, that both are about *twice* as expensive in this country as on the shores of the Baltic. A copper-sheathed vessel, which there costs £4500, cannot here be constructed for less than £9000: a master's wages there, which are £2, 11s. a month, are here £5 for the same period: seamen's, there 7d. a day, besides provisions, &c., are here 1s. 2d. Every thing else is in the same proportion. Shipbuilding and ship-navigating are twice as costly in Great Britain as they are in Norway and Denmark. How could it be otherwise, when they have the materials of ships and rigging at their doors, while we have to transport them to the British shores from Canada or the Baltic; and they are the poor nations, whose money being scarce goes far, and we are the rich one, whose money being comparatively plentiful goes but a little way. Compare the cost of living in London during the season, with what it is in Aberdeen or Inverness, and you will at once see the main cause of the extraordinary difference in the value of money, and consequently in the money-price of articles, in the two situations. The difference in the cost of shipbuilding and seamanship, viz. one half, is nearly the same as the difference in the cost of raising sugar in our free-labour colonies and the foreign slave ones, which is £10 a ton in the former situation, and £4 in the latter. And it is in the perfect knowledge of the entire ruin which the approach even to a free trade in sugar has brought, under these circumstances, upon the British West India islands, that government are prepared to force a similar disastrous competition upon the British shipowners, and through them on the palladium of British independence, the royal navy.

Mr Labouchere said, in the debate on this subject in the House of Com-

mons, that the Protection Party seemed to consider every importation as in itself an evil, inasmuch as it displaced a corresponding amount of native industry; but that till he found that goods were brought by merchants into the country for nothing, he never could see how importation did not encourage domestic industry as much as home orders. This is manfully spoken: it comes home to the kernel of the question. It is pleasing to have to contend with such an antagonist. We will answer him equally briefly, and, as it seems to us, decisively. The difference between home orders and foreign orders is this, that the one encourages industry at *both ends*, viz., in the consumers and the producers; the other, at *one end only*, viz., in the consumer. This difference, however, may become vital to the national fortunes. If a London merchant pays £20,000 a-year to British shipowners and seamen, he keeps in motion at once the industry of the consumers, by whose produce the freights are ultimately paid, and the industry of the seafaring classes by whom they are earned. But if he pays the £20,000 a-year not to British but foreign shipowners, the only industry put in motion, so far as we are concerned, is that which raises the produce which is to pay the freight. The other end of the chain is placed in Norway or America, and any encouragement to industry there afforded is wholly lost to England. It is just the difference between rents spent in Great Britain, and rents spent in Paris or Naples.

Doubtless they are the same thing, so far as the whole world is concerned; but are they the same thing so far as that portion of the world in which we are interested, viz., the British Islands, is concerned? Unquestionably they are not. What the Protectionists say is, not that no British industry is encouraged when importation takes place: they know perfectly it is encouraged at *their end* of the line; what they say is, that it is not encouraged at the *other end*, because that other end rests in foreign states; and that it is unwise to encourage industry at *one end only*, when it is possible to do so at *both*. Adam Smith saw this perfectly when he so well explained the difference between the home trade and

foreign trade, and said the former was "worth all foreign trade put together." But his observations on this head are as much forgotten by the majority of our legislators as those he made on the great wisdom of our Navigation Laws, as the only security for our national independence.

Mr M'Gregor said in debate on the same subject, that "he admitted our naval strength had co-existed with the Navigation Laws, but he denied that they were cause and effect. They had about as much to do with each other as the height of the Pyramids had with the floods of the Nile."* We agree with the honourable member for Glasgow in one part of this observation. The Navigation Laws have had as much to do with our maritime prosperity as the Pyramids had with the floods of the Nile; and we will tell the ex-secretary of the board of trade what the relation was—it was that of cause and effect. Mr M'Gregor is too well informed not to know that there exists in Cairo a *Nilometer*, and that, during the period of the inundation, the spirits of the people and the animation of commerce rise and fall with the rise or fall of the prolific stream. It is no wonder they do so, for it is the source of life and prosperity to the whole community. Raised by the power of the Pharaohs from the riches produced by the inundations of former times, the Pyramids are the *Nilometer* of antiquity, as much as the tower of Babel and the ruins of Babylon were the monument of the opulence of the plain

of Shinar; or as Waterloo Bridge is of the wealth produced by the favourable maritime situation of London, or York Cathedral of the agricultural riches of the plains of Yorkshire. In all these causes there is a relation between the natural advantages which produce the riches and the durable monument to the construction of which they lead, and that relation is that of cause and effect. We entirely concur with the member for Glasgow in thinking that the same connexion, and no other, subsists between the Navigation Laws and the maritime greatness of England as existed formerly between the Pyramids of Egypt and the fertilising floods which encircle their base.

To prove that these remarks are not made at random, but that the Navigation Laws really are the foundation of the maritime greatness of England, and that, when they are repealed, it must of necessity languish and ultimately expire, we subjoin three tables: one showing the progress of British as compared with foreign shipping, from 1801 to 1823, when the protection of the Navigation Laws was first infringed upon by the adoption of the reciprocity system with the Baltic powers; and another showing the comparative progress of our foreign and home shipping with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia, the countries with whom reciprocity treaties were first concluded, from 1823 to the end of 1847, when the reciprocity system had been a quarter of a century in operation.

TABLE showing the comparative progress of British and Foreign Tonnage inwards, from 1821 to 1847, both inclusive, with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia.

Year.	SWEDEN.		NORWAY.		DENMARK.		PRUSSIA.	
	Brit. tons.	For. tons.	Brit. tons.	For. tons.	Brit. tons.	For. tons.	Brit. tons.	For. tons.
1821	23,005	8,508	13,855	61,342	5,312	3,969	79,590	37,720
1822	20,799	13,692	13,377	87,974	7,096	3,910	102,847	58,270
1823	20,986	22,529	13,122	117,015	4,413	4,795	81,202	86,013
1824	17,074	40,092	11,419	135,272	6,738	23,689	94,664	151,621
1825	15,906	53,141	14,825	157,916	15,158	50,943	189,214	182,752
1826	11,829	16,939	13,603	90,726	22,000	56,544	119,060	120,589
1827	11,719	21,822	13,945	96,420	10,825	52,456	150,718	109,184
1828	14,877	24,700	10,826	85,771	17,464	49,293	133,753	99,195
1829	16,536	25,046	9,985	86,205	24,576	53,390	125,918	127,861

* *Times*, June 9, 1848.

Table continued.

Year.	SWEDEN.		NORWAY.		DENMARK.		PRUSSIA.	
	Brit. tons.	For. tons.	Brit. tons.	For. tons.	Brit. tons.	For. tons.	Brit. tons.	For. tons.
1830	12,116	23,158	6,459	84,585	12,210	51,420	102,758	139,646
1831	11,450	38,689	4,518	114,865	6,552	62,190	83,908	140,532
1832	8,335	25,755	3,789	82,155	7,268	35,772	62,079	89,187
1833	10,009	29,454	5,901	98,931	6,840	38,620	41,735	108,753
1834	15,353	35,911	6,403	98,303	5,691	53,282	32,021	118,711
1835	12,036	35,061	2,592	95,049	6,007	49,008	25,514	124,144
1836	10,865	42,439	1,573	125,875	2,152	51,907	42,567	174,439
1837	7,608	42,602	1,035	88,004	5,357	55,961	67,566	145,742
1838	10,425	38,991	1,364	110,817	3,466	57,554	86,734	175,643
1839	8,359	49,270	2,582	109,228	5,535	106,960	111,470	229,208
1840	11,953	53,337	3,161	114,241	6,327	103,067	112,709	237,984
1841	13,170	46,795	977	113,045	3,368	83,009	88,198	210,254
1842	15,296	37,218	1,385	98,979	5,499	59,837	87,202	145,499
1843	6,435	44,184	1,814	97,248	4,148	82,940	70,164	163,745
1844	12,806	59,835	1,315	125,011	7,423	123,674	108,626	220,202
1845	15,157	89,923	1,215	129,897	4,528	84,566	49,334	256,711
1846	12,625	80,649	3,313	113,738	9,531	105,973	63,425	270,001
1847	7,037	117,918	2,318	128,075	20,462	116,382	88,390	303,225

—PORTER'S Parliamentary Tables; and Parliamentary Report, 3d April 1848.

Thus, while our shipping with the whole world *quadrupled*, as compared with the foreign employed in the same trade, under the protective system, from 1801 to 1823; it declined under the reciprocity system of equal duties, in the countries to which that system was applied in the next twenty years, till it had dwindled to a perfect fraction;—our tonnage with Sweden being, in 1847, not more than a *sixteenth* part of the foreign; with Norway, a *fiftieth* part; with Denmark somewhat above a *sixth*; with Prussia somewhat under a *fourth*.

But then it is said these are *selected* states which do not give a fair average of the reciprocity system, or afford a correct criterion of its probable effects when applied, as it is about to be by a general repeal of the Navigation Laws, to the whole world. If they are "selected states," we can only say they were selected by Mr Huskisson and the Free-traders themselves as likely to afford the best specimen of the effect of their principles, and therefore as the first on which the experiment was to be made. But we are quite willing to take the general tonnage of the empire as the test; and we shall commence with a quotation from the tables of the great statistical apostle of free trade, Mr Porter, to show the effect of free trade in shipping on the

comparative growth of our whole tonnage, as compared with that of foreign states, from 1801 to 1823, when the reciprocity system began; and again from thence to 1847, when free trade in shipping was in full operation by the temporary suspension of the Navigation Laws, from the effect of the Orders in Council in March 1847 suspending the Navigation Laws under the pressure of the Irish famine:—

Year.	Tons inward, British.	Tons inward, Foreign	TOTAL.
1801	922,594	780,155	1,702,749
1802	1,333,005	480,251	1,813,256
1803	1,115,702	638,104	1,753,806
1804	904,932	607,299	1,512,231
1805	953,250	691,883	1,645,138
1806	904,367	612,904	1,517,271
1807	Records lost
1808	Records lost
1809	930,675	759,287	1,697,692
1810	896,001	1,176,243	2,072,244
1811
1812	Records destroyed	by fire.
1813
1814	1,290,248	599,287	1,889,535
1815	1,372,108	746,985	2,119,093
1816	1,415,723	379,465	1,795,188
1817	1,625,121	445,011	2,070,132
1818	1,886,394	762,457	2,648,851
1819	1,809,128	542,684	2,351,812
1820	1,668,060	447,611	2,115,671
1821	1,599,274	396,256	1,995,530
1822	1,664,186	469,151	2,133,337

—PORTER'S Progress of the Nation, 407.

It appears from this most instructive table that, under the protection system, from 1801 to 1823, the British shipping employed in conducting our commerce had gained so decisively on the foreign employed in the same commerce, that it had increased, from having been on an average of five years, at the commencement of the second, about two British tons to one foreign, to be, on the last five years, about *four* British tons to one foreign: in other words, during these twenty-two years, the proportion of British to foreign shipping had *doubled*.

Turn now to the contrast afforded by the comparative progress of British and foreign shipping from 1823, when the reciprocity system was introduced with certain states, to 1847, when it was made universal by the suspension of the Navigation Laws in March of that year:—

Year.	Tons inward, British.	Tons li Fore	
1823	1,740,859	582,996	2,323,855
1824	1,797,320	759,441	2,556,761
1825	2,144,598	958,132	3,102,730
1826	1,950,630	694,116	2,644,746
1827	2,086,898	751,864	2,839,762
1828	2,094,357	634,620	2,728,977
1829	2,184,525	710,303	2,894,828
1830	2,180,042	758,828	2,938,870
1831	2,367,322	874,605	3,241,927
1832	2,185,980	639,979	2,825,959
1833	2,183,814	762,085	2,945,899
1834	2,298,263	833,905	3,132,168
1835	2,442,734	866,990	3,309,724
1836	2,505,473	988,899	3,494,372
1837	2,617,166	1,005,940	3,623,106
1838	2,785,387	1,211,666	3,997,053
1839	3,101,650	1,331,365	4,433,015
1840	3,197,501	1,460,294	4,657,795
1841	3,361,211	1,291,165	4,652,376
1842	3,294,725	1,205,303	4,500,028
1843	3,545,346	1,301,950	4,847,296
1844	3,647,463	1,402,138	5,049,601
1845	4,310,639	1,735,079	6,045,718
1846	4,294,733	1,806,282	6,101,015
1847	4,942,094	2,253,939	7,196,033

to the foreign as 174 to 58, or 3 to 1 exactly, at the close they stood as 49 to 22, or *somewhat above 2 to 1 only*. And observe the vast start of foreign shipping as compared with British, since free trade was introduced by Sir R. Peel in 1846. For while the British tonnage was to the foreign in 1845 as 43 to 17, or as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; in the year 1847 it was as 49 to 22, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 only. So rapid has been the growth of foreign shipping over British in eighteen months of general free trade. In ten years of such a system, it is easy to see that the foreign tonnage employed in carrying on our trade will be equal to the British; and then our national independence is gone for ever, for we have nursed up in our harbours a body of foreign scamen equal to our own.

But we have not yet done with the parliamentary returns. From the return 3d April 1848, it appears that the total tonnage, British and foreign, employed in carrying on our trade was—

British islands.	Foreign.	Total.
4,942,094	2,253,939	7,196,033 tons.

Deduct British and foreign tons employed in the colonial trade, viz.—

	Tons Brit. inward.	Tons For. inward.
Brit. N. Amer. colonies	953,466	3,274
West Indies	243,388	
Channel islands	131,899	3,049
Gibraltar	11,623	
Malta	33,554	3,789
Ionian islands	13,101	
Africa	203,812	6,983
Asia and Australia	379,529	2,774
Total to colonies	1,970,372	19,847

Thus the British trade to our colonial settlements is about a *hundred times* the foreign, and constitutes nearly a *third* of the whole tonnage employed in carrying on our commerce, and about two-fifths of the total British tonnage,—(1,970,372 out of 4,942,094.)

But it is important to discover what proportion the British tonnage employed in conducting our trade with all the world, *except our colonies*, bears to the foreign tonnage employed in the same work. That is easily found:—

—PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, 407, 2d edition; and *Parliamentary Paper*, 3d April 1848.

Thus it appears that under the reciprocity system with some countries since 1823, and free trade in shipping with all in 1847, the foreign shipping employed in carrying on the British trade had so rapidly grown upon the British, that, while at the commencement of the period the British stood

	Tons Brit.		Tons For.	Tons Fd.
1847. Total British tonnage,	4,942,094	Total For. ton.	2,253,939	
Deduct British colonial tonnage,	1,970,372	Foreign do.	19,847	
Remains in trade with all the world except colonies,	2,971,722		2,233,092	

So that, setting aside our colonial trade, the British tonnage is to the tonnage with all the rest of the world as 29 to 22, or as 4 to 3 only ! Considering the rapid strides which, under the reciprocity system established only with a limited number of countries in 1823, the foreign shipping is making in encroachment upon the British, this fact affords room for the most serious reflections. It is clear, from the great advance of foreign over British shipping in the single year of temporary suspension of the Navigation Laws, under the pressure of famine in 1847—viz. from 1,735,679, to 2,253,979 ; while the British in the same period advanced only from 4,310,639, to 4,942,094,—that two or three years of free trade in shipping will bring the foreign vessels employed in conducting our trade, exclusive of those engaged in the colonial, to an equality with the British. The moment that period arrives, our maritime superiority, and with it our national independence, hang entirely on our colonial trade, which, and which alone, strikes the balance at present in our favour. And yet, the colonial trade is the precise thing which it is the object of the repeal of the Navigation Laws to throw open to foreign nations ! In their anxiety to cheapen every thing, the Free-traders would gladly expose our shipping interest engaged in the colonial trade to the same competition, which has already proved so disastrous to that part of it which is engaged in the traffic with foreign nations.

Observe how one false step in policy by nations, like one deviation from virtue in private life, leads by natural consequences to a repetition of errors and crimes, till irreparable ruin ensues. The agricultural interest at home was first attacked ; and by the cry of cheap bread, and the weight of class legislation, its protection was taken away. The West India islands were the next victims ; because, if the farmer in England raises his wheat with nothing but a nominal protection, it was plausible to say the West India planter must raise his sugar on the same terms. The ruinous

competition to which this exposed the West India planters naturally produced in them a desire to be liberated from any burdens to which they were subjected for the benefit of the mother country ; and in this demand the Canadians, exposed to the competition of American grain, for a similar reason concurred. Thus the cry for cheap freights, originating in free-trade principles in England, came to be responded to from the British colonies on the other side of the Atlantic ; and the Navigation Laws began to be repudiated by the colonies—the very thing which formerly it was their most anxious desire to uphold. The firm though unseen bond of mutual interest, founded on protective principles, which has hitherto held together the vast and widely separated dominions of the British empire, is dissolved. Being deprived of the benefit of protection, they very naturally wished to be relieved of its burdens. Such is the maze of error and danger into which we have been led by the sophistry of free trade ; and such the way in which the greatest and best consolidated empires are first loosened, and then destroyed, by the delusions of those entrusted with their guidance.

The manner in which foreign shipping has encroached upon British, since the reciprocity system began in 1823, is clearly proved by the centesimal proportions of each, published by Mr Porter, from 1820 to 1844, both inclusive.

It will be seen from the following table, that, since 1820, the centesimal proportion of British shipping employed in conducting our trade has declined from 78 to 72, while that of foreign nations has increased from 21 to 27. But this proportion, such as it is, is solely upheld by our colonial trade, which, as already shown, employs nearly 2,000,000 tons of our shipping. But for it, the encroachment of foreign on British shipping would appear in such alarming colours as to strike the most inconsiderate. It is the rapid growth of our colonial trade under the protective system which has alone concealed the ravages effected on it by free trade under the reciprocity.

Centesimal Proportions of the British and Foreign Tonnage employed in the Import Trade of the United Kingdom from 1820 to 1844.

Year.	Brit. inward.	For. inward.	Year.	Brit. inward.	For. inward.
1820	78.84	21.16	1834	73.37	26.63
1821	80.14	19.86	1835	73.85	26.15
1822	78.00	22.00	1836	71.41	28.59
1823*	74.91	25.09	1837	72.23	27.77
1824	70.29	29.71	1838	69.68	30.32
1825	69.12	30.88	1839	69.96	30.04
1826	73.75	26.25	1840	68.64	31.36
1827	73.51	26.49	1841	72.24	27.76
1828	76.74	23.26	1842	73.21	26.79
1829	75.46	25.54	1833	73.14	26.86
1830	74.18	25.82	1844	72.23	27.77
1831	73.02	26.98	1845
1832	77.35	22.65	1846
1833	74.13	25.87	1847

—PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, 416, 2d edition.

Mr Porter himself tells us that the centesimal proportion of our trade with the European powers has declined (p. 410) from 65 to 52.38, while that of our colonies has increased thus,—

	1802.		1814.		1835.		1844. &c.	
	Tons.	Cent. prop.	Tons.	Cent. prop.	Tons.	Cent. prop.	Tons.	Cent. prop.
America	336,344	18.54	313,658	19.32	886,524	26.21	984,850	19.50
Africa	7,270	0.40	13,514	0.76	40,131	1.21	157,364	3.12
India, &c.	67,627	3.72	74,117	4.16	161,473	4.88	264,978	5.25
Australia			488	0.02	16,019	0.48	36,454	0.74
	411,241	19.66	431,727	24.26	1,104,147	32.78	1,443,646	28.61

Such has been the working of the reciprocity system, as compared with the protective and colonial—in other words, free trade in shipping with some particular nations—in twenty years. And it is from this experience of the effects of the partial adoption of these principles that the Free-traders now propose to make it universal!

America is the country to which, in comparison with Great Britain, the Free-traders constantly refer for a demonstration of the justice and bene-

ficial operation of their principles. We accept the instance, and proceed to inquire into the comparative value of the American protected trade with our own colonies, and the American free trade with the United States, both at this time and in the respective progress of each for the last twenty-five years.

The foreign and British tonnage with the United States, Canada, and the West Indies, in the year 1847, stood thus, viz. :—

	British tons.	Foreign tons.	Total.
British North American Colonies	953,466	3,724	954,190
British West Indies	243,388	...	243,388
Total protected	1,196,854	...	1,197,578
United States of America (unprotected)	437,095	651,189	1,088,284

—*Parliamentary Paper*, 3d April 1848.

* Reciprocity System introduced.

So that, while our West India and North American colonies, under this protective system, support 1,196,854 tons of British shipping against 3,724 of foreign, or 300 to 1 nearly; the American trade with the United States only maintains 437,095 of British against 651,189 of foreign; in other words, about 2 to 3 nearly! But the Free-traders think it better to adopt the system which makes the foreign shipping to the British as 3 to 2, than uphold the one which has brought the foreign shipping to the British, in the colonial trade, as 1 to 300!

Observe, too, the decisive proof which the same return affords of the vast superiority, in every point of view, of our colonial trade to our foreign, even in the hands of our best free-trade customers, the Americans. For while less than 3,000,000 of souls between the West India and North American colonies furnished employment to 1,197,000 tons of British and foreign shipping, of which 1,193,000 was British; twenty millions of Americans in the United States only furnished employment to 1,088,284 tons of shipping, in all of which no more than 437,095 were British! And this is the pet instance of the Free-traders—their favourite *cheval de bataille*—to demonstrate the great superiority of free and foreign over protected and colonial trade!

Again, if we take the comparative progress of British and American tonnage in conducting the trade of the United States, since the reciprocity system was begun in 1823, the same conclusion is forced upon the mind. Not only is the American shipping, throughout the whole period, superior to the British in the proportion generally of 3 to 1, but this superiority in their favour remains undiminished in any material degree. We take the following returns from Mr Porter:—

Year.	British tons inwards.	American tons inwards.
1823	63,606	165,699
1826	47,711	151,765
1829	64,343	162,367
1832	95,203	167,359
1835	86,383	226,483
1838	83,203	357,467
1841	121,777	294,170
1844	206,183	338,737
1845	224,089	444,609
1846	205,123	435,399

It is easy to see how it has happened that, in competition with the shipowners of every country, the British shipowners have suffered so much under the partial operation of the free-trade principles which the reciprocity system has afforded. It is the inevitable fate of the old and the rich state, in shipbuilding and agriculture, to be undersold by the young and the poor one. The reason is, that the old state, by the very magnitude of its wealth, the amount of its transactions, the number of its inhabitants, the multitude of its fabrics, is obliged to pay much higher for labour and materials of all sorts than the young and the poor one. Machinery and the steam-engine compensate, and more than compensate, this superiority in regard to manufactured articles. England undersells Hindostan, where wages are a penny or twopence a day, by the work of steam-power looms working on cotton raised on the banks of the Ganges. But there is no steam-power loom in shipbuilding any more than in agriculture. Great things in nautical affairs, as in rural economy, can be effected only by the labour of man's hands and the sweat of his brow, in the last ages of civilisation, as in the first. It would appear to be a permanent law of nature, to which there is no exception in any age of the world, or any stage of human progress, that the chief branches of industry on which the subsistence and defence of nations rest—agriculture, and the naval and military arts—are pursued more cheaply, and with more success by young and rising than old and opulent states. History is full of examples in which the manufactures of rich and ancient nations have obtained an undisputed supremacy over the fabrics of poor and rising ones; but it presents still more examples of the encroachments made on the industry and power of old nations by the agricultural produce, or naval and military efforts, of young ones. It is this law of nature which provides for the decay and ruin of nations when they are approaching the limit of their allotted space of existence, and should give place to others entering on the career which they have terminated. No efforts of human energy or virtue can prolong, for any considerable

period, this allotted space. But it is the peculiar reproach of free trade, whether applied to agriculture or nautical affairs, that it tends to shorten, instead of prolonging, the life of the nation to which it is applied, by oppressing instead of relieving those vital branches of industry on which its existence depends, and thus both aggravates the natural evils incident to old age, and accelerates the approach of the political society to the tomb.

When Mr Huskisson, in 1823, introduced the Reciprocity System, he did not dispute that it would injure our maritime interests; but he contended that it would open a new field for our manufactures,—that the time had now arrived when the Protective System could no longer be maintained, and it had become indispensable to sacrifice to a certain extent our maritime interests, in order to preserve the chief vents on Continental Europe for the industry of our artisans. The sacrifice was made, and the tables already given show with what fatal effect to our shipping interest. Has it extended the market for our manufactures, or diminished the jealousy with which they are regarded by the states of Continental Europe? Let the Zollverein league, at the head of which Prussia has placed herself, and which has imposed duties to an amount, in practical operation, of fifty per cent on our manufactures, give the answer. The exports which we send to the states of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia, are still, after a quarter of a century's experience of the immense impulse it has given to their maritime interests, and corresponding depression to ours, a perfect trifle.* Our exports to America are less than they were fifteen years ago, despite the boasted conciliatory effect of twenty years' reciprocity.† What can be more injudicious, therefore, than to

persist in, and even extend, a system which, without diminishing in the slightest degree the jealousy of Continental nations at our manufacturing superiority, has inflicted a serious and gratuitous wound on the naval resources by which alone that superiority can be maintained?

We have recently made a very great stride in free-trade principles, by the sacrifice of our agricultural protection, and the throwing open the English markets to cultivators of all nations. In the three last months of 1846 and even of 1847, in consequence of the import duties being removed, above £30,000,000 sterling was sent out of the country to purchase foreign grain; and the moderate duty of eight shillings a quarter has since been reimposed on wheat,—yet it terminates in February next, and corn from all quarters will then be admitted for the nominal duty of one shilling a quarter. We have abandoned the protection of our colonies to conciliate the slave-growing states, and augment the market for Manchester goods in Cuba and Brazil. With what disastrous effects these changes have been attended, upon the best interests of the empire, need be told to none who are familiar with the total ruin which has in consequence overtaken our West India colonies, and the unprecedented distress which prevails in all the great seats of our manufacturing industry. The loss of half the realised wealth of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, and the creation of nearly a hundred thousand persons, including dependants, in a state of pauperism, in each of those once rich and prosperous cities, is the price which, in a year and a half, we have paid for the adoption by Sir R. Peel of Mr Cobden's principles of free trade, and Mr Jones Loyd's principles of a fettered currency. Have we, in consequence, reaped any countervailing advantage,

* Exports from Great Britain—to

1844	.	Sweden	.	.	.	£108,475
...	.	Norway	.	.	.	152,824
...	.	Denmark	.	.	.	286,679
...	.	Prussia	.	.	.	505,384

PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, p. 366, 2d edition.

† Exports to United States of America:—

1836	£12,425,605
1844	7,938,079

PORTER, *ibid.*

or does the increase of our export and import trade show any benefit derived to the nation, to compensate such dreadful wounds inflicted on its internal prosperity, in the attempt to disarm the jealousy of foreign manufacturers? So far from it, our exports and imports have steadily *declined* since free-trade principles were introduced. All the main sources of our strength have diminished since Sir R. Peel abandoned protection in July 1846.* In adopting these principles, we have gratuitously inflicted a grievous wound on our own people, without having obtained for them the shadow even of a benefit to compensate the evil.

Such have been the effects of free-trade principles on the comparative prosperity of British and foreign shipping, on the showing of the Free-traders themselves, and according to the figures which their great statistician, Mr Porter, has prepared and published at the Board of Trade. We were unwilling to mix up a great national question, such as the repeal of the Navigation Laws, with any subordinate examination as to the accuracy or inaccuracy of the view of our maritime affairs which these figures exhibit. Such is the strength of the case, that it will admit of almost any concession; and the opponents of their repeal have no occasion to go farther than to the statistics of their adversaries for the most decisive refutation of their principles. But there are two observations on the tables published by the Board of Trade, so important that they cannot be passed over in silence. The first is, that in 1834, when Mr Poulett Thomson was president of the Board of Trade, a regulation was made by the Board as to the measurement of vessels, which had the effect

of adding a *fifth* to the apparent tonnage of all British vessels, subsequent to that date. This change was clearly proved by the witnesses examined before the Commons' committee; but though Mr Porter, in his last edition of the *Progress of the Nation*, mentions the change, (p. 368,) he makes no allusion to it in comparing the amount of British and foreign tonnage since 1834. Of course a fifth must be deducted from British tonnage, as compared with foreign, since that time; and what overwhelming force does this give to the facts, already strong, in regard to the effect of the reciprocity system on our maritime interests!

The second is, that the tonnage with countries near Great Britain, such as France, Belgium, and Holland, *includes steam vessels* carrying passengers, and their repeated voyages. In this way a boat, measuring 148 tons, and carrying passengers chiefly, comes to figure in the returns for 24,000 tons! It is evident that this important circumstance deprives the returns of such near states of all value in the estimate of the comparative amount of tonnage engaged in the trade with different countries. That with France will appear greatest in spring 1848, in consequence of the number of large vessels then employed in bringing back English residents expelled by, or terrified at, the Revolution—though that circumstance was putting a stop to nearly all the commercial intercourse between the two countries. As steam navigation has so immensely increased since 1834, when the changes in the measurement was introduced—and Great Britain, from its store of coal and iron, enjoys more of that traffic than all Europe put together—this is another circumstance

*	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.	REVENUE.
	British Produce and Manufactures. Declared Value.		
1845	£53,227,451	£85,281,958	£52,009,324
1846	51,227,060	75,953,579	54,473,762
1847	50,897,790	Not yet made up,	52,082,757

which militates against the returns as exhibiting a fair view of our trade, compared with that of foreign nations, especially with near countries, and fully justifies Mr Porter's admission, when examined before the Lords' committee, that "considerable fallacy is to be found in the returns." Unfortunately for the Free-traders, however, who had the preparation of them in their hands, these fallacies all point one way—viz. to augment the apparent advantages of free trade in shipping.

Such as free-trade principles are, they are evidently not likely to remain, if these islands are excepted, long in the ascendant either in the Old or the New World. The American tariff shows us how little we have to expect from Transatlantic favour to our manufactures: the savage expulsion of English labourers from France, how far the principles of "Liberty, Equality, and *Fraternity*," are likely to be acted upon by our enthusiastic and democratic neighbours on the Continent of Europe. It is clear from the communist and socialist principles now in the ascendant, both at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, that the interests of *labour* will above all things be considered by their governments in future times, and that the most rigorous measures, in the form of fiscal regulations, if not *absolute prohibition*, may shortly be expected in France, Italy, and Germany, against manufactures of any sort which interfere, or seem to interfere, with the interests of the dominant multitude of operatives. Why does our government adhere so strongly, in the face of the clearest evidence of their ruinous tendency, to the present system of free trade and a fettered currency? Because it works well for the great capitalists, who desire to have money dear, and the great manufacturers, who wish to have labour cheap, and because a majority of the House of Commons has been placed by the Reform Bill under their influence. Give the operatives the majority, and the opposite interest will instantly prevail. A successful Chartist revolt would at once send the whole free trade and fettered currency measures by the board in three months. In truth, it is the disasters they have produced

which has revived Chartism, and rendered it so menacing in the land. We should like to see how long a legislature, elected by universal suffrage, would allow Spitalfields and Macclesfield to be pauperised by Lyons silks, and Manchester invaded by Rouen cottons, and the shipwrights of Hull and Sunderland to be ruined by Baltic shipbuilders. As the operative classes have obtained the ascendancy in the principal Continental states, a similar jealousy of foreign interference with industry may with certainty be looked for in Continental Europe. Can any thing be more insane, therefore, than to persist in a policy fraught, every thing around us demonstrates, with such ruinous social injury to ourselves, and which the progress of political change on the Continent renders incapable of producing the ultimate benefits, in exchange for those evils which their authors hold out as the inducing causes of the measures which have produced them?

While the political changes which have recently occurred on the Continent of Europe have rendered any reciprocity of advantages utterly hopeless from the most violent adoption of free-trade principles, they have augmented in a proportional degree the dangers to this country of foreign aggression, and the risk to be apprehended from any diminution of our naval resources. The days have gone by when the dream of a free-trade millenium, in which a reciprocity of advantages is to extinguish all feelings of hostility, and war is to be looked back to as a relic of the pre-Adamite world, can with safety be indulged. It is rather too late to think of the termination of the angry passions of men, when Europe, in its length and breadth, is devastated alike by civil dissension and foreign warfare; when barricades have so recently been erected in all its chief capitals; when bloodshed is hourly expected in Paris and Berlin; when the Emperor of Austria has fled to Innspruck; when every station in London was, only a few days ago, occupied by armed battalions; and when a furious war, rousing the passions of whole races of men, is raging on the Mincio and the Elbe. Threatened by a raging fire in all the countries by which we

are surrounded, uncertain whether we are not slumbering on the embers of a conflagration in our own, is this the time to relax in our warlike preparations, and, by crippling the nursery of our seamen, expose ourselves, without the means of resistance, to the assaults of hostile nations, envious of our fame, jealous of our manufactures, covetous of our wealth, desirous of our ruin?

While Western Europe is torn by revolutionary passions, and the seeds of a dreadful, because a popular and general war, are rapidly springing to maturity from the Seine to the Vistula, Russia is silently but unceasingly gathering up its giant strength, and the Czar has already 300,000 men, and 800 pieces of cannon, ready to take the field against the revolutionary enthusiasts of France and Germany. Sooner or later the conflict must arrive. It is not unlikely that either a second Napoleon will lead another crusade of the western nations across the Niemen, or a second Alexander will conduct the forces of the desert to the banks of the Seine. Whichever proves victorious, England has equal cause for apprehension. If the balance of power is subverted on Continental Europe, how is the independence of this country to be maintained? How are our manufactures or revenue to be supported, if one prevailing power has subjugated all the other states of Europe to its sway? It is hard to say whether, in such circumstances, we should have most to dread from French fraternity or Russian hostility. But how is the balance of power to be preserved in Europe amidst the wreck of its principal states? when Prussia is revolutionised, and has passed over to the other side; when Austria is shattered and broken in pieces, and Italy has fallen under the dominion of a faction, distinguished beyond any thing else by its relentless hatred of the aristocracy, and jealousy of the fabrics of England? What has Great Britain to rely on in such a crisis but the energy of its seamen and the might of its navy, which might at least enable it to preserve its connexion with its own colonies, and maintain, as during the Continental blockade, its commerce with Transatlantic nations? And yet this is the moment which our rulers have selected for destroying the

Navigation Laws, so long the bulwark of our mercantile marine, and permitting all the world to make those inroads on our shipping, which have already been partially effected by the nations with whom we have concluded reciprocity treaties!

The defence of Great Britain must always mainly rest on our navy, and our navy is almost entirely dependent on the maintenance of our colonies. It is in the trade with the colonies that we can alone look for the means of resisting the general coalition of the European powers, which is certain, sooner or later, to arise against our maritime superiority, and the advent of which the spread of democratic principles, and the sway of operative jealousy on the Continent, is so evidently calculated to accelerate. But how are our colonies to be preserved, even for a few years, if free trade severs the strong bond of interest which has hitherto attached them to the mother country, and the repeal of the Navigation Laws accustoms them to look to foreigners for the means of conducting their mercantile transactions? Charged with the defence of a colonial empire which encircles the earth, and has brought such countless treasures and boundless strength to the parent state, Great Britain at land is only a fourth-rate power, at least for Continental strife. At Waterloo, even, she could only array forty-five thousand men to contend with the conqueror of Europe for her existence. It is in our ships we must look for the means of maintaining our commerce, and asserting our independence against manufacturing jealousy, national rivalry, and foreign aggression. Is our navy, then, to be surrendered to the ceaseless encroachments of foreigners, in order to effect a saving of a few millions a-year on freights, reft from our own people, and sapping the foundations of our national independence?

How can human wisdom or foresight, the energy of the Anglo-Saxons, or the courage of the Normans, maintain, for any length of time, our independence in the perilous position into which free-trade policy has, during the short period it has been in operation, brought us? The repeal of the Corn Laws has already brought an importa-

tion of eight or ten millions of foreign quarters annually upon our people—a full sixth of the national subsistence, and which will soon become indispensable to their existence. A simple non-intercourse act will alone enable Russia or America, without firing a shot, to compel us to lower the flag of Blake and Nelson. Stern famine will “guard the solitary coast,” and famished multitudes demand national submission as the price of life. The repeal of the Navigation Laws will ere long bring the foreign seamen engaged in carrying on our trade to a superiority over our own, as has already taken place in so woful a manner with the Baltic powers. Hostile fleets will moor their ships of the line across our harbours, and throw back our starving multitudes on their own island for food, and their own market for employment. •What will then avail our manufacturers and our fabrics,—the forges of Birmingham, the power-looms of Manchester, the iron-works of Lanarkshire,—if the enemies’ squadrons blockade the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde,

and famished millions are deprived alike of food and employment, by the suicidal policy of preceding rulers? Our present strength will then be the measure of our weakness; our vast population, as in a beleaguered town, the useless multitude which must be fed, and cannot fight,—our wealth, the glittering prize which will attract the rapacity of the spoiler. With indignant feelings, but caustic truth, our people will then curse the infatuated policy which abandoned the national defences, and handed them over, bound hand and foot, to the enemy, only the more the object of rapacity because such boundless wealth had accumulated in a few hands amongst them. Then will be seen, that with our own hands, as into the ancient city, we have admitted the enemies’ bands; we have drawn the horse pregnant with armed men through our ramparts, and our weeping and dispersed descendants will exclaim with the Trojans of old—

“Fuinus Troës, fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Teucrorum.”

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LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

PART III.

LA BONTÉ and his companions proceeded up the river, the Black Hills on their left hand, from which several small creeks or feeders swell the waters of the North Fork. Along these they hunted unsuccessfully for beaver "sign," and it was evident that the spring hunt had almost entirely exterminated the animal from this vicinity. Following Deer Creek to the ridge of the Black Hills, they crossed the mountain on to the waters of the Medicine Bow, and here they discovered a few lodges, and La Bonté set his first trap. He and old Luke finding "cuttings" near the camp, followed the "sign" along the bank until the practised eye of the latter discovered a "slide," where the beaver had ascended the bank to chop the trunk of a cotton wood, and convey the bark to its lodge. Taking a trap from "sack," the old hunter after "setting" the "trigger," placed it carefully under the water, where the "slide" entered the stream, securing the chain to the stem of a sappling on the bank; while a stick, also attached to the trap by a thong, floated down the stream, to mark the position of the trap, should the animal carry it away. A little farther on, and near another "run," three traps were set; and over these Luke placed a little stick, which he first dipped into a mysterious-looking phial which contained his "medicine."*

The next morning they visited the traps, and had the satisfaction of finding three fine beaver secured in the first three they visited, and the fourth,

which had been carried away, they discovered, by the floatstick, a little distance down the stream, with a large drowned beaver between its teeth.

The animals being carefully skinned, they returned to camp with the choicest portions of the meat, and the tails, on which they most luxuriously supped; and La Bonté was fain to confess that all his ideas of the superexcellence of buffalo were thrown in the shade by the delicious beaver tail, the rich meat of which he was compelled to allow was "great eating," unsurpassed by "tender loin" or "boudin," or other meat of whatever kind he had eaten of before.

The country where La Bonté and his companions were trapping, is very curiously situated in the extensive bend of the Platte which encloses the Black Hill range on the north, and which bounds the large expanse of broken tract known as the Laramie Plains, their southern limit being the base of the Medicine Bow Mountains. From the north-western corner of the bend, an inconsiderable range extends to the westward, gradually decreasing in height until they reach an elevated plain, which forms a break in the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and affords their easy passage, now known as the Great, or South Pass. So gradual is the ascent of this portion of the mountain, that the traveller can scarcely believe that he is crossing the dividing ridge between the waters which flow into the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in a few

* A substance obtained from a gland in the scrotum of the beaver, and used to attract that animal to the trap.

minutes can fling a stick into two neighbouring streams, one of which would be carried thousands of miles, which the eastern waters traverse in their course to the Gulf of Mexico, the other, borne a lesser distance, to the Gulf of California.

The country is frequented by the Crows and Snakes, who are at perpetual war with the Shians and Sioux, following them often far down the Platte, where many bloody battles have taken place. The Crows are esteemed friendly to the whites; but when on war expeditions, and "hair" their object, it is always dangerous to fall in with Indian war-parties, and particularly in the remote regions of the mountains, where they do not anticipate retaliation.

Trapping with tolerable success in this vicinity, as soon as the premonitory storms of approaching winter warned them to leave the mountains, they crossed over to the waters of Green River, one of the affluents of the Colorado, intending to winter at a rendezvous to be held in "Brown's Hole"—an enclosed valley so called, which, abounding in game, and sheltered on every side by lofty mountains, is a favourite wintering-ground of the mountaineers. Here they found several trapping bands already arrived; and a trader from the Uintah country, with store of powder, lead, and tobacco, prepared to ease them of their hardly earned peltries.

In bands numbering from two to ten, and singly, the trappers dropped into the rendezvous; some with many pack-loads of beaver, others with greater or less quantity, and more than one came in on foot, having lost his animals and peltry by Indian thieving. Here were soon congregated many mountaineers, whose names are famous in the history of the Far West. Fitzpatrick and Hatcher, and old Bill Williams, with their bands, well-known leaders of trapping parties, soon arrived. Sublette came in with his men from Yellow Stone, and many of Wyeth's New Englanders were there. Chabonard with his half-breeds, Wahkeitchas all, brought his peltries from the lower country; and half-a-dozen Shawanee and Delaware Indians, with

a Mexican from Taos, one Marcollin, a fine strapping fellow, the best trapper and hunter in the mountains, and ever first in the fight. Here, too, arrived the "Bourgeois" traders of the "North West"* Company, with their superior equipments, ready to meet their trappers, and purchase the beaver at an equitable value; and soon the encampment began to assume a busy appearance when the trade opened.

A curious assemblage did the rendezvous present, and representatives of many a land met there. A son of *La belle France* here lit his pipe from one proffered by a native of New Mexico. An Englishman and a Sandwich islander cut a quid from the same plug of tobacco. A Swede and an "old Virginian" puffed together. A Shawanee blew a peaceful cloud with a scion of the "Six Nations." One from the Land of Cakes—a canny chiel—sought to "get round" (in trade) a right "smart" Yankee, but couldn't "shine."

The beaver went briskly, six dollars being the price paid per lb. in goods—for money is seldom given in the mountain market, where "beaver" is cash for which the articles supplied by the traders are bartered. In a very short time peltries of every description had changed hands, either by trade, or gambling with cards and betting. With the mountain men bets decide every question that is raised, even the most trivial; and if the Editor of *Bell's Life* was to pay one of these rendezvous a winter visit, he would find the broad sheet of his paper hardly capacious enough to answer all the questions which would be referred to his decision.

Before the winter was over, La Bonté had lost all traces of civilised humanity, and might justly claim to be considered as "hard a case" as any of the mountaineers then present. Long before the spring opened, he had lost all the produce of his hunt and both his animals, which, however, by a stroke of luck, he recovered, and wisely "held on to" for the future. Right glad when spring appeared, he started from Brown's Hole, with four companions, to hunt the Uintah or Snake country, and the affluents of the larger streams which rise in

* The Hudson's Bay Company is so called by the American trappers.

that region and fall into the Gulf of California.

In the valley of the Bear River they found beaver abundant, and trapped their way westward until they came upon the famed locality of the Beer and Soda Springs—natural fountains of mineral water, renowned amongst the trappers as being "medicine" of the first order.

Arriving one evening, about sundown, at the Beer Spring, they found a solitary trapper sitting over the rocky basin, intently regarding, and with no little awe, the curious phenomenon of the bubbling gas. Behind him were piled his saddles and a pack of skins, and at a little distance a hobbled Indian pony was feeding amongst the cedars which formed a little grove round the spring. As the three hunters dismounted from their animals, the lone trapper scarcely noticed their arrival, his eyes being still intently fixed upon the water. Looking round at last, he was instantly recognised by one of La Bonté's companions, and saluted as "Old Rube." Dressed from head to foot in buckskin, his face, neck, and hands appeared to be of the same leathery texture, so nearly did they assimilate in colour to the materials of his dress. He was at least six feet two or three in his moccasins, straight-limbed and wiry, with long arms ending in hands of tremendous grasp, and a quantity of straight black hair hanging on his shoulders. His features, which were undeniably good, wore an expression of comical gravity, never relaxing into a smile, which a broad good-humoured mouth could have grinned from ear to ear.

"What, boys," he said, "will you be simple enough to camp here, alongside these springs? Nothing good ever came of sleeping here, I tell you, and the worst kind of devils are in those dancing waters."

"Why, old hos," cried La Bonté, "what brings you hyar then, and camp at that?"

"This nigger," answered Rube solemnly, "has been down'd upon a sight too often to be skeared by what can come out from them waters; and thar arn't a devil as hisses thar, as

can 'shine' with this child, I tell you. I've tried him onest, an' fout him to clawin' away to Eustis,* and if I draws my knife agin on such varmint, I'll raise his hair, as sure as shootin'."

Spite of the reputed dangers of the locality, the trappers camped on the spot, and many a draught of the delicious sparkling water they quaffed in honour of the "medicine" of the fount. Rube, however, sat sulky and silent, his huge form bending over his legs, which were crossed, Indian fashion, under him, and his long bony fingers spread over the fire, which had been made handy to the spring. At last they elicited from him that he had sought this spot for the purpose of "*making medicine*," having been persecuted by extraordinary ill luck, even at this early period of his hunt,—the Indians having stolen two out of his three animals, and three of his half-dozen traps. He had, therefore, sought the springs for the purpose of invoking the fountain spirits, which, a perfect Indian in his simple heart, he implicitly believed to inhabit their mysterious waters. When the others had, as he thought, fallen asleep, La Bonté observed the ill-starred trapper take from his pouch a curiously carved red stone pipe, which he carefully charged with tobacco and kinnik-kinnik. Then approaching the spring, he walked three times round it, and gravely sat himself down. Striking fire with his flint and steel, he lit his pipe, and, bending the stem three several times towards the water, he inhaled a vast quantity of smoke; and, bending back his neck and looking upwards, puffed it into the air. He then blew another puff towards the four points of the compass, and emptying the pipe into his hand, cast the consecrated contents into the spring, saying a few Indian "*medicine*" words of cabalistic import. Having performed the ceremony to his satisfaction, he returned to the fire, smoked a pipe on his own hook, and turned into his buffalo robe, conscious of having done a most important duty.

In the course of their trapping expedition, and accompanied by Rube, who knew the country well, they passed near the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake,

* A small lake near the head waters of the Yellow Stone, near which are some curious thermal springs of ink-black water.

a vast inland sea, whose salitrose waters cover an extent of upwards of one hundred and forty miles in length, by eighty in breadth. Fed by several streams, of which the Big Bear River is the most considerable, this lake presents the curious phenomenon of a vast body of water without any known outlet. According to the trappers, an island, from which rises a chain of lofty mountains, nearly divides the north-western portion of the lake, whilst a smaller one, within twelve miles of the northern shore, rises six hundred feet from the level of the water. Rube declared to his companions that the larger island was known by the Indians to be inhabited by a race of giants, with whom no communication had ever been held by mortal man; and but for the casual wafting to the shores of the lake of logs of gigantic trees, cut by axes of extraordinary size, the world would never have known that such a people existed. They were, moreover, white as themselves, and lived upon corn and fruits, and rode on elephants, &c.

Whilst following a small creek at the south-west extremity of the lake, they came upon a band of miserable Indians, who, from the fact of their subsisting chiefly on roots, are called the Diggers. At first sight of the whites, they immediately fled from their wretched huts, and made towards the mountain; but one of the trappers, galloping up on his horse, cut off their retreat, and drove them like sheep before him back to their village. A few of these wretched creatures came into camp at sundown, and were regaled with such meat as the larder afforded. They appeared to have no other food in their village but bags of dried ants and their larvæ, and a few roots of the yampah. Their huts were constructed of a few bushes of grease-wood, piled up as a sort of breakwind, in which they huddled in their filthy skins. During the night, they crawled up to the camp and stole two of the horses, and the next morning not a sign of them was visible. Now La Bonté witnessed a case of mountain law, and the practical effects of the "*lex talionis*" of the Far West.

The trail of the runaway Diggers bore to the north-west, or along the skirt of a barren waterless desert, which stretches far away from the

southern shores of the Salt Lake to the borders of Upper California. La Bonté, with three others, determined to follow the thieves, recover their animals, and then rejoin the other two (Luke and Rube) on a creek two days' journey from their present camp. Starting at sunrise, they rode on at a rapid pace all day, closely following the trail, which led directly to the north-west, through a wretched sandy country, without game or water. From the appearance of the track, the Indians must still have been several hours ahead of them, when the fatigue of their horses, suffering from want of grass and water, compelled them to camp near the head of a small water-course, where they luckily found a hole containing a little water, and whence a broad Indian trail passed, apparently frequently used. Long before daylight they were again in the saddle, and, after proceeding a few miles, saw the lights of several fires a short distance ahead of them. Halting here, one of the party advanced on foot to reconnoitre, and presently returned with the intelligence that the party they were in pursuit of had joined a village numbering thirty or forty huts.

Loosening their girths, they permitted their tired animals to feed on the scanty herbage which presented itself, whilst they refreshed themselves with a pipe of tobacco—for they had no meat of any description with them, and the country afforded no game. As the first streak of dawn appeared in the east, they mounted their horses, after first examining their rifles, and moved cautiously towards the Indian village. As it was scarcely light enough for their operations, they waited behind a sandhill in the vicinity, until objects became more distinct, and then, emerging from their cover with loud war-whoops, they charged abreast into the midst of the village.

As the frightened Indians were scarcely risen from their beds, no opposition was given to the daring mountaineers, who, rushing upon the flying crowd, discharged their rifles at close quarters, and then, springing from their horses, attacked them knife in hand, and only ceased the work of butchery when nine Indians lay dead upon the ground. All this time the women, half dead with fright, were huddled together on the ground, howl-

ing piteously; and the mountaineers advancing to them, whirled their lassos round their heads, and throwing the open nooses into the midst, hauled out three of them, and securing their arms in the rope, bound them to a tree, and then proceeded to scalp the dead bodies. Whilst they were engaged in this work, an old Indian, withered and grisly, and hardly bigger than an ape, suddenly emerged from a rock, holding in his left hand a bow and a handful of arrows, whilst one was already drawn to the head. Running towards them, and almost before the hunters were aware of his presence, he discharged an arrow at a few yards' distance, which buried itself in the ground not a foot from La Bonté's head as he bent over the body of the Indian he was scalping; and hardly had the whiz ceased, when whirr flew another, striking him in his right shoulder. Before the Indian could fit a third arrow to his bow, La Bonté sprang upon him, seized him by the middle, and spinning the pigmy form of the Indian round his head, as easily as he would have twirled a tomahawk, he threw him with tremendous force on the ground at the feet of one of his companions, who, stooping down, coolly thrust his knife into the Indian's breast, and quickly tore off his scalp.

The slaughter over, without casting an eye to the captive squaws, the trappers proceeded to search the village for food, of which they stood much in need. Nothing, however, was found but a few bags of dried ants, which, after eating voraciously of, but with wry mouths, they threw aside, saying the food was worse than "poor bull." They found, however, the animals they had been robbed of, and two more besides,—wretched half-starved creatures; and on these mounting their captives, they hurried away on their journey back to their companions, the distance being computed at three days' travel from their present position. However, they thought, by taking a more direct course, they might find better pasture for their animals, and water, besides saving at least half a day by the short cut. To their cost, they proved the truth of the old saying, that "a short cut is always a long road," as will be presently shown.

It has been said that from the southwestern extremity of the Great Salt

Lake a vast desert extends for hundreds of miles, unbroken by the slightest vegetation, destitute of game and water, and presenting a cheerless expanse of sandy plain, or rugged mountain, thinly covered with dwarf pine or cedar, the only evidence of vegetable life. Into this desert, ignorant of the country, the trappers struck, intending to make their short cut; and, travelling on all day, were compelled to camp at night, without water or pasture for their exhausted animals, and themselves ravenous with hunger and parched with thirst. The next day three of their animals "gave out," and they were fain to leave them behind; but imagining that they must soon strike a creek, they pushed on until noon, but still no water presented itself, nor a sign of game of any description. The animals were nearly exhausted, and a horse which could scarcely keep up with the slow pace of the others was killed, and its blood greedily drunk; a portion of the flesh being eaten raw, and a supply carried with them for future emergencies.

The next morning two of the horses lay dead at their pickets, and one only remained, and this in such a miserable state that it could not possibly have travelled six miles further. It was, therefore, killed, and its blood drunk, of which, however, the captive squaws refused to partake. The men began to feel the effects of their consuming thirst, which the hot horse's blood only served to increase; their lips became parched and swollen, their eyes bloodshot, and a giddy sickness seized them at intervals. About mid-day they came in sight of a mountain on their right hand, which appeared to be more thickly clothed with vegetation; and arguing from this that water would be found there, they left their course and made towards it, although some eight or ten miles distant. On arriving at the base, the most minute search failed to discover the slightest traces of water, and the vegetation merely consisted of dwarf pion and cedar. With their sufferings increased by the exertions they had used in reaching the mountain, they once more sought the trail, but every step told on their exhausted frames. The sun was very powerful, the sand over which they were floundering deep and heavy, and, to complete their suffer-

ings, a high wind was blowing it in their faces, filling their mouths and noses with its searching particles.

Still they struggled onwards manfully, and not a murmur was heard until their hunger had entered the second stage attendant upon starvation. They had now been three days without food, and three without water; under which privation nature can hardly sustain herself for a much longer period. On the fourth morning, the men looked wolfish, their captives following behind in sullen and perfect indifference, occasionally stooping down to catch a beetle if one presented itself, and greedily devouring it. A man named Forey, a Canadian half-breed, was the first to complain. "If this lasted another sundown," he said, "some of them would be 'rubbed out;' that meat had to be 'raised' anyhow; and for this part, he knew where to look for a feed, if no game was seen before they put out of camp on the morrow; and meat was meat, anyhow they fixed it."

No answer was made to this, though his companions well understood him: their natures as yet revolted against the last expedient. As for the three squaws, all of them young girls, they followed behind their captors without a word of complaint, and with the stoical indifference to pain and suffering, which alike characterises the haughty Delaware of the north and the miserable stunted Digger of the deserts of the Far West. On the morning of the fifth day, the party were sitting round a small fire of piñon, hardly able to rise and commence their journey, the squaws squatting over another at a little distance, when Forey commenced again to suggest that, if nothing offered, they must either take the alternative of starving to death, for they could not hope to last another day, or have recourse to the revolting extremity of sacrificing one of the party to save the lives of all. To this, however, there was a murmur of dissent, and it was finally resolved that all should sally out and hunt; for a deer-track had been discovered near the camp, which, although it was not a fresh one, proved that there must be game in the vicinity. Weak and exhausted as they were, they took their rifles and started for the neighbouring uplands, each taking a different direction.

It was nearly sunset when La Bonté returned to the camp, where he already espied one of his companions engaged in cooking something over it. Hurrying to the spot, overjoyed with the anticipations of a feast, he observed that the squaws were gone; but, at the same time, thought it was not improbable they had escaped during their absence. Approaching the fire, he observed Forey broiling some meat on the embers, whilst at a little distance lay what he fancied was the carcass of a deer.

"Hurrah, boy!" he exclaimed, as he drew near the fire. "You've 'made' a 'raise,' I see."

"Well, I have," rejoined the other, turning his meat with the point of his butcher knife. "There's the meat, hos—help yourself."

La Bonté drew the knife from his scabbard, and approached the spot his companion was pointing to; but what was his horror to see the yet quivering body of one of the Indian squaws, with a large portion of the flesh butchered from it, and part of which Forey was already greedily devouring. The knife dropped from his hand, and his heart rose to his throat.

The next day he and his companion struck the creek where Rube and the other trapper had agreed to await them, and whom they found in camp with plenty of meat, and about to start again on their hunt, having given up the others for lost. From the day they parted, nothing was ever heard of La Bonté's two companions, who doubtless fell a prey to utter exhaustion, and were unable to return to the camp. And thus ended the Digger expedition.

It may appear almost incredible that men having civilised blood in their veins could perpetrate such wanton and cold-blooded acts of aggression on the wretched Indians, as that detailed above; but it is fact that the mountaineers never lose an opportunity of slaughtering these miserable Diggers, and attacking their villages, often for the purpose of capturing women, whom they carry off, and not unfrequently sell to other tribes, or to each other. In these attacks neither sex nor age is spared; and your mountaineer has as little compunction in taking the life of an Indian woman, as he would have in sending his rifle-

ball through the brain of a Crow or Blackfoot warrior.

La Bonté now found himself without animals, and fairly "afoot;" consequently nothing remained for him but to seek some of the trapping bands, and hire himself for the hunt. Luckily for him, he soon fell in with Roubideau, on his way to Uintah, and was supplied by him with a couple of animals; and thus equipped, started again with a large band of trappers, who were going to hunt on the waters of Grand River and the Gila. Here they fell in with another nation of Indians, from which branch out the innumerable tribes inhabiting Northern Mexico and part of California. They were in general friendly, but lost no opportunity of stealing horses or any articles left lying about the camp. On one occasion, being camped on a northern affluent of the Gila, as they sat round the camp-fires, a volley of arrows was discharged amongst them, severely wounding one or two of the party. The attack, however, was not renewed, and the next day the camp was moved further down the stream, where beaver was tolerably abundant. Before sundown a number of Indians made their appearance, and making signs of peace, were admitted into the camp.

The trappers were all sitting at their suppers over the fires, the Indians looking gravely on, when it was remarked that now would be a good opportunity to retaliate upon them for the trouble their incessant attacks had entailed upon the camp. The suggestion was highly approved of, and instantly acted upon. Springing to their feet, the trappers seized their rifles, and commenced the slaughter. The Indians, panic-struck, fled without resistance, and numbers fell before the death-dealing rifles of the mountaineers. A chief, who had been sitting on a rock near the fire where the leader of the trappers sat, had been singled out by the latter as the first mark for his rifle.

Placing the muzzle to his heart, he pulled the trigger, but the Indian, with extraordinary tenacity of life, rose and grappled with his assailant. The white was a tall powerful man, but, notwithstanding the deadly wound the Indian had received, he had his equal in strength to contend

against. The naked form of the Indian twisted and writhed in his grasp, as he sought to avoid the trapper's up-lifted knife. Many of the latter's companions advanced to administer the *coup-de-grâce* to the savage, but the trapper cried to them to keep off: "If he couldn't whip the Indian," he said, "he'd go under."

At length he succeeded in throwing him, and, plunging his knife no less than seven times into his body, tore off his scalp, and went in pursuit of the flying savages. In the course of an hour or two, all the party returned, and sitting by the fires, resumed their suppers, which had been interrupted in the manner just described. Walker, the captain of the band, sat down by the fire where he had been engaged in the struggle with the Indian chief, whose body was lying within a few paces of it. He was in the act of fighting the battle over again to one of his companions, and was saying that the Indian had as much life in him as a buffalo bull, when, to the horror of all present, the savage, who had received wounds sufficient for twenty deaths, suddenly rose to a sitting posture, the fire shedding a glowing light upon the horrid spectacle. The face was a mass of clotted blood, which flowed from the lacerated and naked scalp, whilst gout of blood streamed from eight gaping wounds in the naked breast.

Slowly this frightful figure rose to a sitting posture, and, bending slowly forward to the fire, the mouth was seen to open wide, and a hollow gurgling—owg-h-h—broke from it.

"H!" exclaimed the trapper—and jumping up, he placed a pistol to the ghastly head, the eyes of which sternly fixed themselves on his, and pulling the trigger, blew the poor wretch's head to atoms.

The Gila passes through a barren, sandy country, with but little game, and sparsely inhabited by several different tribes of the great nation of the Apache. Unlike the rivers of this western region, this stream is, in most parts of its course, particularly towards its upper waters, entirely bare of timber, and the bottom, through which it runs, affords but little of the coarsest grass. Whilst on this stream, the trapping party lost several animals from the want of pasture, and many

more from the predatory attacks of the cunning Indians. These losses, however, they invariably made good whenever they encountered a native village—taking care, moreover, to repay themselves with interest whenever occasion offered.

Notwithstanding the sterile nature of the country, the trappers, during their passage up the Gila, saw with astonishment that the arid and barren valley had once been peopled by a race of men far superior to the present nomade tribes who roam over it. With no little awe they gazed upon the ruined walls of large cities, and the remains of houses, with their ponderous beams and joists, still testifying to the skill and industry with which they were constructed; huge ditches and irrigating canals, now filled with rank vegetation, furrowed the plains in the vicinity, marking the spot where once the green waving maize and smiling gardens covered what now was a bare and sandy desert. Pieces of broken pottery, of domestic utensils, stained with bright colours, every where strewed the ground; and spear and arrow-heads of stone, and quaintly carved idols, and women's ornaments of agate and obsidian, were picked up often by the wondering trappers, examined with child-like curiosity, and thrown carelessly aside.*

A Taos Indian, who was amongst the band, was evidently impressed with a melancholy awe, as he regarded these ancient monuments of his fallen people. At midnight he rose from his blanket and left the camp, which was in the vicinity of the ruined city, stealthily picking his way through the line of slumbering forms which lay around; and the watchful sentinel observed him approach the ruins with a slow and reverential gait. Entering the mouldering walls, he gazed silently around, where in ages past his ancestors trod proudly, a civilised race, the tradition of which, well known to his people, served but to make their present degraded position more galling and apparent. Cowering under the shadow of a crumbling wall, the Indian drew his blanket over his head, and

conjured to his mind's eye the former power and grandeur of his race,—that warlike people who, forsaking their own country for causes of which not the most dim tradition affords a trace, sought in the fruitful and teeming valleys of the south for a soil and climate which their own lands did not afford; and displacing the wild and barbarous hordes which inhabited the land, raised there a mighty empire, great in riches and civilisation, of which but the vague tradition now remains.

The Indian bowed his head and mourned the fallen greatness of his tribe. Rising, he slowly drew his tattered blanket round his body, and was preparing to leave the spot, when the shadow of a moving figure, creeping past a gap in the ruined wall, through which the moonbeams were playing, suddenly arrested his attention. Rigid as a statue, he stood transfixed to the spot, thinking a former inhabitant of the city was visiting, in a ghostly form, the scenes his body once knew so well. The bow in his right hand shook with fear as he saw the shadow approach, but was as tightly and steadily grasped when, on the figure emerging from the shade of the wall, he distinguished the form of a naked Apache, armed with bow and arrow, crawling stealthily through the gloomy ruins.

Standing undiscovered within the shadow of the wall, the Taos raised his bow, and drew an arrow to the head, until the other, who was bending low to keep under cover of the wall, and thus approach the sentinel standing at a short distance, seeing suddenly the well-defined shadow on the ground, rose upright on his legs, and, knowing escape was impossible, threw his arms down his sides, and, drawing himself erect, exclaimed, in a suppressed tone, "Wa-g-h!"

"Wagh!" exclaimed the Taos likewise, but quickly dropped his arrow point, and eased the bow.

"What does my brother want," he asked, "that he lopes like a wolf round the fires of the white hunters?"

"Is my brother's skin not red?" returned the Apache, "and yet he asks a question that needs no answer.

* The Aztecs are supposed to have built this city during their migration to the south; there is little doubt, however, but that the region extending from the Gila to the Great Salt Lake, and embracing the province of New Mexico, was the locality from which they emigrated.

Why does the 'medicine wolf' follow the buffalo and deer! For blood—and for blood the Indian follows the treacherous white from camp to camp, to strike blow for blow, until the deaths of those so basely killed are fully avenged."

"My brother speaks with a big heart, and his words are true; and though the Taos and Pimo (Apache) black their faces towards each other, (are at war,) here, on the graves of their common fathers, there is peace between them. Let my brother go."

The Apache moved quickly away, and the Taos once more sought the camp-fires of his white companions.

Following the course of the Gila to the eastward, they crossed a range of the Sierra Madre, which is a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, and struck the waters of the Rio del Norte, below the settlements of New Mexico. On this stream they fared well; besides trapping a great quantity of beaver, game of all kinds abounded, and the bluffs near the well-timbered banks of the river were covered with rich gramma grass, on which their half-starved animals speedily improved in condition.

They remained for some weeks encamped on the right bank of the stream, during which period they lost one of their number, who was shot with an arrow whilst lying asleep within a few feet of the camp-fire.

The Navajos continually prowled along that portion of the river which runs through the settlements of New Mexico, preying upon the cowardly inhabitants, and running off with their cattle whenever they are exposed in sufficient numbers to tempt them. Whilst ascending the river, they met a party of these Indians returning to their mountain homes with a large band of mules and horses which they had taken from one of the Mexican towns, besides several women and children, whom they had captured, as slaves. The main body of the trappers halting, ten of the band followed and charged upon the Indians, who numbered at least sixty, killed seven of them, and retook the prisoners and the whole cavallada of horses and mules. Great were the rejoicings when they entered Socorro, the town from whence the women and children had been taken, and as loud the remonstrances,

when, handing them over to their families, the trappers rode on, driving fifty of the best of the rescued animals before them, which they retained as payment for their services. Messengers were sent on to Albuquerque with intelligence of the proceeding; and as there were some troops stationed there, the commandant was applied to to chastise the insolent whites.

That warrior, on learning that the trappers numbered less than fifteen, became alarmingly brave, and ordering out the whole of his disposable force, some two hundred dragoons, sallied out to intercept the audacious mountaineers. About noon one day, just as the latter had emerged from a little town between Socorro and Albuquerque, they descried the imposing force of the dragoons winding along a plain ahead. As the trappers advanced, the officer in command halted his men, and sent out a trumpeter to order the former to await his coming. Treating the herald to a roar of laughter, on they went, and, as they approached the soldiers, broke into a trot, ten of the number forming line in front of the packed and loose animals, and, rifle in hand, charging with loud whoops. This was enough for the New Mexicans. Before the enemy were within shooting distance, the gallant fellows turned tail, and splashed into the river, dragging themselves up the opposite bank like half-drowned rats, and saluted with loud peels of laughter by the victorious mountaineers, who, firing a volley into the air, in token of supreme contempt, quietly continued their route up the stream.

Before reaching the capital of the province, they struck again to the westward, and following a small creek to its junction with the Green River, ascended that stream, trapping en route to the Uintah or Snake Fork, and arrived at Roubideau's rendezvous early in the fall, where they quickly disposed of their peltries, and were once more on "the loose."

Here La Bonté married a Snake squaw, with whom he crossed the mountains and proceeded to the Platte through the Bayou Salado, where he purchased of the Yutes a commodious lodge, with the necessary poles, &c.; and being now "rich" in mules and horses, and all things necessary for

otum cum dignitate, he took unto himself another wife, as by mountain law allowed; and thus equipped, with both his better halves attired in all the glory of fofarraw, he went his way rejoicing.

In a snug little valley lying under the shadow of the mountains, watered by Vermilion Creek, and in which abundance of buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope fed and fattened on the rich grass, La Bonté raised his lodge, employing himself in hunting, and fully occupying his wives' time in dressing the skins of the many animals he killed. Here he enjoyed himself amazingly until the commencement of winter, when he determined to cross to the North Fork and trade his skins, of which he had now as many packs as his animals could carry. It happened that he had left his camp one day, to spend a couple of days hunting buffalo in the mountains, whither the bulls were now resorting, intending to "put out" for Platte on his return. His hunt, however, had led him farther into the mountains than he anticipated, and it was only on the third day that sundown saw him enter the little valley where his camp was situated.

Crossing the creek, he was not a little disturbed at seeing fresh Indian sign on the opposite side, which led in the direction of his lodge; and his worst fears were realised when, on coming within sight of the little plateau where the conical top of his white lodge had always before met his view, he saw nothing but a blackened mass strewn the ground, and the burnt ends of the poles which had once supported it.

Squaws, animals, and peltry, all were gone—an Arapaho mocassin lying on the ground told him where. He neither fumed nor fretted, but throwing the meat off his pack animal, and the saddle from his horse, he collected the blackened ends of the lodge poles and made a fire—led his beasts to water and hobbled them, threw a piece of buffalo meat upon the coals, squatted down before the fire, and lit his pipe. La Bonté was a true philosopher. Notwithstanding that his house, his squaws, his peltries, were gone "at one fell swoop," the loss scarcely disturbed his equanimity; and before the tobacco in his pipe was half smoked out, he had ceased to

think of his misfortune. Certes, as he turned his apolla of tender loins, he sighed as he thought of the delicate manipulations with which his Shoshone squaw, Sah-qua-manish, was wont to beat to tenderness the toughest bull meat—and missed the tending care of Yute Chil-co-thā, or the "reed that bends," in patching the holes worn in his neatly fitting mocassin, the work of her nimble fingers. However, he ate and smoked, and smoked and ate, and slept none the worse for his mishap; thought, before he closed his eyes, a little of his lost wives, and more perhaps of the "Bending Reed" than Sah-qua-manish, or "she who runs with the stream," drew his blanket tightly round him, felt his rifle handy to his grasp, and was speedily asleep.

As the tired mountaineer breathes heavily in his dream, careless and unconscious that a living soul is near, his mule on a sudden pricks her ears and stares into the gloom, from whence a figure soon emerges, and with noiseless steps draws near the sleeping hunter. Taking one look at the slumbering form, the same figure approaches the fire and adds a log to the pile; which done, it quietly seats itself at the feet of the sleeper, and remains motionless as a statue. Towards morning the hunter awoke, and, rubbing his eyes, was astonished to feel the glowing warmth of the fire striking on his naked feet, which, in Indian fashion, were stretched towards it; as by this time, he knew, the fire he left burning must long since have expired. Lazily raising himself on his elbow, he saw a figure sitting near it with the back turned to him, which, although his exclamatory wagh was loud enough in all conscience, remained perfectly motionless, until the trapper rising, placed his hand upon the shoulder: then, turning up its face, the features displayed to his wondering eye were those of Chilkothe, his Yuta wife. Yes, indeed, the "reed that bends" had escaped from her Arapaho captors, and made her way back to her white husband, fasting and alone.

The Indian women who follow the fortunes of the white hunters are remarkable for their affection and fidelity to their husbands, the which virtues, it must be remarked, are all on their own side; for, with very few

exceptions, the mountaineers seldom scruple to abandon their Indian wives, whenever the fancy takes them to change their harems; and on such occasions the squaws, thus cast aside, wild with jealousy and despair, have been not unfrequently known to take signal vengeance both on their faithless husbands and the successful beauties who have supplanted them in their affections. There are some honourable exceptions, however, to such cruelty, and many of the mountaineers stick to their red-skinned wives for better and for worse, often suffering them to gain the upper hand in the domestic economy of the lodges, and being ruled by their better halves in all things pertaining to family affairs; and it may be remarked, when once the lady dons the unmentionables, she becomes the veriest termagant that ever henpecked an unfortunate husband.

Your refined trappers, however, who, after many years of bachelor life, incline to take to themselves a better half, often undertake an expedition into the settlements of New Mexico, where not unfrequently they adopt a very "Young Lochinvar" system in procuring the required rib; and have been known to carry off, *vi et armis*, from the midst of a fandango in Fernandez, or El Rancho of Taos, some dark-skinned beauty—with or without her own consent is a matter of unconcern—and bear the ravished fair one across the mountains, where she soon becomes inured to the free and roving life which fate has assigned her.

American women are valued at a low figure in the mountains. They are too fine and "fofarraw." Neither can they make moccasins, or dress skins; nor are they so schooled to perfect obedience to their lords and masters as to stand a "lodge poleing," which the western lords of the creation not unfrequently deem it their bounden duty to inflict upon their squaws for some dereliction of domestic duty.

To return, however, to La Bonté. That worthy thought himself a lucky man to have lost but one of his wives, and the worst at that. "Here's the beauty," he philosophised, "of having two 'wiping sticks' to your rifle; if the one break whilst ramming down a ball,

still there's hickory left to supply its place." Although, with animals and peltry, he had lost several hundred dollars' worth of "possibles," he never groaned or grumbled. "There's red-skin will pay for this," he once muttered, and was done.

Packing all that was left on the mule, and mounting Chil-co-thé on his buffalo horse, he shouldered his rifle and struck the Indian trail for Platte. On Horse Creek they came upon a party of French *trappers and hunters, who were encamped with their lodges and Indian squaws, and formed quite a village. Several old companions were amongst them; and, to celebrate the arrival of a "camarade," a splendid dog-feast was prepared in honour of the event. To effect this, the squaws sallied out of their lodges to seize upon sundry of the younger and plumper of the pack, to fill the kettles for the approaching feast. With a presentiment of the fate in store for them, the curs slunk away with tails between their legs, and declined the pressing invitations of the anxious squaws. These shouldered their tomahawks and gave chase; but the cunning pups outstripped them, and would have fairly beaten the kettles, if some of the mountaineers had not stepped out with their rifles and quickly laid half-a-dozen ready to the knife. A cayente, attracted by the scent of blood, drew near, unwitting of the canine feast in progress, and was likewise soon made *dog* of, and thrust into the boiling kettle with the rest.

The feast that night was long protracted; and so savoury was the stew, and so agreeable to the palates of the hungry hunters, that at the moment when the last morsel was being drawn from the pot, and all were regretting that a few more dogs had not been slaughtered, a wolfish-looking cur incautiously poked his long nose and head under the lodge skin, and was instantly pounced upon by the nearest hunter, who in a moment drew his knife across the animal's throat, and threw it to a squaw to skin and prepare it for the pot. The wolf had long since been vigorously discussed, and voted by all hands to be "good as dag."

"Meat's meat," is a common saying

* Creoles of St Louis, and French Canadians.

in the mountains, and from the buffalo down to the rattlesnake, including every quadruped that runs, every fowl that flies, and every reptile that creeps, nothing comes amiss to the mountaineer. Throwing aside all the qualms and conscientious scruples of a fastidious stomach, it must be confessed that *dog-meat* takes a high rank in the wonderful variety of cuisine afforded to the gourmand and the gourmet by the prolific "mountains." Now, when the bill of fare offers such tempting viands as buffalo beef, venison, mountain mutton, turkey, grouse, wildfowl, hares, rabbits, beaver and their tails, &c. &c., the station assigned to "dog" as No. 2 in the list can be well appreciated—No. 1, in delicacy of flavour, richness of meat, and other good qualities, being the flesh of *panthers*, which surpasses every other, and all put together.

"Painter meat can't 'shine' with this," says a hunter, to express the delicious flavour of an extraordinary cut of "tender loin," or delicate fleece.

La Bonté started with his squaw for the North Fork early in November, and arrived at the Laramie at the moment that the big village of the Sioux came up for their winter trade. Two other villages were encamped lower down the Platte, including the Brulés and the Yanka-taus, who were now on more friendly terms with the whites. The first band numbered several hundred lodges, and presented quite an imposing appearance, the village being laid out in parallel lines, the lodge of each chief being marked with his particular totem. The traders had a particular portion of the village allotted to them, and a line was marked out which was strictly kept by the soldiers appointed for the protection of the whites. As there were many rival traders, and numerous *coureurs des bois*, or peddling ones, the market promised to be brisk, the more so as a large quantity of ardent spirits was in their possession, which would be dealt with no unsparing hand to put down the opposition of so many competing traders.

In opening a trade a quantity of liquor is first given "on the prairie," as the Indians express it in words, or

by signs in rubbing the palm of one hand quickly across the other, holding both flat. Having once tasted the pernicious liquid, there is no fear but they will quickly come to terms; and not unfrequently the spirit is drugged, to render the unfortunate Indians still more helpless. Sometimes, maddened and infuriated by drink, they commit the most horrid atrocities on each other, murdering and mutilating in a barbarous manner, and often attempting the lives of the traders themselves. On one occasion a band of Sioux, whilst under the influence of liquor, attacked and took possession of a trading fort of the American Fur Company, stripping it of every thing it contained, and roasting the trader himself over his own fire during the process.

The principle on which the nefarious trade is conducted is this, that the Indians, possessing a certain quantity of buffalo robes, have to be cheated out of them, and the sooner the better. Although it is explicitly prohibited by the laws of the United States to convey spirits across the Indian frontier, and its introduction amongst the Indian tribes subjects the offender to a heavy penalty; yet the infraction of this law is of daily occurrence, and perpetrated almost in the very presence of the government officers, who are stationed along the frontier for the very purpose of enforcing the laws for the protection of the Indians.

The misery entailed upon these unhappy people by the illicit traffic must be seen to be fully appreciated. Before the effects of the poisonous "fire-water," they disappear from the earth like "snow before the sun;" and knowing the destruction it entails upon them, the poor wretches have not moral courage to shun the fatal allurements it holds out to them, of wild excitement and a temporary oblivion of their many sufferings and privations. With such palpable effects, it appears only likely that the illegal trade is connived at by those whose policy it has ever been gradually but surely to exterminate the Indians, and by any means extinguish their title to the few lands they now own on the outskirts of civilisation. Certain

"On the prairie," is the Indian term for a free gift.

it is that large quantities of liquor find their way annually into the Indian country, and as certain are the fatal results of the pernicious system, and that the American government takes no steps to prevent it. There are some tribes who have as yet withstood the great temptation, and have resolutely refused to permit liquor to be brought into their villages. The marked difference between the improved condition of these, and the moral and physical abasement of those tribes which give way to the fatal passion for drinking, sufficiently proves the pernicious effects of the liquor trade on the unfortunate and abused aborigines; and it is matter of regret that no philanthropist has sprung up in the United States to do battle for the rights of the Red man, and call attention to the wrongs they endure at the hands of their supplanters in the lands of their fathers.

Robbed of their homes and hunting-grounds, and driven by the encroachments of the whites to distant regions, which hardly support their bare existence, the Indians, day by day, are gradually decreasing before the accumulating evils, of body and soul, which their civilised persecutors entail upon them. With every man's hand against them, they drag on to their final destiny; and the day is not far distant when the American Indian will exist only in the traditions of his pale-faced conquerors.

The Indians who were trading at this time on the Platte were mostly of the Sioux nation, including the tribes of Burnt-woods, Yanka-taus, Pian-Kashas, Assinaboins, Oglallahs, Broken Arrows, all of which belong to the great Sioux nation, or La-cotahs, as they call themselves, and which means cut-throats. There were also some Cheyennes allied to the Sioux, as well as a small band of Republican Pawnees.

Horse-racing, gambling, and ball-play, served to pass away the time until the trade commenced, and many packs of dressed robes changed hands amongst themselves. When playing at the usual game of "*hand*," the stakes, comprising all the valuables the players possess, are piled in two heaps close at hand, the winner at the conclusion of the game sweeping the

goods towards him, and often returning a small portion "on the prairie," with which the loser may again commence operations with another player.

The game of "*hand*" is played by two persons. One, who commences, places a plum or cherry-stone in the hollow formed by joining the concaved palms of the hands together, then, shaking the stone for a few moments, the hands are suddenly separated, and the other player must guess which hand now contains the stone.

Large bets are often wagered on the result of this favourite game, which is also often played by the squaws, the men standing round encouraging them to bet, and laughing loudly at their grotesque excitement.

A Burnt-wood Sioux, Tah-tunganisha, and one of the bravest chiefs of his tribe, when a young man, was out on a solitary war expedition against the Crows. One evening he drew near a certain "*medicine*" spring, where, to his astonishment, he encountered a Crow warrior in the act of quenching his thirst. He was on the point of drawing his bow upon him, when he remembered the sacred nature of the spot, and making the sign of peace, he fearlessly drew near his foe, and proceeded likewise to slake his thirst. A pipe of kinnik-kinnik being produced, it was proposed to pass away the early part of the night in a game of "*hand*." They accordingly sat down beside the spring, and commenced the game.

Fortune favoured the Crow. He won arrow after arrow from the Burnt-wood brave; then his bow, his club, his knife, his robe, all followed, and the Sioux sat naked on the plain. Still he proposed another stake against the other's winnings—his scalp. He played, and lost; and bending forward his head, the Crow warrior drew his knife and quickly removed the bleeding prize. Without a murmur the luckless warrior rose to depart, but first exacted a promise from his antagonist, that he would meet him once more at the same spot, and engage in another trial of skill.

On the day appointed, the Burnt-wood sought the spot, with a new equipment, and again the Crow made his appearance, and they sat down to play. This time fortune changed sides, and the Sioux won back his

former losses, and in his turn the Crow was stripped to his skin.

Scalp against scalp was now the stake, and this time the Crow submitted his head to the victorious Burnt-wood's knife; and both the warriors stood scalpless on the plain.

And now the Crow had but one single stake of value to offer, and the offer of it he did not hesitate to make. He staked his life against the other's winnings. They played; and fortune still being adverse, he lost. He offered his breast to his adversary. The Burnt-wood plunged his knife into his heart to the very hilt; and, laden with his spoils, returned to his village, and to this day wears suspended from his ears his own and enemy's scalp.

The village presented the usual scene of confusion as long as the trade lasted. Fighting, brawling, yelling, dancing, and all the concomitants of intoxication, continued to the last drop of the liquor-keg, when the reaction after such excitement was almost worse than the evil itself. During this time, all the work devolved upon the squaws, who, in tending the horses, packing wood and water from a long distance, had their time sufficiently occupied. As there was little or no grass in the vicinity, the animals were supported entirely on the bark of the cotton-wood; and to procure this, the women were daily engaged in felling huge trees, or climbing them fearlessly, chopping off the upper limbs,—springing like squirrels from branch to branch, which, in their confined costume, appeared matter of considerable difficulty.

The most laughter-provoking scenes, however, were, when a number of squaws sallied out to the grove, with their long-nosed, wolfish-looking dogs harnessed to their *travées* or trabogans, on which loads of cotton-wood were piled. The dogs, knowing full well the duty required of them, refuse to approach the coaxing squaws, and, at the same time, are fearful of provoking their anger by escaping and running off. They, therefore, squat on their haunches, with tongues hanging out of their long mouths, the picture of indignation, removing a short distance as the irate squaw approaches. When once harnessed to the *travée*, however, which is simply a couple of

lodge-poles lashed on either side of the dog, with a couple of cross-bars near the ends to support the freight, they follow quietly enough, urged by bexies of children, who invariably accompany the women. When arrived at the scene of their labours, the reluctance of the curs to draw near the piles of cotton-wood is most comical. They will lie down stubbornly at a little distance, whining their uneasiness, or sometimes scamper off bodily, with their long poles trailing after them, pursued by the yelling and half frantic squaws.

When the *travées* are laden, the squaws take the lead, bent double under loads of wood sufficient to break a porter's back, and calling to the dogs, which are urged on by the buffalo-fed urchins in rear, take up the line of march. The curs, taking advantage of the helpless state of their mistresses, turn a deaf ear to their coaxings, lying down every few yards to rest, growling and fighting with each other, in which encounters every cur joins the *mêlée*, charging pell-mell into the yelping throng, upsetting the squalling children, and making confusion worse confounded. Then, armed with lodge-poles, the squaws, throwing down their loads, rush to the rescue, dealing stalwart blows on the pugnacious curs, and finally restoring something like order to the march.

"Tszoo—tszoo!" they cry, "wah, kashne, ceitcha—get on, you devilish beasts—tszoo—tszoo!" and belabouring them without mercy, start them into a gallop, which, once effected, they generally continue till they reach their destination.

The Indian dogs are, however, invariably well treated by the squaws, since they assist materially the everyday labours of these patient overworked creatures, in hauling firewood to the lodge, and, on the line of march, carrying many of the household goods and chatels which otherwise the squaw herself would have to carry on her back. Every lodge possesses from half-a-dozen to a score,—some for draught and others for eating,—for dog meat forms part and parcel of an Indian feast. The former are stout, wiry animals, half wolf half sheep-dog, and are regularly trained to draught; the latter are of a smaller kind, more

inclined to fat, and embrace every variety of the genus *cur*. Many of the southern tribes possess a breed of dogs entirely divested of hair, which evidently have come from South America, and are esteemed highly for the kettle. Their meat, in appearance and flavour, resembles young pork, but far surpasses it in richness and delicacy of flavour.

The Sioux are very expert in making their lodges comfortable, taking more pains in their construction than most Indians. They are all of conical form: a framework of straight slender poles, resembling hop-poles, and from twenty to twenty-five feet long, is first erected, round which is stretched a sheeting of buffalo robes, softly dressed, and smoked to render them watertight. The apex, through which the ends of the poles protrude, is left open to allow the smoke to escape. A small opening, sufficient to permit the entrance of a man, is made on one side, over which is hung a door of buffalo hide. A lodge of the common size contains about twelve or fourteen skins, and contains comfortably a family of twelve in number. The fire is made in the centre immediately under the aperture in the roof, and a flap of the upper skins is closed or extended at pleasure, serving as a cowl or chimney-top to regulate the draught and permit the smoke to escape freely. Round the fire, with their feet towards it, the inmates sleep on skins and buffalo rugs, which are rolled up during the day, and stowed at the back of the lodge.

In travelling, the lodge-poles are secured half on each side a horse, and the skins placed on transversal bars near the ends, which trail along the ground,—two or three squaws or children mounted on the same horse, or the smallest of the latter borne in the dog travées. A set of lodge-poles will last from three to seven years, unless the village is constantly on the move, when they are soon worn out in trailing over the gravelly prairie. They are usually of ash, which grows on many of the mountain creeks, and regular expeditions are undertaken when a supply is required, either for their own lodges, or for trading with those tribes who inhabit the prairies

at a great distance from the locality where the poles are procured.

There are also certain creeks where the Indians resort to lay in a store of kinnik-kinnik, (the inner bark of the red willow,) which they use as a substitute for tobacco, and which has an aromatic and very pungent flavour. It is prepared for smoking by being scraped in thin curly flakes from the slender saplings, and crisped before the fire, after which it is rubbed between the hands into a form resembling leaf-tobacco, and stored in skin bags for use. It has a highly narcotic effect on those not habituated to its use, and produces a heaviness sometimes approaching stupefaction, altogether different from the soothing effects of tobacco.

Every year, owing to the disappearance of the buffalo from their former haunts, the Indians are necessitated to encroach upon each other's hunting-grounds, which is a fruitful cause of war between the different tribes. It is a curious fact, that the buffalo retire before the whites, while the presence of Indians in their pastures appears in no degree to disturb them. Wherever a few white hunters are congregated in a trading port, or elsewhere, so sure it is that, if they remain in the same locality, the buffalo will desert the vicinity, and seek pasture elsewhere; and in this, the Indians affirm the *wah-keitcha*, or "bad medicine," of the pale-faces is very apparent; and ground their well-founded complaints of the encroachments made upon their hunting-grounds by the white hunters.

In the winter, many of the tribes are reduced to the very verge of starvation—the buffalo having passed from their country into that of their enemies, when no other alternative is offered them, but to remain where they are and starve, or follow the game into a hostile region, entailing a war and all its horrors upon them.

Reckless, moreover, of the future, in order to prepare robes for the traders, and procure the pernicious fire-water, they wantonly slaughter vast numbers of buffalo cows every year, (the skins of which sex only are dressed,) and thus add to the evils in store for them. When questioned on this subject, and such want of foresight

being pointed out to them, they answer, that however quickly the buffalo disappears, the Red man "goes under" in greater proportion; and that the Great Spirit has ordained that both shall be "rubbed out" from the face of nature at one and the same time,— "that arrows and bullets are not more fatal to the buffalo than the small-pox and fire-water to them, and that before many winters' snows have disappeared, the buffalo and the Red man will only be remembered by their bones, which will strew the plains."—"They look forward, however, to a future state, when, after a long journey, they will reach the happy hunting-grounds, where buffalo will once more blacken the prairies; where the pale-faces daren't come to disturb them; where no winter snows cover the ground, and the buffalo are always plentiful and fat."

As soon as the streams opened, La Bonté, now reduced to but two animals and four traps, sallied forth again, this time seeking the dangerous country of the Blackfeet, on the head waters of the Yellow Stone and Upper Missouri. He was accompanied by three others, a man named Wheeler, and one Cross-Eagle, a Swede, who had been many years in the western country. Reaching the fork of a small creek, on both of which appeared plenty of beaver sign, La Bonté followed the left-hand one alone, whilst the others trapped the right in company, the former leaving his squaw in the company of a Sioux woman, who followed the fortunes of Cross-Eagle, the party agreeing to rendezvous at the junction of the two forks as soon as they had trapped to their heads and again descended them. The larger party were the first to reach the rendezvous, and camped on the banks of the main stream to await the arrival of La Bonté.

The morning after their return, they had just risen from their blankets, and were lazily stretching themselves before the fire, when a volley of fire-arms rattled from the bank of the creek, and two of their number fell dead to the ground, at the same moment that the deafening yells of Indians broke upon the ears of the frightened squaws. Cross-Eagle seized

his rifle, and, though severely wounded, rushed to the cover of a hollow tree which stood near, and crawling into it, defended himself the whole day with the greatest obstinacy, killing five Indians outright, and wounding several more. Unable to drive the gallant trapper from his retreat, the savages took advantage of a favourable wind which sprang up suddenly, and fired the long and dried-up grass which surrounded the tree. The rotten log catching fire at length compelled the hunter to leave his retreat, and, clubbing his rifle, he charged amongst the Indians, and fell at last pierced through and through with wounds, but not before two more of his assailants had fallen by his hand.

The two squaws were carried off, and, shortly after, one was sold to some white men at the trading ports on the Platte; but La Bonté never recovered the "Bending Reed," nor even heard of her existence from that day. So once more was the mountaineer bereft of his better half; and when he returned to the rendezvous, a troop of wolves were feasting on the bodies of his late companions, and of the Indians killed in the affray, of which he only heard the particulars a long time after from a trapper, who had been present when one of the squaws was offered at the trading post for sale, and who had recounted the miserable fate of her husband and his companions on the forks of the creek, which, from the fact of that trapper being the leader of the party, is still called La Bonté's Creek.

Nevertheless, he continued his solitary hunt, passing through the midst of the Crow and Blackfeet country; encountering many perils, often hunted by the Indians, but escaping all; and speedily loading both his animals with beaver, he thought of bending his steps to some of the trading rendezvous on the other side of the mountains, where employes of the Great Northwest Fur Company meet the trappers with the produce of their hunts, on Lewis's fork of the Columbia, or one of its numerous affluents, and intending to pass the winter at some of the company's trading posts in Oregon, into which country he had never yet penetrated.

ART—ITS PROSPECTS. CLEGHORN'S ANCIENT AND MODERN ART.

As the age in which Shakspeare wrote, had he not been in existence, would still have been remarkable on account of its dramatic writers, so the Cinque Cento is equally distinguished as the era of the arts. Yet has no very satisfactory cause been assigned for the direction of the human mind to these particular-pursuits at these precise periods; for, simultaneously in countries differing in climate, governments, and manners, have the requisite men of genius arisen.

It might be easier to account for the depression than the rise of the noblest arts. Of this we shall presently speak; aware, at the same time, how ungracious will be the words which will admit of a decadence among ourselves. When we boast of our "enlightened age," it would not be amiss that we stay for a moment our pride, look back, and consider how much we have absolutely lost; in how much we are inferior. Every age seems destined to do its own work, which it does nearly to the perfection of its given art or science. Succeeding ages are destined rather to invent new than to improve upon the old. What has been done, becomes an accumulated wealth that Time deposits ever, and passes on to continual work to add fresh materials, and stock the world with the means of general improvement and happiness. There is always progression, but it is a progression of invention; the destined works are too vast, too infinite to allow a long delay in the advancement of any one accomplishment. It is rapidly completed; we are scarcely allowed time to stand and wonder; we must pass on to perform something new. Yet, if such attained thing shall be lost, or nearly so, the power to create it again may be again given; but it works *de novo*, adapting itself to the new principle which has rendered the reproduction advantageous, if not necessary. Thus, for instance, in the ages which we are pleased to call dark, to what magnitude and what exactness of beauty did

not architecture reach, and that in a particularly inventive style—the Gothic—borrowing not from what had before been, and which had been held perfect, a style upon which we do not now even hope to improve, but content ourselves with admiring and copying. Thus it should seem that where any thing like a practical continuance of an art has been permitted, the entirely new direction it has taken would show that invention, required for the age, was the object, and that, too, bounded by a limit. "For this purpose have I raised thee up," would appear to be the text upon which the histories of the arts, as of every thing human, may be considered the comment.

It is to the total loss of ancient art that mankind are indebted for its revival, its re-discovery, as it were; for little or nothing was left from which, as from an old stock, art was to begin.

The new Christian principle created a new mind, to which there was little consonant in what was known, however imperfectly, of ancient works. Hence what is termed revival might, with more aptitude of expression, be called the re-discovery.

Had art been uninterruptedly continued from the days of Apelles, it would probably have degenerated to its lowest state. The destruction, the altogether vanishing away of the former glory, was essential to the rise of the new. All was nearly obliterated. Of the innumerable statues of which Greece was plundered by the Romans, but six were to be found—five of marble, and one of brass—in the city of Rome, at the beginning of the fifteenth century; so that art may be said to have been defunct. The decadence of architecture seems also to have been required for the originating the Gothic, for the inventing altogether a new style, which had no prototype. It was necessary to the establishing the Christian principle operatively, that the mind should be wrested powerfully from former and antago-

nistic ideas. And this could scarcely have been effected had any thing like a continual, an important succession of vigorous life in these arts been allowed.

It seems to have been the work of a great guiding will, that the way should be prepared for renovation, by the almost entire loss or mutilation of the greatest works of former periods, and by the veil of ignorance which victorious barbarism spread before all eyes, that they should not distinguish through that cloud the remnant of a glory which was too great to be altogether destroyed. The very language which spoke of it was a buried charm, that the oblivion might be more perfect. And not until the now grown Christian mind required the re-discovery of art, was that tongue loosened. The revival of ancient literature and the birth of new art were simultaneous. With the latter, at least, it was more than a sleep from which it arose—it was from a death, with all the marks of its corruption.

We do not mean to assert that art rose at once full-grown, as Pallas from the head of Jove. It had undoubtedly its progression; but it did not grow from an old stock; and hence it did grow and arose unimpeded and unchoked by an unwholesome exuberance, to the greatest splendour and glory. Whether there can be again any new principle which will require new inventions, it would be almost presumptuous to consider; but we do feel assured that should it be so, there will not be an adaptation of present means to it, but that the wing of oblivion must have to sweep over, overshadow, and obliterate the present multifarious form and body of art. The fine arts are not like the exact sciences, always progressing from accumulative knowledge towards their final and sure establishment of truth; on the contrary, their great truths recede further from view, as knowledge is accumulated, and practice deteriorates by example. Science is truth to be dug out of the earth, as it were; a precious ore, not strictly ours, but by and for our use. The fine arts are in a far greater degree ours, for they are of the mind's creation; they are the product of a faculty given, indeed, but given to create and not to gather, and dig up ready-made for our purpose; they are of that faculty which has given

the name to the poet, as altogether the maker. They give that to the world which it never could have received by any accumulation of fact and knowledge. Take away the individual genius, the inventive, the creating mind of the one man, the Homer, the Dante, the Shakspeare, the Michael Angelo, the Raffaele, and the whole product is annihilated; we cannot even conceive of its existence, know of no mine wherein to dig, no facts, no knowledge out of which it can grow. That creating power may, indeed, turn all existing things to its use, all facts and all knowledge; but it commands and is not governed by them—is a power in no degree dependant on them, which would still be, though they existed not—a power which, if it exhausted worlds, would invent new for its purpose. To whom, then, are such powers given? for what purpose?—and are they of a gift deteriorated in its use and abuse? Alas! they are still of the "corruptible," and cannot, in our present state, "put on incorruption." They are, however, of the mind, which may be purified and strengthened, or corrupted and degraded.

They effect in a great degree, and suitably to the age's requirement, their purpose. Corrupted from the ardour and sincerity of their first passion, and by the admission, little by little, of what is vicious, and yet which, we must confess, has its beauty; their very aim becomes changed, less large by subdivision, and less sure by confusion and uncertainty of aim, until all purpose be lost, in a low satisfaction in mere dexterity and mindless imitation. And what shall stay art in such downward way of decadence? Can a strong impulse be given to it—for there is no strength but the mind's strength? It is not patronage, but purpose, which is wanted. What shall revivify the passion that gave it earnestness,—the sincerity, the trust in itself, the confidence in its own high-mindedness, the sense of the importance of its objects, and the true glory of their pursuit? We have our fears that we are doing much to multiply artists, and degrade art. We distribute patronage in so many streams, by our art-unions, that no full fertilising current is visible. We make a pauperism, and stamp it with the disgrace of the beggarly contri-

bution; we pauperise the mind too, by the demand for mean productions, and by circulating, as the choicest specimens of British art, engravings which tend utterly to the deterioration of the public taste. Perhaps there is nothing more frightfully injurious in the present state of art, than this ever putting before the public eye things in themselves bad, and mostly bad, where badness is more surely fatal, in purpose. It is far easier for good taste and for good art, in practice, to arise out of a blank, out of nothing, than out of an exuberance of bad examples. These things tend to vitiate the pure. The great daily accumulation of inferior works, low in character, and deficient in artistic knowledge and skill, that are ever thrust before the public eye, are doing much mischief. They are poisoning and vitiating the ground from which taste should spring. We are not educating in art, but against art. We are teaching to admire things which, were it possible to keep what is bad from the public eye, would disgust as soon as seen. And even where the exhibition is in no other respect vicious, it is too often vicious from the total absence of any high purpose. For lack of object, we look to some mere mechanical prettinesses; and by habit learn first to look for, and then to work for, nothing more. When the great men of other days, whose names we have now so constantly in our mouths, dedicated themselves to art, they did it with all their soul. They had the earnestness of a passion; and what they did not, as we should now say, well, technically viewing some of their early works, they did to express some strong and some worthy feeling. And as they advanced in technical skill, still they ever thought a certain dignity and importance were essential to their works. The public mind had not yet felt satiety. But in time the progeny of art multiplied. The trading multitude had to entice purchasers, and to persuade them that their novelties were at least more pleasing, if the aim was not so high. The new lamps were cried up above the old. Thus they first created a bad taste, and then pandered to it. Cold conventionalities took the place of feeling; and even beauty was studied more

for low sense, than for its moral and intellectual expression. Art was smothered by her own children. The brood has been too numerous, and the productions as variable as the brood. They who would do great things were they allowed, are not allowed. The lower fascinations have taken possession of the public mind. Patronage runs to the little, and the greatest encouragement is to those who will provide the market with the cheapest, if not the best wares. Artists must live as well as other people. They cannot, if they would, sacrifice themselves to work out great and noble ideas, for which there is no demand; and for this state of things they are themselves in no small degree to blame. It is their own cry for patronage that has raised these art-unions: the patronage has been raised, but who gets it? They (like the national guard in Paris) have been superseded by their own inferior workmen. And what shall remedy all this superfluity? First, let pains be taken properly to educate in art the public eye, and the public mind. We rejoice to know that, while we are writing, a society is forming, similar to the Cambden Society, for the publication of all important works on art, whether old or original, and for having the finest productions of art engraved, in whatever country they are to be found. As good taste is the object, so care will be taken that nothing of a deteriorating character will be admitted; and works will be produced which, in the present state of general feeling, private speculation would scarcely venture upon. The works will, we are given to understand, chiefly be distributable among the members of the society; but some, thought to be particularly well adapted to give a better direction to the public taste, will be generally purchasable.

This society is of great promise—if it succeeds at all, it will succeed eminently, and we believe it must succeed. It will, we have some hope, drive the low, the meaningless things of the day out of the field. We are, as a nation, really ignorant of art. We knew it not, as it has been. We want to see the public eye acquainted, through good engravings, with the numerous fine frescos that cannot be

generally known in any other way. Whatever tends to the real advancement of art will obtain the solicitous attention of this society.

The Fine Arts Commission affords another means of remedying the evils that are besetting the profession, and through them the public taste. We do not like the Government competition system. We go further—we do not like the Government, we mean the Commission, constituting themselves judges and purveyors. This is not the way to make great men. The man of genius shrinks from the competition system; nay, he fears or doubts the judgment of his judges. Perhaps he feels that he is himself the best judge; and if he has a just confidence in himself, he ought to feel this. He will not like the check of too much dictation as to subjects, composition, or any of the detail. We are persuaded that it would be far wiser, both for the public and for art, that the commissioners should studiously select their man, without competition, not for some one or more pictures, but for a far wider range. There will be still competition enough for proper ambition in the number still to be employed. Raffaello had the Vatican assigned to him, and that at an early age; so would we gladly see a large portion given to one man, and let the whole be of his one mind, and let him have his assistants if he please. Let him be dominant, and if he has within him a power, it will come out; and it cannot be difficult to find a few men of sense and vigour; and even though they have not as yet shown great powers, it does not follow that they have them not—trust to what they have, and more will grow. But we have some even now capable of performing beautiful works to do honour to the nation. We should rejoice to see their secretary released from the clerkship of his office, and set to work seriously with his hand and his superintending mind. We would impress this upon the consideration of the commissioners as an indisputable truth, that if they select a man of genius, they select one superior to themselves—one who is to teach, not to be taught by them—and one with whose arrangements, after their selection, they should by no means interfere. And supposing the worst, that they

have actually made an unfortunate choice—what then? They have made an experiment at no very great cost, and may obliterate whatever is a disgrace. The works of other painters were obliterated in the Sistine Chapel to make room for Michael Angelo. Nor was there any hesitation in destroying the labours of previous artists, and even the suspended operations of his old master, Perugino, that the whole space might be open to the genius of the youth Raffaello. It is whole, entire responsibility that makes great men. Throw upon the persons you select the whole weight, and thereby give them the benefit of all the glory; and whatever be their powers, you tax them to the utmost. We would have them by no means interfered with, any more than we would cripple the commander of our armies abroad with the petty counsels and restrictions of bureau-manufacture. Nor should they be too strictly limited as to time, nor subjected to the continual questionings of an ungenerous impatience. Let the trust be conferred upon them as an honour which they are to wear and enjoy, not as a notice of their servility, but of their freedom. That trust is less likely to be abused the more generously it is given. To fulfil it then, becomes an ambition; and the daily habit of this higher feeling, by making the given work the all in all of life, renders the men more fit for it. Let the nation, expecting liberality from the “*Liberal Arts*,” bestow it—hold out high rewards, leave the artists in all respects unshackled; and, the intention of a work being approved of, let not the time it is to occupy be in the stipulation. And it would be well to look to the promise of the young as well as actual performances; for the power to do will grow. Of thirty-eight competitors convened at Florence, Lorenzo Ghiberti, only twenty-three years of age, was chosen to execute the celebrated doors; the work occupied forty years of his life. The work is immortal, if human work can be; and obtained this eulogium from Michael Angelo, that “they were worthy of being the gates of Paradise.” He conferred honour upon his city, and received such as was worthy the city to bestow. “His labours were justly appreciated, and

ably rewarded by his fellow-citizens, who, besides granting him whatever he demanded, assigned him a portion of land, and elected him Gonfaloniere, or chief magistrate of the state. His bust was afterwards placed in the baptistery." Was the confidence, the full trust, in the power of the young Raffaele misplaced? What wonders did he not perform in his too short life! Had he lived longer, he would without question have reached the highest honours his country had to bestow.

One word more on this subject of generosity—of national generosity. We seem to think it a great thing to bestow a knighthood upon an artist of eminence here and there, yet give not the means of keeping the dignity from conspicuous shame, of maintaining a decent hospitality among his brethren artists, by which much general improvement might evidently arise. All our real substantial honours are conferred upon soldiers and lawyers. They have estates publicly given, and are raised to the peerage; yet it is doubtful if one man of genius, in literature and the arts, does not deserve better of his country, and confer upon it more glory, than any ten of the other more favoured professions: and more than this, the name of one such genius will be remembered, perhaps with some sense of the disgrace of neglect, when all the others are forgotten. Let a lawyer be but a short period of his life upon the woolstack, he will find means to raise to himself a fortune, and retire back upon private life with an annual pension of thousands; while the man of genius in arts and literature is too often left in old age uncheered by any acknowledgment, and perhaps weighed down to death by embarrassments, from which a delighted, improved, and at the same time an ungrateful country will not relieve him. A government should know that it is for the crown to honour a profession, and thereby to make it worthy the honour. We live in a country where distinctions do much, and are worse than profitless without adequate means to sustain them. It would be well if sometimes selections were made in other directions than the law and army, and if our peerage were not unfrequently radiated with the

glory of genius. Why should a barren baronetcy have been conferred on the author of *Waverley*? Had he been a conqueror in fifty battles, could he have conferred more benefit than he has conferred upon his country? Why is it that there is always in our government a jealousy of literature and the arts? There has not been a decent honour bestowed on either since the reign of the unfortunate Charles. Poets, painters, and sculptors, it is vulgarly thought, are scarcely "alendi," and certainly "non saginandi." The arts might at least be given a position in our universities. This, as a first step, would do much,—it would tend, too, mainly to raise the public taste, which is daily sinking lower and lower. We should be glad to see Mr Eastlake made professor of painting at Oxford, with an adequate establishment there to enable him not only to lecture, but to teach more practically by design, in the very place of all others in the kingdom where there is most in feeling congenial with art. We mention Mr Eastlake, not making an invidious distinction, but because his acquirements in literature, and his valuable contributions to it, seem most readily to point to him as a fit occupant for the professor's chair. We have repeatedly, in the pages of *Maga*, insisted upon the importance of establishing the fine arts in our universities, and at one time entertained a hope that the Taylor Legacy would have taken this direction. We are not, however, sorry altogether that it did not do so, for it would surely be more advantageous that such a movement should begin with the Government. It would remedy, too, more evils than one; it would give an occupation of mind, congenial with their academic studies, to our youth, and preserve them from a dangerous extravagance both of purse and of opinions. The hopes, however, of any thing really advantageous to the fine arts arising from our Government, unless very strongly urged to it, are small. They do not seem inclined at all to favour the profession; they would look upon it as solely addicted to the labour of the hand with a view to small profits—a portion of which profits, too, upon some strange principles of the political economists, they

would appropriate to the nation as a fine, the penalty of genius. One would imagine, from the proposition of the Board of Trade to take 10 per cent from subscriptions to art-unions for the purchasing pictures for the National Gallery, that they considered the epithet "fine" so appropriated to the arts as intended originally to suggest a tax. They would not allow the profession a free trade. Whatever is obtained by exhibiting works of artists, should be as much their property as would the product of any other manufacture be the property of the respective adventurers, and the art-union subscriptions are undoubtedly a portion of these profits. What, in common justice, have the public to do with them? The proposed scheme is a step towards communism, and may have been borrowed from the French provisional seizure of their railroads. With equal justice might they require that every butcher and baker and tailor should give a portion of his meat, his bread, and his cloth to feed and clothe our army and navy; and this not as of a common taxation, but as an extra compliment and advantage to these trades. There is a great deal too much here of the beggarly utilitarian view. We advocate not the cause of art-unions—we think them perfectly mischievous, and would gladly see them suppressed; but surely to invite and tempt the poor artists to paint their twenty and five-and-twenty pound pictures, and coolly to take 10 per cent out of their pockets to purchase to yourself a gallery of art, is not very consonant to our general ideas of what is due to the liberal arts. The liberality is certainly not reciprocal.

Nor, indeed, when we view the state of our National Gallery, considering the building as well as what it contains, can we be induced to think that the Government are very much in earnest in their profession of a desire to raise its importance. The National Gallery has its committee, and there is the Commission of Fine Arts. The former like not a questioning Parliament, and have not sufficient confidence in themselves to disregard the uncomplimentary animadversions of a critical press; and so the National Gallery advances not. The latter

appear to treat art too much as a taxable commodity, and as having a right to levy specimens, and take for the public the profit of them, when they are required to cater for any national works. We do not, however, doubt their sincere desire to promote the arts; but we do doubt if they are perfectly alive to the real importance of the work they have to do, and fear their efforts are rendered less useful by the number and conflicting tastes of the members. Divisions and subdivisions of responsibility terminate too frequently in many little things which, put together, do not make one great one.

However deficient, or however faulty in our taste, there seems to be at the present moment a more general desire to become acquainted with art and its productions in former ages. Publications of historical and critical importance are not wanting; but it is singular that the prevailing patronage is little influenced as yet by the knowledge received. From whatever cause it may arise, the fact is manifest that we have not a distinct School of Art. It might be quite correct to assert that there is no characteristic school, not one founded on a principle—a principle distinguished from former influences—in any country of Europe. We do not even except the German schools; for able though the men be and honoured, they show no symptom of an inventive faculty, which can alone make a school. They are as yet in their imitative state—in that of revival. They are in the trammels of an artistic superstition. They have no one great and new idea to realise. They make their commencement from art, not from mind—forgetful of this truth, that art cannot grow out of art: for, if good, it seduces the mind into mere imitation, which soon becomes effect; if bad, it incapacitates from conceiving the beautiful. Art cannot grow out of art; it may progress from its inferior to its better state, till the idea of its principle has been completed. It must then begin again from a new—from an idea not yet embodied—or it will inevitably decline, from the causes named, to mediocrity.

It does not at all follow, in this rise of new art—or, if we please, revival of

art—that there shall be at first a consciousness of working upon a new principle, or a positive purpose to deviate (for such a purpose would be but a vagary and extravagance, relying on no principle :) there must be some want of the day strongly felt, some feeling to be embodied, some impress of the times to be stamped and made visible. Hence alone can arise a new principle of art; and it is one that cannot be preconceived, it must have its birth without forethought, and possibly without a knowledge that it exists; it may be in the artist's mind, an unconscious purpose working through the conscious processes of art. The age in which we live has a strong desire to *know* all about art, as to advance in knowledge of every kind; but has it in itself one characteristic feeling, one strong impulse, favourable to art, such as will make genius start up, as it were, from his slumber and his dream, and do his real work? Nor can this be prophesied of; for, if it could, it would exist somewhere, at least in the mind of the prophet. It is like the statue existing in the block; but it is the hand of time, under direction that we wot not of, that must be cutting it away. Nor is it fair, for any lack in one power of mind, to underrate the age in which we live. It may be great in another power to do a destined work; that work done, another may be required, and another power be developed, in which art may be the required means to the more perfect vivifying a new principle. The genius of our day is too busy in the world's doings, in striving to advance utility, to have leisure, or to take an interest in the ideal and poetical. A great poetry it is indeed in itself, with all its mighty engines, working with iron arms more vast and powerful than fable could imagine of Brontes and Steropes, and all the huge manufacturers of thunderbolts for an Ideal Jove. Reality has outgrown fiction,—has become the “*major videri*,”—is doing a sublime work—one, too, in which poetry of high cast is inherent, through hands and means most unpoetical. Mind is there, thought is there, worthy of all the greatness of man's reputation for sagacity or invention, and gigantic energy; the reaching to and grasping the large

powers of nature, and adding them to his own body, thus becoming, unconscious of the poetic analogy, a Titan again. This age is, after all, doing a great deed. Let the dreamer, the versifier, the searcher after visible beauty, the painter, the statuary, incapacitated as they all generally are from the knowledge of what we term the business of life, consider coolly, without prejudice for his art, and against what more commonly meets him in some interrupting and ungracious form, reality, the machinery of governments, the science of banking, the law of markets, and the innumerable detail of which he seldom thinks, but without the establishment of which he would not be allowed to think,—by which he lives his daily life; let him trace any one manufacture through all its successive ingenuities to its great uses and its great results. Let him travel a few hundred miles on a railroad, and note how all is ordered, with what precision all arrangements are made and conducted, and what a world it is in itself, moving through space like a world, and set in motion and stayed by the hand of one of his own Saxon blood; and then, in idea, transferring himself from his own work, and his pride of his own art, let him ask himself if he sees not something beyond, quite extraneous to himself, a great thing effected, which he never could have conceived nor have executed; and then let him say if there be not even in this our working world, a great and living poetry, a magnificent thought realised, a principle brought out, worthy an age; and then let him be content for a while that his own particular capacity should for a time be in abeyance, to great purposes inoperative, unproductive of the world's esteem. It may be that he will but have to wait for his season. His time may come again. Some new principle in the world's action, with possibly a secret and electric power, may reach him, enter his own mind, and set at large all his capacities, and make them felt; for that principle, whatever it is to be, will be electric, too, in the general mind. It may arise naturally out of the present state of things. Now, our schoolless art, like what has once been a mighty river, with all its tributary streams, has wandered into

strange and lower lands, and been enticed away through innumerable small channels, still fertilising, in a more homely and modest way, many countries, but losing its own distinctive character and name. The streams will never flow back and unite again, but some of them, in this earth's shifts and changes, may again become rivers, and bear a rich merchandise into the large ocean, and so enrich the world. If we think upon the distinct characteristics of schools, we must be struck with this, that before each one was known, established, and confirmed in public opinion, it could not have been generally imagined and preconceived. It is altogether the creation of gifted genius. We acknowledge the setting up a great truth, of which we had not a glimpse until we see it worked out, and standing before us manifest. It is ours by natural adoption, not by a universal instinctive invention. So that it is a presumption of our weakness to believe, as some do, that the arena of art is limited, and every part occupied;—and that, for the future, nothing is left but a kind of copying and imitation. Who is to set limit to the powers of mind? We can imagine a dogmatist of this low kind, before Shakspeare's day, in admiration of the Greek drama, laying down the laws of the unities as irrefragable, and that the great volume of the drama was closed with them. And some such opinions have been set forth by our Gallic neighbours, and maintained with no little pertinacity. We must have been Shakspeares to have preconceived his drama. How, for ages, was poetry limited! the epic, as it were, closed! His age knew nothing of Milton before Milton. It was a new principle coming dimly through troubadours and romances, that shone forth at length Homerically, but with a difference, in Marmion, and indeed all Sir Walter Scott's poetry, which, if it be linked to any that has preceded it, must be referred to the most remote, to that of Homer himself; so that let no man say that the world of fact and possibility is shut against art. The great classic idea, the deification, the worship of beauty, was completed by the ancients. There was a long rest, a sleep, without a dream of a new principle; but it

came, and art awakened to its perception. Giotto, Della Robbo, the old Siennese school, Beato Angelico, Pisani, Donatello, evolve the Christian idea. Perugino, weak in faith, turns art towards earth, and leads Raffaele to strive for a new beautiful; and Michael Angelo for the powerful—the former humanising the divine, the latter, if not deifying, gigantising humanity—not in the antique repose, but incorporeal energy—the whole dignity of man, as imagined in his personal condition. This was the characteristic of the Florentine school—as, after Perugino, or commencing with him, intellect, united with grace and beauty, became the characteristic of the Roman. But grace and beauty are dangerously human. The religious mind, in reverential contemplation, felt awe above humanity, and feared to invest divinity with corporeal charm. Even in heathen art, the great Athenian goddess affects not grace, but stands in a severe repose, so unlike rest, the beautiful emblem of weakness. Grace and beauty became dangerous qualities when applied to Christian devotional art. The followers of Perugino, who thought them essential, were not at first aware to what degree they were deteriorating the great principle of their school, and how they were rendering art too human for their creed. Woman—by the gift of nature, beauty personified—by more close and accurate study of her perfections, ceased to be an object of real worship, as her fascinations were felt. Even Raffaele was under an unadoring influence. His madonnas often detract much from the idolatry which his church laboured to confirm. We must not wonder, then, if after him we find humanity in woman even dethroned from her higher and almost majestic state of heavenly purity—though legitimatised as an object of worship, the “mother of God,” in that higher sanctity than it was possible to set up man, in his most saintly apotheosis, (for the boldest mind would necessarily be shocked at the idea of bestowing a divine paternity on man, even if his religion forbade it not.) Woman, in her real beauty, superseded the ideal; and, from condescending to represent inferior saints and conventual devotees, reassumed at length her more

earthly empire, and threw around fascinations which rather tended to dissipate than to encourage religious sentiment. The divinity of art, which had deigned to shine with sacred lustre beneath and through the natural veil of modesty, indignantly withdrew, when that veil was rudely cast aside by the undevotional hands of her not less skilful but more deteriorated professors.

The Venetian school, with a truly congenial luxury of colour, evolved the idea of civil polity, in all its connexions with religion, with judicature, with manners, commerce, societies, dignities, triumphs; a large field, indeed, but one in which the great civic idea was the characteristic, running through every subject. Even the nude, before considered as most eligible in the display of art, yielded to civic dress and gorgeous ornament. What other ideas remain to be evolved? The world does not stand still—art may for a time. We must wait till some genius awaken us.

There is, we repeat, no modern school among us; art is pursued to an extent unprecedented, but without any fixed serious purpose, in all its multifarious forms, and with an ability sufficient to show that some moving cause is alone wanted. We progress in skill, in precision and clearness; but the hand is little directed by the mind. Our exhibition walls abound with talent, but are for the most part barren of genius: and surely this must continue to be the case, while the public mind is in its unpoetic, its utilitarian state, and shall look to art for its passing charm only as a gentle recreation, an idle amusement. If there is any tendency to a school, it is unfortunately to one which is most in opposition to that pure school which found, and cherished, and idealised the sanctity of female beauty.

We know not if it should be considered an escape or not; but certainly there was, in the earlier period of English art, one man of extraordinary genius, who, vigorously striking out a great moral idea, might have been the founder of a new school. We mean Hogarth. He was, however, too adventurously new for the age, and left no successor; nor is even now the greatness of his genius generally

understood. He has been classed with "painters of drolls;" yet was he the most tragic painter this country—we were about to say, any country—has produced. We are not prepared to say it is a school we should wish to have been established; but we assert that the genius of Hogarth incurred for us the danger. His works stand unique in art—that which can be said, perhaps, of the works of no other painter that ever existed, and obtained a name. We had written so far, when we were willing to see what a modern writer says of this great man; and we are happy to find his views in so great a degree coincide with our own. We make the following extract from Cleghorn's 2d volume of *Ancient and Modern Art*; a work, indeed, that, when we took up the pen, it was our purpose to speak of more largely, and to which we mean to devote what further space may be allowed for this paper:—

"To Hogarth, on the other hand, M. Passavant awards that justice which has been denied to him by his countrymen. Hogarth is of all English painters, and, perhaps, of all others, the one who knew how to represent the events of common life with the most humour, and, at the same time, with rare and profound truth. This truth of character is, however, visible not only in his conception of a subject, but is varied throughout in the form and colour of his figures in a no less masterly manner." "Hogarth [continues Mr Cleghorn] stands alone as an artist, having had no predecessors, rivals, nor successors. He is the more interesting, too, as being the first native English artist of celebrity. Yet a tasteless public was unable to appreciate his merits; and he was driven to the necessity of raffling his pictures for small sums, which only partially succeeded. In spite of the sneers of Horace Walpole that he was "more a writer of comedy with his pencil than a painter," and the epigrammatic saying of Augustus Von Schlegel, that 'he painted ugliness, wrote on beauty, and was a thorough bad painter,' he was a great and original artist, both painter and engraver, whose works, coming home to every man's understanding and feelings, and applicable to every age and country, can never lose their relish

and interest. They are chiefly known to the public by his etchings and engravings, which, however, convey a very imperfect idea of the beauty and expression of the original paintings." We only object to stress laid upon his humour, which is not his, or at least his only, characteristic. He was a great dramatist of human life; humour was the incidental gift, tragedy the more essential. Who had more humour, more wit than Shakspeare, and who was ever so tragic, or so employed his humour as to set it beside his most tragic scenes, with an effect that made the pathos deeper? In such a sense was Hogarth "comic." His "*Marriage à la Mode*" is the deepest of tragedies.

We turn to Mr Cleghorn's two interesting and very useful volumes. They give a compendious, yet, for general use and information, sufficiently elaborate view of architecture, sculpture, and painting, from their very origin to their present condition. We know of no work containing so complete a view. If we are disposed at all to quarrel with his plan, it is that in every branch he comes down too late a time. And as it is always the case with writers who find themselves committed to the present age, he evidently finds himself encumbered with the detail which this part of his plan has forced upon him. In matter it will be often found that the present age overpowers all preceding, when even it is vastly inferior in importance. Nor is it very easy to avoid a bias in speaking of contemporaries; nor can a writer safely depend upon his own judgment when he looks too nearly and intimately on men and their works, and fears the giving offence by omissions, or by too qualified praise. His divisions into schools, with general remarks on each at the end, give a very clear view, when taken together, of the history of these arts; and we are rejoiced to see them—architecture, sculpture, and painting—thus in a manner linked in history, as they were formerly in the minds and genius of the greatest men. In this he follows the good course led by Vasari. In his account of the Flemish and Dutch schools, there is a strange omission of the early Flemish painters preceding and subsequent to the Van

Eycks, to the time of Rubens; nor is the influence which the brothers Van Eyck had upon art sufficiently discussed. We propose at some future day to treat more at length on this subject, and to make extracts from Michiel's very interesting little volume, his "*Peintres Brugeois*." Even in the short account of Van Eyck's invention, Mr Cleghorn is somewhat careless, in the omission of one important little word, *sue*, in his extract from Vasari, who does not exactly describe the invention as "the result of a mixture or vehicle composed of linseed oil or nut oil, *boiled up with other mixtures*," but "*with other mixtures of his own*." Vasari says, "*e aggiuntevi altre sue mixture fece la vernice*," &c.

In the following remarks on Greek sculpture we find something consonant to the ideas we have ventured to express:—

"A remarkable difference is observable in the female ideal, the result of that refined delicacy and purity of taste evinced on all occasions by the Greeks. They neither increased the stature, nor heightened the contours of their heroines and goddesses, convinced that in so doing they must have sensibly impaired the beauty, modesty, and delicacy of the sex. In this the Greek sculptors conformed to the rule inculcated by Aristotle, and uniformly observed in the Greek tragedy, never to make woman overstep the modesty of the female character. The Medicean Venus is but a woman, though perhaps more beautiful than ever woman appeared on earth. Another peculiarity is very striking. While a great proportion of the male statues, whether men, heroes, or gods, were naked, or nearly so, those of the other sex, with the exception of the Venuses, Graces, and Hours, were uniformly draped from head to foot. Even the three Graces by Socrates, described by Pausanias as decorating the entrance to the Acropolis, were clothed in imitation of the more ancient Graces." As to this exception of the Venuses and Graces, Mr Cleghorn seems to have in some degree misapprehended the passage relating thereto in Pausanias, who distinctly says that he knows not who first sculptured or painted them naked, but it was after the time of Socrates.

These Graces of Socrates, by the bye, may be the *φύλαι*, of whom he speaks in his dialogue with Theodota, who, he says, will not let him rest day nor night.

The number of nude Venuses would, it may be suspected, scarcely justify the elegant compliment in the epigram in the *Anthologia*—

"Ὅραμαι εἶδε Πάρις μὲν καὶ Ἀγκίστην καὶ Ἀδωνίς,
.. Τους τρεῖς εἶδα μόνους· Πραξιτέλης δὲ ποῦναι·"

Paris, Anchises, and Adonis—Three,

Three only, did me ever naked see :

But this Praxiteles—when, where did He ?

Our author censures the school of Bernini, we should have thought justly, remembering much that has been said on the subject of the unfit-ness of the ponderous material to represent light action, if we had not seen the Xanthian marbles brought to this country by Sir Charles Fellows, and now deposited in the British Museum. The female statues that stood in the Tomb Temple are exquisite, and perhaps equal to any Grecian art, yet are they represented with flying drapery. It is difficult to make a rule which some bold genius shall not subvert.

Most authors on art think it necessary to descant upon liberty, as most favourable to its advancement. It is difficult to define what liberty is, so that every example may be disputed. If we take the age of Pericles, when the wonders of Phidias were achieved, we must not forget that Phidias himself was treated by the Athenians with such indignity that he left them, and deposited his finest work at Corinth. The republic suspected him of thieving the gold, and he had the precaution, knowing his men, to weigh the metal, and work it so as to be removable. We must not forget that Pericles, who fortunately in a manner governed Athens, was obliged to plead on his knees for the life of Aspasia, whose offence was her superior endowments. When Alexander subjugated Greece, art still flourished. Nor was it crushed even in the wars and revolts and subjugations by Cassander, after the death of Alexander. We should not say that the Augustan age was exactly the age of liberty, but it was the age of literature. The easier solution may be, "*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt*

Marones." Munificent patronage will often raise what that state which passes under the name of liberty will often destroy.

"In the most favoured periods of the fine arts, we find patronage either dispensed by the sovereign, the state, or the priesthood ; or, if a common-wealth, by the rulers who had the revenues at their command. Possessing taste and knowledge themselves, and appreciating the importance and dignity of art, they selected the artists whom they deemed best fitted for the purpose. The artists, again, respected and consulted their patrons, between whom there reigned a mutual enthusiasm, good understanding, and respect. Such were Pericles, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Hadrian, Francis I. of France, Julius II., Lorenzo and Leo X. of the Medici, the nobles and rulers of the different Italian cities and common-wealths, the Roman Catholic church and clergy, Charles I. of England, Louis XIV. of France—and in our own times the late and present kings of Prussia, the King of Bavaria, Louis Philippe of France, and—it is gratifying to add—Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Great Britain. But, indispensable as national patronage is, it can have no sure or permanent foundation, unless it be likewise supported by the aristocracy and wealthy classes. Instead of emanating, as in the continental states, from the sovereign and government, patronage in Great Britain may be said to have originated with the middle ranks, and to have forced its way up to the higher classes, and even to the government itself."

There are interesting yet short chapters on mosaic, tapestry, and painted glass ; subjects now demanding no little public attention, coming again as we are to the taste for decoration. The ladies of England will be pleased to find their needle-work so seriously considered. Happy will it be if their idleness leads to a better and employed industry. Due praise is bestowed upon Miss Linwood, whose works are ranked with the Gobelins tapestry. We remember seeing many years ago an invention that promised great things—painting, if it may be so called, in wool work. It

was the invention of Miss Thompson, and was exhibited, and we believe not quite fairly—much mischief having been done to the pictures by pulling out parts, either for wanton mutilation, or to see the manner of the working. Whether from disgust arising from this circumstance, or at the little encouragement shown to it, the invention seems to have dropped. Yet was the effect most powerful, more to the life than any picture, in whatever material; and from the size of the works produced by the hands of one person, we should judge that it is capable of rapid execution. We have a vivid recollection of a copy from a picture by Northcote, figures size of life, and of the head of Govartius, in the National Gallery. We are not without hope that this slight notice may recall a very effective mode of copying, at least, if not of producing, original works.

Of painted glass, it is remarked,—“The earliest notice of its existence is in the age of Pope Leo III., about the year 800. It did not, however, come into general use till the lapse of some centuries. The earliest specimens differ entirely from those of a later date, being composed of small pieces stained with colour during the process of manufacture, and thus forming a species of patchwork, or rude mosaic, joined together with lead, after being cut into the proper shapes.” Mr Cleghorn omits to say that this more perfect invention of painting on one piece various tints and colours, and regulating gradations of burning, was effected and brought to perfection by the same extraordinary man to whom the world is indebted for the invention of oil painting, Van Eyck. From the discoveries of this extraordinary man, or rather these extraordinary brothers, Van Eyck, must be dated the advance in the arts, both on glass and in oil-colours, which brought to both the perfection of colouring.

The wonderful splendour added to design upon glass, which was so eminently practised at Venice, without doubt supplied to the Venetian school an aim which it could not have had under the old tempera system, but which the new oil invention of Van Eyck sufficiently placed within its reach.

Yet, in one view, we may hence

date the corruption of art. The severity of fresco was superseded by the new fascination, and somewhat of dignity was lost as beauty was more decidedly established. As very much of the splendour of glass painting was thus introduced in oil, the greater facility of more correctly representing nature, and embodying ideas by degrees of opacity, so gave the preference to oil-painting, that not only the old tempera and fresco were soon neglected, but painting on glass itself, as if it had done its work, and transferred its peculiar beauty, lost much of its repute, and, in no very long time, the processes to which it owed its former glory.

Mr Cleghorn remarks—“Within a few years it has been much cultivated in Great Britain; and the intended application to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament will materially conduce to its improvement and extension.” It is unquestionably an art of the greatest importance in decoration. It has a charm peculiarly its own. It dignifies, it solemnises by its own light, and is capable of affecting the mind so as particularly to predispose it to the purposes of architecture. It encloses a sanctuary, excluding the very atmosphere of the outer world. There is the impression and the awe of truth under the searching and embracing light, that should make the utterance of a falsehood the more mean, even sacrilegious. The art that can have this power, nor is this its only, though its greater power, is surely to be cultivated and encouraged extensively. There is now more attention paid to the architecture and decoration of our churches, and a taste has sprung up for monumental windows. We cannot resist, therefore, the temptation to offer a few remarks upon the subject, now that so many mistaken views are taken as to the proper application of this beautiful art.

There seems to be a false idea abroad that the painted window is to be predominant, not assistant to the general impression which the architecture intends. In reality it loses, not gains, power by setting up for itself. And, even in colours, it is not to vie with shop display of colours “by the piece,” nor to set forth all its powers at once in a full glare and blaze, and

too often without other object and meaning than to display flags of strong unmixed colours. A painted window should be a whole, and have no one colour predominant, but be of infinite depths and degrees of tint and tone with one tendency. Nor should it aim at picture-making, however it may be adapted to the emblematical. It should never affect the absolutely real—the picture illusion: it is altogether of a world of thought and imagination, belonging rather to the inner mind of the spectator than to his ordinary thought or vision. The very difficulty of the early manufacture was an advantage to it, for great brilliancy has resulted from the crossings and hatchings of the leaden fastenings; and now that we are enabled to hang up, as it were, flags of colour, the effect of those subduing subdivisions is gone.

There is such a thing, so to speak, as the genius of a material. That genius, in the case of glass-painting, is not for picture. Surely Sir Joshua Reynolds made a great mistake when, in his window for New College, he designed, as for canvass, a picture, and that for the most part without colour, which the genius of the material required. Nor by the largeness of his figures, and of the whole as a design, did he assist, or indeed at all agree with, the character of the architecture. In such instances many and small parts should make one whole, both for the advantage of the real magnitude of the particular work, and that the magnitude of the architecture be not lessened—a method, indeed, which the Gothic architecture studiously followed, in which even minute design and detail give largeness to all the leading lines. Daylight is never to be seen—an imaginary light is the all in all. In this respect it should be like a precious stone, which is best seen in all its infinite depths, in shade, out of all common glare. In the best specimens of old glass-painting the positive and strong colours were few, and in small spaces, and adjoining them was a frequent aiming at those which were almost opaque,—even black and greens, browns and purples, bordering on black. And if emblematic subjects were represented, they were in many compartments, as if the window were

a large history-book with its many pages—a world of curious emblems, no one obtrusive. It is bad taste to fill up a whole window with even Raffaele's Transfiguration; either a picture or a large design is out of place, and dissonant to the genius of the art. One of the worst specimens of painted window is that in the Temple, all self-glorifying, painted as a savage would paint himself, in flags of colour as crude as possible. The genius of the art is for innumerable subdivisions, none obtruding, lest there be no whole. It should be of the light of a brighter world subduing itself, veiling its glory, and diffusing itself in mystic communication with the inner mind; and like that mind, one in feeling with all its varied depths of thought. Colour and transparency are the means of this beautiful art; but these, as they are very powerful, require great judgment and determination of purpose in the use. The interwoven gold in the old tapestries was more effectually to separate the character of the material from the too close imitation of nature or the picture; so on the transparent material of glass, the crossing, and sometimes quaintly formed lead lines, always marked, answer the same purpose. Mr Cleghorn is too sparing of remarks and information on the art of painting on glass, which we the less regret, as we are shortly to have before the public the carefully gathered knowledge upon this subject from the pen and research of Mrs Merrifield. His chapter on tapestry is more full and interesting. We have not seen the specimens of a new kind invented by Miss King. It will be a boon to the public if, in its adoption, it supersedes, with a better richness, the Berlin work, at which ladies are now so unceasingly and so tastelessly employed. The *Art-Union* speaks highly of the invention. It is curious that, in modern times, a Raffaele tapestry should be destroyed to get at the gold. The anecdote is characteristic of the equally infidel French of 1798 and of the Jew—excepting that the Jew was ignorant of its value. Mr Cleghorn thus speaks of the celebrated cartoon tapestries—"They were sent to be woven at Arras, under the superintendence of Barnard Van Orley and

Michael Coxes, who had been some years pupils of Raffaele. Two sets of these interesting tapestries were executed; but the deaths of Raffaele and the pontiff, and the intestine troubles, prevented them being applied to their intended destination. They were carried off by the Spaniards during the sack of Rome in 1526-7, and restored by the French general, Montmorency. They were first exhibited to the public by Paul IV. in front of the Basilica of St Peter's, on the festival of Corpus Domini, and again at the Beattification: a custom that was continued throughout part of the last

century, and has again been resumed. *The French took them in 1798, and sold them to a Jew at Leghorn, who burned one of them—Christ's Descent into Limbus—to extract the gold with which it was interwoven.*"

There is so much information in these little volumes, that were we to notice a small part of the passages which we have marked with the pencil, we should unduly lengthen this paper, which we can by no means be allowed to do. We here pause, intending, however, shortly to resume the pen on the subject of art, which now offers so many points of interest.

KAFFIRLAND.

It is always with fresh interest that we address ourselves to the perusal of books relating to Great Britain's colonial possessions. The subject, daily increasing in importance, has the strongest claims upon our attention. In presence of a rapidly augmenting population, and of the prodigious progress of steam and machinery, the question naturally suggests itself—and more so in England than in any other country—how employment and support shall be found for the additional millions of human beings with which a few years (judging of the future from the past) will throng the surface of a country already densely and superabundantly populated? The problem, often discussed, has not yet been satisfactorily solved. Without broaching the complicated question of over-population and its antidotes, without attempting to decide when a country is to be deemed over-populated, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that emigration is the simplest and most direct remedy for the state of plethora into which a nation must sooner or later be brought by a steady annual excess of births over deaths. It is a remedy to which more than one European

state will ultimately be compelled to resort, however alleviation may previously be sought by temporising and theoretical nostrums, more palatable, perhaps, to the patient, but inadequate, if not wholly inefficacious and charlatanical. And, after all, emigration is no such insupportable prescription for a very ugly malady. Doubtless much may be said upon the cruelty of making exile a condition of existence; but sympathy on this score may also be carried too far, and degenerate into drivell. At first sight the decree appears cruel and tyrannical, until we investigate its source, and find it to proceed from no earthly potentate, but from that omniscient Being whose intention it never was that men should crowd together into nooks and corners, when vast continents and fruitful islands, untenanted save by beasts of the field, or by scanty bands of barbarians, woo to their shores the children of labour and civilisation. Love of country, admirable as an incentive to many virtues, may be pushed beyond reasonable limits. It is so, we apprehend, when it prompts men to pine in penury and idleness upon the soil that gave them birth, rather than seek new fields for their industry and

Five Years in Kaffirland, with Sketches of the Late War in that Country. Written on the Spot. By HARRIET WARD. Two vols. London, 1848.

The Cape and its Colonies, with Hints to Settlers, in 1848. By GEORGE NICHOLSON, Esq., a late Resident. London, 1848.

A Three Years' Cruise in the Mozambique Channel, for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. By LIEUT. BARNARD, R.N. London, 1848.

enterprise in uncultivated and vacant lands. What choice of these is afforded by England's vast and magnificent colonies! The emigrant may select almost his degree of latitude. And where Britannia's banner waves, and her laws are paramount, and the honest, kindly Anglo-Saxon tongue is the language of the land, there surely needs no great effort of imagination for a Briton to think himself still at home, though a thousand leagues of ocean roll between him and his native isle.

Excepting that they all more or less refer to the British possessions at the Cape of Good Hope, it were difficult to find three books more distinct from each other in character than those whose titles we have assembled at the foot of last page. An ex-settler, an accomplished lady, and a shrewd sailor, have selected the same moment for the publication of their African experiences. As in gallantry bound, we give the precedence to the lady. Mrs Harriet Ward, wife of a captain of the 91st regiment of foot, is a keen-witted, high-spirited person; and, like most of her sex when they espouse a cause, a warm partisan of the feelings and opinions of those she loves and admires. She is an uncompromising assailant of the system pursued at the Cape, especially as regards our treaties with the Kaffirs, whom she very justly denounces as perfidious, bloody, and unclean savages, untamable, she filly believes, and with whom Whig officials and negotiators have been ridiculously lenient and confiding. Although some of her views are rather sweeping and severe, she is certainly right in the main. And we honour her for her heartiness in denouncing the nauseous humbug of the pseudo-philanthropists, whose manœuvres have had a most prejudicial effect upon our South African possessions, and have given to persons in this country notions completely erroneous concerning the rights and wrongs of the Kaffir question. But whilst blaming the administration of the colony, she finds the country itself fair and excellent and of great resource. Herein she differs from her contemporary, Mr George Nicholson, junior. This gentleman, lately a settler at the Cape, cannot be too highly

landed for the volume with which he has favoured the public. We are not quite sure, however, that the public will think as highly of it as we do. Our admiration is founded on the consistency of its tone; upon the steady, well-sustained grumble kept up throughout. The preface at once prepossessed us in favour of what was to follow. Intended, doubtless, as a dram of bitters to assist in the digestion of the subsequent sour repast, it consists of general depreciation of other works regarding the Cape, and especially of one by "a Mr Chase"—of sneers at "stay-at-home wiseacres" and hollow theorists—and of a vague accusation brought against certain colonial residents of "fomenting the warlike propensities of the neighbouring barbarians, to secure their own ends," grievously to the detriment and prejudice of their fellow-colonists. "The peculiar bent," says Mr Nicholson, "of each author's mind has, in general, been so far allowed to predominate as to exclude the hope of forming a correct estimate of the capabilities of the soil, climate, and other interesting features of this extensive country, by a perusal of their works." Could the author of "The Cape and its Colonists" read his book with somebody else's eyes, he would discover that his own "peculiar bent has been allowed to predominate," and that the consequences have been of the most gloomy description. Mr Nicholson is evidently a disappointed man. Either by his fault or misfortune, by the force of circumstances or his own bad management, his attempt to establish himself thrivingly at the Cape resulted unsatisfactorily; and this sufficiently accounts for the general tint of blue so conspicuous in his retrospective sketch of the scene of his mishaps. The particular spot where these occurred was a considerable tract of land (called a farm) in the district of Graat-Reinet, to arrive at which he steamed from Cape Town, where he had landed from England, to Port Elizabeth in Algoa Bay. The dismal aspect of this bay painfully affected him. He "had read some of the glowing descriptions given of this part of the country, by persons whose interest it is to entice over settlers by any means,

even the most dishonest, in order to have the benefit of plucking them afterwards. It is true that I had not believed the El Dorado stories so current of this and other colonies, but my expectations had been raised sufficiently high to make the disappointment at the really desolate appearance of the place, perfect." The apparent desolation is accompanied by substantial disadvantages, which Mr Nicholson complacently enumerates. Water is scarce and brackish; there are no vegetables or fruit within twenty miles; hardly forage for a team of oxen; the town is built on sand, of which unceasing clouds are hurled by prevalent strong winds in the face of all comers. No wonder that the new settler, evidently indisposed to be easily pleased, made his escape as quickly as possible from so dreary a neighbourhood. Shipping himself, family, and chattels in an ox-waggon, he joyfully quitted Port Elizabeth on a splendid morning of the African autumn—that is to say, about the end of March or beginning of April, and set out for his property, over a road which he describes as a fair sample of Cape causeways, "nothing more than a series of parallel tracks made by the passage of waggons, from time to time, through the sand and jungle." Finding little to notice on his way, he takes the opportunity of having a fling at the missionaries, whom he describes as doing much harm, although actuated, as he is willing to believe, by the best of intentions. The stations serve as the headquarters of the idlest and most vagabond portion of the coloured population, who have only to affect a Christian disposition to find ready acceptance and refuge. "No sooner is a Hottentot, or other coloured servant, discontented or hopelessly lazy, than off he flies to the nearest station, where he can indulge in the greatest luxury he knows of—that of sleeping either in the sun or shade as his inclination may lead him, with the occasional variation of participating in the singing and praying exercises of the regular inhabitants of the place." If the zealous propagators of Christianity, who thus encourage the natural idleness of the natives, were successful in their attempts at

conversion, it might be accepted as some compensation for the temporal evils and inconvenience they aid to inflict on a colony where servants are scarce and bad. But this is far from being the case. Mr Nicholson assures us (and we readily believe him) that it is very rare to find an individual whose moral conduct has been improved by a residence at a missionary station, and that for his part he prefers the downright heathen to the imperfect convert. Few of these coloured Christians have any distinct idea of the creed they profess; when able, which is seldom, to answer questions concerning its first principles, their replies are parrot-like and unintelligent. Against the general character of the missionaries nothing can be said; but they are throwing away time, and their employers are wasting money which might be employed to far greater advantage in England, or in other countries whose inhabitants, equally in want of religious instruction, are more capable of receiving and comprehending it than are the stolid aborigines of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Nicholson does not dwell upon the subject of missionary labours in Africa, but compresses at the close of a chapter his opinions, which are sound and to the purpose. Mrs Ward says nothing on the matter, and we ourselves are not disposed to dilate upon it, having already often taken occasion to expose the folly of the system that sends preachers and bible-mongers to the remotest corners of the earth when such scope for their labours exists at home. Let us return to George Nicholson, his trials and tribulations.

These were manifold; and he makes the most of them. No encouraging signs or omens cheered his progress through the land, bidding his heart beat high with hope. At two days' journey from Port Elizabeth he halted for the night at a farm belonging to an Englishman of independent property, who received him hospitably, but assured him that sheep-breeding was a hopeless speculation, owing to the bad pasturage, to the bushy tangled nature of the country, and to the hyenas, there called wolves, who are most destructive. As he proceeded,

pasturage improved, but other plagues were apparent. In some places water was as scarce as in an Arabian desert, and as much prized—collected in pits and husbanded with the utmost care. "The maps of the colony indicate rivers of the most encouraging description in this part of the country. But the district itself presents only a series of dry water-courses, leaving evident traces of their capability of containing water for some hours after storms." These sandy and deceitful gullies intersect "a frightful country, which can only be described as a succession of low undulations, covered with large shingles, between which the most debauched-looking stunted tufts of the poisonous and prickly euphorbia, with here and there a magnificent scarlet-headed aloe, forced their way." We are at a loss to know what the ex-colonist here means by the epithet "debauched-looking," unless he intends some obscure allusion to the thirsty and disreputable aspect of the brambles, remote as they were from the vicinity of any water except one spring of "Harrowgate, which, to judge from the nasty effluvia it produced, must have been possessed of rare healing qualities." The severe droughts are the destruction of the settlers, entailing terrible losses and often total ruin, and their pernicious effects are aggravated by flights of locusts. These the farmers do what they can to keep off by smoky fires and other means, sometimes with success; but even when the insect cloud pass over a field without ravaging it, they leave a memento of their transit in the shape of innumerable eggs. In due time the young generation come forth, and being wingless cannot be driven away, but hop about and ravage every thing till their wings grow, and a gale of wind takes them off to fresh pasturage. Mrs Ward's description of a flight of locusts is remarkably striking, and given with a vigour of phrase not often found in the productions of a female pen.

"The first two years of our sojourn here, the locusts devastated the land. The prophet Joel describes this dreadful visitation as 'like the noise of chariots on

the tops of mountains,' 'like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble,' as 'a strong people set in battle array,' and any one who has ridden through a cloud of locusts must admit the description to be as true as it is sublime. On one occasion, at Fort Peddie, the cloud, flickering between us and the missionary station, half a mile distant, "dazzled our eyes, and veiled the buildings from our sight; at last it rose, presenting its effects in some acres of barren stubble, which the sun had lit up in all the beauty of bright green a few hours before. Verily, the heavens seemed to tremble, and the sky was darkened by this 'great army,' which passed on, 'every one on his way,' neither 'breaking their ranks nor thrusting one another.' So they swept on, occupying a certain space between the heavens and the earth, and neither swerving from the path, extending the mighty phalanx, nor pausing in the course: the noise of their wings reminding the idea of a 'flaming blast,' and their whole appearance typifying God's terrible threat of a 'besom of destruction.'

"'They shall walk every one in his path!' Nothing turns them from it. And if the traveller endeavours to force his way through them with unwonted rapidity, he is sure to suffer. I have ridden for miles at a sharp gallop through their legions, endeavouring to beat them off with my whip, but all to no purpose! Nothing turns them aside, and the poor horses bend down their heads as against an advancing storm, and make their way as best they can, snorting and writhing under the infliction of sharp blows on the face and eyes, which their riders endeavour to evade with as little success. You draw a long breath after escaping from a charge of locusts; and looking around you, you exclaim with the prophet, 'The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them!'"

Mr Nicholson's location included a tolerable house with mud floors and reed ceilings, and thirty-five thousand acres of mountain and plain, having the reputation of one of the best farms in the district. The cost of this was about £2000; and the property was calculated to maintain five or six thousand sheep, four hundred oxen, besides horses. There were four small springs, allowing the cultivation of about sixteen acres of good

soil. Mr Nicholson, not wishing to overburden the land, bought only three thousand sheep, with cattle in proportion, and began the life (described by him as most discouraging and unprofitable) of a Cape of Good Hope sheep-farmer. Melancholy indeed is the account he gives of the profits and losses of that occupation. In the first place, high wages and good keep are scarcely sufficient inducement to the lazy Hottentots to take service; and when they are prevailed upon, they are scarce worth having. They are sent to the hills with the flocks, which they have to protect from beasts of prey, always on the look-out for a bit of straggling mutton. They themselves, however, are conspicuous for their rapacity, and by no means remarkable for honesty; and doubtless many a stray sheep is debited to the hyenas, of whose disappearance the Hottentots could give a very good account. The wild animals, however—panthers, jackals, hyenas, and, in some districts, lions—are amongst the settler's worst foes. These prowling carnivora preclude the possibility of leaving sheep out of doors after dark; and, even when penned, the fleecy family can hardly be considered safe. "In stormy weather," saith Nicholson, "my walled pens, although well bushed at top, and above six feet high, did not sufficiently protect me from great losses by the hyenas, which, on such occasions, would often jump over and kill sheep, and often carry one off in their mouths." This latter feat is rather astounding; but no matter, let us pass on to the next grievances of the unfortunate settler and sheep-farmer, grievances not peculiar to himself, but shared by all whose evil star guides them to the land of locusts and hyenas. The diseases of sheep are numerous and fatal—scab, consumptive wasting, inflammation of the lungs, violent inflammatory epidemics, poisonous bushes and hailstones, drought and thunderbolts. "I recollect one of my neighbours losing upwards of three hundred valuable sheep in a few minutes from the effects of a hailstorm. Another farmer, living at no great distance from me, lost fifteen hundred sheep in one season from drought; and on my own farm,

I became possessed of it, four hundred sheep were destroyed by lightning at a moment." Doubtless such mishaps as these do occur, but there is something particularly painful in Mr Nicholson's lugubrious style of piling them up, without intermixture of the smallest crumb of comfort for any unhappy individuals planning emigration to the Cape. Did he but vaunt the tender haunches and juicy saddles, the fine and profitable wool yielded by the remnant of these afflicted flocks! But touching the mutton he is mute; and as regards the produce of the fleeces, he pledges himself that, under the most favourable circumstances, they never yield more than four per cent on the value of the flock—a small enough remuneration, as it appears to us, unlearned, we confess, in ways of woollen. But we have not yet got to the worst of the story. Supposing a farmer fortunate, and that his flocks escape the multifarious evils above enumerated—that they are spared by the lightning's blast, the big hailstones, the inflammatory epidemic, and all the rest of it. Not upon that account may he rub his hands in jubilation, and reckon upon a good clip and high prices. He gets up one morning and finds his sheep converted into goats, or something little better. "Woolled sheep have a natural tendency to deterioration in this climate; and in a few generations, notwithstanding the greatest care, the wool begins to show a tendency to assimilate itself to the hairy nature of the coat which is the natural covering of the indigent animal." So that, upon the whole, Mr Nicholson inclines to prefer goats to sheep, as stock, if properly attended to, and the utmost possible numbers kept. The profit is made out of the skin, fat, and flesh, and "those carcasses not required for food, might be boiled down for tallow." He perhaps overlooks, in this calculation, "the scarcity and bad quality of the fuel, composed of the dung dug out of the sheep pens, and stacked for the purpose." The present system, however, evidently does not answer, judging from his statement that there is not "one sheep-farmer in the Eastern Province (depending on the profits of his farm) who is either contented with

the results of his farming, or is not grievously indebted to his storekeeper, except among the old-established and primitive Dutch families, who spend no money in manufactures, and have but little to spend, had they the habit." Is it unfair to argue, from this paragraph, the absence, on the part of the English colonists, of that frugal simplicity of living essential in a new country? A man settling in a country like the Cape, should be prepared to resign not only luxuries, but many things which in Europe are deemed positive necessities of life, but which, in the forest and prairie, may well be dispensed with. We infer, from certain passages in Mr Nicholson's book, that he and his fellow-colonists were, rather above their position, too addicted to the comforts of England to submit to the privations of Africa, and that they augmented their expenses by procuring alleviations which their primitive Dutch neighbours cheerfully dispensed with. The Dutchmen, Mr Nicholson tells us, spend no money in manufactures. Then the English settlers' wives were evidently quite out of their element in the bush, or as occupants of houses mud-floored and roofed with reeds. "I have never," says Mr Nicholson, "seen an English woman in the colony, at all raised above the very poorest, who did not complain bitterly of the inconvenience she endured when living on a farm; and I really know nothing more affecting than the sight of the often elegant-minded and well-educated sheep-farmer's wife struggling with the drudgery of her situation, and repining fruitlessly at the deceptive accounts which had induced her husband to seek his fortune in South Africa." Here we, perhaps, have a clue to one cause of the jaundiced view the ex-settler takes of things at the Cape. The impossibility of obtaining the requisite domestic servants drove Mrs Nicholson from the sheep-farm in Graaf Reinet to the more agreeable residence of Cape Town, at a distance of eight hundred miles; and thenceforward her husband divided his time, as best he could, between domestic and farming duties. This seems an uncomfortable state of things. The want of the master's eye must have been sadly felt at the farm during his

visits to Cape Town, and he must have lost much time and some patience in weary eight-hundred-mile journeys, performed, for the most part, on horseback.

The Kaffir war is, of course, a prominent subject in the three books before us. We find least of it in that of Lieutenant Barnard, whose narrative is chiefly of things at sea, and most in Mrs Ward's volumes, which consist principally of details of that unsatisfactory contest. Mrs Ward and Mr Nicholson concur in attributing to Whig mal-administration, and to the unwise treaties of Sir Andries Stockenström, the numerous disasters that of late years have afflicted the Cape, and the bloody and inglorious struggle that has cost this country upwards of three millions sterling. Here, again, it is to be traced the hand and mischief-making tongue of the pseudo-philanthropists. By those tender-hearted gentry was the original impulse given to the series of changes which have done so much towards the ruin of a prosperous colony. First came a scream about the ill-treated Hottentots. These were certainly often ill-used by their Dutch masters, but that was surely no reason for emancipating them, by one summary ordinance, from every species of restraint. This, however, was the course adopted; and forthwith the Hottentot, by nature one of the most indolent of animals, spurned work, and took to idleness and dram-drinking. Since that fatal day, the race has degenerated and dwindled, and no doubt it will ultimately become extinct. Having thus, greatly to the detriment and inconvenience of the colonists, procured the Hottentots liberty, or rather license, the sympathisers extended their charitable exertions to Kaffirland. What pretext existed for this new crusade does not exactly appear, but its result was even more mischievous than their interference with the Hottentots. The Kaffirs were told of grievances they previously never had dreamed of, they were rendered unsettled and dissatisfied, (greedy and rapacious they already were,) and at last they poured into the colony, sweeping off the flocks and herds, murdering the peaceable settler, and setting the flaming brand,

to his roof-tree. This incursion, the ruin of thousands, at an end, the colonists set to work to repair damages, hoping for peace and a return of prosperity, when a new calamity came upon them. Mrs Ward shall describe it.

"Suddenly there, was a voice, which went through all the countries, of the known earth, crying aloud, 'Let the slave be free!' Societies sent forth their ragged regiments, with banners on which the negro was depicted as an interesting child of nature, chained and emaciated, whilst a ruffian beside him held the lash over his head. 'The people' really imagined that the sugar plantations were worked by lanky negroes, handcuffed one to another. Elderly ladies, who abused their neighbours over their bohea, rejoiced in the prospect of 'emancipation and cheap sugar,' and the people, the dear 'people,' expected to get it for nothing. The Dutch were quite ready to listen to the voice that cried 'shame' at the idea of seizing our fellow-creatures, packing them like herrings in slave-ships, and bartering them in the market. But how to set about the remedy should have been considered. The chain was broken, and the people of England hurried to their hearts' content. Meanwhile, what became of the slave? If he was young and vicious, away he went—he was his own master. He was free—he had the world before him where to choose. Whether true or false, he was persuaded he had been ill used. So, whilst his portrait, with a broken chain, sleek limbs, eyes uplifted to heaven, and hands clasped in speechless gratitude, was carried about the streets of our manufacturing towns in England, (where there was more starvation in one street than among the whole of the South African slave population,) the original of the picture was squatted beside the Kaffir's fire, thinking his meal of parched corn but poor stuff after the palatable dishes he had been permitted to cook for himself in the boer's or tradesman's kitchen."*

And the frugal, hard-working Dutchmen, an excellent ingredient in the population of a young country, finding themselves deprived of their slaves, insufficiently compensated, and in fifty ways prejudiced and inconvenienced by the clumsy and injudicious manner in which the emancipation had been carried out, brooded over the injustice done them, and began to migrate across various branches of Orange river towards the north-east

corner of the colony, and finally beyond its boundary, preferring constant warfare with the Kaffirs, entailed upon them by the change, to submission to the new and vexatious ordinances, and to the enactments of the Stockenstrom treaties. These were in the highest degree absurd, although their framer was rewarded by a pension and title, as if he had done the state some service, instead of having actually been the main cause of the last Kaffir war. A ridiculous report got abroad, credited largely by stay-at-home philanthropists, and heartily laughed at by all who had any real knowledge of the subject, that the Kaffirs were a mild, peaceable, and ill-used people—in Exeter-Hall phrase, "a pastoral and patriarchal race." "It was imagined," says Mr Nicholson, "that they possessed a strong sense of honour and probity, and only desired to be guaranteed from the tyranny of the colonists, (poor lambs!); and a determination was accordingly come to, to make treaties with the chiefs, the performance of which could only be secured by their honourable observance of what was detrimental to the interests of themselves and their people, as they understood it." Now the truth of the matter is, that a more vicious and treacherous race than the Kaffirs would be sought in vain upon the face of the inhabited earth. They unite every evil quality. "The stalwart Kaffir," says Mrs Ward, "with his powerful form and air of calm dignity, beneath which are concealed the deepest cunning and the meanest principles. Some call the Kaffir brave. He is a thief, a liar, and a beggar, ready only to fight in ambush; and although, to use the common expression, he 'dies game,' his calmness is the result of sullenness." Cunning is the most prominent characteristic of this pleasing savage. "It makes them," says Lieutenant Barnard, "fully aware of the humanity of the English character, which prevents us from killing an unarmed man; so, when they find themselves taken unawares, they throw their arms into the bush, pretend to be friendly Kaffirs, and, in all probability, fire on our troops when

* *Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i. pp. 35-6.

they get to a convenient distance." It also taught them, during the former war, that they had no chance against Europeans unless they could procure firearms; to have time to get these, they joyfully concluded a treaty, and would have done so on far less favourable terms, never intending to abide by them. But those made were not sufficiently stringent to keep even civilised borderers in check. Some were laughed at, others evaded, whilst a third class defeated their own object. Here is the twenty-fourth article, as a sample of the last-named sort:—"If any person being in pursuit of criminals or depredators, or property stolen by them, shall not overtake or recover the same before he shall reach the said line, (colonial boundary;) and provided he can make oath that he traced the said criminals, &c. across a particular spot on said line; that the property, when stolen, was properly guarded by an armed herdsman; that the pursuit was commenced immediately after such property was stolen; that, if the robbery was committed in the night, the property had been (when stolen) properly secured in kraals, (folds,) stables, or the like; and that the pursuit, in such case, was commenced (at latest) early next morning, such person shall be at liberty to proceed direct to the *pakati*, (Kaffir police!)" and (we abridge the *verbiage*) to make his affidavit and continue his pursuit, "*provided he do not go armed, or accompanied by armed British subjects.*" Was there ever any thing more absurd than the formalities here prescribed for the recovery of property from a set of cattle-lifters, in comparison with whom a Scottish borderer of the olden time was a man of truth and conscience, and a respecter of neighbours' rights? It explains, if it does not quite justify, the fierce personal attack made by Nicholson the sheep-farmer upon the negotiator of such foolish treaties, whom he designates pretty plainly, without positively naming him. Mrs Ward, too lady-like and well-bred to descend to personalities—save in the case of Kaffirs, whom at times she does most lustily vituperate—contents herself with blaming acts without attacking individuals. The wily Kaffirs, with whom theft is a virtue,

were not slow to discover the facilities afforded them, and stole cattle to a greater extent than ever. Persuaded, moreover, that such regulations could be prompted only by the weakness of the framers, they looked forward with glee to overrunning the entire colony at their leisure. They only waited till they should have sufficient muskets and cartridges. These they easily obtained; there was no lack of unpatriotic white traders ready and willing to supply them. This done, the warwhoop was raised, and hostilities recommenced,—the Kaffirs confident of victory. There had been so much parleying and lawyers' work with them, threats had so often been uttered and so seldom carried out, that the savages had formed an immense idea of their own consequence and power. Whilst the hollow peace lasted, their constant and imperious cry was "*Bassila!*" Give!—when the mask of friendship was thrown aside, they burst into the colony, desolating in their progress as a swarm of locusts; and if assailed by the scanty forces that could at first be brought against them, they plunged into the tangled bush, and, with levelled gun and assegai, shouted "*Izapa!*" Come on! From the evidence of Mrs Ward's own pages, we think she hardly does them justice in classing them with poltroons. They appear to have made good fight on many occasions. And if the white feather be so conspicuous an ornament in their savage head-dress, on what ground can she claim such great credit for the troops that overcame them, and talk of the war as one "not so noble in its details as those of the days of Napoleon, but far more glorious in its results." Here she evidently writes from the heat and impulse of the moment, as she does in some other parts of her book. To this we do not object, but rather prefer it to the cautious and circumspect manner in which most writers, especially male ones, would have extolled the deeds of the South African army, whose sole opportunities of distinction were in petty skirmishes with undisciplined and naked barbarians. Not that the Kaffirs could be considered as foes of the most contemptible class. With a monkey-like faculty of imitation, they

caught up smatterings of European tactics. "Day by day," we quote Mr Barnard, "they get more expert in the use of fire-arms, and are observant of our least movements, that I have heard officers describe their throwing out skirmishers as quite equal to our own manoeuvres." They also attempt stratagems, often with success. It is a common trick with them to ensnare small parties of the enemy by leaving a few cattle grazing at the edge of a thicket, in which they conceal themselves, and when their opponents approach, issue forth and assail them. In this manner were entrapped Captain Gibson and Dr Howell, of the Rifles, and the Honourable Mr Chetwynd, who, as newcomers to the colony, were not up to the hackneyed decoy. The Kaffirs, on the other hand, are too cunning to be often taken unawares, although we read of a few successful surprises in Mrs Ward's chronicle of the campaign. Colonel Somerset, the gallant commander of the Cape mounted Rifles, is the hero of one of these, upon which Mrs Ward dwells with peculiar complacency. A small division of troops had halted to bivouac, when an officer's horse ran away, and carried him over a hill, past a "clump of Kaffirs" six hundred strong. Reining in with great difficulty, he dashed back and made his report. What ensued is described in appropriate style by our martial and dashing authoress.

"Colonel Somerset lifted his cap from his head, gave three hearty cheers and shouted, 'Major Gibsons, (7th Dragoon Guards,) return carbines, draw swords, charge!' 'Hurrah!' was echoed back; and on they dashed, dragoons, Cape corps, burghers, Hottentots, and Fingos. They found the enemy up and in position. Such a mêlée! The cavalry dashed through the phalanx of Kaffirs, and for want of more cavalry to support them, dashed back again! A Hottentot soldier, one of the sturdy Cape corps, having two horses given him to take care of, charged unarmed, save his sword, and with a horse in each hand. There was great slaughter amongst the enemy. . . . Such Kaffirs as could not escape fell down exhausted and cried for mercy: there was a great deal of cunning in this,—they would have stabbed any one who approached near enough to them to offer a kind word. They had all had enough, however, of meeting a combined force of dragoons and

Cape corps, and no doubt the latter tried to surpass themselves. Those gallant little Toities are an untiring and determined band. How little do we know in England of the courage and smartness of the Hottentot!"

A very wholesome lesson for the Kaffirs, two hundred of whom were killed, and a good many more wounded, but rather an inglorious victory for regular cavalry—so, at least, it strikes us, when we contemplate, in one of Mrs Ward's illustrations, a parcel of naked monsters, more like Mexican apes than men, howling and capering, and hurling javelins at an advancing party of infantry. Any "phalanx" formed by these uncouth barbarians, would be, we should think, of a very loose description, and not likely to oppose much resistance to the charge of her Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards, backed by the mounted Rifles, who in spite of black skin, diminutive stature, and cucumber shanks, are admitted on all hands to be very efficient light cavalry—the best, probably, for warfare against savages. It were well, perhaps, to increase their numbers; or at any rate, if cavalry *must* be sent out from England, it were surely advisable to select it of the lightest description. Dragoon guards are excellent in their place, first-rate fellows to oppose to helmeted Freichmen or Germans; but the Cape is by no means their place, and Kaffirs are not cuirassiers. It is like hunting weasels with wolf-hounds; the very size and power of the dogs impede them in the pursuit of their noxious and contemptible prey. There is one point of difference, however, and by no means in favour of the dragoons; weasels do not carry loaded muskets, which Kaffirs habitually do, firing them off whenever occasion offers, from behind bushes, out of wolf-holes, or from any other sequestered and sheltered position, where it is impossible for the heavy six-foot-long dragoon guardsmen to get at them. Red jackets, glittering accoutrements, and tall figures make up a capital mark for the bullet of a lurking foe; and the unfortunate warriors go perspiring through the bush, with the thermometer at 120° in the shade, cursing the Kaffirs, but rarely catching them, their clattering scabbards betraying

their approach, and their lofty helmets visible, leagues off, to the keen-eyed savage. Local corps—the native article—are unquestionably the proper thing at the Cape; the patient Hottentot and plucky Fingo bear heat, hunger, and fatigue far better than the beef-fed Englishman. “The Hottentot will smile quietly when there is neither food nor water, and draw his girdle of famine* tighter round his waist, and travel on under the sun uncomplainingly.” The Fingos, when hard run for rations, sometimes eat the bullock-hide shields that form part of their defensive equipment. These Fingos, by the way, are rather remarkable fellows. The word *Fingo* means slave, and for a long period the tribe that bore the name were in worse than Egyptian bondage. They were the serfs of the pitiless Kaffirs, until Sir Benjamin de Urban rescued them. “On the 7th May,” says Sir James Alexander, in his sketches of Western Africa, “I witnessed a most interesting sight, and one which causes this day to be of immense importance in the annals of South Africa. It was no less than the flight of the Fingo nation, seventeen thousand in number, from Amakose bondage, guarded by British troops, and on their way across the Kei, to find a new country under British protection.” Although an indolent race, fond of basking in the sun, and who will not even hunt until driven to it by hunger, they fought bravely during the last war, proving themselves, in many engagements, better men than their former taskmasters, who to this day never speak of them but as their “dogs.” Fingo costume, as described by Mrs Ward, is rather original than civilised. They ornament their heads with jackals’ tails, ostrich plumes, beads, wolves’ teeth, &c. Across their shoulders is the skin of a beast, around their waist a kilt of monkey tails, and they bear enormous shields, on which they sometimes beat time as on a drum. “They will lie down on the watch for hours, and imitate the cries of animals to attract the attention of the Kaffirs,

who find themselves encountered by creatures of their own mould, instead of the wolf or the jackal, as they expected. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Kaffirs will encircle the Fingos, and dance round them, yelling frightfully—now roaring like a lion, now hissing like a serpent; but it is seldom the Kaffirs conquer the Fingos, unless the latter are inferior in numbers.” Notwithstanding their monkified manoeuvres, the Fingos have been found very useful. Nay, the very Bushmen, (the real aborigines of South Africa,) of which diminutive and miserable race specimens were recently exhibited in England, were availed of as allies during the war—a detachment of them, armed with poisoned arrows, accompanying the British forces. This may appear rather derogatory to British humanity, but all is fair when Kaffirs are the foe. The cruelties of these savages exceed belief. Mrs Ward regales us with a few of their barbarous exploits, and details the tortures inflicted on the unhappy wretches who fell into their hands. A soldier of the 91st regiment, caught straggling, was flayed alive, the little children being permitted, by way of a treat, to assist in tormenting him. Another was burned to death. We find no account of quarter ever being given. And Kaffir impudence equals Kaffir cruelty. When they found themselves getting the worst of the fight, after sustaining a reverse of unusual severity, they would coolly send ambassadors to the British to know “why war was made upon them,” and to request permission to “plant their corn” in peace.

“After the affair at Fort Peddie, Stock, a T’Slambie chief, sent messengers to complain of our attacks upon him, when he, too, was ‘sitting still,’ and only wished to be allowed to watch his father Bno’s grave!” Very pathetic indeed! This would sound most pastoral and poetical in Exeter Hall. Stock was, no doubt, ‘sitting still’ beside ‘his father’s grave,’ but his people were at work, plundering, burning, murdering, torturing, and mutilating the troops and colonists, whilst he

* Fingos, Kaffirs, and Hottentots, make use of a band or handkerchief, drawn tightly round the body, to deaden the pain of hunger; as the gnawing agony of famine increases; the ligature is tightened accordingly.—*Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i., p. 102.

'sat still' and approved. He should have protected that sacred spot, and kept the neighbourhood of Fort Peddie clear of marauders."

Mrs Ward writes like a man. We mean this in no uncomplimentary sense; on the contrary. Her clear, natural, and lively style has a masculine vigour and concision; her opinions are bold and decided. To those she emits upon the subject of the colony and its prospects, we are inclined to attach considerable weight. Women are keen observers, and Mrs Ward is evidently no ordinary woman, but a person of great energy and penetration. We more willingly rely on the observations made during her marches and countermarches, in her equestrian rambles and at outquartiers, than on the croaking experiences of our friend the sheep-farmer. A soldier's daughter and wife—a life of change, hardship, and danger, has quickened her perceptions and ripened her judgment.

"When I read the miserable account from Ireland of its past year's woe, and the wretched prospect for the next, I long to hear of ships making their way to Algoa Bay, with emigrants from that country. Some have arrived within the last few weeks, and employment and provision have been met with at once. Under another system, affording protection to the settler, this country will afford a refuge to the starving population of Ireland. Well might Sir Henry Pottinger be struck with the capabilities and resources of this fine colony, as he travelled through it. Here is a vast and fertile space, comparatively free, at this moment, from the murderous heathen. . . . An industrious population, located in sections, would be the best protection for the country; and a well-organised militia, or police force, might be formed from those who are likely to die of cold and famine at home. Until such locations can be established, more troops will be required; the country we have added to our possessions must be held by might, and to do this, a living wall, bristling with arms, is necessary.

"The village of Bathurst, in the district of Lower Albany, may be said to defend itself to its best ability. This pretty settlement has risen and flourished under the patient labour of emigrants, sent thither in 1820, chiefly through the instrumentality of the Duke of Newcastle.

The labourer, the mechanic, the unthriving tradesman, the servant without work, may not only find employment, but are absolutely wanted here. The former may plant his three, and sometimes four crops of potatoes in the year, to say nothing of other produce, and manifold resources of gain and comfort. It is singular that, whilst our fellow creatures in Great Britain, in 1847, were suffering from the failure of their crops, the gardens of corn, pumpkin, &c. in Kaffirland, were more than usually productive.

"The miserable mechanics from our crowded manufacturing districts may here earn six shillings a-day with ease; the ruined tradesman of England, with a jail staring him in the face, will meet a welcome here, where opposition in trade is required, to promote industry, honesty, and civility; and the youths of Ireland, instead of arming themselves for rebellious purposes, may, in this colony, serve their Queen honourably, by protecting their fellow creatures from the aggressions of the savage." †

Favourable and encouraging accounts, contrasting strongly with Mr Nicholson's melancholy reports! That gentleman's book, if read and credited, is of itself enough to stop emigration to the country whither Mrs Ward thus strongly advocates it. And we must bear in mind, moreover, that the colonial districts of the Cape include the least fertile and valuable portion of South Africa. The finest pastures and most healthy tracts are held by Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Fingos. Savages, experience teaches us, recede and dwindle on the advance of the white man. Increase the population of the Cape Colony, and in due time the colonists will push their way. But Mr Nicholson strongly objects to such increase, and holds it unwise and impracticable. We cannot repeat, even in a compressed form, all the gloomy statements of his eighth chapter, but will just glance at one or two of its points. In the first place, in the country which, as Mrs Ward maintains, would receive "the starving population of Ireland," and be the better for their arrival, so long as they were willing to work, Mr Nicholson can only make room for one thousand of the humbler classes of emigrants.

* *Five Years in Kaffirland*, vol. i. p. 304.

† *Ib.*, vol. ii. p. 191-2.

This, he opines, "would be the greatest number who could obtain employment suited to the capacities and habits of decent labouring people." They are to be principally female house-servants, cooks, housemaids, and nurses; and with respect to the few out-door labourers he is disposed to admit, those, he tells us, "would succeed best who, without having previously followed any particular occupation so closely as to be almost unfitted for any other, can, as the term is, 'turn their hands to any thing.'" Married men, in his opinion, should not go out at all. These are certainly singular doctrines, rather contrary to received notions concerning emigration, as well as to Mrs Ward's opinions. As to persons of a superior class going out to take farms, expecting to live upon their produce, Mr Nicholson treats the idea as utterly visionary and chimerical. Such persons must possess an independent income, in addition to what it may be necessary to invest in a farm. The question then is, how do the Dutch manage? since the "late resident" admits the superior success and contentedness found amongst the Boërs, and which were far more evident before the wealthiest and most intelligent of them had left the colony, to seek at Port Natal refuge from foolish legislation, and from the slave-emancipating absurdities of the philanthropists. May not an answer be found in the following extract?—"It must be admitted that a British population is of more intrinsic value than a colonial Dutch one; but then the latter has, by long experience, been taught to moderate hopes and necessities within a compass little in accordance with the go-a-head notions of the present race of Englishmen of all classes of society." Of course if "fast men" go out to settle at the Cape, with Captain Harris's book of South African sports and a case of rifles and fowling-pieces for chief baggage, and with expectations of finding in the bush grand-pianos for their wives, and rocking-horses for their first-born, they are likely to be exceedingly discontented on discovering hard work and many privations to be the necessary conditions of life in a new coun-

try. But Mr Nicholson is evidently not one of those easily-pleased persons, who put up with present disagreeables in hopes of a more prosperous future. To be sure, he denies the possibility of any amount of energy, knowledge, and industry procuring the emigrant a settled and comfortable position.* "When all this energy must be expended in an often vain effort to prevent loss, or to overcome difficulties, the control of which will only have a conservative, and not a progressive effect on the settler's circumstances, its constant exercise soon sickens, and the consequences will be despair and misery." We should put more faith in these deplorable accounts, were they supported by the evidence of other writers on the subject; but we know of none who partake Mr Nicholson's dismal views, at least to any thing like the same extent. And his whole book breathes a spirit of discontent and depreciation that makes us regard it with distrust, as the spleenetic effusion of a man soured by ill success. With him, from Dan to Beersheba, all is barren; or, if exceptional fertility here and there prevails, it is neutralised by an accumulation of evils.

"The farmer is, in this country, always checkmated, as it were, by the natural order of things: luxuriant-looking pasturage is of poisonous quality, and the more wholesome kinds scanty in quantity, and liable to be fatally diminished by dry seasons. Crops of corn and all kinds of vegetables grow most abundantly, and are cultivated at but little expense, in most parts of Albany; frequent and heavy losses in wheat crops, however, may be expected from the 'rust,' and less frequent and more partial destruction from the attack of locusts. When a large general yield of grain occurs, it must be sold at a very low figure, as there is great difficulty in preserving it for better prices, for want of granaries and barns, which would be too expensive to erect, and would, after all, but ineffectually guarantee it from the attacks of the numerous animals and insects which swarm in this climate. If sold for a good price in such a season, to persons inhabiting other districts where the crops may have failed, the expenses of transport would form a serious item of deduction from the general profit."*

May we be a breakfast for hippopotami; if there is a possibility of pleasing George Nicholson, junior, Esq. ! Here is a catalogue of calamities ! How he baffles the unfortunate settler at every turn with some fresh and inevitable disaster ! When grass abounds, it is poisonous, and, when wholesome, there is none of it ! The rust and the locust conspire to destroy the wheat : when it escapes both, it must be sold for next to nothing, because it is not worth while building barns to store it. And if a Cape farmer were extravagant enough to build a granary, insects and animals would empty it for him ! Insects, animals, and reptiles certainly are the curse of the country—certain descriptions of them, at least. 'Snakes are very abundant, and nearly all deadly in their bite.' In the fertile district of Zwellendam they abound, and frequently occasion severe loss by biting the sheep. Amongst the beasts of prey, lions are getting thinned by the guns of Boërs, settlers, and English officers ; the jackals and hyenas are cowardly creatures, and fly from man, but play the mischief with the flocks. The rhinoceros is an ugly customer when provoked, but far less so than he would be were his sight better, and his difficulty in turning his stiff carcass less. The lumbering hippopotamus abounds in most of the rivers, and is shot from the banks by huntsmen hidden amongst the bushes ; he is sometimes also taken in pitfalls, with a sharp stake at the bottom, which impales any unfortunate animal chancing to fall in. His teeth are more valuable than elephant ivory, and his flesh—especially the fat, which, when salted, cats like bacon—is greatly esteemed by both colonists and natives. The plains are in some places infested by colonies of small animals, rather larger than the squirrel, and obnoxious to the horseman, "who form a kind of warren in the softer and more sandy portions of the plain, which break in with the horse, and bury him up to his shoulders in the dust and rubbish, amongst which the rider is pretty sure of finding himself on his back." But if dangerous beasts and troublesome vermin are

too plentiful in the colony, this annoyance is compensated by an extraordinary abundance of useful and profitable animals. Numerous varieties of the stag and antelope overrun the plains. Mr Nicholson, whom we suspect of a more decided predilection for the sportsman's double-barrel than for the crook and tar-barrel of the sheep-farmer, speaks in the highest terms of field-sports at the Cape, although, faithful to his system of flying off from a subject almost as soon as he touches upon it, he gives few details, hinting diffidence in approaching that subject after Harris's famous book. The little he does say impresses us with the idea of a glorious supply of venison and other choice meats. We read of twenty thousand antelopes in sight at one time ; of a column of spring-bucks (a variety of the same family) fifteen miles in length, and so closely packed, that nine fell at one discharge from a large gun. The extensive forest of the Zitikama, which supplies the colony with timber, abounds in buffalo, boar, and antelope, in pheasants, partridges, and guinea-fowl. The keen sportsman, not wedded to the pleasures of a city, will find abundant pastime and recreation in so gamy a land as this ; and, when wearied by the monotonous occupations of his farm, may, almost without losing sight of browsing herds and drowsy Ilottentots, pleasantly beguile an hour by stalking a "blesbok" or circling a bustard—the latter process consisting in riding round the birds in large but decreasing circles, which evolution, if skilfully performed, causes them to lie close till the horse walks them up. Such is the manoeuvre advocated and practised by Mr Nicholson, who, having at last left off grumbling, and begun to be amusing, prematurely closes his very brief volume, as if afraid of writing himself into good humour on his favourite subject of sporting, and of retracting some portion of his previous depreciation of a colony which, with due deference for his opinion and verdict, we persist in considering a land of great promise to frugal, hardy, and industrious emigrants.

THE CAXTONS.—PART V.

CHAPTER XV.

IN setting off the next morning, the Boots, whose heart I had won by an extra sixpence for calling me betimes, good-naturedly informed me that I might save a mile of the journey, and have a very pleasant walk into the bargain, if I took the footpath through a gentleman's park, the lodge of which I should see about seven miles from the town.

"And the grounds are showed too," said the Boots, "if so be you has a mind to stay and see 'em. But don't you go to the gardener, he'll want half-a-crown; there's an old 'oman at the lodge, who will show you all that's worth seeing,—the walks and the big cascade—for a tizzy. You may make use o' my name," he added proudly, "Bob, boots at the Lion. She be a haunt o' mine, and she minds them that come from me pertiklerly."

Not doubting that the purest philanthropy actuated these counsels, I thanked my shockheaded friend, and asked carelessly to whom the park belonged?

"To Muster Trevanion, the great parliament man," answered the Boots. "You has heard o' him, I guess, sir?"

I shook my head, surprised, every hour, more and more, to find how very little there was in it.

"They takes in the *Moderate Man's Journal* at the Lamb; and they say in the tap there that he's one of the cleverest chaps in the House o' Commons," continued the Boots in a confidential whisper. "But we takes in the *People's Thunderbolt* at the Lion, and we knows better this Muster Trevanion: he is but a trimmer,—milk and water,—no horator,—not the right sort,—you understand?"

Perfectly satisfied that I understood nothing about it, I smiled, and said, "Oh yes;" and, slipping on my knapsack, commenced my adventures; the Boots bawling after me, "Mind, sir, you tells haunt I sent you!"

The town was only languidly putting forth symptoms of returning life, as I strode through the streets; a pale sickly unwholesome look on the face

of the slothful Phœbus had succeeded the feverish hectic of the past night; the artisans whom I met glided past me, haggard and dejected; a few early shops were alone open; one or two drunken men, emerging from the lanes, sallied homeward with broken pipes in their mouths; the bills stuck on the walls, with large capitals, calling attention to "Best family teas at 4s. a-lb.;" "the arrival of Mr Sloman's caravan of wild beasts," and Dr Do'em's "Paracelsian Pills of Immortality," stared out dull and uncheering from the walls of tenantless dilapidated houses in that chill sunrise which favours no illusion. I was glad when I had left the town behind me, and saw the reapers in the corn-fields, and heard the chirp of the birds. I arrived at the lodge of which the Boots had spoken: a pretty rustic building half concealed by a belt of plantations, with two large iron gates for the owner's friends, and a small turn-stile for the public, who, by some strange neglect on his part, or sad want of interest with the neighbouring magistrates, had still preserved a right to cross the rich man's domains, and look on his grandeur, limited to compliance with a reasonable request mildly stated on the notice-board, "to keep to the paths." As it was not yet eight o'clock, I had plenty of time before me to see the grounds, and, profiting by the economical hint of the Boots, I entered the lodge, and inquired for the old lady who was haunt to Mr Bob. A young woman, who was busied in preparing breakfast, nodded with great civility to this request, and hastening to a bundle of clothes which I then perceived in the corner, she cried, "Grandmother, here's a gentleman to see the cascade."

The bundle of clothes then turned round, and exhibited a human countenance, which lighted up with great intelligence as the grand-daughter, turning to me, said with simplicity—"She's old, honest cretur, but she still likes to earn a sixpence, sir;" and taking a crutch-staff in her hand,

while her grand-daughter put a neat bonnet on her head, this industrious gentlewoman sallied out at a pace which surprised me.

I attempted to enter into conversation with my guide; but she did not seem much inclined to be sociable, and the beauty of the glades and groves which now spread before my eyes reconciled me to silence.

I have seen many fine places since then; but I do not remember to have seen a landscape more beautiful in its peculiar English character than that which I now gazed on. It had none of the feudal characteristics of ancient parks, with giant oaks, fantastic pollards, glens covered with fern, and deer grouped upon the slopes; on the contrary, in spite of some fine trees, chiefly beech, the impression conveyed was that it was a new place—a made place. You might see ridges on the lawns which showed where hedges had been removed; the pastures were parcelled out in divisions by new wire-fences; young plantations, planned with exquisite taste, but without the venerable formality of avenues and quincunxes, by which you know the parks that date from Elizabeth and James, diversified the rich extent of verdure; instead of deer, were short-horned cattle of the finest breed—sheep that would have won the prize at an agricultural show. Every where there was the evidence of improvement—energy—capital; but capital clearly not employed for the mere purpose of return. The ornamental was too conspicuously predominant amidst the lucrative, not to say eloquent. “The owner is willing to make the most of his land, but not the most of his money.”

But the old woman's eagerness to earn sixpence had impressed me unfavourably as to the character of the master. “Here,” thought I, “are all the signs of riches; and yet this poor old woman, living on the very threshold of opulence, is in want of a sixpence.”

These surmises, in the indulgence of which I piqued myself on my penetration, were strengthened into convictions by the few sentences which I succeeded at last in eliciting from the old woman.

“Mr Trevanion must be a rich man,” said I.

“O ay, rich eno!” gumbled my guide.

“And,” said I, surveying the extent of shrubbery or dressed ground through which our way wound, now emerging into lawns and glades, now belted by rare garden trees, now (as every inequality of the ground was turned to advantage in the landscape) sinking into the dell, now climbing up the slopes, and now confining the view to some object of graceful art or enchanting nature:—“And,” said I, “he must employ many hands here—plenty of work, eh!”

“Ay, ay—I don't say that he don't find work for those who want it. But it aint the same place it wor in my day.”

“You remember it in other hands, then?”

“Ay, ay! When the Hogtons had it, honest folk! My goodman was the gardener—none of these set-up fine gentlemen who can't put hand to a spade.”

Poor faithful old woman!

I began to hate the unknown proprietor. Here clearly was some mushroom usurper who had bought out the old simple hospitable family, neglected its ancient servants, left them to earn tizzies by showing waterfalls, and insulted their eyes by his selfish wealth.

“There's the water, all spilt—it warn't so in my day,” said the guide.

A rivulet, whose murmur I had long heard, now stole suddenly into view, and gave to the scene the crowning charm. As, relapsing into silence, we tracked its silvan course, under dipping chestnuts and shady limes—the house itself emerged on the opposite side—a modern building, of white stone, with the noblest Corinthian portico I ever saw in this country.

“A fine house, indeed,” said I. “Is Mr Trevanion here much?”

“Ay, ay—I don't mean to say that he goes away altogether, but it aint as it wor in my day, when the Hogtons lived here all the year round in their warm house, not that one.”

Good old woman, and these poor banished Hogtons! thought I: hateful parvenu! I was pleased when a curve in the shrubberies shut out the house from view, though in reality bringing us nearer to it. And the boasted cascade, whose roar I had

heard for some moments, came in sight.

Amidst the Alps, such a waterfall would have been insignificant, but contrasting ground highly dressed, with no other bold features, its effect was striking, and even grand. The banks were here narrowed and compressed; rocks, partly natural, partly no doubt artificial, gave a rough aspect to the margin; and the cascade fell from a considerable height into rapid waters, which my guide mumbled out were "mortal deep."

"There wor a madman leapt over where you be standing," said the old woman, "two years ago last June."

"A madman! why," said I, observing, with an eye practised in the gymnasium of the Hellenic Institute, the narrow space of the banks over the gulf which veiled the falls—"Why, my good lady, it need not be a madman to perform that leap."

And so saying, with one of those sudden impulses which it would be wrong to ascribe to the noble quality of courage, I drew back a few steps, and cleared the abyss. But when, from the other side, I looked back at what I had done, and saw that failure had been death, a sickness came over me, and I felt as if I would not have re-leaped the gulf to have become lord of the domain.

"And how am I to get back?" said I, in a forlorn voice, to the old woman, who stood staring at me on the other side—"Ah, I see there is a bridge below."

"But you can't go over the bridge; there's a gate on it; master keeps the key himself. You are in the private grounds now. Dear—dear! the Squire would be so angry if he knew. You must go back; and they'll see you from the house! Dear me! dear—dear! What shall I do? Can't you leap back agin?"

Moved by these piteous exclamations, and not wishing to subject the poor old lady to the wrath of a master, evidently an unfeeling tyrant, I resolved to pluck up courage and re-leap the dangerous abyss.

"Ohyes—never fear," said I, therefore. "What's been done once ought to be done twice, if needful. Just get out of my way, will you?"

And I receded several paces over a

ground much too rough to favour my run for a spring. But my heart knocked against my ribs. I felt that impulse can do wonders where preparation fails.

"You had best be quick then," said the old woman.

Horrid old woman! I began to esteem her less. I set my teeth, and was about to rush on, when a voice close beside me said—

"Stay, young man; I will let you through the gate."

I turned round sharply, and saw close by my side, in great wonder that I had not seen him before, a man, whose homely (but not working) dress seemed to intimate his station as that of the head-gardener, of whom my guide had spoken. He was seated on a stone under a chestnut-tree, with an ugly cur at his feet, who snarled at me as I turned.

"Thank you, my man!" said I joyfully. "I confess frankly that I was very much afraid of that leap."

"Ho! Yet you said what can be done once can be done twice."

"I did not say it *could* be done, but *ought* to be done."

"Humph! that's better put."

Here the man rose—the dog came and smelt my legs; and then, as if satisfied with my respectability, wagged the stump of his tail.

I looked across the waterfall for the old woman, and, to my surprise, saw her hobbling back as fast as she could.

"Ah!" said I laughing, "the poor old thing is afraid you'll tell her master—for you're the head-gardener, I suppose? But I'm the only person to blame. Pray say that, if you mention the circumstance at all;" and I drew out half-a-crown, which I proffered to my new conductor.

He put back the money with a low "Humph!—not amiss." Then, in a louder voice, "No occasion to bribe me, young man; I saw it all."

"I fear your master is rather hard to the poor Hogtons' old servants."

"Is he? Oh! humph—my master. Mr Trevanion you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, I dare say people say so. This is the way," and he led me down a little glen away from the fall.

Every body must have observed, that after he has incurred or escaped

a great danger, his spirits rise wonderfully—he is in a state of pleasing excitement. So it was with me. I talked to the gardener à *cœur ouvert*, as the French say: and I did not observe that his short monosyllables in rejoinder all served to draw out my little history—my journey, its destination; my schooling under Dr Herman, and my father's great book. I was only made somewhat suddenly aware of the familiarity that had sprung up between us, when, just as, having performed a circuitous meander, we regained the stream and stood before an iron gate, set in an arch of rock-work, my companion said simply—"And your name, young gentleman? What's your name?"

I hesitated a moment; but having heard that such communications were usually made by the visitors of show places, I answered—"Oh! a very venerable one, if your master is what they call a bibliomaniac—Caxton."

"Caxton!" cried the gardener, with some vivacity. "There is a Cumberland family of that name—"

"That's mine; and my Uncle Roland is the head of that family."

"And you are the son of Augustine Caxton?"

"I am; you have heard of my dear father, then?"

"We will not pass by the gate now. Follow me—this way;" and my guide, turning abruptly round, strode up a narrow path, and the house stood a hundred yards before me ere I had recovered my surprise.

"Pardon me," said I; "but where are we going, my good friend?"

"Good friend—good friend! Well said, sir. You are going amongst good friends. I was at college with your father. I loved him well. I knew a little of your uncle too. My name is Trevanion."

Blind young fool that I was! The moment my guide told his name, I was struck with amazement at my unaccountable mistake. The small, insignificant figure took instant dignity; the homely dress, of rough, dark broad-cloth, was the natural and becoming dashabille of a country gentleman in his own demesnes. Even the ugly cur became a Scotch terrier of the rarest breed.

My guide smiled good-naturedly at

my stupor; and patting me on the shoulder, said—

"It is the gardener you must apologise to, not me. He is a very handsome fellow, six feet high."

I had not found my tongue before we had ascended a broad flight of stairs under the portico; passed a spacious hall, adorned with statues and fragrant with large orange-trees; and, entering a small room, hung with pictures, in which were arranged all the appliances for breakfast, my companion said to a lady, who rose from behind the tea-urn, "My dear Ellinor—I introduce to you the son of our old friend Augustine Caxton. Make him stay with us as long as he can. Young gentleman, in Lady Ellinor Trevanion think that you see one whom you ought to know well—family friendships should descend."

"My host" said these last words in an imposing tone, and then pounced on a letter-bag on the table, drew forth an immense heap of letters and newspapers, threw himself into an arm-chair, and seemed perfectly forgetful of my existence.

The lady stood a moment in mute surprise, and I saw that she changed colour, from pale to red, and red to pale, before she came forward with the enchanting grace of unaffected kindness, took me by the hand, drew me to a seat next to her own, and asked so cordially after my father, my uncle, my whole family, that in five minutes I felt myself at home. Lady Ellinor listened with a smile (though with moistened eyes, which she wiped every now and then) to my *ngive* details. At length she said—

"I have you never heard your father speak of me—I mean of us—of the Trevanions?"

"Never," said I bluntly; "and that would puzzle me, only my dear father, you know, is not a great talker."

"Indeed! He was very animated when I knew him," said Lady Ellinor, and she turned her head and sighed.

At this moment there entered a young lady, so fresh, so blooming, so lovely, that every other thought vanished out of my head at once. She came in singing, as gay as a bird, and seeming to my adoring sight quite as native to the skies.

"Fanny," said Lady Ellinor, "shake hands with Mr Caxton, the son of one whom I have not seen since I was little older than you, but whom I remember as if it were but yesterday."

Miss Fanny blushed and smiled, and held out her hand with an easy frankness which I in vain endeavoured to imitate. During breakfast, Mr Trevanion continued to read his letters and glance over the papers, with an occasional ejaculation of "Fish!" "Stuff!"—between the intervals in which he mechanically swallowed his tea, or some small morsels of dry toast. Then rising with the suddenness which characterised his movements, he stood on his hearth for a few moments buried in thought; and now that a large brimmed hat was removed from his brow, and the abruptness of his first movement, with the sedateness of his after pause, arrested my curious attention, I was more than ever ashamed of my mistake. It was a care-worn, eager, and yet musing countenance, hollow-eyed, and with deep lines; but it was one of those faces which take dignity and refinement from that mental cultivation which distinguishes the true aristocrat, viz., the highly educated, acutely intelligent man. Very handsome might that face have been in youth, for the features, though small, were exquisitely defined; the brow, partially bald, was noble and massive, and there was almost feminine delicacy in the curve of the lip. The whole expression of the face was commanding but sad. Often, as my experience of life increased, have I thought to trace upon that expressive visage the history of energetic ambition curbed by a fastidious philosophy and a scrupulous conscience; but then all that I could see was a vague, dissatisfied melancholy, which dejected me I knew not why.

Presently he returned to the table, collected his letters, moved slowly towards the door, and vanished.

His wife's eyes followed him tenderly. Those eyes reminded me of my mother's, as, I verily believe, did all eyes that expressed affection. I crept nearer to her, and longed to press the white hand that lay so listless before me.

"Will you walk out with us?" said

Miss Trevanion, turning to me. I bowed, and in a few minutes I found myself alone. While the ladies left me, for their shawls and bonnets, I took up the newspapers which Mr Trevanion had thrown on the table, by way of something to do. My eye was caught by his own name; it occurred often, and in all the papers. There was contemptuous abuse in one, high eulogy in another; but one passage, in a journal that seemed to aim at impartiality, struck me so much as to remain in my memory; and I am sure that I can still quote the sense, though not the exact words. The paragraph ran somewhat thus:—

"In the present state of parties, our contemporaries have not unnaturally devoted much space to the claims or demerits of Mr Trevanion. It is a name that stands unquestionably high in the House of Commons; but, as unquestionably, it commands little sympathy in the country. Mr Trevanion is essentially and emphatically a *member of parliament*. He is a close and ready debater; he is an admirable chairman in committees. Though never in office, his long experience of public life, his gratuitous attention to public business, have ranked him high among those practical politicians from whom ministers are selected. A man of spotless character and excellent intentions, no doubt, he must be considered; and in him any cabinet would gain an honest and a useful member. There ends all we can say in his praise: As a speaker, he wants the fire and enthusiasm which engage the popular sympathies. He has the ear of the House, not the heart of the country. An oracle on subjects of mere business, in the great questions of policy he is comparatively a failure. He never embraces any party heartily; he never espouses any question, as if wholly in earnest. The moderation on which he is said to pique himself, often exhibits itself in fastidious crotchets, and an attempt at philosophical originality of candour, which has long obtained him the reputation of a trimmer with his enemies. Such a man circumstances may throw into temporary power; but how can he command lasting influence? No: let Mr

Trevanion remain in what nature and position assign as his proper part,—that of an upright, independent, able member of parliament; conciliating sensible men on both sides, when party runs into extremes. He is undone as a cabinet minister. His scruples would break up any government; and his want of decision—when, as in all human affairs, some errors must be conceded to obtain a great good—would shipwreck his own fame."

I had just got to the end of this paragraph when the ladies returned.

My hostess observed the newspaper in my hand, and said, with a constrained smile, "Some attack on Mr Trevanion, I suppose?"

"No," said I, awkwardly; for, perhaps, the paragraph that appeared to me so impartial, was the most galling attack of all. "No, not exactly."

"I never read the papers now—at least what are called the leading articles—it is too painful: and once they gave me so much pleasure—that was when the career began, and before the fame was made."

Here Lady Ellinor opened the window which admitted on the lawn, and in a few moments we were in that part of the pleasure-grounds which the family reserved from the public curiosity. We passed by rare shrubs and strange flowers, long ranges of conservatories, in which bloomed and lived all the marvellous vegetation of Africa and the Indies.

"Mr Trevanion is fond of flowers?" said I.

"The fair Fanny laughed. "I don't think he knows one from another."

"Nor I either," said I: "that is, when I fairly lose sight of a rose or a hollyhock."

"The farm will interest you more," said Lady Ellinor.

We came to farm buildings recently erected, and no doubt on the most improved principle. Lady Ellinor pointed out to me machines and contrivances, of the newest fashion, for abridging labour, and perfecting the mechanical operations of agriculture.

"Ah, then, Mr Trevanion is fond of farming."

The pretty Fanny laughed again.

"My father is one of the great

oracles in agriculture; one of the great patrons of all its improvements; but, as for being fond of farming, I doubt if he knows when he rides through his own fields."

We returned to the house; and Miss Trevanion, whose frank kindness had already made too deep an impression upon the youthful heart of Pisistratus the Second, offered to show me the picture-gallery. The collection was confined to the works of English artists; and Miss Trevanion pointed out to me the main attractions of the gallery.

"Well, at least Mr Trevanion is fond of pictures!"

"Wrong again," said Fanny, shaking her arch head. "My father is said to be an admirable judge; but he only buys pictures from a sense of duty—to encourage our own painters—a picture once bought, I am not sure that he ever looks at it again!"

"What does he then—" I stopped short, for I felt my meditated question was ill-bred.

"What does he like then? you were about to say. Why, I have known him, of course, since I could know any thing; but I have never yet discovered what my father does like. No—not even politics, though he lives for politics alone. You look puzzled; you will know him better some day, I hope; but you will never solve the mystery—what Mr Trevanion likes."

"You are wrong," said Lady Ellinor, who had followed us into the room, unheard by us. "I can tell you what your father does more than like—what he loves and serves and illustrates every hour of his noble life—justice, beneficence, honour, and his country. A man who loves these may be excused for indifference to the last geranium or the newest plough, or even (though that offends you more, Fanny) the freshest master-piece by Landseer, or the latest fashion honoured by Miss Trevanion."

"Mamma!" said Fanny, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

But Lady Ellinor looked to me sublime as she spoke, her eyes kindled, her breast heaved. The wife taking the husband's part against the child, and comprehending so well what the child felt not, despite its

experience of every day, and what the world would never know, despite all the vigilance of its praise and its blame, was a picture, to my taste, finer than any in the collection.

Her face softened as she saw the tears in Fanny's bright hazel eyes: she held out her hand, which her child kissed tenderly, and whispering, "Tis not the giddy word you must go by, mamma, or there will be something to forgive every minute,"—glided from the room.

"Have you a sister?" asked Lady Ellinor.

"No."

"And Trevanion has no son," she said, mournfully. The blood rushed to my cheeks. Oh, young fool, again! We were both silent, when the door was opened, and Mr Trevanion entered.

"Humph," said he, smiling as he saw me—and his smile was charming, though rare. "Humph, young sir, I came to seek for you—I have been rude, I fear: pardon it—that thought has only just occurred to me, so I left my blue books, and my amanuensis hard at work on them, to ask you to come out for half-an-hour—just half-an-hour, it is all I can give you—a deputation at One! You dine and sleep here of course?"

"Ah, sir! my mother will be so uneasy if I am not in town to-night."

"Pooh!" said the member, "I'll send an express."

"Oh, no indeed; thank you."

"Why not?"

I hesitated. "You see, sir, that my father and mother are both new to London: and, though I am new too, yet they may want me—I may be of use." Lady Ellinor put her hand on my head, and sleeked down my hair as I spoke.

"Right, young man, right: you will do in the world, wrong as that is. I don't mean that you'll *succeed*, as the rogues say—that's another question; but, if you don't rise, you'll not fall. Now, put on your hat and come with me; we'll walk to the lodge—you will be in time for a coach."

I took my leave of Lady Ellinor, and longed to say something about compliments to Miss Fanny; but the

words stuck in my throat, and my host seemed impatient.

"We must see you soon again!" said Lady Ellinor kindly, as she followed us to the door.

Mr Trevanion walked on briskly and in silence—one hand in his bosom, the other swinging carelessly a thick walking-stick.

"But I must go round by the bridge," said I, "for I forgot my knapsack. I put it off when I made my leap, and the old lady certainly never took charge of it."

"Come, then, this way. How old are you?"

"Seventeen and a half."

"You know Latin and Greek as they know them at schools, I suppose."

"I think I know them pretty well, sir."

"Does your father say so?"

"Why, my father is fastidious; however, he owns that he is satisfied on the whole."

"So am I, then. Mathematics?"

"A little."

"Good."

Here the conversation dropped for some time. I had found and re-strapped the knapsack, and we were near the lodge, when Mr Trevanion said, abruptly, "Talk; my young friend: talk, I like to hear you talk—it refreshes me. Nobody has talked naturally to me these last ten years."

The request was a complete damper to my ingenuous eloquence: I could not have talked naturally now for the life of me.

"I made a mistake, I see," said my companion, good-humouredly, noticing my embarrassment. "Here we are at the lodge. The coach will be bye in five minutes: you can spend that time in hearing the old woman praise the Hogtons and abuse me. And hark you, sir, never care three straws for praise or blame—leather and prunella! praise and blame are *here!*" and he struck his hand upon his breast, with almost passionate emphasis. "Take a specimen. These Hogtons were the bane of the place; uneducated and miserly; their land a wilderness, their village a pig-stye. I come, with capital and intelligence; I redeem the soil, I banish pauperism,

I civilise all around me: no merit in me—I am but a type of capital guided by education—a machine. And yet the old woman is not the only one who will hint to you that the Hogtons were angels, and myself the usual antithesis to angels. And what is more, sir, because that old woman, who has ten shillings a-week from me, sets her heart upon earning her sixpences—and I give her that privileged luxury—every visitor she talks with goes away with the idea that I, the rich Mr Trevanion, let her starve on what she can pick up from the sight-seers. Now, does that signify a jot?

“Good-bye. Tell your father his old friend must see him; profit by his calm wisdom: his old friend is a fool sometimes, and sad at heart. When you are settled, send me a line to St James’s Square, to say where you are.”

“Humph! that’s enough.”

Mr Trevanion wrung my hand, and strode off.

I did not wait for the coach, but proceeded towards the turn-stile, where the old woman, (who had either seen, or scented from a distance, that tizzy of which I was the impersonation)—

“Hush’d in grim repose, did her morning prey.”

My opinions as to her sufferings, and the virtues of the departed Hogtons, somewhat modified, I contented myself with dropping into her open palm the exact sum virtually agreed on. But that palm still remained open, and the fingers of the other clawed hold of me as I stood, impounded in the curve of the turn-stile, like a cork in a patent cork-screw.

“And threepence for Nephew Bob,” said the old lady.

“Threepence for nephew Bob, and why?”

“Tis his parquisesites when he recommends a gentleman. You would not have me pay out of my own earnings: for he *will* have it, or he’ll ruin my bizness. Poor folk must be paid for their trouble.”

Obdurate to this appeal, and mentally consigning Bob to a master whose feet would be all the handsomer for boots, I threaded the stile and escaped.

Towards evening I reached London. Who ever saw London for the first time and was not disappointed? Those long suburbs melting indefinitely away into the capital, forbid all surprise. The Gradual is a great disenchanter. I thought it prudent to take a hackney coach, and so jolted my way to the hotel. I found my father in a state of great discomfort in a little room, which he paced up and down like a lion new caught in his cage. My poor mother was full of complaints—for the first time in her life, I found her indisputably crossish. It was an ill time to relate my adventures. I had enough to do to listen. They had all day been hunting for lodgings in vain. My father’s pocket had been picked of a new India handkerchief. Primmins, who ought to know London so well, knew nothing about it, and declared it was turned topsy-turvy, and all the streets had changed names. The new silk umbrella, left for five minutes unguarded in the hall, had been exchanged for an old gingham with three holes in it.

It was not till my mother remembered, that if she did not see herself that my bed was well aired, I should certainly lose the use of my limbs, and therefore disappeared with Primmins and a pert chambermaid, who seemed to think we gave more trouble than we were worth—that I told my father of my new acquaintance with Mr Trevanion.

He did not seem to listen to me till I got to the name *Trevanion*. He then became very pale, and sat down quietly. “Go on,” said he, observing I stopped to look at him.

When I had told all, and given him the kind messages with which I had been charged by husband and wife, he smiled faintly; and then, shading his face with his hand, he seemed to muse, not cheerfully, perhaps, for I heard him sigh once or twice.

“And Ellinor,” said he at last, without looking up. “Lady Ellinor, I mean—she is very, very——”

“Very what, sir?”

“Very handsome still?”

“Handsome! Yes, handsome, certainly; but I thought more of her manner than her face. And then Fanny, Miss Fanny is so young!”

“Ah!” said my father, murmuring

in Greek the celebrated lines of which Pope's translation is familiar to all.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,

Now green in youth, now withering on the ground."

"Well, so they wish to see me. Did Ellinor, Lady Ellinor say that, or her—her husband?"

"Her husband certainly—Lady Ellinor rather implied than said it."

"We shall see," said my father. "Open the window, this room is stifling."

I opened the window, which looked on the Strand. The noise—the voices—the tramping feet—the rolling wheels became loudly audible. My father leant out for some moments, and I stood by his side. He turned

to me with a serene face. "Every ant on the hill," said he, "carries its load, and its home is but made by the burdens that it bears. How happy am I!—how I should bless God! How light my burden! how secure my home!"

My mother came in as he ceased. He went up to her, put his arm round her waist and kissed her. Such caresses with him had not lost their tender charm by custom: my mother's brow, before somewhat ruffled, grew smooth on the instant. Yet she lifted her eyes to his in soft surprise. "I was but thinking," said my father apologetically—"how much I owed you, and how much I love you!"

CHAPTER XV.

And now behold us, three days after my arrival, settled in all the state and grandeur of our own house in Russell Street, Bloomsbury: the library of the Museum close at hand. My father spends his mornings in those *lata silentia*, wide silences, as Virgil calls the world beyond the grave. And a world beyond the grave we may well call that land of the ghosts, a book collection.

"Pisistratus," said my father, one evening as he arranged his notes before him, and rubbed his spectacles. "Pisistratus, a great library is an awful place! There, are interred all the remains of men since the Flood."

"It is a burial-place!" quoth my Uncle Roland, who had that day found us out.

"It is an Heraclea!" said my father.

"Please, not such hard words," said the Captain, shaking his head.

"Heraclea was the city of necromancers, in which they raised the dead. Do I want to speak to Cicero? I invoke him. Do I want to chat in the Athenian market place, and hear news two thousand years old? I write down my charm on a slip of paper, and a grave magician calls me up Aristophanes. And we owe all this to our ancestor——"

"Brother!"

"Ancestors, who wrote books—thank you."

Here Roland offered his snuff-box to my father, who, abhorring snuff, benignly imbibed a pinch, and sneezed five times in consequence: an excuse for Uncle Roland to say, which he did five times, with great unction, "God bless you, brother Austin!"

As soon as my father had recovered himself, he proceeded, with tears in his eyes, but calm as before the interruption—for he was of the philosophy of the Stoics:—

"But it is not *that* which is awful. It is the presuming to vie with these 'spirits elect:' to say to them, 'Make way—I too claim place with the chosen. I too would confer with the living, centuries after the death that consumes my dust. I too'—Ah, Pisistratus! I wish Uncle Jack had been at Jericho, before he had brought me up to London, and placed me in the midst of those rulers of the world!"

I was busy, while my father spoke, in making some pendent shelves for these "spirits elect;" for my mother, always provident where my father's comforts were concerned, had foreseen the necessity of some such accommodation in a hired lodging-house, and had not only carefully brought up to town my little box of tools, but gone out herself that morning to buy the raw materials. Checking the plane in its progress over the smooth deal,

"My dear father," said I, "if at the Philhellenic Institute I had looked with as much awe as you do on the big fellows that had gone before me, I should have stayed, to eternity, the lag of the Infant Division!"

"Pisistratus, you are as great an agitator as your namesake," cried my father, smiling. "And so, a fig for the big fellows!"

And now my mother entered in her pretty evening cap, all smiles and good humour, having just arranged a room for Uncle Roland, concluded advantageous negotiations with the laundress, held high council with Mrs Primmins on the best mode of defeating the extortions of London tradesmen; and, pleased with herself and all the world, she kissed my father's forehead as it bent over his notes; and came to the tea-table, which only waited its presiding deity. My Uncle Roland, with his usual gallantry, started up, kettle in hand, (our own urn, for we had one, not being yet unpacked;) and having performed, with soldier-like method, the chivalrous office thus volunteered, he joined me at my employment, and said—

"There is a better steel for the hands of a well-born lad than a carpenter's plane—"

"Aha! uncle—that depends—"

"Depends! what on?"

"On the use one makes of it.—Peter the Great was better employed in making ships than Charles XII. in cutting throats."

"Poor Charles XII.!" said my uncle sighing pathetically—"a very brave fellow!"

"Pity he did not like the ladies a little better!"

"No man is perfect!" said my uncle sententiously. "But seriously, you are *now* the male hope of the family—you are *now*—" my uncle stopped, and his face darkened. I saw that he thought of his son, that mysterious son! And looking at him tenderly, I observed that his deep lines had grown deeper, his iron-gray hair more gray. There was the trace of recent suffering on his face; and though he had not spoken to us a word of the business on which he had left us, it required no penetration to perceive that it had come to no successful issue.

My uncle resumed—"Time out of mind, every generation of our house has given one soldier to his country. I look round now: only one branch is budding yet on the old tree; and—"

"Ah! uncle. But what would *they* say? Do you think I should not like to be a soldier? Don't tempt me!"

My uncle had recourse to his snuff-box; and at that moment, unfortunately perhaps for the laurels that might otherwise have wreathed the brows of Pisistratus of England, private conversation was stopped by the sudden and noisy entrance of Uncle Jack. No apparition could have been more unexpected.

"Here I am, my dear friends. I d'ye do—how are you all? Captain Caxton, yours heartily. Yes, I am released, thank heaven! I have given up the drudgery of that pitiful provincial paper. I was not made for it. An ocean in a teacup! I was indeed—little, sordid, narrow interests—and I, whose heart embraces all humanity. You might as well turn a circle into an isolated triangle."

"Isosceles!" said my father, sighing as he pushed aside his notes, and very slowly becoming aware of the eloquence that destroyed all chance of further progress that night in the great book. "Isosceles triangle, Jack Tibbets—not isolated."

"Isosceles or isolated, it is all one," said Uncle Jack, as he rapidly performed three evolutions, by no means consistent with his favourite theory of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number':—first, he emptied into the cup which he took from my mother's hands, half the thrifty contents of a London cream-jug; secondly, he reduced the circle of a muffin, by the abstraction of two triangles, to as nearly an isosceles as possible; and thirdly, striding towards the fire, lighted in consideration of Captain de Caxton, and hooking his coat-tails under his arms, while he sipped his tea, he permitted another circle peculiar to humanity wholly to eclipse the luminary it approached.

"Isolated or isosceles, it is all the same thing. Man is made for his fellow creatures. I had long been disgusted with the interference of those selfish Squirearchs. Your departure decided me. I have concluded nego-

tions with a London firm of spirit and capital, and extended views of philanthropy. On Saturday last I retired from the service of the oligarchy. I am now in my true capacity of protector of the million. My prospectus is printed—here it is in my pocket.—Another cup of tea, sister, a little more cream, and another muffin. Shall I ring?" Having disembarrassed himself of his cup and saucer, Uncle Jack then drew forth from his pocket a damp sheet of printed paper. In large capitals stood out "THE ANTI-MONOPOLY GAZETTE, or POPULAR CHAMPION." He waved it triumphantly before my father's eyes.

"Pisistratus," said my father, "look here. This is the way your Uncle Jack now prints his pats of butter.—A cap of liberty growing out of an open book! Good! Jack, good! good!" "It is Jacobinical!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Very likely," said my father; "but knowledge and freedom are the best devices in the world, to print upon pats of butter intended for the market."

"Pats of butter! I don't understand," said Uncle Jack.

"The less you understand, the better the butter will sell, Jack," said my father, settling back to his notes.

CHAPTER XVI.

Uncle Jack had made up his mind to lodge with us, and my mother found some difficulty in inducing him to comprehend that there was no bed to spare.

"That's unlucky," said he. "I was no sooner arrived in town than I was pestered with invitations; but I refused them all, and kept myself for you."

"So kind in you! so like you!" said my mother; "but you see—"

"Well, then, I must be off and find a room; don't fret, you know I can breakfast and dine with you, all the same; that is, when my other friends will let me. I shall be dreadfully persecuted." So saying, Uncle Jack re-pocketed his prospectus, and wished us good-night.

The clock had struck eleven; my mother had retired; when my father looked up from his books, and returned his spectacles to their case. I had finished my work, and was seated over the fire, thinking now of Fanny Trevanion's hazel eyes—now, with a heart that beat as high at the thought, of campaigns, battle-fields, laurels, and glory; while, with his arms folded on his breast and his head drooping, Uncle Roland gazed into the low clear embers. My father cast his eyes round the room, and after surveying his brother for some moments, he said almost in a whisper—

"My son has seen the Trevanions. They remember us, Roland."

The Captain sprang to his feet, and

began whistling; a habit with him when he was much disturbed.

"And Trevanion wishes to see us. Pisistratus promised to give him our address: shall he do so, Roland?"

"If you like it," answered the Captain, in a military attitude, and drawing himself up till he looked seven feet high.

"I *should* like it," said my father mildly. "Twenty years since we met."

"More than twenty," said my uncle, with a stern smile; "and the season was—the fall of the leaf!"

"Man renews the fibre and material of his body every seven years," said my father; "in three times seven years he has time to renew the inner man. Can two passengers in yonder street be more unlike each other, than the soul is to the soul after an interval of twenty years? Brother, the plough does not pass over the soil in vain, nor care over the human heart. New crops change the character of the land; and the plough must go deep indeed before it stirs up the mother-stone."

"Let us see Trevanion," cried my uncle: then, turning to me, he said, abruptly, "what family has he?"

"One daughter."

"No son?"

"No."

"That must vex the poor foolish ambitious man. Oho! you admire this Mr Trevanion much, eh? Yes; that fire of manner, his fine words, and

bold thoughts were made to dazzle youth."

"Fine words, my dear uncle!—fire! I should have said, in hearing Mr Trevanion, that his style of conversation was so homely, you would wonder how he could have won such fame as a public speaker."

"Indeed!"

"The plough has passed there," said my father.

"But not the plough of care: rich, famous, Ellinor his wife, and no son!"

"It is because his heart is sometimes sad, that he would see us."

Roland stared first at my father, next at me.

"Then," quoth my uncle, heartily, "in God's name let him come. I can shake him by the hand, as I would a brother soldier. Poor Trevanion! Write to him at once, Sisty."

I sat down and obeyed. When I had sealed my letter, I looked up, and saw that Roland was lighting his bed candle at my father's table; and my father, taking his hand, said something to him in a low voice. I guessed it related to his son, for he shook his head, and answered in a stern hollow voice, "Renew grief if you please—not shame. On that subject—silence!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Left to myself in the earlier part of the day, I wandered, wistful and lonely, through the vast wilderness of London. By degrees I familiarised myself with that populous solitude, I ceased to pine for the green fields. That active energy all around, at first saddening, became soon exhilarating, and at last contagious. To an industrious mind nothing is so catching as industry! I began to grow weary of my golden holiday of unlaborious childhood, to sigh for toil, to look around me for a career. The University, which I had before anticipated with pleasure, seemed now to fade into a dull monastic prospect: after having trod the streets of London, to wander through cloisters was to go back in life. Day by day, my mind grew sensibly within me; it came out from the rosy twilight of boyhood—it felt the doom of Cain, under the broad sun of man.

Uncle Jack soon became absorbed in his new speculation for the good of the human race, and, except at meals, (whereat, to do him justice, he was punctual enough, though he did not keep us in ignorance of the sacrifices he made, and the invitations he refused, for our sake,) we seldom saw him. The Captain, too, generally vanished after breakfast; seldom dined with us; and it was often late before he returned. He had the latch-key of the house, and let himself in when he pleased. Sometimes (for his chamber was next to mine) his step on the stairs awoke me; and sometimes I

heard him pace his room with perturbed strides, or fancied that I caught a low groan. He became every day more care-worn in appearance, and every day the hair seemed more gray. Yet he talked to us all easily and cheerfully; and I thought that I was the only one in the house who perceived the gnawing pangs over which the stout old Spartan drew the decorous cloak.

Pity, blended with admiration, made me curious to learn how these absent days, that brought nights so disturbed, were consumed. I felt that if I could master his secret, I might win the right both to comfort and to aid.

I resolved at length, after many conscientious scruples, to endeavour to satisfy a curiosity, excused by its motives.

Accordingly, one morning, after watching him from the house, I stole in his track, and followed him at a distance.

And this was the outline of his day. He set off at first with a firm stride, despite his lameness—his gaunt figure erect, the soldierly chest well thrown out from the threadbare but speckless coat. First, he took his way towards the purlieus of Leicester Square; several times, to and fro, did he pace the isthmus that leads from Piccadilly into that reservoir of foreigners, and the lanes and courts that start thence towards St Martin's. After an hour or two so passed, the step became more slow; and often the sleek

napless hat was lifted up, and the brow wiped. At length he bent his way towards the two great theatres, paused before the play-bills, as if deliberating seriously on the chances of entertainment they severally proffered, wandered slowly through the small streets that surround those temples of the muse, and finally emerged into the Strand. There he rested himself for an hour at a small cook-shop; and, as I passed the window, and glanced within, I could see him seated before the simple dinner, which he scarcely touched, and poring over the advertisement columns of the *Times*. The *Times* finished, and a few morsels distastefully swallowed, the Captain put down his shilling in silence, received his pence in exchange, and I had just time to slip aside as he reappeared at the threshold. He looked round as he lingered, but I took care he should not detect me; and then struck off towards the more fashionable quarters of the town. It was now the afternoon, and, though not yet the season, the streets swarmed with life. As he came into Waterloo Place, a slight figure buttoned up across the breast, like his own, cantered by on a handsome bay horse—every eye was on that figure. Uncle Roland stopped short, and lifted his hand to his hat; the rider touched his own with his fore-finger, and cantered on,—Uncle Roland turned round and gazed.

"Who," I asked, of a shop-boy just before me, who was also staring with all his eyes—"who is that gentleman on horseback?"

"Why, the Duke, to be sure," said the boy, contemptuously.

"The Duke?"

"Wellington—stu-pid!"

"Thank you," said I meekly. Uncle Roland had moved on into Regent Street, but with a brisker step: the sight of the old chief had done the old soldier good. Here again he paced to and fro; till I, watching him from the other side the way, was ready to drop with fatigue, stout walker though I was. But the Captain's day was not half done. He took out his watch, put it to his ear, and then, replacing it, passed into Bond Street, and thence into Hyde Park. There, evidently wearied out, he leant against the rails, near the bronze

statue, in an attitude that spoke despondency. I seated myself on the grass near the statue and gazed at him: the park was empty compared with the streets, but still there were some equestrian idlers and many foot-loungers. My uncle's eye turned wistfully on each: once or twice, some gentleman of a military aspect (which I had already learned to detect) stopped, looked at him, approached and spoke; but the Captain seemed as if ashamed of such greetings. He answered shortly, and turned again.

The day waned—evening came on—the Captain again looked at his watch—shook his head, and made his way to a bench, where he sat perfectly motionless; his hat over his brows, his arms folded; till uprose the moon. I had tasted nothing since breakfast; I was famished, but I still kept my post like an old Roman sentinel.

At length the Captain rose, and re-entered Piccadilly; but how different his mien and bearing! languid, stooping, his chest sunk—his head inclined—his limbs dragging one after the other, his lameness painfully perceptible. What a contrast in the broken invalid at night, from the stalwart veteran of the morning!

How I longed to spring forward to offer my arm! but I did not dare.

The Captain stopped near a cab-stand. He put his hand in his pocket—he drew out his purse—he passed his fingers over the net-work; the purse slipped again into the pocket, and as if with a heroic effort, my uncle drew up his head, and walked on sturdily.

'Where next?' thought I. 'Surely home! No, he is pitiless.'

The Captain stopped not till he arrived at one of the small theatres in the Strand; then he read the bill, and asked if half-price was begun. "Just begun," was the answer, and the Captain entered. I also took a ticket and followed. Passing by the open doors of a refreshment room, I fortified myself with some biscuits and soda water. And in another minute, for the first time in my life I beheld a play. But the play did not fascinate me. It was the middle of some jocular after-piece, roars of laughter resounded round me. I could detect nothing to laugh at, and sending my keen eyes into every corner, I perceived at last,

in the uppermost tier, one face as saturnine as my own. *Eureka!* It was the Captain's! 'Why should he go to a play if he enjoys it so little?' thought I: 'better have spent a shilling on a cab, poor old fellow!'

But soon came smart-looking men, and still smarter-looking ladies, around the solitary corner of the poor Captain. He grew fidgety—he rose—he vanished. I left my place, and stood without the box to watch for him. Down stairs he stumped—I recoiled into the shade; and after standing a moment or two, as in doubt, he entered boldly the refreshment room, or saloon.

Now, since I had left that saloon, it had become crowded, and I slipped in unobserved. Strange was it, grotesque, yet pathetic, to mark the old soldier in the midst of that gay swarm. He towered above all like a Homeric hero, a head taller than the tallest; and his appearance was so remarkable, that it invited the instant attention of the fair. I, in my simplicity, thought it was the natural tenderness of that amiable and penetrating sex, ever quick to detect trouble, and anxious to relieve it, that induced three ladies, in silk attire—one having a hat and plume, the other two with a profusion of ringlets—to leave a little knot of gentlemen with whom they were conversing, and to plant themselves before my uncle. I advanced through the press to hear what passed.

"You are looking for some one, I'm sure," quoth one familiarly, tapping his arm with her fan.

The Captain started. "Ma'am, you are not wrong," said he.

"Can I do as well?" said one of those compassionate angels, with heavenly sweetness.

"You are very kind, I thank you: no, no, Ma'am," said the Captain, with his best bow.

"Do take a glass of negus," said another, as her friend gave way to her. "You seem tired, and so am I. Here, this way;" and she took hold of his arm to lead him to the table. The Captain shook his head mournfully; and then, as if become suddenly aware of the nature of the attention so lavished on him, he looked down upon these fair Armidas with a look of such mild reproach—such sweet compassion—not shaking off

the hand in his chivalrous devotion to the sex, which extended even to all its outcasts—that each bold eye fell abashed. The hand was timidly and involuntarily withdrawn from the arm, and my uncle passed his way.

He threaded the crowd, passed out at the farther door, and I, guessing his intention, was in waiting for his steps in the street.

"Now home at last, thank heaven!" thought I. Mistaken still! My uncle went first towards that popular haunt, which I have since discovered is called "the Shades;" but he soon re-emerged, and finally he knocked at the door of a private house, in one of the streets out of St James's. It was opened jealously, and closed as he entered, leaving me without. What could this house be? As I stood and watched, some other men approached,—again the low single knock,—again the jealous opening, and the stealthy entrance.

A policeman passed and repassed me. "Don't be tempted, young man," said he, looking hard at me: "take my advice, and go home."

"What is that house, then?" said I, with a sort of shudder at this ominous warning.

"Oh, you know."

"Not I. I am new to London."

"It is a hell," said the policeman—satisfied, by my frank manner, that I spoke the truth.

"God bless me,—a what! I could not have heard you rightly?"

"A hell; a gambling-house!"

"Oh!" and I moved on. Could Captain Roland, the rigid, the thrifty, the penurious, be a gambler? The light broke on me at once; the unhappy father sought his son! I leant against the post, and tried hard not to sob.

By-and-by, I heard the door open: the Captain came out and took the way homeward. I ran on before, and got in first, to the inexpressible relief both of father and mother, who had not seen me since breakfast, and who were in equal consternation at my absence. I submitted to be scolded with a good grace. "I had been sight-seeing, and lost my way;" begged for some supper, and slunk to bed; and five minutes afterwards the Captain's jaded step came wearily up the stairs.

MODERN TOURISM.

THE merits of the railroad and the steam-boat have been prodigiously vaunted, and we have no desire to depreciate the advantages of either. No doubt they carry us from town to town with greater rapidity than our fathers ever dreamt of; and instead of the "High-flyer coach, averaging ten miles an hour," whirl us over fifty. No doubt they are convenient for the viator who desires to reach America in a fortnight, or for the Queen's messenger who must be in Paris within the next twelve hours. No doubt they are first-rate inventions for an elopement, a fugitive debtor, or a banished king. But, they have afflicted our generation with one desperate evil; they have covered Europe with Tourists, all pen in hand, all determined not to let a henroost remain undescribed, all portfolioed, all handbooked, all "getting up a Journal," and all pouring their busy nothings on the "reading public," without compassion or conscience, at the beginning of the "season."

That the ignorant should write ignorantly, that professional sight-hunters should go sight-hunting to the ends of the earth, that minds born for nothing but scribbling should scribble to their last drop of ink or blood, can neither surprise nor irritate; but that they should publish, is the crime.

If we are told that this is but a harmless impertinence after all, we reply—No, it does general mischief; it spoils all rational travel; it disgusts all intelligent curiosity; it repels the student, the philosopher, and the manly investigator, from subjects which have been thus trampled into mire by the hoofs of a whole tribe of travelling bipeds, who might rejoice to exchange brains with the animals which they ride.

No sooner does the year shake off its robe of snow, and the sun begin to glimmer again, than the whole tribe are in motion; no matter where, all places are alike to their pens—the North Pole or the Antarctic. One of them thinks America an unex-

hausted subject, and we find her instantly on board the good ship Columbia, flying in the teeth of wind and tide, to caricature New York. Another puts on her wings for that unknown spot called Vienna; sends in her card to nobles and ministers; caricatures them too; talks of faces which she had never seen, describes fêtes to which she would never have been admitted, and quotes conversations which she never heard. Another takes a sweep of the French coast, and showers us with worn-out romance and modern vapidity, till we are sick of the art of printing, and long for the return of that happy period when the chief occupations of the fair sex were cookery and samplers. To all this, however, there are exceptions; some of the sex, modest, well-informed, and capable of informing others, indulge the world, from time to time, with works which "it would not willingly let die." But our horror is the professional tourist; the woman who runs abroad to forage for publication; reimports her baggage, bursting with a periodical gathering of nonsense; and with a freight of folly, at once empty as air and heavy as lead, discharges the whole at the heads of a suffering people.

Miss Martineau, however, deserves to stand in another category. She is a lively writer; if she seldom enlightens the reader of her pages, she seldom sends him to sleep; she prattles amusingly; and by the help of Wilkinson and Lane for the antique, and her own ear-trumpet and spectacles for the modern, she makes out of an Egyptian ramble a very readable book. And this book is by no means a superfluity; for, excepting Palestine, there is no country on earth which possesses so strong an interest for the Biblical student; or will, within a few years, possess so strong an interest for the whole political world. France, Russia, and Italy, are probably at this moment alike speculating on the changes which threaten Egypt. The death of Mehemet Ali

cannot be far off. Ibrahim is sickly. The succession of eastern dynasties is the reverse of regular; and if by any chance war were lighted up at one end of the Mediterranean, it would be sure to burst out at the other. Egypt would be the prize of battle. To England the possession would be of little value; she has colonies enough, and she certainly will not be guilty of the crime of usurpation; but it will be of first-rate importance to her that Egypt shall not fall into the hands of a hostile power; for she cannot suffer her road to India to be barred up. Her natural policy would be to see it restored to the Ottoman. But how long will the Ottoman himself last? A Russian fleet at the mouth of the Bosphorus, with a Russian army encamped on the plains of Adrianople, would settle the occupancy in a week. In the mean time, France keeps up a powerful army in Algeria; and the question is, which would be first in the race for Alexandria? We observe that Ibrahim is building fortifications, and concentrating his strength on the sea-side; and the sagacity of this gallant son of a gallant father must often look to the sands of the Libyan desert, and listen for the sounds of the trumpet from the shores of Cyreniaca.

Miss Martineau is lady-president of the gossip school; and it is one of the especial characters of that school, to think that every trivial occurrence of their lives merits the attention of mankind. She thus informs us of the first *idea* of her journey.

"In the autumn of 1846, I left home for, as I supposed, a few weeks, to visit some of my family and friends. At Liverpool, I was invited by my friends, Mr and Mrs Richard V. Yates, to accompany them in their proposed travels in the East. At Malta, we fell in with Mr Joseph C. Ewart, who presently joined our party, and remained with us till we reached Malta on our return. There is nothing that I do not owe to my companions for their unceasing care. They permitted me to read to them my *Egyptian Journal*. There was not time for the others." All this is in the purest style of gossipry. Her first views of Africa belong to the same style. On a "lurid evening in November," she saw a something,

which, however, was *not* the African shore, but an island. At last, however she saw a headland, a sandy shore, a tower; but even this was *not* Egypt. So she steamed on, until certain signs gave the presumption that Alexandria lay in the distance. She "expected" to have arrived at noon, but was detained until twilight! All those things might have happened to her if she had been sitting in a bathing machine any where between Brighton and Dover,—the Martello supplying the place of the Arab tower, to considerable advantage. She then followed the route of the million, the Cairan canal, Cairo, and the Nile, up to the Cataracts.

She has a picturesque pen, and describes well; her art being to strike off the first impression on her mind, with the first impression on her eye. One of her fellow-travelers had asked her whether she would wish to have the first glimpse of the Pyramids; she made her way through the passengers to the bows of the boat, and there indulged herself with her triumph over the "careless talkers."

"In a minute, I saw them, emerging from behind a sandhill. They were very small, for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo. But there could be no doubt about them for a moment, so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides which we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids. And I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world this is the most literal, and to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far from having anticipated what I saw, I felt as if I had never before looked on any thing so new, as those clear, vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone in their expanse of sand. In a few minutes they appeared to grow wonderfully larger, and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from

my window at Cairo, and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness, by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving, and I cannot think of it now without emotion."

It is remarkable that, after some thousand years of ancient inquiry, and at least a century of keen and even of toilsome research, by modern scholarship, the world knows little more of the Pyramids than it knew, when the priesthood kept all the secrets of Egypt. By whom they were built, for what, or when, have given birth to volumes of researches; but to those questions no answers have been given worth the paper they cost in answering. Whether they were built by Israelite slaves or by Asiatic invaders, for sacrifice or for sepulture, or for both, or for the glory of individual kings, or for the memory of dynasties, or for treasure-houses, or for astronomical purposes, or for the mere employment of the multitude—workhouses having probably found their origin in Egypt—or for the rough ostentation of royal power: all are points undetermined since the travels of Herodotus. But that they must have cost stupendous toil, there is full evidence—the great Pyramid covering thirteen acres; exhibiting a mass of stone equal to *sic* Plymouth breakwaters, and rising to a height of 479 feet, or 15 feet higher than St Peter's spire, and 119 higher than St Paul's.

But this style of monstrous building perplexes as much by its general diffusion, as by the magnitude of its several instances. We find it not only in Egypt, where the Pyramids spread for *seventy* miles along the western shore of the Nile, and once evidently clustered like Arab tents, but in Upper Egypt and Nubia: they are to be found also in Mesopotamia. The Birs Nimrod, (the temple of Belus,) and the Mujilibè, near Babylon, were evidently built on the pyramidal plan, if not actual pyramids. They have been found in India. They have been found even on the other side of the Atlantic; and the largest in the world is the pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, covering an area of more than forty-seven acres, or above *three* times the base of the greatest Egyptian pyramid. All the

pyramids, in both Asia, Africa, and America, have the sides facing the cardinal points, excepting those of Nubia,—an exception probably arising from the rudeness of the people. In many of those pyramids, remnants of the dead, and bones of the lower animals, have been found; but both may have been placed there for purposes of superstition. The resistance of the pyramidal form to the effects of climate has been surmised as the origin of the choice; but the equatorial countries of the East know little of the weather which, among us, destroys public constructions. It is at least possible, that a form so little adapted to dwelling, or to any of the common uses of life, or even to the direct purposes of sepulture, may have been chosen, from its resemblance to the shape of flame kindled on a large scale. The Egyptians chiefly buried their dead in catacombs. The pyramid was undoubtedly borrowed from the East; and, like the obelisk—also an Eastern memorial, whose general uselessness still perplexes inquiry—may have been an emblem of that worship of fire, which ascends to so remote an antiquity, was the worship of the early East, and was, we are strongly inclined to believe, the general worship of the apostate antediluvian world.

There is no country on earth which more curiously substantiates the saying of the wisest of kings, that "there is nothing new under the sun," than Egypt. Every art of European life, and even of European luxury, finds its delineation among the tombs; every incident of society, whether serious or trifling, has its record on those subterranean walls; we find every occupation, every enjoyment, every national festivity, and every sport, from the nursery up to the assemblage of the wrestler, the runner, and the dancer. In short, the whole course of public and private existence, three thousand years ago, is revealed and revived for the intelligence and admiration of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Why those miscellanies of life should be in tombs, where they must have been shut up from the living eye—why such labour of delineation, why such incongruity of subject to the place, why such cost lavished on designs in the grave, are all problems,

which must remain beyond human answer, but which render Egypt the most interesting of all dead nations to the living world. Are those wonders, those intimations of greater wonders, those achievements of the arts, fully explored? Certainly not. We quite agree with Miss Martineau, that the most fortunate boon for Europe would be some mighty van or ventilator, which will blow away all the sands of Egypt. What a scene would then be opened!

"One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried 130 feet below the surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed beneath the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill-sides of the interior, when the cloud of sand had been wafted away? The ruins which we now go to study might then occupy only eminences, while below might be miles of colonnade, temples intact, and gods and goddesses safe in their sanctuaries!"

If this is the language of enthusiasm, there can be no question that barbarism and time have covered a large portion of the old glories of Egypt from the eye of man; and that, while what remains for the view of the traveller is mutilated and worn away, the much finer portion may be reserved for the triumph of the investigator spade in hand.

One of the best features of the book is the dexterity with which those tomb-pictures are interpreted by Miss Martineau's narrative. Every one knows, that the majority of those pictures, though often brilliantly coloured, exhibit nothing but isolated or ill-placed figures, of the rudest outline, and the most ungainly attitudes. They have a meaning; yet to ascertain that meaning, and combine their action, demands considerable imaginative skill. We have a clever instance of this art in the description of one of the tombs.

The writer sees, in one compartment, the master of a family. He is evidently opulent—a man of large possessions—a landlord; he has his people round him—ploughing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, thrashing, winnowing.

But the landlord is also a sportsman; he has round him game, geese, and fish. He is also a man of luxury; he has a barge on the river, and a pavilion built upon it. He is also a man of hospitality; there is a banquet, with the master and his wife in a great chair; every lady has a flower in her hand; a monkey is tied to the host's chair; and there are musicians with a harp and the double pipe. But there is also a final scene; the host dies, the banquets are no more, his *mummy* is in the consecrated boat, which is to carry him over the river of death, and which deposits him in the land unknown.

All this is ingenious and probable, and if Miss Martineau had confined herself to the picturesque, had sported her fancies in Egypt alone, and never ventured beyond the Red Sea, we might close the book, giving it all the praise due to an original and lively narrative. But when she plays the theologian, we must stop, as we wish that she had done.

On leaving Egypt, her party turn their faces towards the Wilderness; and here the pen of the rash writer rambles away into lucubrations, neither consistent with the facts of history, nor suitable to the feelings of the scene. She begins by manufacturing a romance for Moses. She first tells us that he was "of the priestly caste," a matter rendered utterly improbable by the declaration of Scripture, that "by faith, when he was come to years, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." She then proceeds to tell us a great many things, of which Moses has told us nothing: for example, that in the desert, which she regards as a place peculiarly "fruitful of meditation," (we doubt whether it produces much of this fruit among the Bedouins,) Moses and "*Mahomet after him*" (valuable companionship!) learned from the Past how to prophesy of the future.

"There," says Miss Martineau, "as Moses sat under the shrubby palm, and its moist rock, did the Past come at the call of his instructed memory, and tell him how those mighty Egyptians had been slaves, as his Hebrew brethren now were," &c., and came to

the conclusion (by no means an unnatural one in any case of slavery,) "that the Hebrews must be removed and educated, before they could be established." We then arrive at the confidential part of the story.

"In following up this course of speculation, he was led to perceive a *mighty truth*, which appears to have been known to no man before him,—the truth that all ideas are the common heritage of all men. (!) . . . As the images crossed him in his solitude, of the religious feasts of the Egyptians, the gross brute-worship into which they had sunk, &c., he conceived the brave purpose, the noblest enterprise, I believe, on record, of admitting every one of Jehovah's people to the fullest possible knowledge of them."

Of all these meditations not an iota is mentioned in the Scriptures. The story, however, goes on: Moses decided that the people must be removed. It does not tell us *how*. But it was done. Three millions of slaves were torn from the grasp of a king, at the head of an army of six hundred chariots and horsemen. But the grand difficulty arose—if they must be educated, where was to be the national school? who to be their tutors? Moses meditated again, and the difficulty vanished. He had known the Arabs of the Wilderness long. Miss Martineau tells us that he knew their honour, their virtues, their "*comparative piety*!" &c., &c.; and he determined to make them the teachers of his Egyptianised people. In this fortunate expedient, she forgot, and probably did not know, that those sons of desert simplicity, hospitality, piety, and so forth, were the Amalekites, one of the most ferocious tribes of earth, the savage borderers of Sinai; who no sooner saw the advance of the Israelites than, instead of teaching them the "virtues," they made a desperate *foray* on them, and would have butchered the whole population if they had not been beaten by a miracle.

We are also entirely left in the dark, in this theory, as to the means by which the nation were subsisted for forty years in the Wilderness, where the thousandth part of their number could never since have subsisted for as many days; how they

swept before their undisciplined crowd the armies of Palestine, stormed their fortresses, and took possession of their land; how they acquired the most perfect system of legislation in the ancient world; how they formed a religion unrivalled in purity, truth, and sanctity; how they conceived a ceremonial which was almost wholly a prophecy, the revelation of a mightier than Moses to come, the pledge of a more comprehensive religion, and the dawn of that triumph of truth over falsehood, which was to be the hope, the consolation, and ultimately the glory of mankind.

Need we remind the Christian, that the Scriptures account for all those mighty things by the power and the mercy of the God of Israel alone; that Moses was simply an instrument in the hand of Providence; that so far from meditating in the desert, plans of Jewish liberation, he was even a reluctant instrument. Every part of his character and condition repelled the very idea of his acting from himself. He was eighty years old; he had been forty years without seeing the face of his countrymen; his bold spirit had been so much changed by time, as to render him the "meekest" of men; and even when the miracle of the Divine presence was before him, he pleaded his unfitness for the task, and at length yielded only to the repeated command of Jehovah.

Willingly acquitting the writer of these volumes of all evil intention, we regret that she should have touched on Palestine at all. Whatever weakness there may be in her lucubrations on Moses, it is fully matched by her lucubrations on what she calls "Bibliolatry." But we shall not follow her rambles through subjects on which no mind ought to look but with a sense of the narrowness of human faculties, and with an humble and necessary solicitation for that loftier enlightenment which is given only to the humble heart. The knowledge of Scripture is to be attained only by the sincere search after truth, by natural homage in the presence of Infinite Wisdom, and by the intelligent exertion of mind, and the faithful gratitude, which alike rejoice in obeying the revealed will of Heaven.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

IN the spring of the year 1815, a youth of sixteen, Lewis Rellstab by name, whom death had recently deprived of his father, left the Berlin academy, where he was pursuing, with much success, the study of music, to enter the Prussian army as a volunteer. Napoleon's return from Elba had just called Germany to arms; and the rising generation, emulous of their elder brethren, whose scars and decorations recalled the glorious campaign of 1813, flocked to the Prussian banner. But young Rellstab's moral courage and patriotic zeal exceeded his physical capabilities. Recruiting officers shook their heads at his delicate frame, and inspecting surgeons refused to pass him as able-bodied. Rejected, he still persevered, entered a military school, and in due time became officer of artillery. Leaving the service in 1821, he fixed himself at Berlin, and applied diligently to literary pursuits. He was already known as the author of songs of fair average merit, some of which are popular in Germany to the present day; but now he took up literature as a profession, stimulated to industry by loss of fortune in an unlucky speculation. Of great perseverance and active mind, he essayed his talents in various departments of the belles-lettres, in journalism, polemics, and criticism. As a musical critic, he ranks amongst the best. One of his early works, a satirical tale entitled "*Henrietta, or the Beautiful Singer*," was disapproved by the authorities, and procured him several months' imprisonment in the fortress of Spandau. At a later period, his systematic and incessant opposition to Spontini the composer, from whose appointment as director of the Berlin opera he foretold the ruin of the German school of music, procured him other six weeks of similar punishment. He has managed several newspapers in succession, and, in the intervals of his editorial labours, has produced a number of tales and novels, three sketchy volumes entitled "*Paris and Algiers*," and a tragedy called "*Eu-*

gene Aram." Simultaneously with these various occupations, he has found time to form some excellent singers for the German stage, and to advocate, with unwearying and successful zeal, the adoption of railroads in Germany. With such accumulated avocations, it is not surprising if his writings sometimes exhibit that lengthiness and verbal superfluity, the usual consequence of hurried composition and imperfect revision. Some of his best-conceived and most original tales lose power from prolixity: his good materials, too, often lack arrangement, and are encumbered with inferior matter. Still, he is one of the few living German novelists whose works rise high above the present dull, stagnant level of the light literature of his country. It is not now our intention minutely to analyse Mr Rellstab's general literary abilities, or to criticise the twenty compendious volumes forming the latest edition of his complete works. We propose confining ourselves to one novel, which we consider his masterpiece, as it also is his longest and most important work, and the one most popular in Germany. Notwithstanding the faults we have glanced at, we hold "*1812*" the best novel of its class that for a long time has appeared in the German language. Its historical and military chapters would, by their fidelity and spirit, give it high rank in whatever tongue it had been written. And the blemishes observable in its more imaginative and romantic portions are chargeable less upon the author than upon the foibles of the school and country to which he belongs.

It is a strong argument, were any needed, in favour of the superiority of the English literature of the day over that of Germany, that twenty English novels are translated into German for every German one that appears in English. To say nothing of high class books, which are dished up in the Deutsch with incredible rapidity, (of Mr Warren's last work, three translations appeared within a few

days after it was possible the original could have reached Germany,) all our more prolific and popular English novelists receive the honours of Germanisation. Not a catalogue of a German library or bookseller but exhibits the names of Messrs Marryat, Dickens, James, Ainsworth, Lever, &c., occupying the high places—exalted at the tops of columns, in all the glory of Roman capitals; and truly not without reason, when compared with most of the gentry that succeed and precede them. Their works appear in every possible form,—detached, in “complete editions,” in “choice collections of foreign literature,” even in monthly parts, when so published in England. Authors who have written less, or anonymously, or who are less known, must often be content to forego the immortalisation of a Leipsic catalogue, although their books will not the less be found there, sometimes with the bare notification that they are from English sources; at others, unceremoniously appropriated by the translator as results of his own unaided genius. Equal liberties are taken with the romantic literature of France and Sweden. Very different is the state of things in England. A translation from the German, unless it be of a short tale in a periodical, is a thing almost unknown—certainly of rare occurrence. Miss Bremer’s poultry-yard romances, and Christian Andersen’s novels, reached us through a German medium, but are originally Scandinavian. The only other recent translations of novels, in amount and volume worth the naming, are those from the French of Sue, Dunas, and Co., amusing gentlemen enough; but the circulation of whose works had, perhaps, just as well been confined to those capable of reading them in the original. The German literature of the last twenty years has yielded little to the English translator, or rather has been little made use of; for, without entertaining a very exalted opinion of its value and merit, it were absurd to suppose that some good things might not be selected from the hundreds of novels, tales, and romances, that each successive year brings forth in a country where any man who can hold a pen, and is acquainted with orthography,

deems himself qualified for an author, and where an astonishingly large proportion of the population act upon this conviction. Mr Rellstab’s “1812” is one of the few ears of wheat worthy of extraction from the wilderness of tares and stubble. Its great length, which might, however, have been advantageously curtailed, has, perhaps, proved an obstacle to its translation. Moreover, it is but partially known, even amongst the very limited number of English persons (chiefly ladies) addicted to German reading. Of one thing we are convinced,—that a book of equal merit appearing in England is certain of prompt and reiterated reproduction in Germany; not only in the language of that country, but in those piratical reprints which give in an eighteen-penny duodecimo the contents of three-half-guinea post-octavos.

It is quite natural that Mr Rellstab, whose youthful predilections were so strongly military, who himself wore the uniform during his first six years of manhood, and who was cotemporary, at the age when impressions are strongest, of the gigantic wars waged by Napoleon in Spain, Germany, and Russia, should recall with peculiar pleasure, at a later period of his life, the martial deeds with which in his boyhood all men’s mouths were filled; that he should select them as a subject for his pen, dwell willingly upon their details, and bestow the utmost pains upon their illustration. His original plan of an historical romance was far more comprehensive than the one to which he finally adhered. He proposed employing as a stage for his actors all the European countries then the theatre of war. This bold plan gave great scope for contrast, allowing him to exhibit his personages, chiefly military men, engaged alternately with the Cossack and the Guerrilla—alternately broiling under the sun of Castile, and frozen in Muscovy’s snows. But the project was more easily formed than executed; and Mr Rellstab soon found (to use his own words) that he had taken Hercules’ club for a plaything. The mass was too ponderous to wield; to interweave the entire military history of so busy a period with the plot of a romance, entailed an army of charac-

ters and a series of complications difficult to manage; and that might have ended by wearying the reader. Convinced that his design was too ambitious, he reduced it; limiting himself to the Russian campaign—itsself no trifle to grapple with. This plan he successfully carried out. He had hoped to do so, he says, in three volumes, but was compelled to extend his limits, and fill four. The necessity is not obvious. In our opinion, "1812" would gain by compression (especially of the first half) within the limits originally proposed. Although some well-drawn and well-sustained characters are early introduced, and although the reader obtains, in the very first chapter, a mystery to ruminate, whilst of incident there is certainly an abundance, the real fascination of the book resides in the account of the advance to Moscow, of the conflagration of the city, and the subsequent retreat. The great power and truthfulness with which these events are depicted, convey the impression that the writer was an eyewitness of the scenes he so well describes. As this was not the case, we cannot doubt that Mr Rellstab obtained much information from some who made that terrible campaign. He acknowledges his great obligation to Count Segur's remarkable history.

As regards Mr Rellstab's plot, its ingenuity is undeniable, and, in fact, excessive. More ingenious than probable, the coincidences are too numerous and striking; the artist's hand is too visible. The characters are too obliging in their exits and entrances; ever vanishing and reappearing just at the right moment, and meeting each other in the most unexpected and extraordinary manner. It is difficult to lose sight of the wires; the movements of the puppets are manifestly strained for the exhibitor's convenience. One never feels sure who is the hero of the book; the young German most prominent in its earlier portion, and who is intended for the principal character, is a tame youth, and cuts quite a secondary figure in the latter volumes. His friend Bernard, a joyous artist, whom circumstances convert into a private soldier, and his commander the

Polish Colonel Rasinski, a worthy comrade of the heroic Poniatowsky, are much more lifelike and interesting. The mysteries of the tale, and the difficulties which of course beset the paths of the various pairs of lovers, are pretty well cleared up and dispelled at the end of the third volume. The fourth, which includes the worst portion of the retreat, is perhaps the most interesting; partly for the very reason that we have got rid of the private entanglements of the principal personages, who are seen grouped together, and, including a lady, struggling against the frightful hardships and dangers of that unparalleled military disaster. It will give an idea of the tangled nature of Mr Rellstab's plot and under-plots (all finally unravelled with considerable cleverness) to state, that in the foremost row stand five gentlemen and three ladies; that each of the ladies is beloved, at one period or other of the story, by at least two of the gentlemen, who, on the other hand, are all five bosom friends, and, in this capacity, make the most magnanimous sacrifices of love to friendship. Manifestly, the only way of getting out of such a fix, is to kill freely, which Mr Rellstab accordingly does, the retreat from Moscow affording him fine opportunities, whereof he unsparingly avails himself. The closing chapter shows us the very numerous *dramatis persone* reduced to two happy couples, dwelling, turtle-dove fashion, in a garden near Dresden, and to an elderly Polish lady, on the wing for America. Having thus told the end—a matter of very slight importance to the interest of the book—we will take a glance at the commencement.

The opening scene introduces us to a young German, who, after twelve months passed in Italy at the conclusion of his academical studies, is on his way back to his native land. The entrance of Napoleon's armies is once more converting Northern Germany into a vast camp, and Ludwig Rosen is hurrying homewards to the protection of his sister and widowed mother, then living in retirement at Dresden. Upon his journey to Italy, a year previously, he had encountered in the valley of Aosta a party of travellers, to one of whom, a young and very

lovely woman, he restored a bracelet she had dropped upon the highway. Although this led to no acquaintance or intercourse beyond the exchange of a few sentences, the beauty of the foreigner (for such she certainly was, although of what country it was hard to decide,) had left a very strong impression upon the young man's memory and imagination. During his residence in Italy he sought her every where, but in vain. He could not trace her route; ignorant of her name, he knew not for whom to inquire. Once more upon the threshold of Italy, about to quit the romantic land where her image had so often filled his day-dreams, he pauses at the outskirts of *Duomo d' Ossola*, the last Italian town, to take a fond and final look at the paradise he is on the point of leaving. Travelling on foot, his motions depend but on his own caprice, and he leaves the high-road to ascend an adjacent hillock, commanding a fine view. The blast of a post-horn and crack of whips break in upon his meditations, and an open travelling carriage rolls rapidly along the causeway. In one of two women who occupy it, Rosen thinks he recognises his incognita, but before he can reach the road, the vehicle is in the town. It is evening, and Rosen, persuaded the travellers will halt for the night at *Duomo d' Ossola*, hurries after them to the open square where the guardhouse and the principal inn are situated. The carriage stands at the door of the latter, but fresh horses are being harnessed, and the youth's hopes of passing the night under the same roof with the lady of his thoughts, and of improving his very slight acquaintance with her, begin to vanish in vapour. An unexpected incident again gives them constance :—

"A large circle of idlers had collected round the travellers. An officer, issuing from the guardhouse, a paper in his hand, made his way through the crowd and approached the carriage-door: on his appearance the young lady got out, and took a few steps to meet him. The officer bowed and addressed her with great courtesy; but his manner, and the deprecating shrug of his shoulders, indicated inability to comply with some wish she

had expressed. Ludwig drew nearer; but as the lady—of whose identity with her he sought he grew each moment more convinced—had her face turned from him, he made the circuit of the crowd to obtain a sight of her countenance. Heavens, it was herself! Her features were paler and more anxious than at their last meeting, and a tear trembled in her beautiful blue eye. Yielding to an irresistible impulse, Ludwig approached her, resolved, at risk of offence, to greet the lovely being whose apparition had gladdened his entrance into the glorious land he now was quitting, and to remind her of the moment of their first meeting and too speedy separation. He was encouraged to this step by beholding her unaccompanied, save by an old servant seated upon the box, and by an elderly woman, to all appearance an attendant, of humble companion. He hastily stepped forward out of the crowd, which had fallen a little back. As he did so, the lady's glance met his, and so sudden and joyful a glow overspread her features, that he could not for an instant doubt her recognition of him. He was about to salute and address her, when, with startling haste, she exclaimed in French, 'Here is my brother!' and hurried to meet him. Before Ludwig, astounded at what he took for an extraordinary mistake, had time to utter a word, she continued in Italian, and in a loud tone, so that all around might hear and understand, 'Thank God, brother, you are come at last!' Then, in a rapid whisper, and in German, 'I am lost,' she said, 'if you deny me.' With prompt decision, she turned to the officer, took the paper from his hand and presented it to Ludwig. 'This gentleman would not admit the regularity of our passport because you were not present,' said she, reverting to the French language. 'See what trouble you give us, dear brother, by your romantic partiality for byways! You are Count Wallersheim,' she whispered in German.

"Startled and confounded as Ludwig was by this strange adventure, he retained sufficient presence of mind to understand that it was in his power to render important service to the beautiful woman who stood anxious and

tearful before him. Readily taking his cue, his reply was prompt. 'Be not uneasy, dear sister,' he said, 'I will explain to the gentleman.' He turned to the Frenchman, and in order to gain time and some insight into the circumstances of the case, 'I must beg you, sir,' he said 'to repeat your objections to our passport. Ladies have little experience in such matters.' 'I have now,' replied the officer 'not the slightest objection to make. You are set down in the passport as the companion of the countess your sister, and yet you were not with her. The passport was, consequently, not in order. The countess certainly told me you had left her only for a short time, to ramble on foot, and that you would rejoin her beyond the town; but at frontier places, like Duomo d'Ossola, our orders are so strict that I should have been compelled to detain the young lady till you made your appearance. Rest assured, however, count, that I should have held it my duty to have had you sought upon the road to Sempione, to inform you of the obstacle to your sister's progress. I strongly advise you to remain with the countess so long as you are in this district, or you will inevitably encounter delay and annoyance. Once over the Swiss frontier, you are out of our jurisdiction, and travelling is easier.'

"Ludwig stood mute with astonishment, whilst the old servant got off the box,—took from him, without observation, the light travelling pouch that hung on his shoulder,—laid it in the carriage, and asked him if he would be pleased to get in. Scarce conscious of what he said, he gave the officer his hand, and uttered a few polite words. The servant put down the carriage steps,—the gallant Frenchman assisted the lady, who had muffled herself in her veil, to ascend them,—bowed low, and repeated his wishes for their pleasant journey. Ludwig, almost without knowing what he was about, took his place by the side of the enigmatical fair one, whose duenna had discreetly transferred herself to the opposite seat, and the carriage rattled through the streets."

Once out of town, the mysterious stranger greets Ludwig as her deliverer; and, before they cross the

frontier, she has confided to him as much as she proposes at that time to reveal of her exceptional position. This does not, however, amount to a disclosure of her family, name, or even of her country. She bids him call her Bianca,—but with that he must rest content; and he is unable to conjecture, from the slight accent with which she speaks German, or from the language, to him unknown, in which she converses with her companions, to what nation she belongs. She intimates that her destiny is connected with the political events of the period,—that more than her own life is in peril,—and accepts his enthusiastic offer to sustain his assumed character, and to escort her, as her brother, to Germany. Her companions are her *gouvernante* and an old trusty servant, and she would travel in safety were they the sole sharers of her secret. But, unfortunately, a fourth person possesses it, who accompanied her as far as Milan, under the name of Count Wallersheim,—endeavoured to abuse the fraternal intimacy to which he was admitted, and was indignantly repulsed. Bianca took an opportunity to leave him behind, and is well assured that out of revenge he turned traitor. The pursuers must already be upon her track,—each moment an order for her arrest may overtake her. And she does not conceal from Ludwig that, by accompanying her, he runs a heavy risk. This the enamoured youth despises,—insists on acting as her champion and defender, and keeps his seat in her carriage. That night they encounter various perils on the Simplon; and, finally, are locked up by an avalanche in a mountain gallery, whence they are not extricated till morning. In the course of the night's adventures, Ludwig obtains ground to suspect the existence of nearer ties between his two female companions than those of mistress and servant. The excitement and anxiety of the time, however, prevent his dwelling upon this suspicion: the carriage is patched up, and the party reach Brieg, in the Valais, where they are compelled to pause whilst their vehicle is put in better repair. Whilst Bianca reposes, Ludwig strolls out of the town. At about a mile from it, on his return, he is overtaken by a horse-

man at full gallop, followed, at an interval of a few hundred yards, by a second cavalier, and by a carriage at a pace nearly as rapid. This headlong speed strikes Ludwig as remarkable. Before he has time to reflect on its possible cause, he is addressed, in French, by the first horseman.

"Do you belong to Brieg, sir?"

"No," replied Ludwig. "I am a traveller, and have just rambled out of the town."

"Can you tell us if a carriage and four, with two ladies and a gentleman, and a servant on the box, has arrived there?"

"Ludwig was on the point of answering No, when the post-chaise came up and stopped. It contained a civilian and a French officer. The former leaned out of the window, and repeated the horseman's question. This gave Ludwig, who could not doubt the inquiries had reference to Bianca, time to devise a safe answer. He remembered that the post-house was at the commencement of the town, and that persons in haste would be likely to change horses there without going to the inn at all. This decided his reply.

"Certainly," said he quickly, "such a carriage arrived some hours ago with a broken axle, I believe, which was mended here. But about a quarter of an hour back, just as I left the town, the strangers resumed their journey."

"The devil!" exclaimed the man in the carriage: "which road did they take?"

"The only one they could take, by Sion to Geneva," replied Ludwig. "You see it yonder, following the bank of the Rhone."

"Can we not cut across?" inquired the traveller hastily.

"To be sure," said the postilion, answering for Ludwig; "just below this we can turn sharp to the left; and if your Excellencies are not afraid to ford the Rhone, even though the water should come into the carriage a little, we avoid the town altogether, and save a good half-hour. If your Excellencies allow me to take that road, never fear but I will overtake the travellers. They must now just be passing through yonder wood, other-

wise we should see their carriage on the highway."

"Is the cross-road dangerous?"

"Not a bit. Only a little rough. In an hour at most we will catch them, if your Excellencies will bear me harmless for passing the post station."

"That will I," replied the officer in the carriage; "and what is more, you shall have the twenty gold napoleons I promised you if you caught the fugitives before they reached Brieg. Now on, and at speed."

"The carriage dashed forward, the horsemen galloping on either side."

The above short extracts contain what may be termed the root of the story, whence arise and branch forth a host of subsequent adventures. The misdirection given by Ludwig to Bianca's pursuers, exercises, especially, an extraordinary influence on his subsequent fortunes. In the first instance, however, it gives the lady time to escape on foot from the inn. Her two attendants; who are in fact her father and mother, Russian nobles in disguise, join her at a place appointed without the town, and Ludwig is to do the same, but misses his way, and is unable to find the fugitives. Already deeply in love with the interesting stranger, he is in despair at thus losing her; the more so as he is still ignorant of her name, and his chances of tracing her are even smaller than a year previously. After long but fruitless search, he pursues his journey northwards in company with three Polish officers, Rasinski, Jaromir, and Boleslaw, with whom he becomes acquainted at an inn, and is soon very intimate. The Poles are on their way to Dresden, to join Napoleon, then daily expected there, to open the Russian campaign. The new friends travel for some time in company. At Heidelberg an acquaintance puts a newspaper into Ludwig's hand, and calls his attention to a singular advertisement. It is a letter from Bianca to her unknown deliverer, couched in terms intelligible to him alone, thanking him, expressing regret at their sudden departure, and a wish that they may again meet, but giving no clue by which to find her. More deeply in love than ever, he proceeds

to Dresden, where his invalid mother, and his beautiful sister Marie, an enthusiast for German nationality and freedom, welcome the wanderer with delight. There he also meets his friend Bernard, just returned from a tour in England and northern Europe. On a pleasure excursion with a party of ladies and Polish officers, Ludwig is seen and recognised by the man whom he had misdirected in the Valais. This is a Frenchman, named Beaucaire, formerly secretary to Bianca's father, now the confidant and tool of Baron de St Lucas, one of Napoleon's most trusted agents,—half diplomatist, half policeman, with a dash of the spy. Beaucaire has Ludwig arrested; Bernard and one of the Poles rescue him by the strong hand from the gendarmes, who are taking him to prison. But although at liberty he is still in the greatest peril. The police seek him every where. It appears that Bianca's father is a most important secret agent of Russia; that when flying from Italy he had with him papers of the greatest weight and value, and that death is the doom of Ludwig for aiding his escape. Bernard, who has become implicated by the vigorous assistance he rendered his friend, is liable to the same severe punishment. They apply to Colonel Rasinski for advice and succour. The best he is able to do for them is to enlist them in his regiment of Polish lancers, and pack them off to the depot at Warsaw. Under assumed names, and in the ranks of an army of six hundred thousand men, disguised also in the coarse garb of private dragoons, detection appears all but impossible. To console them as much as may be for this separation from friends and country, to share in a campaign with which they as Germans cannot sympathise, and to the cheerful endurance of whose hardships they are stimulated neither by patriotism nor ambition, Rasinski attaches the two friends to his person as orderlies; and throughout their whole period of service they associate, when off duty, on terms of perfect equality and intimacy, with him and the captains Jaromir and Boleslaw. The incident of the enlistment is rather forced. There is no apparent reason why Rasinski should detain his friends

in his regiment after its uniform had served the purpose of escape from Dresden. Once smuggled out of the city, it was most natural to let them resume their civilian character, and seek concealment in a foreign country, if necessary, till the danger was over, and till they and their offences had been forgotten in the stirring events and perpetual changes of the times. This of course would not have answered Mr Rellstab's purpose; but he should have given more cogent reasons for the continuance in the service of two men, one of whom declares that he holds the gallows or the galleys as agreeable alternatives as the life of a private sentinel.

The merest outline, the most skeleton-like sketch of the plots and underplots of "1812" would fill a long article, and prove, upon the whole, dry and of small interest. Nor is it, we have already said, by any means our opinion that the plot is the best part of Mr Rellstab's romance. By giving its details, we should be doing less to exhibit his talent, and to interest our readers, than by proceeding at once to the extraction and translation of one or two of its many remarkable scenes and passages.

During the advance of the French army into Russia, when the French Emperor, eager to engage the enemy, had the mortification of seeing them constantly recede on his approach, steadily avoiding an action, Polish Jews were frequently employed as spies, and sent forward to watch and report the movements of a foe whose plan of campaign even Napoleon's genius was unable to penetrate. The invasion of Russia, and anticipated triumph of the French host, were hailed with delight by the great mass of the Polish nation, who considered their liberation from the Muscovite yoke, and the re-establishment of Polish nationality, to be quite certain when once Napoleon took the field on their behalf. But these feelings of patriotic exultation were not partaken by the Jews of Poland, at least not to an extent that rendered them proof against the allurements of Russian gold. As usual, the guileless Israelites were at the service of the best bidder. Russian rubles and French crowns were equally welcome

to their insatiable souls and fathomless pockets.

After crossing the Dnieper, Count Rasinski, whose knowledge of the people, language, and country, caused him to be frequently consulted by the Emperor, sent forward a Lithuanian Jew to ascertain if the enemy were concentrating their forces, and likely to make a stand.

"Towards three in the morning, and in profound darkness, the spy reappeared in the bivouac. Bernard had just awakened and stirred up the fire, when the strange figure of the Israelite, stealing noiselessly along, (wariness and caution had become his second nature,) entered the circle of light cast by the flames. Like a prowling and mischievous sorcerer, he suddenly stood before Bernard, who started at this strange and unexpected apparition. A black robe, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, draped his meagre person; a red and pointed beard descended low upon his breast; his pale, wizened countenance peered forth from out a mass of tangled hair; his gray eyes had a cunning and malicious twinkle. A constrained smile distorted his lips, as he accosted Bernard in Jewish dialect.

"'Young gentleman! Tell me quick where my lord colonel sleeps. I am in haste to speak with him, young gentleman!'

"'The fellow looks like the devil changed into a fox,' muttered Bernard to himself. 'So they have not hanged you, eh, Isaac?'

"'Father Abraham! what is that for a question, young gentleman? D'ye think old Isaac would have lived so long, had he not known to keep his neck out of a coil of hemp? But take me to my lord colonel: it's in great haste!'

"'Come, son of Abraham,' said Bernard, parodying the Jewish mode of speaking; 'set thy shoe-soles upon the tracks of my feet, so shalt thou come to the presence of him whose gold thou covetest. Forward! And, winding his way through the groups of weary soldiers who lay sleeping round the watch-fires, he guided the old spy to the spot where Rasinski, wrapped in his cloak, reposed upon a little straw. The

colonel's watchful ear warned him of the approach of strange footsteps; he was roused in an instant, and looked keenly into the surrounding darkness.

"'Ha, friend Isaac!' he cried; 'well, what news? Are they of weight?'

"The Jew nodded mysteriously, and drew the count aside. Bernard would have returned to his fire, but Rasinski signed to him to remain. The count spoke long and low with his Hebrew emissary, and listened with the strongest interest, as it seemed, to the report of the latter. The spy's countenance each moment assumed a more important expression, and was lighted up, even at shorter intervals, by his false and repulsive smile, as he saw that Rasinski appeared satisfied with the intelligence he brought.

"'Accursed Judas!' quoth Bernard to himself. 'I could not put faith in that villanous physiognomy, though the fox's snout of it were to guide me into paradise. And yet Rasinski is a judge of men; that there is no denying.'

"Isaac had made his report; he stood submissively before Rasinski, and awaited his orders with the deepest humility. The colonel produced his purse; the Jew's visage was lighted up with joy; lust of gold gleamed in his eyes. But when he clutched in his extended palm a handful of gold pieces, he broke out into fulsome expressions of delight and gratitude.

"'God of Abraham!' he cried, endeavouring to seize and kiss Rasinski's hand, 'bless my dear benefactor, who saves me from perishing in these days of war and misery! Hunger would rend the poor Jew's entrails, till he howled like the starving wolf in winter, did not you, noble sir, deign generously to relieve him.'

"By word and gesture Rasinski commanded silence. The Jew turned to depart, pulling out at the same time a small leathern bag, wherein to stow his gold. With this empty bag he unintentionally drew out a purse, whose strings had got entangled with those of the bag, and which fell heavily to the ground. Visibly alarmed, Isaac stooped to pick it up,

but Bernard, who had observed his countenance by the fire-light, conceived a sudden suspicion, and sprang forward with a like intention. The grass being high, and the light not falling on that spot, both men felt about for a few moments in vain. At last Bernard seized the prize.

"'Give it here, my dear young gentlemen,' cried Isaac eagerly; 'it is my small and hard-earned savings. Now-a-days nothing is safe, except what one carries with one. Give it me, I entreat!'

"The anxious tone and hasty gestures, with which he spoke these words, not only strengthened Bernard's suspicions, but also attracted the attention of Rasinski.

"'Humph! heavy,' said Bernard, significantly; 'very heavy. Nothing less than gold there, I expect.'

"Rasinski approached.

"'Heaven bless you!' cried Isaac, 'a little silver and copper, nothing more. Perhaps an old ducat or two amongst it.' And he hastily extended his arm to seize his property. Bernard drew back his hand, held the purse to the fire-light and loudly exclaimed—'Silver? copper? What I see through the meshes is gold, and that of the brightest!'

"'Show it here!' said Rasinski, stepping quickly forward. Bernard, laughing, handed him the purse; the Jew dared not object, but he trembled visibly, and expostulated in a humble and cringing tone. 'Most generous sir!' he said; 'it is the trifle I have rescued from the exactions and calamities of war. You will not rob a helpless old man of his little all.'

"'Rob!' repeated Rasinski, disdainfully. 'Am I a marauder? But you will not make me believe,' he continued, in an accent of menace, 'that this gold has been long in your possession. Think you I do not know what a Jew of your sort can save in Lithuania? A likely tale, indeed, that whilst passing as a spy, from one camp to the other, you carry this treasure on your person! Ten foot under ground in the thickest forest, you still would not think it safe. And why deny it to be gold? Where are the silver and copper amongst these fire-new ducats? Confess, Jew—whence have you this gold?'

"Isaac trembled in every limb.

"'What would you of me, most gracious lord count?' stammered he. 'How should old Isaac possess other gold than what he has saved during his sixty years of life? Where should he bury it? Where has he land to dig and delve at his pleasure? And if I wished to conceal that I have saved a few ducats, sure it is no crime in times like these?'

"'Miserable subterfuges!' replied Rasinski. 'Here, take your gold—I desire it not. But mark my words! molten I will have it poured down thy lying throat, if thou hast deceived me in this matter! These ducats look like the guerdon of weightier information than you have brought me. If you have betrayed aught to the enemy, if our present plan miscarries, tremble, for your treachery shall meet a fearful reward!'

"The Jew stood with tottering knees and pale as death; suddenly he prostrated himself at Rasinski's feet, his face distorted by an agony of terror.

"'Pardon! mercy!' he exclaimed.

"'Justice!' sternly replied Rasinski. 'Let his person be searched for papers.'

"An officer and two soldiers seized the Jew, dragged him to the next fire, and bade him strip from head to foot. In a few moments it was done. Gown and hose, shoes and stockings, were examined, without any thing being found. Even a cut through the shoe-soles brought nothing to light. Meanwhile Isaac stood shivering in his shirt, following with anxious glances each movement of the soldiers. As each portion of his dress passed muster and was thrown aside, his countenance cleared and brightened.

"'As sure as Jehovah dwells above us!' he exclaimed, 'I am an innocent old man. Give me back my money and my clothes, and let me home to my hut!'

"'There, put on your rags!' cried a corporal, throwing him his breeches. Isaac caught them, but at the same moment the soldier threw him his gown in the same unceremonious way. It fell over the Jew's face, enveloping him in its folds. Seeing this, the mischievous corporal seized one end of the loose garment, and pulled it

backwards and forwards over the head of Isaac, who staggered to and fro, blinded and confused, but still struggling violently and crying out for mercy. Rasinski was on the point of checking this horse-play, when the Jew stumbled and fell, thus disentangling himself from the gown, which remained in his tormentor's hands. But to the utter dismay of the Israelite, and simultaneously with his robe, a wig was dragged from his head, leaving him completely bald. At first nobody attached importance to the circumstance, and the soldiers laughed at this climax of the Jew's misfortunes, when Bernard's quick eye detected upon the ground a scrap of paper, which had been concealed between scalp and wig. He clutched at it; but was forestalled by Isaac, who, in all haste, caught it up and threw it into the blazing watch-fire, where it instantly disappeared in a flake of tinder. This suspicious incident gave rise to a new investigation. The Jew denied every thing: he swore by the God of his fathers he knew of no letter, and had thrown nothing into the fire, but had merely picked up his handkerchief. Upon examining his head, however, it appeared that the hair had been recently shaved off, and that Isaac had no real occasion for a wig. Here again the wary Jew was ready with his justification.

"'God of mercy!' he cried, 'what I have done for your service proves my perdition. When, driven by need and hunger, I undertook your dangerous commission, I bethought me how I could best be useful to you. Could I tell what duties you would require of me? Had I not even heard that they consisted in carrying letters and papers, skilfully concealed? Therefore did I break the law by laying a razor on my head! And now I am punished for my sin. But is it for you Christians to condemn me, because I have transgressed to do your pleasure?'

"Spurred by the fear of death, Isaac continued in this strain with irrepressible volubility; and there was no denying that his excuses and reasons were plausible enough. Nevertheless, Rasinski found strong grounds for suspicion. He ordered the Jew to be kept in custody, and that, when the

regiment went out, he should follow on a spare horse.

"'If I see by the enemy's movements,' said he to the Jew as he was led away, 'that he has notice of our project, you are ripe for the gallows, and shall not escape it. If there is no evidence of your treason, you shall be free to get yourself hung elsewhere, for beyond Liady you will be useless, seeing that the Russians do not tolerate your blood-sucking race in their land; the only good trait I am acquainted with in their character. Away with you—let him be well guarded.'"

During a scamper after the Cossacks upon the following day, Isaac makes his escape, to reappear at the close of the retreat under very startling and horrible circumstances. At last Napoleon, who, ever since he crossed the Niemen, had expected battle, and who was furious at the retrograde tactics of the Russians, met at Smolensko the first serious resistance of his cautious and astute foe. Hitherto every thing had been of evil presage: nature seemed combined with man to check his progress, and discourage his ambition. His first arrival on the banks of the Niemen was marked by a fall from his horse; a terrible storm welcomed him upon the Russian territory; in crossing the first Russian river, the Wilna, a squadron of Polish horse, sent to find a ford, were swept away by the current. Bridges were cut, roads deserted, even the defiles protecting Wilna unguarded, but not an enemy was visible, save now and then a few wild Cossacks, stragglers from the Russian rear-guard. On the other hand, the French suffered from hunger and fatigue; provisions were scarce, the men discouraged; discipline grew lax, villages were plundered and burned; tales circulated in the ranks of the army, of young soldiers, new to privations, and disheartened by a long perspective of suffering, who turned aside upon the road and blew out their brains with their muskets. Already baggage-waggons and munition-carts, open and empty, strewed the plain, as in rear of a discomfited and retreating army; thousands of horses had died from feeding on green corn. All these misfortunes, before a blow had been struck, almost before a shot had been fired! Such disastrous

inactivity was more destructive than the fiercest opposition; and no wonder Napoleon longed to meet one of those stubborn stands which he well knew the Russian troops would make, so soon as their leaders permitted them. The first of any importance was made at Smolensko. In the previous doubts and delays there is evidently fine scope for a historical romance-writer, —and Mr Rellstab busies himself with the events of the campaign, neglecting for a while the progress of his novel. We then obtain a peep into Russia; and are introduced to the castle of Count Dolgorow, Bianca's father. Preparations are making for the young Countess's marriage with Prince Ochalskoi, a marriage repugnant to her feelings, (for she still cherished a tender recollection of Ludwig,) but into which she is in a manner coerced by her parents. On her wedding day she receives a letter, left by her nurse in care of her confessor, not to be delivered to her till after marriage, by which she learns, that she is not the Dolgorow's daughter; that her mother was a German lady, who died a few days after her birth, and that her adoption by the Count had, for motive, that an inheritance depended on his wife having children, which, after many years' marriage, were still denied him. Bianca, with whom a sense of filial duty had powerfully weighed when consenting to become the wife of a man she disliked, is in despair at finding how unnecessarily she has sacrificed herself. But the ceremony is over, and she has no alternative but resignation to her lot. That same evening, however, the castle, which is in the vicinity of Smolensko, is surprised by Rasinski, who, under cover of the darkness, has forded the Dnieper with his horsemen. On the threshold of the bridal chamber, Ochalskoi is startled by pistol-shots. The alarm-bell rings, the confusion is terrific. The principal tenants of the castle escape into the adjacent forest, but, in covering the retreat, Ochalskoi is mortally wounded. From Smolensko, Russian troops hurry out to repel the Poles, and Rasinski recrosses the river with his regiment, in whose ranks rides Ludwig, little suspecting how near he has been to the mistress of his heart. Having thus obligingly killed off the husband, before he had

de facto become entitled to the name, Mr Rellstab evidently intends ultimately rewarding the sufferings of Bianca, and the constancy of her German lover. There is still a slight difficulty in the way of this desirable consummation. Bernard, Ludwig's faithful friend, has also a hankering after the lady, whom he has seen in a London theatre, and surreptitiously sketched. He sacrifices himself to friendship, and is rewarded by the discovery that Bianca is his sister. Whereupon he finds out that he is in love with Marie, Ludwig's sister, and she, who has been wooed by Rasinski, and whose sole objection to the gallant Pole is the fact of his fighting in the French ranks, favours the suit of Bernard, whose temporary service under the tricolor was the consequence of his affection for her brother, and who atones his brief alliance with Frenchmen by taking a gallant part against them in the subsequent campaigns of 1813-15. Here, however, we are again anticipating—jumping from the middle of the second to the end of the fourth volume. We will presently retrace our steps for an extract or two. Just after the fight at Smolensko, which the Russians abandoned in the night, and the French took possession of on the 18th August, Ludwig receives a letter informing him of his mother's death, and is plunged into the deepest distress. We mention this incident, which, although its immediate cause is connected with the plot of the book, is, upon the whole, unimportant, merely because it gives us an opportunity of referring to a practice common amongst foreign writers, especially amongst German ones, and which occurs in "1812" more frequently than we should have expected to have found it in the production of a writer usually so manly as Mr Rellstab. We allude to the exorbitant allowance of hugging and kissing that goes on between the male characters of the romance. We have no objection to any decent amount of osculation, so long as the parties are of different sexes; we can even pardon the rather too warmly-coloured scenes in the bride's apartment near Smolensko, and in the boudoir or *clapier*—or whatever we are to call it—of Mademoiselle Françoise Alisette, the French singing

woman. (Mr Rellstab, by the way, is particularly given to having his billing and cooing done where 'cannons are roaring and bullets are flying,' amidst death-wounds and conflagration.) But we cannot abide, or read with common patience, even though we know it to be mere fiction,—for surely no men wearing boots, breeches, a soldier's coat, and sword on hip, ever descended to such Sporus-like familiarities,—an account of soldiers kissing and slabbering each other like a set of sentimental school-girls parting for the holidays. Bernard the painter, a very worthy fellow, and efficient man-at-arms, and withal a bit of a cynic, departs from his natural character, and falls at once a hundred per cent in our estimation, when we read of his imprinting "a soft brother's kiss upon Ludwig's lips." Having done this, however, he announces his resolution to avoid for the future softness of all kinds, and to stand "like a veteran pilot, cold and calm amidst the storm of fate." Nevertheless, when Ludwig learns his mother's decease, we find the artist relapsing into the nasty weakness, clasping his friend in his arms, and pressing "a long kiss upon his lips." The same sort of maudlin is of frequent recurrence throughout the book. Formerly very prevalent upon the Continent, the practice of embracing amongst men is sensibly on the decline, or rather it has become modified, for the most part, into a sort of meaningless hug, compounded of a clasp round the body, and a grin over the shoulder. There is no harm in this, if it amuse the actors, or is in any way gratifying to their feelings. The last time we saw the ceremony gone through, by a couple of bearded big-paunched Frenchmen, we thought they looked rather conscious of the absurdity of the exhibition, and more than half ashamed of it. Any thing beyond this, any thing like contact of chins, lips, cheeks, or mustaches, is nauseous, and degrades any male animal of the genus *homo*, superior in moral dignity to a French man-milliner, or a German student drunk with beer. Let not, however, our rightful disgust be misinterpreted. There are kisses that are hallowed in history. Such was the kiss of Hardy upon the cheek of Nelson.

The affair of Smolensko, bloody though it was, was a trifling skirmish compared with the terrible battle of the Borodino, excellently well described by Mr Rellstab. This was a profitless battle—nay, a disastrous one—to the victors, whose numerical loss rather exceeded that of the vanquished; and the Russians, little ruffled by their defeat, might almost have renewed the strife the following day, had it so pleased them. Another such victory would have been the ruin of the French. But it did not accord with Russian tactics to give them another chance. The invaders' doom awaited them there, where they anticipated safety and repose—in the ancient city of the Czars, imperial Moscow. The insignificant spoils of the action that had cost them so much blood, made it evident to the French host that the triumph was but nominal. What were a few hundred prisoners, and four-and-twenty guns, after such a tremendous day's slaughter? "It is the sun of Austerlitz!" Napoleon, with his accustomed clap-trap, had said upon the morning of the fight. Like that of Austerlitz, the sun set upon a victory; but how different in its results! "Let your descendants," said Napoleon, in one of his unrivalled and spirit-stirring proclamations, "make it their chief boast that their ancestors fought in that great battle before the walls of Moscow!" How few who shared in that day's perils and glories ever returned to their native land, to boast the exploits or bewail the mishaps of the most unfortunate campaign the world's military history can show! The action of the Borodino, claimed as a victory by the French, although in reality a drawn battle, inspired Napoleon's host with no feelings of exultation. The losses were too tremendous—the advantages too problematical. Still, the fight—or rather the voluntary retreat of the Russians during the following night—opened the road to Moscow, and this gave fresh spirits to the army: not that they rejoiced and triumphed at occupying the second capital of Russia, but because they well knew that Moscow was a further stage upon the only road by which they would be permitted to return to France, Ger-

many, Italy, Switzerland—to all the eight or ten countries, in short, of whose inhabitants the armed multitude was made up. Moscow was to be their winter-quarters, their place of refuge, rest, and solace, after great hardships and sufferings. They of course expected they would have to fight for the city, but in this they did less than justice to Russian hospitality. They found the dwelling swept, the fires laid, and all ready for lighting. Mr Rellstab powerfully describes the aspect of the deserted city, when entered by Murat at the head of his cavalry.

“The streets through which they passed made a strange impression: alive with the clang of war, they yet were deadly still, for the houses on either hand stood like silent tombs, whence no sound or sign of life proceeded. Not a single chimney smoked. The cupolas of the cathedral glittered in shining gold, encircled with wreaths of green; the pillars of palaces towered in lofty magnificence. But the glories of this noble architecture resembled the dismal finery of a corpse laid out in state for a last melancholy exhibition, so mute, so rigid was all it enclosed. This mixture of the wanton splendour of life with the profound stillness and solitude of death was so painful, that it oppressed the hearts of those rough warriors, who as yet, however, were far from suspecting the terrible truth.

“For two hours the troops had perambulated this stony desert, in whose labyrinthine mazes they became ever more deeply involved. Their progress was of the slowest, for the King of Naples, still refusing to believe what each moment rendered more apparent, was in constant expectation of a surprise, and could not banish the idea that the foe cunningly inveigled him into this confused and treacherous network of streets and lanes, in order the better suddenly to assail him. He therefore sent strong detachments into every side street, to seek the enemy supposed to lurk there. None was detected. A dreadful stillness reigned in the huge city, where erst the din of traffic deafened every ear. There was heard but the dull, hollow hoof-tramp of the horses, and the jar of the weapons, dismally reverberated from

the tall, dead walls; so that, when the column halted, complete silence spread like a shroud over the awe-stricken host. For the soldier was infected with the gloom of the scene, so that, although entering the hostile capital, no cry of victory or shout of joy escaped him; but grave and silent, scrutinising with astonished eye the surrounding edifices, in vain quest of a trace of life, he entered the metropolis of the old Czars.

“Now the walls and pinnacles of the Kremlin rose in dark majesty above the intruders’ heads. For the first time a refreshing sound was heard—a confused jumble of human voices and warlike stir. It was a party of the inhabitants, collected in a dark swarm round a train of carts conveying provisions and wounded men, who had not been soon enough got out of the city. A few Cossacks, left behind to escort them, spurred their active little horses and quickly disappeared in the maze of streets, uninjured by the bullets sent after them. Suddenly from the Kremlin, at whose doors the French had now arrived, issued a horrible uproar of howling voices. Rasinski, at the noise of the firing, had galloped to the head of the column, followed by Bernard, to ascertain its cause; and even his manly heart, long accustomed to sounds and perils of every description, beat quicker at the ghastly tumult. His eye followed the direction given by his ear, and he beheld, upon the Kremlin’s walls, a group of hideous figures, both men and women, furiously gesticulating, and evidently resolved to defend the entrance to the holy fortress. The women’s tangled and dishevelled hair, the wild bristling beards of the men, the distorted features and frantic gestures of all, their horrible cries, and rags, and filth, and barbarous weapons, composed a picture frightful beyond expression. ‘What!’ cried Rasinski, with a start, ‘has hell sent against us its most hideous demons?’—‘Are they men or spectres?’ inquired the shuddering Bernard. Again the grisly band set up their wild and horrid shriek, and shots were fired from the wall into the compact mass of soldiers. The King of Naples waved a white handkerchief in sign of truce, and called to

Rasinski to tell the people in their own language that no harm should be done to them if they abandoned their useless and desperate opposition. Rasinski rode forward; but scarcely had he uttered the first word of peace, when his voice was drowned in a horrid yell, whilst the women furiously beat their breasts and tore their hair. Once more Rasinski called to them to yield. Thereupon a woman of colossal stature, whose loosened hair fell wildly on her shoulders, sprang upon a turret of the wall. 'Dog!' she cried, 'with my teeth will I rend thee, like a hungry wolf her prey! Robber! thou shalt be torn like the hunter who despoils the she-bear of her cubs! Curse upon ye, murderers of our sons and husbands! Curse upon ye, spoilers of our cities! A triple curse upon the godless crew, who defile our holy altars, and scoff the Almighty with a devil's tongue! Woe shall be your portion, worse your sufferings than those of the damned in the sulphur-pit! Curses, eternal curses upon ye all!'

"Rasinski shuddered. This menacing figure, although fearful to behold, excited not loathing. Wide robes of black and gray shrouded the person of the Pythoness; a blood-red cloth, half cap, half turban, was twined around her head. Her grizzled hair fluttered in the wind, her glittering eye rolled wildly in its orbit, whilst her open mouth poured forth curses, and her upraised hands appealed to heaven to fulfil them.

"Summoning all his strength, Rasinski once more shouted, in his lion-like voice—

"'Madmen! do you reject mercy?'

"Another wild howl, accompanied with threatening gestures, drowned his words. By a sign he warned the King that all was in vain, and Murat gave orders to burst open the door. The artillery was already unlimbered, and three shots, whose thunder resounded fearfully in the empty city, crashed through the barrier, which broke and shivered at the shock. As it opened, a dense throng of the mad Russians streamed out, and dashed headlong into the French ranks. The invaders would fain have spared them, for they were too few to prompt a powerful foe to needless bloodshed;

but the fanatical patriotism of the unfortunates made mercy impossible. Like ferocious beasts, they threw themselves upon their foes, thinking only of destroying all they could. One raging madman, armed with a free-branch, fashioned into a huge club, struck down two Frenchmen, and with a few agile leaps was close to the King of Naples—as usual foremost in danger—when Rasinski sprang forward and cut at him with his sabre. But the blow fell flat; with the fury of a goaded hound, the wounded man sprang upon the Count, dragged him with giant strength from his saddle, hurled him to the ground, and threw himself upon him. In a moment Bernard was off his horse, and, grappling the lunatic, who strove to throttle Rasinski, pulled him violently backwards. A French officer sprang to his assistance. With the greatest difficulty they unlocked the fierce grasp in which the Russian held Rasinski; and when this was done the wretch gnashed his teeth, and strove to use them on his prostrate opponent. But Rasinski had now an arm at liberty, and when his furious foe advanced his head to bite, he struck him with his clenched fist so severe a blow in the mouth, that a thick dark stream of blood gushed over his breast and face. Nevertheless, the barbarian yielded not, but made head against the three men with all the prodigious strength of his muscular body, until the bullet from the pistol of a dragoon, who coolly put the muzzle to his breast and shot him through the heart, laid him lifeless on the ground."

Convinced at last that the city is theirs without opposition, the French take up their quarters. Rasinski establishes himself with his friends in a spacious palace, full of corridors, staircases, and long suites of rooms, reminding us in some degree of one of Mrs Radcliffe's castles. Here some well-managed scenes occur. Voices and footsteps are heard, and Ludwig has a dream "that is not all a dream," in which Bianca appears to him, warning of danger, and bidding him fly. As token of her real presence, she leaves him a bracelet—the same by picking up which he first made her acquaintance—and a letter, a mysterious sort of missive, like that by which

the gunpowder plot was discovered, in which she hints at danger underground. Rasinski, who has been disturbed by a dark figure passing through his room, at which he fires a pistol without effect, institutes a search through the palace. In the cellars they are met by a smell of sulphur, and presently the building shakes with the explosion of a mine. They hurry up to their apartments, and find them full of smoke. Just then the stillness of the night is broken by shouts of fire, and by sounds of drums and trumpets. Moscow is in flames.

And now begins, with the commencement of Mr Reilstab's third volume, the prodigious retreat from Moscow to Paris. It occupies six books out of the sixteen into which "1812" is divided, and however the interest of the other ten may occasionally be found drawn out and flagging, it must be admitted that these six are of intense and enthralling interest. From a rising ground near Moscow, Rasinski and his friends obtained a bird's-eye view of the retreating multitude, just as, encumbered with spoil, exasperated by unwonted reverse and disappointment, their blood, impoverished by previous privations, now inflamed to fever by brief but furious excesses in the palaces and wine-cellars of the Russian nobles, they started upon their weary march.

"In three broad streams the enormous mass of men and baggage poured across the fields, issuing forth in inexhaustible numbers from the ruins of Moscow, whilst the head of the column disappeared in the blue and misty distance. And besides this main body, the plain to the right and left was covered with scattered horsemen and pedestrians.

"What is to become of it all?" said Rasinski, gazing down on the throng. 'How is an army to move with such baggage? Fortunately the first charge of Cossacks will rid us of at least half the encumbrance. What blind greediness has presided at the collection of the spoil! How many have laden themselves with useless burdens, under which they are destined to sink!'

"I shall be much surprised," said Jaromir, 'if the Emperor does not have the entire plunder burned so

soon as we get into the open country.'

"Not he," replied Rasinski. 'He will not deprive the soldier, who has plodded wearily over two-thirds of Europe, of the recompense of oft-promised booty. But my word for it, before this day is over, the fellows will of themselves begin to throw their ballast overboard. See yonder, those two men, they look like officer's servants. Have they not gone and harnessed themselves to a hand-cart, and now draw their load wearily after them! Not six hours will their strength endure; but blinded by avarice, they forget the eight hundred leagues that lie between this and Paris. And yonder lines of heavy-laden carts, how long will their axles hold? And if one breaks, whence is it to be replaced? It is as much as the artillery can do to supply their deficiencies. The Emperor looks ill-pleased at all this encumbrance, but he leaves it to time to teach them the impossibility of their undertaking. There is a waggon down! do you see? one who will leave at half-a-league from Moscow all that he had probably reckoned upon conveying to Paris.'

"The cart which Rasinski saw upset was overloaded with plunder; an axle had broken, and it lay in the middle of the road, stopping the passage. There was an instant check in the whole column. From the rear came angry cries of 'Forward!' for all felt that the utmost exertion was necessary to make way through the throng and bustle. The very density of the crowd impeded movement, so that an accident diminishing the number of carts was a matter of self-gratulation to the others. As the broken vehicle could not immediately move on, and there was no room to turn it aside, the driver of one of the following carts called out to clear it away at any rate. 'Throw the lumber out of the road! every one for himself here! we cannot wait half the day for one man. Lend a hand, comrades; unharness the horses, and pitch the rubbish into the fields.' Instantly, twenty, thirty, fifty arms were extended to obey the suggestion. In vain the owner of the cart stormed and swore, and strove to defend his property. In two minutes he was sur-

rounded on all sides; and not only was the cart pillaged of all it contained, but the horses were unharnessed, the wheels taken off, and the body of the vehicle broken up and thrown aside; so that the road was once more clear. The howling fury of the plundered man was drowned in the scornful laughter of the bystanders; no one troubled his head about the matter, or dreamed of affording assistance to the despoiled individual, who might consider himself fortunate that his horses were left him.

"If this happens on the first day's march, at the gates of Moscow," observed Rasinski, 'what is to be expected when an enemy threatens these heavy-laden masses? Yonder marauder has saved nothing but his pair of lean horses. The others may think themselves lucky if they save as much from the first feint-attack of half a hundred Cossacks! The fellow now howling and cursing is the luckiest of them all; for he is the first relieved from his useless drudgery. This very day he will have abundant opportunity to laugh and scoff in his turn, perhaps at his spoilers themselves. And before a week is over, he will bless his stars that he has been saved the profitless toil. The difference is merely that he loses to-day what others will lose to-morrow and the day after: of all these thousands not one will ultimately profit by his booty.'

"The prognostications of the experienced soldier were speedily verified. The track of the French army was marked first by abandoned spoils, then by the bodies of the spoilers. Napoleon's soldiers were little accustomed to retreats, and seemed to imagine that, now they had condescended to commence one, the enemy would show his surprise and respect by abstaining from molesting them. Such at least is the only plausible way of explaining the infatuation that loaded with the most cumbersome plunder the multitude of men who, on the 16th September 1812, turned their backs upon the blazing turrets of Moscow. Nothing was too clumsy or heavy to be carried off; but ultimately nothing was found portable enough to be carried through the fatigues and dangers of the winter march. Baggage and superfluous munition-carts were soon

left behind, and the horses taken for the artillery; for which purpose, before reaching Smolensko, every second man in the cavalry was deprived of his charger. Although winter had not yet set in, there were frosts every night, and the slippery roads trebled the fatigues of the attenuated and ill-shod horses. After a short time, every means of transport, not monopolised by the guns, was required by the sick, wounded, and weary; and nobody thought of possessing more baggage than he could carry with him. And even the trophies selected in Moscow by Napoleon's order, to throw dust in the eyes of the Parisians,—splendid bronze ornaments from the palaces, outlandish cannon, (the spoils of Russia in her eastern wars,) and the cross of St Ivan, wrenched from the tower of the Kremlin,—were sunk in a lake by the roadside. Soon snow was the sole pillow, and horse-flesh the best nourishment, of the broken and dispirited army.

At Smolensko, Ludwig and Bernard, when seeking in the storerooms of the depot a supply of shoes for the regiment, suddenly find themselves face to face with their old enemies, Beaucaire and the Baron de St'Lucas, who have them arrested as spies of Russia. Prevented from communicating with Rasinski, who is suddenly ordered off and compelled to march without them, they undergo a sort of mock examination in the gray of the morning, and are led out of the town to be shot. The place appointed for their execution is a snow-covered hillock, a few hundred yards from the walls, and close to the extremity of a thick pine wood. They are escorted by thirty men, and an escape appears impossible. Nevertheless Bernard, hopeful and energetic, despairs not of accomplishing it, and communicates his intentions to Ludwig.

"Seizing a favourable moment, Bernard suddenly knocked down the two foremost soldiers, sprang from amongst his guards, and shouting to Ludwig to follow, bounded like a roebuck towards the forest. He had cleared the way for Ludwig, who, prepared for the signal, availed himself of the opening, and sped across the snowy field. The soldiers stood astounded. 'Fire!' cried the officer; and a few

obeyed the order, but already several were in full pursuit of the fugitives, preventing the others from firing, lest they should shoot their comrades. Seeing this, all threw down their muskets and joined in the chase. Ludwig sought to keep near Bernard, in order not to sever his fate from that of his trusty friend. But the number of their pursuers soon forced them to take different directions. The hunted and the hunters were alike impeded by the snow, which had been blown off the steep side of the hillock, but lay in thick masses on the table-land, and at every step the feet sank deep. Already Ludwig saw the dusky foliage of the pines close before him, already he deemed himself to have escaped his unjust doom, when suddenly he sunk up to the hips, and, by his next movement, up to the breast in the snow, which had drifted into a fissure in the earth. In vain he strained every muscle to extricate himself. In a few seconds his pursuers reached him, grappled him unmercifully, and pulled him out of the hole by his arms and hair.

"Ill treated by the soldiers, driven forward by blows from fists and musket butts, Ludwig was dragged, rather than he walked, to the place appointed for his death. Even the scornful gaze with which Beaucaire received him was insufficient to give him strength to enjoy in the last moments of his life an inward triumph over that contemptible wretch. But he looked anxiously around for Bernard, to see whether he again was the companion of his melancholy lot. He saw him not; he evidently was not yet captured. The hope that his friend had finally effected his escape, comforted Ludwig, although he felt that death, now he was alone to meet it, was harder to endure than when he was sustained by the companionship of the gallant Bernard.

"He was now again at the post, to which two soldiers secured him with musket-slings, his arms behind his back, as though they feared fresh resistance. The sergeant stepped up to him, a handkerchief in his hand.

" 'I will bandage your eyes, comrade,' said he, compassionately; 'it is better so.'

"In the first instance Ludwig would

have scorned the bandage, but now he let his kind-hearted fellow-soldier have his way. Suddenly it occurred to him that he might make the sergeant the bearer of his last earthly wishes.

" 'Comrade,' said he, as the man secured the cloth over his eyes, 'you will not refuse me a last friendly service. So soon as you are able, go to Colonel Rasinski, who commands our regiment; tell him how I died, and beg him to console my sister. And if you outlive this war, and go to her in Warsaw or Dresden, and tell her that'—

"He was interrupted by several musket-shots close at hand.

" 'Are those for me, already?' cried Ludwig,—for the sergeant had let go the handkerchief, now secured round his head, and had stepped aside. For sole reply Ludwig heard him exclaim—'The devil! what is that?' and spring forward. At the same time arose a confused outcry and bustle, and again shots were fired just in the neighbourhood, one bullet whistling close to Ludwig's head. He heard horses in full gallop, whilst a mixture of words of command, shouts, clash of steel and reports of fire-arms resounded on all sides. 'Forward!' cried the voice of the sergeant. 'Close your ranks! fire!'

"A platoon fire from some twenty muskets rang in Ludwig's ear; he imagined the muzzles were pointed at him, and an involuntary tremor made his whole frame quiver. But he was still alive and uninjured. The complete darkness in which he found himself, the bonds that prevented his moving, the excitement and tension of his nerves, caused a host of strange wild ideas to flit across his brain. Hearing upon the left the stamp of hoofs and shouts of charging horsemen, he thought for a moment that Rasinski and his men had come to deliver him. Then, however, he heard the howling war-cry of the Russians. A 'hurrah' rent the air. The contending masses rushed past him; the smoke of powder whirled in his face; cries, groans, and clatter of weapons were all around him. He was in the midst of the fight; in vain he strove to break his bonds, that he might tear the bandage from his eyes; he

continued in profound obscurity. 'Is it a frightful dream?' he at last gasped out, turning his face to heaven. 'Will none awake me, and end this horrible suffering?'

"But no hand touched him, and little by little the tumult receded, and was lost in the distance.

"Thus passed a few minutes of agonising suspense; Ludwig writhed in his fetters; a secret voice whispered to him, that could he burst them he yet might be saved, but they resisted his utmost efforts. Then he again heard loud voices, which gradually approached, accompanied by hurried footsteps. On a sudden a rough hand tore the cloth from his eyes.

"Thunderstruck, he gazed around. Three men with long beards, whom he at once recognised as Russian peasants, stood before him, staring at him with a mixture of scorn and wonder. On the ground lay several muskets and the bodies of two French soldiers. Ludwig saw himself in the power of his enemies, whom a strange chance had converted into his deliverers."

Beaucaire and St Lucce were also in the hands of the Russians, in whose unfriendly care we for the present leave both them and Ludwig, to recur, at a future day, to this interesting romance.

THE BLUE DRAGON;

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FROM THE CRIMINAL RECORDS OF HOLLAND.

IN the town of M——, in Holland, there lived, towards the close of the last century, an elderly widow, Madame Andrecht. She inhabited a house of her own, in company with her maid-servant, who was nearly of the same age. She was in prosperous circumstances; but, being in delicate health and paralysed on one side, she had few visitors, and seldom went abroad except to church or to visit the poor. Her chief recreation consisted in paying a visit in spring to her son, who was settled as a surgeon in a village a few miles off. On these occasions, fearing a return of a paralytic attack, she was invariably accompanied by her maid, and, during these visits, her own house was left locked up, but uninhabited and unwatched.

On the 30th June 17—, the widow returning to M—— from one of these little excursions, found her house had been broken open in her absence, and that several valuable articles, with all her jewels and trinkets, had disappeared. Information was immediately given to the authorities, and a strict investigation of the

circumstances took place without delay.

The old lady had been three weeks absent, and the thieves of course had had ample leisure for their attempt. They had evidently gained access through a window in the back part of the house communicating with the garden, one of the panes of which had been removed and the bolts of the window forced back, so as to admit of its being pulled up. The bolts of the back-door leading into the garden had also been withdrawn, as if the robbers had withdrawn their plunder in that direction. The other doors and windows were uninjured; and several of the rooms appeared to have been unopened. The furniture, generally, was untouched; but the kitchen utensils were left in confusion, as if the robbers had intended removing them, but had been interrupted or pursued.

At the same time it was evident they had gone very deliberately about their work. The ceiling and doors of a heavy old press, the drawers of which had been secured by strong and well constructed locks, had been

The following singular story of circumstantial evidence is compressed from a collection of criminal trials, published at Amsterdam under the title "*Oorkonden uit de Gedenkschriften van het Strafrecht, en uit die der menschlyke Mishappen; te Amsterdam.*" By J. C. Van Kersleren, 1820." Notwithstanding the somewhat romantic complexion of the incidents, it has been included as genuine in the recent German collection, *Der Neue Pitaval*. 7 Band.

removed with so much neatness that no part of the wood-work had been injured. The ceiling and doors were left standing by the side of the press. The contents, consisting of jewels, articles of value, and fine linens, were gone. Two strong boxes were found broken open, from which gold and silver coin, with some articles of clothing, had been abstracted. The value of the missing articles amounted to about two thousand Dutch guildens. The house, however, contained many other articles of value, which, singularly enough, had escaped the notice of the thieves. In particular, the greater part of the widow's property consisted of property in the funds, the obligations for which were deposited, not in the press above-mentioned, but in an iron chest in her sleeping-room. This chest she had accidentally removed, shortly before her departure; placing it in a more retired apartment, where it had fortunately attracted no attention.

The robbery had, apparently, been committed by more than one person; and, it was naturally suspected, by persons well acquainted with the house, and with the circumstances of its inhabitants. The house itself, which was almost the only respectable one in the neighbourhood, was situated in a retired street. The neighbouring dwellings were inhabited by the poorer classes, and not a few of the less reputable members of society. The inner fosse of the town, which was navigable, flowed along the end of the garden through which the thieves had, apparently, gained admittance, being separated from the garden only by a thin thorn hedge. It was conjectured that the thieves had made their way close to the hedge by means of a boat, and from thence had clambered over into the garden, along the walks and flower-beds of which foot-marks were traceable.

The discovery of the robbery had created a general sensation, and the house was surrounded by a crowd of curious idlers, whom it required some effort on the part of the police to prevent from intruding into the premises. One of them only, a baker, and the inhabitant of the house opposite to that of the widow, succeeded in making his way in along with the

officers of justice. His acquaintances awaited his return with impatience, trusting to be able, from his revelations, to gratify their curiosity at second-hand. If so, they were disappointed, for, on his exit, he assumed an air of mystery, answered equivocally, and observed, that people might suspect many things of which it might not be safe to speak.

In proportion, however, to his taciturnity was the loquaciousness of a woolspinner, Leendert Van N——, the inhabitant of the corner house next to that of the widow. He mingled with the groups who were discussing the subject; dropped hints that he had his own notions as to the culprits, and could, if necessary, give a clue to their discovery. Among the crowd who were observed to listen to these effusions, was a Jew dealer in porcelain, a suspected spy of the police. Before evening, the woolspinner received a summons to the town-house, and was called upon by the burgomaster for an explanation of the suspicious expressions he had used. He stammered, hesitated, pretended he knew of nothing but general grounds of suspicion, like his neighbours; but being threatened with stronger measures of compulsion, he at last agreed to speak out, protesting, at the same time, that he could willingly have spared persons against whom he had no grudge whatever, and would have been silent for ever, if he had foreseen the consequence of his indiscretion.

The substance of his disclosure was to this effect:—Opposite the German post-house, at the head of the street in which the woolspinner lived, there was a little alehouse. Nicholas D—— was the landlord. He was generally known among his acquaintances, not by his baptismal or family name, but by the appellation of the Blue Dragon, from having formerly served in the horse regiment of Colonel Van Wackerbarth, which was popularly known by the name of the Blues. About two years before, he had become acquainted with and married Hannah, the former servant of Madame Andrecht, who had been six years in that situation, and possessed her entire confidence. Unwilling to part with her attendant, and probably entertaining no favourable notion of the intended

husband, Madame Andrecht had long thrown impediments in the way of the match, so that the parties were obliged to meet chiefly at night, and by stealth. Nicholas found his way into the house at night through the gardefi of his acquaintance the woolspinner, and across the hedge which divided it from Madame Andrecht's. Of these nocturnal visits the woolspinner was at first cognisant, but, fearful of getting into a scrape with his respectable neighbour, he was under the necessity of intimating to the bold dragoon, that if he intended to continue his escalades, he must do so from some other quarter than his garden. Nicholas obeyed apparently, and desisted; but, to the surprise of the woolspinner, he found the lovers continued to meet not the less regularly in Madame Andrecht's garden. One evening, however, the mystery was explained. The woolspinner, returning home after dark, saw tied to a post in the canal, close by Madame Andrecht's garden, one of those small boats which were generally used by the dragoons for bringing forage from the magazine; and he at once conjectured that this was the means by which the dragoon was enabled to continue his nocturnal assignations. With the recollection of this passage in the landlord's history was combined a circumstance of recent occurrence, trifling in itself, but which appeared curiously to link in with the mode in which the robbery appeared to have been effected. Ten days before the discovery of the house-breaking, and while the widow was in the country, the woolspinner stated that he found, one morning, a dirty-coloured handkerchief lying on the grass bank of the fosse, and exactly opposite his neighbour's garden. He took it up and put it in his pocket, without thinking about it at the time. At dinner he happened to remember it, mentioned the circumstance to his wife, showed her the handkerchief, and observed jestingly, "If Madame Andrecht were in town, and Hannah were still in her service, we should say our old friend the Blue Dragoon had been making his rounds and had dropt his handkerchief." His wife took the handkerchief, examined it, and exclaimed, "In the name of wonder, what is that you say? Is not

Hannah's husband's name Nicholas D——?" pointing out to him at the same time the initials N. D. in the corner. Both, however, had forgotten the circumstance till the occurrence of the robbery naturally recalled it to the husband's mind.

The woolspinner told his story simply; his conclusions appeared unstrained: suspicion became strongly directed against the Blue Dragoon, and these suspicions were corroborated by another circumstance which emerged at the same time.

During the first search of the house, a half-burnt paper, which seemed to have been used for lighting a pipe, was found on the floor, near the press which had been broken open. Neither Madame Andrecht nor her maid smoked; the police officers had no pipes when they entered the house; so the match had in all probability been dropped on the ground by the housebreakers.

On examination of the remains of the paper, it appeared to have been a receipt, such as was usually granted by the excise to innkeepers for payment of the duties on spirits received into the town from a distance, and which served as a permit entitling the holder to put the article into his cellars. The upper part of the receipt containing the name of the party to whom it was granted was burnt, but the lower part was preserved, containing the signature of the excise officer, and the date of the permit: it was the 16th March of the same year. From these materials it was easy to ascertain what innkeeper in the town had, on that day, received such a permit for spirits. From an examination of the excise register, it appeared that on that day Nicholas D—— had received and paid the duties on several ankers of Geneva. Taken by itself, this would have afforded but slender evidence that he had been the person who had used the paper for a match, and had dropped it within Madame Andrecht's room; but, taken in connexion with the finding of the handkerchief, and the suspicious history of his nocturnal rambles which preceded it, it strengthened in a high degree the suspicions against the ex-dragon.

After a short consultation, orders were issued for his apprehension. Surprise, it was thought, would pro-

bably extort from him an immediate confession. His wife, his father—a man advanced in years—and his brother, a shoemaker's apprentice, were apprehended at the same time.

A minute search of the house of the innkeeper followed; but none of the stolen articles were at first discovered, and indeed nothing that could excite suspicion, except a larger amount of money than might perhaps have been expected. At last, as the search was on the point of being given up, there was found in one of the drawers a memorandum-book. This was one of the articles mentioned in the list of Madame Andrecht's effects; and, on inspection, there could be no doubt that this was the one referred to—for several pages bore private markings in her own handwriting, and in a side-pocket were found two letters bearing her address. Beyond this, none of the missing articles could be traced in the house.

The persons apprehended were severally examined. Nicholas D— answered every question with the utmost frankness and unconcern. He admitted the truth of the woolspinner's story of his courtship, his nightly scrambles over the hedge, and his subsequent visits to his intended by means of the forage-boat. The handkerchief he admitted to be his property. When and where he had lost it he could not say. It had disappeared about six months before, and he had thought no more about it. When the pocket-book which had been found was laid before him, he gave it back without embarrassment, declared he knew nothing of it, had never had it in his possession, and shook his head with a look of surprise and incredulity when told where it had been found.

The other members of his household appeared equally unembarrassed: they expressed even greater astonishment than he had done, that the pocket-book, with which they declared themselves entirely unacquainted, should have been found in the place where it was. The young wife burst out into passionate exclamations: she protested it was impossible; or if the book was really found on the spot, that it was inexplicable to her how it came there. The Saturday before,

(her apprehension having taken place on a Thursday,) she had brushed out the press from top to bottom—had cleared out the contents, and nothing of the kind was then to be found there.

The behaviour of the married pair and their inmates made, on the whole, a favourable impression on the judge who conducted the inquiry. Their calmness appeared to him the result of innocence; their character was good; their house was orderly and quiet, and none of the articles of value had been discovered in their possession. True, they might have disposed of them elsewhere; but the articles were numerous, and of a kind likely to lead to detection. Why should they have preserved the comparatively worthless article found in the drawer, instead of burning or destroying it? Why, above all, preserve it in a spot so likely to be discovered, if they had so carefully made away with every trace of the rest?

Still unquestionable suspicions rested on the landlord. The thieves must have been well acquainted with Madame Andrecht's house; and this was undeniably his position. His handkerchief, found on the spot about the time of the robbery; the half-burned match dropped on the premises; the pocket-book found in his own house—these, though not amounting to proof, scarcely seemed to admit of an explanation absolutely consistent with innocence.

In this stage of the inquiry, a new witness entered upon the scene. A respectable citizen, a dealer in wood, voluntarily appeared before the authorities, and stated that his conscience would no longer allow him to conceal certain circumstances which appeared to bear upon the question, though, from an unwillingness to come forward or to appear as an informer against parties who might be innocent, he had hitherto suppressed any mention of them.

Among his customers was the well-known carpenter, Isaac Van C—, who was generally considerably in arrears with his payments. These arrears increased: the wood-merchant became pressing: at last he threatened judicial proceedings. This brought matters to a point. A few days before the discovery of the robbery at

Madame Andrecht's, the carpenter made his appearance in his house, and entreated him to delay proceedings, which he said would be his ruin, by bringing all his creditors on his back. "See," said he, "in what manner I am paid myself," putting a basket on the table, which contained a pair of silver candlesticks and a silver coffee-pot. "One of my debtors owes me upwards of sixty guildens; I have tried in vain to get payment, and have been glad to accept of these as the only chance of making any thing of the debt. From the silversmiths here I should not get the half the value for them: I must keep them by me till I go to Amsterdam, where such things are understood; but I shall leave them with you in pledge for my debt." The wood-merchant at first declined receiving them, but at length, thinking that it was his only prospect of obtaining ultimate payment, he yielded, and the articles remained in his hands.

A few days afterwards, the robbery became public; the list of the silver articles contained a coffee-pot and candlesticks; and the wood-merchant, not doubting that the articles pledged had formed part of the abstracted effects, had felt himself compelled to make known the way in which they had been obtained, and to place them in the hands of the officers of justice. He meant, he said, to convey no imputation against the carpenter, but it would be easy to learn from his own lips who was the debtor from whom the articles had come.

The court ordered the basket with the plate to be placed, covered, upon the table, and sent forthwith for the carpenter. He arrived in breathless haste, but seemed prepared for what followed, and without waiting for the interrogatories of the judge, he proceeded with his explanation.

Pressed by his creditor the wood-merchant, the carpenter, in his turn, proceeded to press his own debtors. Among these was the Blue Dragoon, Nicholas D—, who was indebted to him in an account of sixty guildens for work done on his premises. Nicholas entreated for delay; but the carpenter being peremptory, he inquired whether he would not take some articles of old silver plate in payment, which, he

said, had belonged to his father, and had been left to him as a legacy by an old lady in whose family he had been coachman. It was at last agreed that the carpenter should take the plate at a certain value as a partial payment, and it was accordingly brought to his house the same evening by the dragoon. The latter advised him, in the event of his wishing to dispose of the plate, to take it to Amsterdam, as the silversmiths of the place would not give him half the value for the articles. The carpenter asked him why he had not carried it to Amsterdam himself. "So I would," he answered, "if you had given me time. As it is, give me your promise not to dispose of it here—I have my own reasons for it."

If this statement was correct—and there seemed no reason to doubt the fairness of the carpenter's story—it pressed most heavily against the accused. He was thus found in possession of part of the stolen property, and disposing of it, under the most suspicious circumstances, to a third party.

He was examined anew, and the beginning of his declaration corresponded exactly with the deposition of the carpenter. The latter had worked for him: he was sixty guildens in his debt. He was asked if he had paid the account: he answered he had not been in a condition to do so. He was shown the silver plate, and was told what had been stated by the carpenter. He stammered, became pale, and protested he knew nothing of the plate; and in this statement he persisted in the presence of witnesses. He was then shown the gold which had been found in his house. It belonged, he said, not to himself, but to his father-in-law.

This part of the statement, indeed, was confirmed by the other inmates of his family; but, in other respects, their statements were calculated to increase the suspicions against him. Nicholas, for instance, had stated that no part of his debt to Isaac had been paid—that in fact he had not been in a condition to do so—while the other three members of the household, on the contrary, maintained that a few months before he had made a payment of twenty guildens to Isaac, expressly to

account of this claim. Nicholas became vastly embarrassed when this contradiction between his own statement and the evidence of the witnesses was pointed out to him. For the first time his composure forsook him—he begged pardon for the falsehood he had uttered. It was true, he said, that he had counted out twenty guildens, in presence of the members of his family, and told them it was intended as a payment to account of Isaac's claim; but the money had not been paid to his creditor. He had been obliged to appropriate it to the payment of some old gambling debts, of which he could not venture to inform his wife.

This departure from truth on the part of the accused had apparently but slender bearing on the question of the robbery; but it excited a general doubt as to his statements, which further inquiry tended to confirm. The carpenter, anxious to remove any suspicion as to the truth of his own story, produced a sort of account-book kept by himself, in which, under the sale of 23d June, there was the following entry,—"The innkeeper, Nicholas D—, has this day paid me the value of thirty guildens in old silver." The housekeeper and apprentice of the carpenter also deposed that they had been present on one occasion when the dragoon had proposed that their master should take the silver in payment.

If, on the one hand, the innkeeper had handed over to the carpenter the silver plate, it was plain he was either the thief or the receiver: if he had not done so, the carpenter had not only been guilty of a calumnious accusation, but the suspicion of a guilty connexion with the robbery became turned against himself. All presumptions, however, were against the innkeeper. He had admittedly been guilty of a decided falsehood as to the payment,—he could not or would not give the names of any one of those to whom his gambling debts had been paid, as he alleged,—and the fact that he had brought the plate to the carpenter's was attested by three creditable witnesses.

The general opinion in the town was decidedly against him. The utmost length that any one ventured to go, was, to suggest that his relations, who

had been apprehended along with him, might be innocent of any participation in his guilt; though, being naturally anxious to save him, they might somewhat have compromised the truth by their silence, or their statements.

The dragoon was removed from his provisional custody to the prison of the town; the others were subjected to a close surveillance, that all communication between them might be prevented. As all of them, however, persisted in the story, exactly as it had at first been told, stronger measures were at length resorted to. On the motion of the burgomaster, as public prosecutor, "that the principal party accused, Nicholas D—, should be delivered over to undergo the usual preparatory process for compelling confession," namely the torture, the court, after consideration of the state of the evidence, unanimously issued the usual warrant against him to that effect. Some pitied him, though none doubted his guilt. The general impression in the town was, that the courage of the innkeeper would soon give way, and that, in fact, he would probably confess the whole upon the first application of the torture.

The preparations were complete—the torture was to take place the next day, when the following letter, bearing the post-mark of Rotterdam, was received by the court,—

"Before I leave the country, and betake myself where I shall be beyond the reach either of the court of M— or the military tribunal of the garrison, I would save the poor unfortunate persons who are now prisoners at M— Beware of punishing the innkeeper, his wife, his father, and brother, for a crime of which they are not guilty. How the story of the carpenter is connected with theirs, I cannot conjecture. I have heard of it with the greatest surprise. The latter may not himself be entirely innocent. Let the judge pay attention to this remark. You may spare yourselves the trouble of inquiring after me. If the wind is favourable, by the time you read this letter I shall be on my passage to England.

"JOSEPH CHRISTIAN RUHLER,
"Former Corporal in the Company of Le Lery."

The court gladly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by this letter to put off the torture. At first sight it did not appear a mere device to obtain delay. A company under Captain Le Lery was in garrison in the town; in that company there was a corporal of the name of Ruhler, who some weeks before had deserted and disappeared from his quarters. All inquiries after him since had proved in vain. The court subsequently learned from the report of the officer in command, that he had disappeared the evening before the day when the news of the robbery became public. He had been last seen by the guard in the course of the forenoon before his disappearance. Some connexion between the events appeared extremely probable.

But a new discovery seemed suddenly to demolish the conclusions founded on the letter. It had been laid before the commanding officer, who at once declared the handwriting was counterfeited; it was not that of Ruhler, which was well known, nor had it the least resemblance to it. The evidence of several of his comrades, and a comparison of the handwriting with some regimental lists, undoubtedly in the handwriting of Ruhler, proved this beyond a doubt.

The letter from Rotterdam thus was merely the device of some unknown friend or confederate, and probably resorted to only to put off the punishment of the accused. How indeed, if Ruhler was really implicated in the robbery, should he have thus cast suspicion upon himself? If his object had been merely to preserve the innkeeper and his friends from the torture, he would have assumed some other name. In all probability, therefore, some third party, implicated in the robbery, had availed himself of the accidental disappearance of the corporal to throw the suspicion of the robbery upon him, and to exculpate the guilty parties, who, if brought to the torture, might be induced to disclose the names of all their associates. To prevent this was probably the object of the letter. This, at least, was the prevailing opinion.

The strongest efforts were now made to discover the true writer of the letter; and mean time the

torture was put off, when two other important witnesses made their appearance on the stage. Neither had the least connexion with the other; nay, the circumstances which they narrated appeared in some respects contradictory, and while they threw light on the subject in one quarter, they only served to darken it in another.

A merchant in the town, who dealt in different wares, and lived in the neighbourhood of Madame Andrecht's house, had been absent on a journey of business during the discovery of the robbery; and the course of the subsequent judicial proceedings. Scarcely had he returned and heard the story of the robbery, when he voluntarily presented himself next morning before the authorities, for the purpose, as he said, of making important revelations, which might have the effect of averting destruction from the innocent. In the public coach he had already heard some particulars of the case, and had formed his own conjectures; but since his return, these conjectures had with him grown into convictions, and he had not closed an eye from the apprehension that his disclosures might come too late. Had he returned sooner, matters would never have reached this length.

At the time when the robbery must have taken place, he had been in the town. The carpenter, Isaac Van C—, called upon him one day, begging the loan of the boat, which he was in the custom of using for the transport of bales and heavy packages to different quarters of the town. The boat generally lay behind the merchant's house, close to his warehouse, which was situated on the bank of the town fosse already alluded to. Isaac assured him he would require the boat only for a night or two, and would take care that it was returned in the morning in good condition. To the question why he wanted the boat at night, he, after some hesitation, returned for answer, that he had engaged to transport the furniture of some people who were removing, and who had their own reasons for not doing so in daylight, implying that they were taking French leave of their creditors. "And you propose to lend

yourself to such a transaction," said the merchant, peremptorily refusing the loan of the boat. The carpenter interrupted him: assured him he had only jested; that his real object was only to amuse himself in fishing with some of his comrades; and that he had only not stated that at first, as the merchant might be apprehensive that the operation would dirty his boat. The merchant at last yielded to the continued requests of the carpenter, and agreed to lend him the boat, but upon the express condition that it should be returned to its place in the morning. In this respect the carpenter kept his word; when the merchant went to his warehouse in the morning, he saw the carpenter and his apprentice engaged in fastening the boat. They went away without observing him. It struck him, however, as singular, that they appeared to have with them neither nets nor fishing-tackle of any kind. He examined the boat, and was surprised to find it perfectly clean and dry, whereas, if used for fishing, it would probably have been found half-filled with water, and dirty enough. In this particular, then, the carpenter had been detected in an untruth. The boat had not been fastened to its usual place; the merchant jumped into it for that purpose, and from a crevice in the side he saw something protruding; he took it out; it was a couple of silver forks wrapped in paper. Thus the carpenter's first version of the story—as to the purpose for which he wanted the boat,—was the true one after all. He *had* been assisting some bankrupt to carry off his effects. Angry at having been thus deceived, the merchant put the forks in his pocket, and set out forthwith on his way to Isaac's. The carpenter, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were in the workshop. He produced the forks. "These," said he, "are what you have left in my boat. Did you use these to eat your fish with?"

The three were visibly embarrassed. They cast stolen glances upon one another; no one ventured to speak. The housekeeper first recovered her composure. She stammered out,— "that he must not think ill of them; that her master had only been assisting some people who were leaving the

town quietly, to remove their furniture and effects." As the transaction was unquestionably not of the most creditable character, this might account for the visible embarrassment they betrayed; when he demanded, however, the names of the parties whose effects they had been removing, no answer was forthcoming. The carpenter at last told him he was not at liberty to disclose them then, but that he should learn them afterwards. All three pressingly entreated him to be silent as to this matter. He was so; but in the mean time made inquiry quietly as to who had left the town, though without success. Shortly after, his journey took place, and the transaction had worn out of mind, till recalled to his recollection on his return, when he was made aware of the whole history of the robbery: and forthwith came to the conclusion, that there lay at the bottom of the matter some shameful plot to implicate the innocent, and to shield those whom he believed to be the true criminals, namely, Isaac Van U—, his apprentice, and housekeeper, the leading witnesses, in fact, against the unfortunate dragoon.

The criminal proceedings, in consequence of these disclosures, took a completely different turn. The merchant was a witness entirely above suspicion. True, there was here only the testimony of one witness, either to the innocence of the dragoon, or the guilt of the carpenter; but the moral conviction to which his statement gave rise in the mind of the judge was so strong, that he did not hesitate to issue an immediate order for the arrest of the carpenter and his companions, before publicity should be given to the merchant's disclosures. No sooner were they apprehended, than a strict scrutiny was made in the carpenter's house.

This measure was attended with the most complete success. With the exception of a few trifles, the whole of the effects which had been abstracted from Madame Andrecht's, were found in the house. The examination of the prisoners produced a very different result from those of Nicholas and his comrades. True, they denied the charges, but they did so with palpable confusion, and their

statements abounded in the grossest contradictions of each other and even of themselves. They came to recriminations and mutual accusations; and, being threatened with the torture, they at last offered to make a full confession. The substance of their admissions was as follows:—

Isaac Van C—, his apprentice, and his housekeeper, were the real perpetrators of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. Who had first suggested to them the design, does not appear from the evidence. But with the old lady's house and its arrangements they were as fully acquainted as the dragoon. The apprentice, when formerly in the service of another master, had wrought in it, and knew every corner of it thoroughly. They had borrowed the boat for the purpose of getting access across the canal into the garden, and used it for carrying off the stolen property, as already mentioned. On the morning when the robbery became public, the master and the apprentice had mingled with the crowd to learn what reports were in circulation on the subject. Among other things, the apprentice had heard that the woolspinner's wife had unhesitatingly expressed her suspicions against the Blue Dragoon. Of this he informed his comrades, and they, delighted at finding so convenient a scapegoat for averting danger from themselves, forthwith formed the infernal design of directing, by every means in their power, the suspicious of justice against the innkeeper.

The apprentice entered the drinking-room of the innkeeper, and called for some schnaps, at the same time asking for a coal to light his pipe. While the innkeeper went out to fetch the coal, the apprentice took the opportunity of slipping the widow's memorandum-book, which he had brought in his pocket, betwixt the drawers. He succeeded, and the consequences followed as the culprits had foreseen: the house was searched, the book found, and, in the eyes of many, the dragoon's guilt established.

If these confessions were to be trusted, the dragoon and his family seemed exculpated from any actual participation in the robbery. Still, there were circumstances which these confessions did not clear up; some

grave points of doubt remained unexplained. That the carpenter had himself pledged the silver plate with the wood-merchant, without having received it from Nicholas, was now likely enough; he had accused him, probably, only to screen himself. But how came Nicholas's handkerchief to be found by the side of the hedge? How came the excise receipt, which belonged to him, to be used as a match by the thieves? The carpenter and his comrades declared that as to these facts they knew nothing; and as they had now no inducement to conceal the truth, there could be no reasonable doubt that their statement might, in these particulars, be depended upon.

The suspicion again arose that other accomplices must be concerned in the affair; and the subject of the letter from the corporal who had deserted, became anew the subject of attention. If not written by himself, it might have been written by another at his suggestion, and in one way or other it might have a connexion with the mysterious subject of the robbery.

In fact, while the proceedings against the carpenter and his associates were in progress, an incident had occurred, which could not fail to awaken curiosity and attention with regard to this letter. The schoolmaster of a village about a league from the town presented himself before the authorities, exhibited a scrap of paper on which nothing appeared but the name Joseph Christian Ruhler, and inquired whether, shortly before, a letter in this handwriting and subscribed with this name, had not been transmitted to the court? On comparing the handwriting of the letter with the paper exhibited by the schoolmaster, it was unquestionable that both were the production of the same hand.

The statement of the schoolmaster was this,—

In the village where he resided, there was a deaf and dumb young man, named Henry Hechting, who had been sent by the parish to the schoolmaster for board and education. He had succeeded in imparting to the unfortunate youth the art of writing; so perfectly, indeed, that he could communicate with any one by means

of a slate and slate-pencil which he always carried about with him. He also wrote so fair a hand, that he was employed by many persons, and even sometimes by the authorities, to transcribe or copy writings for them. Some time before, an unknown person had appeared in the village, had inquired after the deaf and dumb young man in the schoolmaster's absence, and had taken him with him to the alehouse to write out something for him. The unknown had called for a private room, ordered a bottle of wine, and, by means of the slate, gave him to understand that he wanted him to make a clean copy of the draft of a letter which he produced. Hechtung did so at once without suspicion. Still, the contents of the letter appeared to him of a peculiar and questionable kind, and the whole demeanour of the stranger evinced restlessness and anxiety. When he came, however, to add the address of the letter, "To Herr Van der R—, Burgomaster of M—," he hesitated to do so, and yielded only to the pressing entreaties of the stranger, who paid him a gulden for his trouble, requesting him to preserve strict silence as to the whole affair.

The deaf and dumb young man, when he began to reflect on the matter, felt more and more convinced that he had unconsciously been made a party to some illegal transaction. He at last confessed the whole to his instructor, who at once perceived that there existed a close connexion between the incident which had occurred and the criminal procedure in the noted case of the robbery. The letter of the corporal had already got into circulation in the neighbourhood, and was plainly the one which his pupil had been employed to copy. The schoolmaster, at his own hand, set on foot a small preliminary inquiry. He hastened to the innkeeper of the village inn, and asked him if he could recollect the stranger who some days before had ordered a private room and a bottle of wine, and who had been for some time shut up with the deaf and dumb lad. The host remembered the circumstance, but did not know the man. His wife, however, recollected that she had seen him talking on terms of cordial familiarity

with the corn-miller, Overblink, as he was resting at the inn with his carts. The schoolmaster repaired on the spot to Overblink, inquired who was the man with whom he had conversed and shaken hands some days before at the inn; and the miller, without much hesitation, answered, that he remembered the day, the circumstance, and the man, very well; and that the latter was his old acquaintance the baker, H—, from the town. The schoolmaster hastened to lay these particulars before the authorities.

How, then, was the well-known baker, H—, implicated in this affair, which seemed gradually to be expanding itself so strangely? The facts as to the robbery itself seemed exhausted by the confessions of the carpenter and his associates. They alone had broken into the house—they alone had carried off and appropriated the stolen articles. And yet, if the baker was entirely unconnected with the matter, what could be his motive for mixing himself up with the transaction, and writing letters, as if to avert suspicion from those who had been first accused? Was his motive simply compassion? Was he aware of the real circumstances of the crime, and its true perpetrators? Did he know that the Blue Dragon was innocent? But if so, why employ this mysterious and circuitous mode of assisting him? Why resort to this anxious precaution of employing a deaf and dumb lad as his amanuensis? why such signs of restlessness and apprehension,—such anxious injunctions of silence? Plainly the baker was not entirely innocent: this was the conviction left on the minds of the judges; for it was now recollected that this baker was the same person who, on the morning when the robbery was detected, had contrived to make his way into the house along with the officers of justice. It was he who had lifted from the ground the match containing the half-burnt receipt, and handed it to the officers present. His excessive zeal had even attracted attention before. Had he, then, broken into the house independently of the carpenter? Had he, too, committed a robbery—and was he agitated by the fear of its detection? But all the stolen articles had been recovered,

and all of them had been found with the carpenter. The mystery, for the moment, seemed only increased; but it was about to be cleared up in a way wonderful enough, but entirely satisfactory.

While the schoolmaster and the miller Overhlink were detained at the Council-Chamber, the baker H—— was taken into custody. A long and circumstantial confession was the result, to the particulars of which we shall immediately advert. From his disclosures, a warrant was also issued for the apprehension of the woolspinner, Leendert Van N—— and his wife—the same who had at first circulated the reports and suspicions against the dragoon; and who had afterwards given such plausible, and, as it appeared, such frank and sincere information against him before the court. Both had taken the opportunity of making off: but the pursuit of justice was successful—before evening they were brought back and committed to prison.

The criminal procedure now proceeded rapidly to a close, but it related to a quite different matter from the robbery. This third association of culprits, it appeared, had as little to do with the carpenter and his comrades as these had with the dragoon and his inmates. But for the housebreaking, in which the persons last arrested had no share, the real crime in which they were concerned would, in all human probability, never have seen the light.

The following disclosures were the result of the confessions of the guilty, and of the other witnesses who were examined.

On the evening of the 29th June, there were assembled in the low and dirty chamber of the woolspinner, Leendert Van N——, a party of card-players. It has already been mentioned that this quarter of the town was in a great measure inhabited by the disreputable portion of the public—only a few houses, like those of Madame Andrecht, being occupied by the better classes. The gamblers were the Corporal Ruhler, of the company of Le Lery, then lying in garrison in the place, the master baker H——, and the host himself, Leendert Van N——. The party were old acquaintances; they hated and despised each other,

but a community of interests and pursuits drew them together.

The baker and corporal had been long acquainted; the former baked the bread for the garrison company, the latter had the charge of receiving it from him. The corporal had soon detected various frauds committed by the baker, and gave the baker the choice of denouncing them to the commanding officer, or sharing with him the profits of the fraud. The baker naturally chose the latter, but hated the corporal as much as he feared him; while the latter made him continually feel how completely he considered him in his power.

A still deadlier enmity existed between the corporal and the woolspinner and his wife. The latter had formerly supplied the garrison with gaiters and other articles of clothing, and he had reason to believe that the corporal had been the means of depriving him of this commission, by which he had suffered materially. But the corporal had still a good deal in his power; he might be the means of procuring other orders, and it was necessary, therefore, to suppress any appearance of irritation, and even to appear to court his favour.

Such an association as that which subsisted among these comrades, where each hates and suspects the other, and nothing but the tie of a common interest unites them, can never be of long duration. The moment is sure to arrive when the spark falls upon the mine which has been so long prepared, and the explosion takes place, the more fearful the longer it has been delayed.

These worthy associates were playing cards on the evening above-mentioned: they quarrelled; and the quarrel became more and more embittered. The long-suppressed hatred on the part of the baker and the woolspinner burst forth. The corporal retorted in terms equally offensive; he applied to them the epithets which they deserved. From words they proceeded to blows, and deadly weapons were laid hold of on both sides. But two male foes and a female fury, arrayed on one side, were too much even for a soldier. The corporal, seized and pinioned from behind by the woman, fell under the blows of the woolspinner. As yet the baker

had rather hounded on the others than actually interfered in the scuffle; but when the corporal, stretched on the ground, and his head bleeding from a blow on the corner of the table, which he had received in falling, began to utter loud curses against them, and to threaten them all with public exposure—particularly that deceitful scoundrel the baker—the latter, prompted either by fear or hatred, whispered to the woolspinner and his wife that now was the time to make an end of him at once; and that if they did not, they were ruined.

The deadly counsel was adopted: they fell upon the corporal; with a few blows life was extinct; the corpse, swimming in blood, lay at their feet. The deed was irrevocable; all three had shared in it; all were alike guilty, and had the same reason to tremble at the terrors of the law. With the body still warm at their feet, they entered into a solemn mutual engagement to be true to each other; to preserve inviolable secrecy as to the crime; and to extinguish, so far as in them lay, every trace of its commission.

On the night of the murder, they had devised no plan for washing out the blood, and removing the body, which of course required to be disposed of, so that the disappearance of Ruhler might cause no suspicion. The terrors of conscience, and the apprehension of the consequences of their crime, had too completely occupied their minds for the moment. The next morning, however, they met again at the woolspinner's house to arrange their plans. Suddenly a noise was heard in the street,—it was the commotion caused by the news of the discovery of the robbery at Madame Andrecht's. The culprits stood pale and confounded. What was more probable than that an immediate search in pursuit of the robbers, or of the stolen articles, would take place into every house of this suspected and disreputable quarter. The woolspinner's house was the next to that which had been robbed; the flooring was at that moment wet with blood; the body of the murdered corporal lay in the cellar. Immediate measures must be resorted to, to stop the apprehended search, till time could be found for removing the body.

The object, then, was to give to the authorities such hints as should induce them to pass over the houses of the baker and the woolspinner. The woolspinner's wife had the merit of devising the infernal project which occurred to them. The Blue Dragoon was to be the victim. A robbery had taken place. Why might he not have been the criminal? He had often scaled the hedge—had often entered the house at night during his courtship. But then a corroborating circumstance might be required to ground the suspicion. It was supplied by the possession of a handkerchief which he had accidentally dropt in her house, and which she had not thought it necessary to restore to him. It might be placed in any spot they thought fit, and the first links in the chain of suspicion were clear.

The invention of the baker came to the aid of the woolspinner's wife. One token was not enough; a second proof of the presence of the dragoon in Madame Andrecht's house must be devised. The baker had, one day, been concluding a bargain with a peasant before the house of the dragoon. He required a bit of paper to make some calculation, and asked the host for some, who handed him an old excise permit, telling him to make his calculations on the back. This scrap of paper the baker still had in his pocket-book. This would undoubtedly compromise the dragoon. But then it bore the name and handwriting of the baker on the back. This portion of it was accordingly burnt; the date and the signature of the excise officer were enough for the diabolical purpose it was intended to effect. It was rolled up into a match, and deposited by the baker (who, as already said, had contrived to make his way along with the police into the house) upon the floor, where he pretended to find it, and deliver it to the authorities.

The machinations of these wretches were unconsciously assisted by those of the carpenter and his confederates. The suspicion which the handkerchief and the match had originated, the finding of the pocket-book within the house of the dragoon appeared to confirm and complete,—an accidental concurrence of two independent plots, both resorted to from the principle of

self-preservation, and having in view the same infernal object.

But this object, so far as concerned the baker and the woolspinner, had been too effectually attained. They had wished to excite suspicion against Nicholas, only with the view of gaining time to remove the corpse, and efface the traces of the murder. This had been effected—their intrigue had served its purpose; and they could not but feel some remorse at the idea that an innocent person should be thereby brought to ruin. The strange intervention of chance—the finding of the pocket-book, the accusation by the carpenter, filled them with a secret terror; they trembled: their consciences again awoke. The thought of the torture, which awaited the unfortunate innkeeper, struck them with horror. It was not the ordinary fear of guilty men, afraid of the disclosures of an accomplice—for the dragoon knew nothing, he could say nothing to compromise them,—it was a feeling implanted by a Divine power, which seemed irresistibly to impel them to use their endeavours to avert his fate.

They met, they consulted as to their plans. A scheme occurred to them which promised to serve a double purpose,—by which delay might be obtained for Nicholas, while at the same time it might be made the means of permanently ensuring their own safety. To resuscitate the murdered Corporal Ruhler in another quarter, and to charge him with the guilt of

the robbery, might serve both ends. It gave a chance of escape to Nicholas: it accounted for the disappearance of the corporal. Hence the letter which represented him as alive, as the perpetrator of the robbery, and as a deserter flying to another country; which they thought would very naturally put a stop to all further inquiry after him.

But their plan was too finely spun, and the very precautions to which they had resorted, led, as sometimes happens, to discovery. If they had been satisfied to allow the proposed letter to be copied out by the woolspinner's wife, as she offered, to be taken by her to Rotterdam, and put into the post, suspicion could hardly have been awakened against them: the handwriting of the woman, who had seldom occasion to use the pen, would have been unknown to the burgomaster or the court. The deaf and dumb youth, to whom they resorted as their copyist, betrayed them: step by step they were traced out,—and, between fear and hope, a full confession was at last extorted from them.

Sentence of death was pronounced against the parties who had been concerned in the housebreaking as well as in the murder, and carried into effect against all of them, with the exception of the woolspinner's wife, who died during her imprisonment. The woolspinner alone exhibited any signs of penitence.

LAURELS AND LAUREATES.

A YOUNG lady of Thessaly, celebrated for her beauty and modesty, was admired by a dissolute young gentleman, a native of the erratic isle of Delos. This roving blade was of high birth and consummate address, yet the nymph was more than coy; she turned from him with aversion, and when he would have pressed his suit, she took to her heels along the banks of the Peneus. The audacious lover darted after her, as a greyhound in pursuit of a hare; and the fugitive, perceiving that she must lose the race, implored the gods to screen her. The breath of the pursuer was fanning her "back hair;" his hands stretched forth to stop her; but as he closed them, instead of the prize that he expected to secure, he embraced an armful of green leaves. The hunter had lost his game in a thicket of bay or female laurel. Inconsolable, he shed some natural tears; but having a conceit in his misery, he twined a branch of the laurel into a wreath, and placed it on his head in memorial of his misadventure. A glance at himself in the nearest pool of the river told him that the glossy ornament was becoming to his fine complexion; and the youth, being a poet and pretty considerably a coxcomb, wore one ever after; and it has been the custom ever since to adorn the brows of all great poets, and of some small ones, with sprigs of laurel.

"Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transform'd, took root—
A laurel in the grove.
Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No moaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage through every age
About their temples wound,
The bay."

So sings our living laureate; and this authentic anecdote, familiar to every schoolboy who studies ancient history in Ovid, shows that the coronation of poets was customary long before the

age of Homer; and coeval, as it were, with poetry itself. The disappointed lover of Daphne, the first poet, was also the first laureat, and placed the crown on his head with his own hands, as many poets have done since, with a frank Napoleon-like self-appreciation. Having afterwards quarrelled with his father, and been expelled from home for sundry extravagancies, he returned with his lyre and laurel into Thessaly, the land of his first love—*primus amor Phæbi, Daphne Peneia*—and for nine years served a prince of that country in the double capacity of poet and shepherd. Thus, though the exact date is not ascertained, the original tenure of the honourable office of poet-royal is pretty clearly traced to Apollo himself.

But if we proceed from Apollo, our chapter on laureates will be longer than the tail of a comet. We must apply our wise saws to comparatively modern instances, hardly glancing for a moment even as far back as the age of Augustus, to observe that, of his two laurelled favourites, Virgil and Horace, the latter loftily maintains the dignity of the poet's position, when, in his Ode to Lollius, he shows that the alliance between poetic and regal or heroic power, was mutually important from the earliest ages. Kings, wise and great, flourished before Agamemnon, but are utterly forgotten:

"Vain was the chief's, the sago's pride!
They had no poet, and they died:
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead."

Petrarch is, perhaps, the first eminent poet, among Christians, whose genius is indisputably associated with the laurel crown, which was conferred on him with all form, at Rome, by authority of the king, senate, and people, in especial token of his quality of poet. But the laurel was conspicuously the type of his fame in that character. His mistress was a laurel in name, and a Daphne in nature, if we give credence to his melodious complaints of her coldness. Many persons have doubted the very

existence of Laura as any thing but an Apollonic laurel, or poetical abstraction of glory, almost too subtle for analysis by metaphysics. We have no such doubt of her materiality; for, over and above all other evidence, there are many passages in those songs and sonnets, that tell of a love, in the poet at least, which, though ever refined, was not all spiritual. In the same way, Dante's Beatrice has been pronounced an incorporeal creation,—a vision of theology, though in his *Vita Nuova* he expressly declares who she was, where and when she was born, her age and his own, when he first met her, and the year and the day, and the very hour, when she died. Milton read them both truly, and recognised in their writings the language of the human heart, and the truth of human passion undebased by a particle of grossness. Speaking of the laureate fraternity of poets, and of his own early partiality for the elegiac writers, he nobly says: "Above them all, I preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but in honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts without transgression." After that lofty encomium from such authority, may we venture to observe that among the laureates of Italy there is one still greater poet than the Recluse of Avignon? We do not say a greater man, for the popular reputation of Petrarch, resting as it does on his accomplishment of verse, is not perhaps founded on the strongest of his claims to admiration. But Tasso, too, was a formally laureated bard. And his chaplet was unwithered in the dungeon, to which the cruellest Turk among the desecrators of Jerusalem would hardly have condemned him, for merely presumptuous aspirations after a bright ornament of his harem. Tasso's eulogium, in his grand epic, of the Christian prince who afterwards became his jailer, is an immortal reprobation of the unfeeling tyrant. The wrongs of genius are avenged even by its praise, which, when thus proved to have been undeserved, is satire undisguised. Petrarch and Tasso appear to be the only distinguished laureates of Italy. The rest were mere versifiers, for the

most part fluent and insipid. But some Italian poets were complimented with the laurel in Germany, where the poetical college, founded at Vienna by Maximilian I., produced few native laureates worthy of the honour. Yet "the Emperors of Germany," says D'Israeli, who condemned the Abbé Resnel's memoir on the subject, "retained the laureateship in all its splendour. The selected bard was called *Il Poeta Cesareo*. Apostolo Zeno, as celebrated for his erudition as for his poetic powers, was succeeded by that most enchanting poet Metastasio,"—of whom, by-the-by, Sir James Mackintosh has also written in enthusiastic commendation; not, however, for his felicity as a poet, but for the deep and well-digested critical learning displayed in his prose treatise on Aristotle's Art of Poetry? "The French," continues Mr D'Israeli,—and we quote what he borrows from Resnel, because, though they do not tell us much, scarcely any other persons have hitherto told us any thing to the purpose on this matter,—“the French never had a poet-laureate, though they had royal poets, for none were ever solemnly crowned. The Spanish nation, always desirous of titles of honour, seem to have known that of the laureate; but little information concerning it can be gathered from their authors.” We fear there must have been something suggestive of the hard, dry, see-saw of the *turpis asella* in the tone of the Spanish laureates; for Sancho Panza, in his tender consolation to his ass Dapple, when they had both tumbled into the quarry, says, “*Yo prometo de ponerte una corona de laurel en la cabeza que no parezcas sino un laureado poeta, y de darte los piensos dobados.*” “I promise to give thee double feeds, and to place a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou mayest look like a poet-laureate.”

But our main business is with the laureates of England; and the origin of their office is sufficiently obscure, and not the less worthy of consideration for the antiquity that such obscurity implies. It has certainly been associated with our monarchical institutions from very early times; and, for that reason alone, if for no other, we should be disposed, in this anti-monarchical fever of the day, to re-

spect the loyalty of the office, however little respect may have been due to some who have held it, and however higher than the office is every true poet, "whose mind to him a kingdom is," and who possesses a royalty of his own, wider than that of Charlemagne. We do not know that the poets cited in the Saxon Chronicle were rhymers more inspired by the mead of the court than of the cloister; but the supposition is not improbable;—for we do know the fondness of Alfred for the gleeman's craft, and that he, "lord of the harp and liberating spear," was himself a gleeman; nor are we unmindful that King Canute honoured verse-men, and that he could even improvise an accordant rhyme, still extant, to the holy chant of the monks of Ely, as his bargemen rowed him down the Ouse, under the chapel wall. It is not apparent that *trouvères* followed William of Normandy to Sussex *officially*, or celebrated his triumph over Harold,—for the story of Taliefer is hardly a case in point, and we do not hear much about the northern *trouvères* till somewhat later, though some writers will have it that they are of older standing than the troubadours of the south of France. We do not imagine that William Rufus patronised harmony more intellectual than the blast of the hunting-horn. But so early at least as the twelfth century, in the reign of Richard, "the heart of courage leonine," as Wordsworth calls him, we have a king's versifier in the person of Gulielmus, of whom little is known, except that he produced a poem on the crusade of this romantic, poetical, bones-breaking Richard,—a prince whose Gothic blood (for it must be remembered that he was of the restored Saxon line) might seem to have been tinged with orientalism by some unaccountable process; for, even before his embarkation on his adventure with his red-cross knights, his character exhibited a strange combination of the stout and somewhat obtuse doggedness of the bandog, and the lordliness of the lion—a mixture of Saxon homeliness and Saracenic magnificence. The strength of thews and sinews, and the prowess of mere animal courage, (vulgar glories, for the most part, looked at with civilised eyes,) wear an aspect of redeeming gene-

rosity in Richard, that still recommends him to us as a hero of romance, worthy of minstrel praise, in spite of his ferocious temper, his demerits as a son, and his indomitable wrong-headedness as a prince. The poem of Gulielmus is not extant, but it must have been interesting if he possessed any genius. Richard's rough warfare with the Soldan, his marriage with Berengaria, and his delivery from the dungeon of the base Duke of Austria, were subjects as pregnant as any of the adventures of Hercules, an idol of hero-worship whom he in some respects resembles. In King John's reign, the poets seem to have been against the king, and in favour of the opposing barons. Whether he consoled himself with the stipendiary services of a court poet, we do not discover. Throughout his long and troubled reign he seems to have been pelted with lampoons.

In the year 1251, reign of Henry III., the King's versifier was required by an annual pension of 100 shillings—not such a very niggardly stipend as it now sounds, if we compare the value of money in those times with the price of commodities. In the two following reigns we find a poet-royal of some repute in Robert Baston. He was a Carmelite monk, and attained the dignity of prior of the convent of that order at Scarborough. Bishop Bale (in his *Illustrium Majoris Britannie Scriptorum Summarium*) says that Baston was a laureated poet and public orator at Oxford, which Wood denies. But Bale might have had access to information which could no longer be authenticated in Anthony's time; for Bale, though he lived to be Edward the Sixth's Bishop of Assory, and a prebendary of the Cathedral of Canterbury, where he died and was buried, had himself been a Carmelite friar. "Great confusion," observes Warton, "has entered into the subject of the institution of poets-laureate, on account of the degrees in grammar, which included rhetoric and versification, anciently taken in our universities, particularly at Oxford, on which occasion a wreath of laurel was presented to the new graduate, who was afterwards usually styled Poeta Laureatus. These scholastic laureations, however, seem to have

given rise to the appellation in question. With regard to the poet-laureate of the Kings of England, he is undoubtedly the same that is styled the king's versifier in the thirteenth century. But when or how that title commenced, and whether this officer was ever formally crowned with laurel at his first investiture, I will not pretend to determine, after the researches of the learned Seldon have proved unsuccessful. It seems probable that at length those only were in general invited to this appointment who had received academical sanction, and had merited a crown of laurel in the universities for their abilities in Latin composition, particularly Latin versification. Thus the king's laureate was nothing more than a graduated rhetorician, employed in the king's service." Warton adds an opinion, which seems well founded, "that it was not customary for the royal laureate to write in English till the Reformation had begun to diminish the veneration for the Latin tongue, or rather till the love of novelty, and a better sense of things, had banished the pedantry of monastic erudition, and taught us to cultivate our native language." It is true, that neither before nor after the Conquest was there any lack of rhymers in the vulgar tongue, whether Saxon or Norman, or mixed; and they would be the popular poets, but not exactly the poets in fashion at court. At all events, the fashion of writing court poems in low Latin began early and continued long; and we suspect that the Anglo-Saxon gleemen, whom the monkish historians call *joculatores regis*, were for the most part mere merry-men, as their monkish *soubriquet* implies—jugglers, dancers, fiddlers, tumblers. Berdic, the king's fool, is styled *Joculator Regis* in Doomsday Book. Some of these retainers, no doubt, could both compose ballads and sing them, suiting the action to the word, and they might occasionally amuse the court with their songs; but the authentic poet for state occasions was the Latin verse-maker. We say this with all due love and regard for our ballad-singers, old and modern, from King Alfred to Alfred Tennyson; and re-

membering, too, that we have two good sets-off against Harry Hotspur's sneer at "metre ballad-mongers,"—one in Sir Philip Sidney's declaration that the ballad of the Percy hunt in Cheviotdale stirred his heart like the sound of a trumpet; and another in the fact that one of the most illustrious of modern Percys, the Bishop of Dromore, owes his well-deserved popular reputation to nothing elsethan his industry, talent, and good taste in editing the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry and Old Heroic Ballads*.

Robert Baston, from whom we have digressed, was not a ballad-monger, but a Latin versifier *ex officio*. Edward I., in his expedition to Scotland in 1304, took Baston with him, that he might be an eye-witness of his triumph over this country, and celebrate it in Latin verse. • Hollinshed comments on this fact as a strong proof of Edward's presumption and overweening confidence in himself; but the censure is not strikingly pertinent, for at this period a poet was a stated officer in the royal retinue, when the monarch went to war. The haughty old king's discomfiture, after all his successes in this favourite enterprise, was as mortifying, but not so comical as the disastrous issue of the campaign to his poet. The jolly prior had not done chaunting one of his heroics in honour of Edward's siege of Stirling, when he was pounced on by a foray of Scots, and carried away into durance; nor was this the worst of the misadventure, for, with a shrewdly balancing humour, they obliged him to pay his ransom in verse, and only released him when he had recorded the praises of his captors and their cause. He does not appear to have been much inspired by the subject; for Hector Boece says that he made "rusty verses" in praise of the Scots; and rusty enough they were, if they all resembled the initial line as it is quoted—

"De planta cudo metrum cum carmine nudo."

The poem must have stood in more awkward antagonism with "De Striviliensi Obsidione," which is extant in Fordun, than Waller's panegyric on Cromwell does face to face with his eulogium on Charles II. We

doubt whether the monk had so witty an apology for his double tongue as the courtier; but he had a better excuse, for he said, "*Actus me invito, factus, non est meus actus.*" There is both rhyme and reason in that. The stubbornness of the Scots, which was at last a choke-pear to Edward, seems to have stimulated the poet almost as much as it exasperated the king. For, besides the siege of Stirling, we find on the list of Baston's productions one entitled "*De Altero Scotorum Bello*," and another "*De Scotiæ guerris Variis.*" Baston survived his master, the broken *Malleus Scotorum*, only three years. It is uncertain whether he retained his office after the accession of Edward the Second; but, if so, death had released him from duty before that prince's invasion of this country in 1314. Otherwise he would probably have had to pay another visit to the ominous neighbourhood of Stirling Castle, at a risk, if he escaped a deadlier chance, of being captured by the Bruce himself, and of having a caged poet's leisure to meditate a threnodia for Bannockburn. Boece, in Bellenden's version, asserts that this was actually the case,—that it was "Edward the Second, who, by vain arrogance, as if the Scotch had been sicker in his hands, brought with him ane Carmelite monk to put his victory in versis; that the poet was taken in this field of Bannockburn, and commandit by King Robert the Bruce to write as he saw, in sithement of his ransom." There is also among the political songs published by the Camden Society, a wretched transcript (from the Cotton MSS.) of a wretched piece of raving on this very battle, also attributed to Baston,—(and announced, we suppose by an error of the press, as written in the reign of Edward the Third.) But we are inclined to believe that Baston died about four years before that great day for Scotland. We do not, however, undertake to settle the point. We have no certain accounts of Baston's successor.

It is asserted by writers not incautious, that Gower and Chaucer were laureates; and we are unwilling to

doubt it, though the authority is far from conclusive. Chaucer, born about 1328, the second year of Edward the Third's reign, died in 1400. It is certain that he was liberally patronised, and gratified with lucrative appointments by Edward. It is recorded, too, that he was employed on foreign missions of trust; that on one occasion he was an envoy to Genoa, and that he then visited Petrarch at Padua; and as the arguments for and against the probability of this interview are pretty nearly balanced, we are not bound to deny ourselves the pleasure of believing it. Froissart, as well as Hollinshed and Barnes, bears testimony to Chaucer's having been one of a mission to the court of France, in the last year of Edward's reign; but it is not clear, nor even at all deducible from the nature of the public employments, and the character of Edward, that it was his poetical merit which promoted him to the royal confidence in matters of business.

Gower, born, it is supposed, somewhat earlier than Chaucer, died two years later, in 1402, and had been blind for the last two or three years of his life. Bale makes Gower *equitem auratum et poetam laureatum*; but Winstansley says he was neither laureated nor hederated, but only rosated, having a chaplet of four roses about his head on his monumental stone in St Mary Overy's Church, Southwark. His "*Confessio Amantis*" is said to have been prompted by the command of Richard the Second, who, chancing to meet him on the Thames, invited him into his gilded barge,—

"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,"

enjoined him to "book something new." In the three next reigns of the line of Lancaster, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, and Henry the Sixth, a period of sixty-two years, we hardly know what became of the court poets, or whether there were any. Musicians were liberally privileged as palace servants by Henry the Fourth, but his reign was unfavourable to the minstrel art. Henry the Fifth was partial to minstrelsy, and rewarded it generously; but we find no report of a laureat poet. In Henry

the Sixth's time, boys were pressed into the minstrel service of the court; but it is not recorded that any one was made a poet by virtue of royal kidnapping. They were instructed in music for the solace of his majesty.

To Edward the Fourth, the first king of the line of York, John Kay, as "his Majesty's humble Laureate," dedicated a History of Rhodes.

The wars of the Roses seem almost to have silenced the nightingales. But no sooner was contention terminated by the union of Henry of Lancaster with the heiress of York, than a rivalry sprang up for the office of king's poet. In the year 1486, the next after the coronation of Henry the Seventh, and shortly after his marriage, that king, by an instrument *Pro Poeta Laureato*, of which a copy is preserved in Rymer's *Fœdera*, granted to Andrew Bernard, poet-laureate, a salary of fifteen marks, until he should obtain some equivalent appointment. This was no very munificent grant. But Henry the Seventh was not addicted to liberality out of his own exchequer. He afterwards found means to reward him with ecclesiastical preferments; and his prodigal, but still more selfish successor, gratified him in the same way. Bernard, who was a native of Toulouse, and an Augustine monk, obtained many preferments in England; and was besides not only poet-laureate, but historiographer to the king, and preceptor in grammar to Prince Arthur. The preceptorship, however honourable, was perhaps not worth much on the score of emolument. All the pieces now to be found in his character of laureate are in Latin. Among these are, "An Address to Henry the Eighth, for the most Auspicious Beginning of the Tenth Year of his Reign;" "A New-Year's Offering for the Year 1515;" and "Verses wishing Prosperity to his Majesty's Thirteenth Year, 1522." He left many prose pieces, written in his quality of historiographer to both monarchs, particularly a Chronicle of the Life and Achievements of Henry the Seventh to the taking of Perkin Warbeck. And here occurs a little difficulty in the reconciliation of dates, when we are told that Skelton also was poet-laureate to Henry the Seventh and his son: for it

has been shown that Bernard was alive in 1522, if not later. Skelton was laureated at Oxford about 1489, three years after the date of the recorded grant to the poet-laureate, Andrew Bernard. We more than half suspect that Skelton, though a graduated university laureate, was never poet-laureate to either king at all, except as a sort of volunteer, licensed by his own saucy consent. Pottenham expressly says, that "Skelton usurped the name of poet-laureate, being indeed but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous." It is stated that Skelton, having, a few years subsequent to his laureation at Oxford, been permitted to wear his laurel publicly at Cambridge also, was further privileged by Henry the Seventh to wear some particular dress, or additional ornament to his dress. Henry the Seventh was not much given to jesting, or we should infer that it was a badge appropriate to the king's fool; for Skelton, though an able man, was, like Leo the Tenth's arch-poet Querno, who was crowned laureate for the joke's sake, ambitious of the fool's honours. He was a buffoon even in the pulpit.

Skelton directed his ribaldry especially against the mendicant friars and the formidable Wolsey. We can easily imagine how these audacities were not intolerable to the "Defender of the Faith," even in the plenitude of the cardinal's power; and how he might have tolerated his assumption of the character of court-poet, so long as the spurious laureate's sallies did not trench on the sovereign's personal dignity. Skelton, like his quondam royal pupil, was already a reformer in his way; and not long before his death, which occurred June 21, 1529, just before the downfall of Wolsey, he used a strange argument against the celibacy of the priesthood; he excused himself for having openly lived with a concubine, because he considered her as his wife! Erasmus, the caustic censor of the vices of the clergy, praised Skelton's learning and wit, probably from sympathy with his application of them, bolder, though far less dignified than his own, to the same objects of satire; but "the glory of the priesthood and the shame," could hardly have admitted the valid-

ity of such an apology from the Vicar of Dallyng, a vowed celibate priest.

We must return for a moment to Bernard. This poet-laureate had a notable subject to begin with in the union of the Two Roses. How he treated it we have no means of judging, as the performance is not in existence; and though it has perished, it would be unfair, perhaps, to assume that his freshest effort on an event that might have quickened the slowest fancy, was not superior to his later exercises, on occasions of weaker interest, such as are preserved in the Cottonian Library, and that of New College, Oxford. Of all the events in the history of the British monarchy, there is one subject, and probably one only, of those that could come within the range of a court-poet's province, of equal national importance, and equally poetical quality with the marriage of Henry the Seventh—that is, the marriage of his daughter, Margaret, to James the Fourth of Scotland; and even those of our "constant readers" who, to their loss, may know nothing of William Dunbar but what they have read in former pages of this magazine, must know that the court of Scotland, at the time of the celebration of these nuptials, possessed a poet worthy of the subject, for they cannot have forgotten his inspired vision on the Thistle and the Rose. In the one case the wounds of England were closed after long wars of disputed succession, as desolating as any intestine wars on record: in the other, two nations, jealous neighbours, and till then implacable enemies, formed an alliance that promised to be lasting, and which finally effected more than it had promised, by the consolidation of the two thrones into one. On the head of the Scottish great-grandson of the English Margaret, the double crown was secure from the casuistry of jurists. Neither Elizabeth of York, nor her daughter, was a happy wife. Henry the Seventh proved cold and ungrateful as a husband; James the Fourth faithless; but we have nothing to do here with the domestic infelicity of those ill-used princesses, except as it shows that the court-poets, who predicted so much happiness for them, were not infallible *Vates*. Poets, on

such occasions, are prophets of hope only. And as to the struggles and disasters that followed, the glowing vision of Dunbar was luckily as impassive to the shadows of coming events (Flodden Field, and Fotheringay, and the scaffold at Whitehall, and the rout on the Boyne water) as were the quondam visions and religious meditations of Lamartine in the days of Charles Dix to the shadows of the barricades, and the prestige of the Hotel de Ville.

We do not find that the young successor of England's royal Blue-beard had a poet-laureate. Queen Mary, though a learned and accomplished lady, had no such an appendage to her state. Heywood was her favourite poet; he had consoled her with honest praise in the days when it was the fashion of courtiers to neglect her. On his presenting himself at her levee, after her accession, "Mary asked him," says the chronicler of queens, "what wind has blown you hither?" He answered, "Two special ones—one of them to see your Majesty." "Our thanks for that," said Mary; "but the other?" "That your Majesty might see me." He used to stand by her side at supper, and amuse her with his jests—not a very dignified employment for a poet—but he was a player, and being accustomed to play many parts, did not decline that of Double to Mary's female Fool, Jane. He appears, however, to have been her life-long solace. He had ministered to her diversion in her childhood, with a company of child-players, whom Shakespeare calls "little eye-asses"—(callow hawks)—and in her long illness he was frequently sent for, and, when she was able to listen to recitation, he repeated his verses, or superintended performances for her amusement.

Malone insists that Queen Elizabeth, too, had no poet-laureate; yet Spenser is by other writers as confidently preferred to that post, and Daniel is said to have officially succeeded him. Spenser's "Gloriana" and "Dearest Dread," though abundantly shrewd and sagacious, and though somewhat of a scholar and a wit, and sufficiently vain of her own poor rhymes, had no true perception or appreciation of the art divine of poesy. The most eminent dramatic

genius the world ever saw was as moderately encouraged as any inferior playhouse droll might have been. She could laugh at Falstaff and Dame Quickly, and stimulate that humour in the author: and, to use her sister's words to Heywood, "our thanks for that." Edmund Spenser, also, was less indebted to her own taste, or even to her enormous appetite for flattery, than to Sir Philip Sidney's enlightened friendship, and to his introduction to her by Sir Walter Raleigh, for such favours as he received. These, however, were not small; and neither the Fairy Queen herself, (gigantic fairy!) nor her sage counsellor Cecil, is justly responsible for the unhappiness of Spenser. His pension of £50 a-year was but a portion of the emoluments he derived from court interest. That pension, which he received till his death in 1598, was no doubt an annuity assigned him as Queen's poet, though the title of laureate is not given in his patent, nor in that of his two immediate successors, Daniel and Ben Jonson. So far Malone is accurate.

Daniel's laudatory verse, whether he volunteered it or not, was acceptable to King James, and rewarded by a palace appointment. He was Gentleman Extraordinary, and one of the grooms to Queen Anne of Denmark. He was on terms of social intimacy with Shakspeare, Marlow, and Chapman, as well as with persons of higher social rank; and he had the honour to be tutor to the famous Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, who caused a cenotaph to be erected to his memory at Beckington, near Frome, in his native county. He died in 1619.

The masques and pageants of his successor, Ben Jonson, prove that he held no sinecure from either of his royal masters; but in Charles the First he at least served a prince who could respect genius, and remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Jonson received, "in consideration of services of wit and pen already done to us and our father, and which we expect from him," £100 a-year and a tierce of Spanish canary, his best-beloved Hippocréne, out of the royal cellars at Whitehall.

On his decease, 1637, William Davenant was appointed poet-laureate, *by patent*, through the influence of

Henrietta Maria, though her husband had intended the reversion for Thomas May. This man was so disgusted that, forgetting many former obligations to Charles, who had a high and just opinion of his talents, he soon after turned traitor, and attached himself to the Roundheads. Davenant proved himself worthy of the preference, not only by his poetry, but by his steadfast gallant loyalty. He was son of an innkeeper at Oxford, but is said to have rather sanctioned a vague rumour that attributed his paternity to Shakspeare. At ten years of age he produced his first poem, a little ode in three sextains, "In remembrance of Master William Shakspeare." The first stanza has some feeling in it, the other two are puerile conceits, clever enough for so young a boy. When his sovereign was in trouble, he volunteered into the army, and was soon found eligible to no mean promotion. He was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general of ordnance, under the Duke of Newcastle, and was knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester. His "Gondibert," begun in exile at Paris, was continued in prison at Cowes Castle, though he daily expected his death-warrant. But he was removed to the Tower of London to be tried by a high commission; and it is believed that his life was saved by the generous intervention of Milton, whom he subsequently repaid in kind, by softening the resentment of the restored government against him. Davenant, though perhaps a man of irregular life, and though, as a dramatist and playhouse manager, he proved any thing but allegiant to Shakspeare, and was active in communicating a depraved taste, was yet a man of brave, honest, and independent mind. It is curious that he should not only have disappointed May of the laurel when living, but that it should have been his chance to take his place in Poet's Corner when dead. The Puritans had erected a pompous tomb to May, which was savagely enough removed by the returned royalists. Near the same spot, in Westminster Abbey, is the monument to Davenant.

The Usurpation was not without its poets of far loftier reach than May,

though he, too, was no dwarf. It would have been ridiculous in Cromwell to appoint a poet-laureate. The thing was impossible, though the flatteries of his kinsman, Waller, show that it was not the want of a subservient royalist gentleman of station, as well of talent, that made it so. Andrew Marvel, though he wrote such vigorous verse on Cromwell's victories in Ireland, would hardly have accepted the office, and what other Puritan would? But without the form, the Protector of the commonwealth had the reality in his Latin secretary, to whom Marvel was assistant. The lineal heir of the most ancient race of kings might have been proud of such a poet. The greatness of Milton might be a pledge to all ages of the greatness of Cromwell, unchallenged even by those who most detest grim Oliver of Hungtindon for "Darwent stream with blood of Scots imbued," and "Worcester's laureate wreath." Here it is the poet who confers on the conqueror a laurel crown, of which the imperishable leaves, green as ever, bard or victor wore, mitigate, though they do not hide, the evil expression on the casque-worn brow of the *senex armis impiger*, and give it a dignity that might abate the stoutest loyalist's abhorrence, but for one fatal remembrance, which forbids him to exclaim.

"*Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.*"

Sir William Davenant, who recovered the laureateship at the Restoration, and retained it till his death in 1668, was succeeded by Dryden. Glorious John, although he had hastily flattered Richard Cromwell's brief authority by an epicede on Oliver, was not rejected by the merry monarch, who could laugh at poets' perjuries as lightly as at those of lovers. During that disgraceful reign, the poet made it no part of his vocation and privilege to check the profligate humours brought into fashion by the court.

"Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles' days,
Rose common only boasts unspotted lays."

At the revolution of 1688, the laureate was disrowned, as well as King James; and he condescended to revenge himself by Macfiecnoc on his substitute Shadwell, as if he had not beforehand administered sufficient

chastisement to that miserable Og, in the bitter satire with which he supplied Tate for the second part of Absalom and Achitophel. One might pity Shadwell under the lash of such an enemy as Dryden, if his writings either in verse or prose entitled him to a grain of respect. Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset—himself an elegant wit and indifferent versifier, but the descendant and representative of a very illustrious poet, Sackville, the first Earl, author of the noble "Induction to a Mirror for Magistrates"—vindicated his recommendation of Shadwell to the poet-laureateship, "not because he was a poet, but an honest man." We suppose he meant that he had not oscillated between Popery and Reformation like Dryden, and that he was more honest, also, in a political sense, and less liable to suspicion as an adherent of the expelled monarch's heartless daughter, and her Dutch husband, the hero of the Boyne and Glencoe. But, in another and not unimportant sense, Shadwell was far from honest; for he was notorious for the ribaldry of his conversation. It has been asserted, while that fact was admitted, that, as an author before the public, he was a promoter of morality and virtue. Nothing can be more untrue. Of his many comedies, there is none which is not as rife in pollution as any of the grossest plays of the time. But their boasted humour is physic for the bane; for it is distilled "from the dull weeds that grow by Lethe's side." His comedies are five-act farces of wearisome vulgarity, and, though suffered in their day, were destined, as Pope leniently expresses it in the Dunciad,

"Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroyed are swept to things
unborn."

In "The Royal Shepherdess," however, a play in blank verse, altered by Shadwell from Fountain of Devonshire, there are some fine lines, so far above any thing known to be Shadwell's that we readily take him at his word in his preface, where, modest for once, he invites the reader, if he finds any thing good in the play, to set it down to Mr Fountain. The following lines are a favourable specimen, notwithstanding the breeding barrenness.—

"No more, no more must we scorn cottages;
Those are the rocks from whence our jewels
come.

Gold breeds in barren hills; the brightest
stars
Shine o'er the poorer regions of the north."

Still better, where a king, in a vicious
attempt upon an innocent girl, has
compelled her consent to a meeting at
night. The queen, apprised of the
design, personates the intended victim,
and appeals to his conscience with an
effect that he thus describes:—

"She only whisper'd to me, as she promised,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud:
And though the words were gentler far than
those

That holy priests do speak to dying saints,
Yet never thunder signified so much."

The songs in this piece are all by
Shadwell, except, as he declares, the
last but one, which is Fountain's, and
the only one not below mediocrity.
Shadwell had also the impudence to
alter and corrupt "Timon of Athens,"
and to produce the farrago on the stage
as an improvement on the original.
In the dedication he says, "It has the
inimitable hand of Shakspeare in it;
yet I can truly say, I have made it
into a play." This "tun of man and
kilderkin of wit" was admitted to a
tomb in Westminster Abbey, an hon-
our (?) said to have been denied to
the remains of a noble poet, the
author of "Don Juan." Yet Shadwell
had also produced a "Don Juan." His
tragedy of "The Libertine," the same
hero, is ten times more indecent than
the most objectionable parts of Byron's
poem. But it is, indeed, also less
noxious, for it has not a single at-
tractive grace of fancy or feeling. A
print of Shadwell, prefixed to Tonson's
edition of his works, ludicrously bears
out Dryden's description of the outer
man. He looks like an alehouse
Bacchus, or rather like one of those
carnal cherubs whom the French call
anges bouffis—his cheeks bulging out
as if they were stuffed with apples
from the forbidden tree. He died in
December 1692, and was succeeded by

Nahum Tate, the psalmodist. Every
one knows what sort of poet he was,
and how the harp of Israel is but
Jew's harp in the hands of Tate
Brady. Yet some passages in
his second part of "Absolom and

Achitophel" are not such feeble mi-
micries of the tone of his friend,
Dryden, as might have been expected
from so poor a performer. The praise
of Asaph, glorious John himself, is
pleasing. It concludes with these
lines:—

"While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers
in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are
true,
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand
fast,
The song of Asaph, and the fame, shall last."

At his death in 1715, a year after
the accession of George the First, the
withering laurel recovered a little
lustre on the brow of Nicholas Rowe,
the translator of Lucan, and the pa-
thetic dramatist of "The Fair Peni-
tent," and "Jane Shore." His occa-
sional verses were, of course, very
respectable; and his only signal fail-
ure was when he attempted comedy.
After the banter he incurred for his
play of "The Biter," he was so sen-
sible that he was the biter bit, that he
excluded it from his works, and made
no second venture of the kind. Yet
the man who could move an audience
to tears, and who had so little com-
mand of their sympathies when he
tried his powers of wit on them, was
any thing but a lachrymist by tem-
perament. When Spence observed
that he should have thought "the
tragic Rowe too grave to write such
things," Pope answered, "He! why,
he would laugh all the day long! He
would do nothing but laugh!" He
survived the acquisition of the laurel
only three years, dying at the age
of forty-five.

Laurence Eusden, "a parson much
bemused in beer," stumbled into his
place, just in time to elaborate, *sin-
gultu laborare*, the Coronation Ode for
George the Second. A specimen or
two of his loyal suspirations may be
as welcome as a hundred.

"Hail, mighty Monarch! whose desert alone
Would, without birthright, raise thee to a
throne"

*Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice,
Ungloom'd with a confinity to vice."*

Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of the Court
of George the Second," recently made
public, are an edifying exposition of the
"peculiarly nice" virtues here extolled.

"What strains shall equal to thy glories rise,
First to the world, and borderer on the
skies?"

The conjuror who can make out the meaning of the last line may be able to answer the question. In his joy for a George the Second, the inspired bard dries up his tears for George the First:—

"How exquisitely great! who canst inspire
Such joy that Albion mourns no more thy
sire!

A dull, fat, thoughtless heir unheeded springs
From a long *stolid* line of *restive* kings:
But when a stem, with fruitful branches
crown'd,

Has flourish'd, in each various branch re-
nown'd,

His great forerunners when the last out-
shone,

Who could a brighter hope, or even as
bright a son?"

He ends with a kick at the Stuarts:

"Avaunt, degenerate *graffs*, or spurious breed!
'Tis a George only can a George succeed."

If Charles Edward had known that, he might have saved himself a good deal of trouble.

Eusden died at his rectory in Lincolnshire in 1730. Colley Cibber wore the laurel with unblushing front for twenty-seven years from that date. His annual birth-day and new-year odes for all that time are treasured in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. They are all so bad, that his friends pretended that he made them so on purpose. Dr Johnson, however, often asserted, from his personal knowledge of the man, that he took great pains with his lyrics, and thought them far superior to Pindar's. The Doctor was especially merry with one ultra-Pindaric flight which occurs in the Cibberian "Ode for the New-Year 1750."

"Through ages past the muse preferr'd
Her high-sung hero to the skies;
Yet now reversed the rapture flies,
And Cæsar's fame sublimed the bard.
So on the towering eagle's wing
The lowly linnet soars to sing.
Had her Pindar of old
Known her Cæsar to sing,
More rapid his raptures had roll'd;
But never had Greece such a king!"

So proud was Cibber of that marvellous image of the linnet and eagle, that he repeated it in the "Natal Ode for 1753." In his last "New-year Ode," too, 1757, he again scolds Pindar for his sluggishness—

"Had the lyrist of old
Had our Cæsar to sing,
More rapid his numbers had roll'd;
But never had Greece such a king,
No, never had Greece such a king!"

Those effusions are truly incomparable. Not only are they all bad, but not one of them in twenty-seven years contains a good line. Yet he was, happily for himself, more impenetrable to the gibes of the wits than a buffalo to the stings of mosquitoes. Of the numerous epigrams twanged at him, here is one from the *London Magazine* for 1737.

"ON SEEING TOBACCO-PIPES LIT WITH ONE
OF THE LAUREATE'S ODES.

"While the soft song that warbles George's
praise

From pipe to pipe the living flame conveys,
Critics who long have scorn'd must now ad-
mire,

For who can say his ode *new* wants its fire?"

Dr Johnson honoured him with another, equally complimentary to Ciber and his Cæsar.

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Colley sing,
For nature form'd the poet for the king."

Yet Cibber, the hero of the Dunciad, was not a dunce, except in his attempts at verse; even Pope, who calls him "a *pert* and *lively* dunce," epithets rather incongruous, admits the merit of his "Careless Husband." His Apology for his own Life, too, is no mean performance; some passages in it are both judicious and eloquent, particularly his criticisms on Nokes and Betterton, and on acting in general. Though the most wretched of poetasters, he was an abler prose writer than half of his critics.

At his death, the laureateship was offered to Gray, with an exemption from the duty of furnishing annual odes, but he refused the office, as having been degraded by Cibber. It was then given, on the usual terms, to William Whitehead, who won even the approbation of Gray for the felicity with which he occasionally performed his task. What now appears most noticeable in Whitehead's odes is his prolonged and ludicrous perplexity about the American war. At the first outbreak he is the indignant and scornful patriot, confident in the power of the mother country, and threaten- ing the rebels with condign punish-

ment. As they grow more and more obstinate, he becomes the pathetic remonstrant with those unnatural children, and coaxes them to be good boys. When any news of success to the British arms has arrived, he mounts the high horse again, and gives the Yankees hard words, but not without magnanimous hints that the gates of mercy are not quite closed to repentance. Reverses come, and he consoles the king. Matters grow worse, and he is at his wit's-end. At last the struggle is over; he accommodates himself to the unpleasant necessity of the case, and sings the blessings of peace and concord.

Laureate odes, good or bad, are always fair game for squibs. Whitehead had his share of ridicule, but he more courage than Gray, who was so painfully afflicted by the parodies of Lloyd and Coleman, that he almost resolved to forswear poetry. Whitehead retorted on his assailants with easy good-humour, in "An Apology for all Laureates, past, present, and to come," beginning,

'Ye silly dogs, whose half-year lays
Attend, like-satellites, on Bays,
And still with added lumber load
Each birth-day and each new-year o'
Why will ye strive to be severe?
In pity to yourselves forbear;
Nor let the sneering public see
What numbers write far worse than he,"

and ending,

"To Laureates is no pity due,
Encumber'd with a thousand clo'
I'm very sure they pity you,
Ye silliest of silly dogs."

The next laureate, Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, is too well known and appreciated to require any lengthened notice here. In 1747 and 1748 he held the appointment of *laureated* poet, to which he was inaugurated, according to the ancient custom, in the common-room of Trinity College, Oxford. His duty was to celebrate a lady chosen as lady patroness, and Warton performed his task crowned with a wreath of laurel. In 1757, he was elected professor of poetry, as his father had formerly been in the same university. On the demise of Whitehead in 1785, the laureateship was conferred on him by command of George the Third. He was quizzed

as his predecessor had been, and, like him, laughed at the jesters; and he gradually turned their scoffs to approbation by his equanimity and the merit of his performances. Warton had not only the wit to be diverted by probationary odes in mockery of his own, which he valued at less than they were worth, but he had temper to endure the malignant scurrility of Ritson, in reference to more important labours, with no severer remark than that he was a *black-lettered dog*. A portion of his later days was devoted to a labour of love—an edition of the juvenile poems of Milton, with copious notes. Though of sedentary college habits, and a free liver, he enjoyed vigorous health to the age of 62: he then broke down. He went to Bath with the gout, and returned, as he thought, in an improved condition. The evening of May 20, 1790, he passed cheerfully in the common-room, but, before midnight, he was stricken with paralysis, and the next day he was a corpse.

Henry James Pye, who was of a family of which the founder is stated to have come to England with the Conqueror, was likewise representative, by the female line, of the patriot Hampden. In 1781, he was returned to parliament as member for Berkshire. But the expense of the contest ruined him, and he was obliged to sell his estate; and even the slender salary of a laureate was not unacceptable when it fell in his way. Besides his official odes, he produced numerous works, epic, dramatic, and lyric, and also published several translations, and a corrected edition of Francis's Horace. The reader will be content if we pass all these with the remark that he was a respectable writer, a good London police-magistrate, and an honourable gentleman in a less equivocal sense than the parliamentary style. As factor of annual odes for the court, he was, of course, scurvily used by the wags. The joke on "Pindar, Pye, et parvus Pybus," was once in every body's mouth. He died in 1813, and was succeeded by

Robert Southey, who held the office for thirty years; and this prolonged tenure of it, still longer than Cibber's, by a man of unimpeachable worth and distinguished genius, is a happy set-off

against the disgrace which frightened Gray, and made him refuse it. The concession proposed to Gray, that he should write only when and what he chose, was also virtually, though not formally, yielded to Southey. "The performance of the annual odes," he says, "had been suspended from the time of George the Third's illness in 1810, and fell completely into disuse. Thus terminated a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." How is it that we have yet no biography of Southey? It is rumoured that his only surviving son, the Reverend Cuthbert Southey, has one in preparation. We hope that the report is true, and that it will contain abundance of his father's delightful letters, and be published soon. *Bis dat qui cito dat*,—that is, not that a book should be got up in a hurry, but that, after a delay of five years, the reasonable expectation of Robert

Southey's admirers and regretters should be now promptly gratified.

We began with the earliest of laureates and the latest,—Apollo and the venerable Wordsworth,—and with them we will conclude. In a snug nook, sheltered from the north and east winds by Helvellyn and Fairfield, Wordsworth has for many years cultivated his own laurels with success, till he is absolutely imbowered in them. The original slip, from which all this throng of greenery has sprung, is said to have been a cutting from a scion of the bay-tree planted by Petrarch at the tomb of Virgil, which tree was unquestionably derived from the undying root of that which supplied leaves for the garland of Apollo, and assuaged the divinity of his brow, when, as we reminded the reader at our outset on this ramble, he hired himself as poet-laureate to King Admetus, on a daily stipend of a hornful of milk.

THE HORSE-DEALER—A TALE OF DENMARK.

BY CHRISTIAN WINTHER.

THE King of Sweden, Charles X., lay with his army before Copenhagen. His generals, the young Prince of Sulzbach and Count Steenbock, besieged the city, and his troops showed themselves worthy sons of the famous Thirty Years' War. The system of cruelty and extortion that had characterised their Polish and German campaigns was renewed in Denmark, and with the greater fierceness that national antipathy served at once as pretext and stimulus to the soldier's lust of blood and plunder. And thus was it that upon the island of Funen scenes were enacted, whose frightful record, handed down by history, now appears scarcely credible. Men and women, priests and laymen, old and young, the humble and the illustrious, were subjected to the grossest ill-treatment, either to extort money, or as punishment for not possessing it. Amongst the Danes themselves mutual fear and mistrust existed; for individuals were not wanting who, through fear, or in hope of profit, played

openly or secretly into the hands of the enemy. And, to add to the desolation the Swedes brought with them, the inhabitants had scarcely yet recovered the ravages of a pestilence, which had disappeared from their shores but a few years previously. Whether it was the king's absence from the island, or a notion in the Swedes' mind that they would soon have to leave the country, which rendered the soldiery so unbridled in their excesses, certain it is, that the scourge of war made itself more severely felt than ever towards the end of the year 1659. The doubtful sort of succour afforded by the Dutch fleet was chiefly confined to Zealand, and it was small consolation to the people of Funen to see the proud ships of the rich republic cruising in the Belt and Cattegat. The scanty intelligence from the capital, which in summer some bold boatmen occasionally brought over, was not always to be relied upon, seldom or never satisfactory, and ceased altogether when

winter came, and dark and stormy nights rendered the navigation between the islands impracticable for small craft.

At a moderate distance from the town of Nyeborg, on the east coast of Funen, stands the village of Vinding, one of whose richest inhabitants, at the time of the Swedish occupation, was a certain Thor Hansen. He had a son, called, of course, Hans Thorsen—for in that country the names of the peasants are like a pair of gloves, which, when turned inside out, change their places, so that the right becomes the left and the left the right; and with this transposition names are handed down from generation to generation, never becoming out of fashion. In Thor Hansen's house dwelt a young girl, a distant relative of his own; and although Christina's sole dowry was her pretty cherry-checked countenance, and her comely healthy person, he had preferred her to all others for his daughter-in-law. Many might marvel at such a choice, especially those who know that the Danish peasant is at least as proud of his hide of land and nook of garden as the noble of his wide estates, or the wealthy merchant of his well-stored warehouses, and that marriages, unsuitable in a pecuniary point of view, are as rare in that country as in any other in the world. But on this head Thor Hansen thought differently from his fellows. He saw that Christina was a smart active girl, who, young though she was, had kept his house after his wife's death with all care and industry, had milked his cows, cooked his oatmeal, and spun his flax. As to the son Hans, of nothing in the world was he more desirous than to get Christina for his wife; and Christina, when father and son opened their minds to her, could scarcely answer for joy. Thus all were agreed, and the old man already thought of making over his land to his son, and of settling down to pass the rest of his days in peace and the chimney corner. The wedding-day was fixed, the fish and saffron for the soup were purchased, when suddenly the Swede arrived. This unexpected and unwelcome intrusion disturbed the plans of many. With lamentation throughout the land, few thought of joy and

merry-making; and a wedding, essentially the most joyous of festivals, would have been out of keeping with the universal misery. Partly influenced by a feeling of this kind, and partly by other circumstances, old Thor Hansen resolved to postpone the projected marriage, and the young people silently acquiesced.

Amidst the general misery and suffering, Thor Hansen might be considered highly favoured, as compared with many others. For sergeant Jon Svartberg, of the first regiment of Finland horse, who had quartered himself upon the best house in the village, namely, upon that of Hansen, was milder-mannered and of gentler heart than the majority of his brethren in arms. Not but that he did honour to his military schooling in Germany and Poland, and resembled a bear far oftener than a lamb: he required much, and exacted it rigorously; but still there was a limit to his demands, and when these were complied with, the persons he was quartered upon had not to fear the wanton torments and ill treatment which drive the oppressed to despair. The smart young sergeant certainly deemed himself the first person in the house, and expected to be treated as such; but, that conceded, he asked no more. He stood up for what he considered his rights, and no one must infringe upon them. One quality he had, which perhaps contributed to soften and humanise his nature—he was a devoted admirer of the gentler sex. Nor was he deficient in the qualities that frequently find favour with women. A handsome well-grown fellow with golden hair, and a fresh complexion, somewhat weathered by campaigns; his lofty leathern helmet, his blue facings and broad yellow bandelier, with brightly burnished buckles, his tall boots and jingling spurs, became him well; in manner he was frank and joyous, and when he laughed, which was often and loud, a row of ivory teeth showed themselves beneath his light brown beard, and his blue eyes had a bold and amorous sparkle. Confident in these various recommendations, which had perhaps already, in other countries, procured him the favour of the fair, Svartberg cherished the notion of his

invincibility, and flattered himself he had but to appear to overcome all rivals and conquer all hearts. That he had completely gained that of Christina, and that it was ready at any moment to beat the chamade and surrender at discretion, he did not for an instant doubt. To say nothing of his personal recommendations, he had never, during the whole time he had been master in Thor Hansen's house, seen the least sign of a rival. This arose from the circumstance that Hans and Christina had kept their engagement a secret from the soldier, as if some instinct or internal voice had told them that his acquaintance with it might prove for them the source of great vexation and suffering. To maintain the disguise, however, was no easy or pleasant task. Many consider it a very hard case when two lovers are prevented seeing each other as often as they wish; but how much more painful must it be to have to feign coldness in presence of a third person, and on his account? The young people felt that the innocent familiarities of betrothed lovers would have been highly displeasing to the enamoured Swede,—and deeply enamoured he was, as none, having eyes, could fail to see. So Hans and Christina were fain to be on their guard, except at such hours as the sergeant was on duty, or when they worked together in farm or garden. When Svartberg was at home, he was continually after Christina—paying her compliments, cutting jokes, taking her by the chin, catching her round the waist and making her waltz round the room, stealing her slippers as she sat spinning, and playing other witty pranks of a similar kind.

It was a November evening, and for those acquainted with that season in the island of Fuen, it is unnecessary to say that the night was a rough one. The gale drove black masses of clouds across the sky, and roared and whistled through the small thicket, composed of a score of venerable oak trees mingled with hazel bushes, that grew at a short distance from Thor Hansen's little garden. At that time there was still a great deal of oak and beach timber in the neighbourhood of Nyeborg, of which now

scarcely a vestige remains; and this small group of trees, bounded on the north by a rivulet, lay within the limits of the old man's farm. Although the night was dreary and cheerless out of doors, it was warm and snug in Thor Hansen's cottage. Thor himself sat on one side the huge fireplace, comfortably sunk in an old cushioned chair; opposite to him Christina had taken her station, and was busy with her distaff. Between them hung a large four-cornered iron lantern; and upon the end of a bench Hans had seated himself, in such a position that he could conveniently throw his arm round the young girl's waist. Moreover, his cheek rested upon her shoulder, and in this agreeable attitude he kept up an incessant whispering, only interrupting the stream of his volubility to snatch an occasional kiss from her ruddy cheek.

"But how know you all that, Hans?" said the maiden, who for some time had listened with deep attention to her lover's words. "Who told you?"

"Not so loud, darling!" replied Hans; "I do not want the old man to hear it yet: the thing is uncertain, and the result still more so. My father becomes each day more anxious, so that I am almost uneasy lest in his terror he should himself throw you into the arms of the accursed Swede, if things looked dangerous."

"The accursed Swede?" repeated Christina; "he deserves not the word at your hands. He has done us much service, and no harm. When I think of my uncle's two poor girls, and of the many others who have shared their lot, I deem myself most lucky, and so should you, that our roof covers so gentle a foe."

"Certainly," replied Hans. "God knows, I do think myself lucky, and wish Svartberg no manner of harm in the main, but, on the contrary, every thing that is good, save and except yourself. But listen further. I fell in this afternoon with a couple of peasants from the plain; they had stopped at the public-house to bait, and had been doing work for Count Steenbeck. Whilst the dragoons, whom they accompanied with their carts, sat and drank in the tavern, I got into discourse with these two men.

I had noticed them whispering together, and looking carefully about them, and felt sure there was something up, —something they knew of, and which the Swede did not. I questioned the oldest of them, and at last he told me that the rumour of powerful and speedy succour was abroad in the country: he had his information more particularly from Martin Thy; he had seen him not far from the Odensee, standing at a forge, and bargaining with Swedish officers about a horse."

"Martin Thy, say you?" cried Christina; "he is sick in bed."

"Never mind that, darling! You don't know Martin; he can be sick and well at the same time, just as he pleases. At this moment his health is as good as yours; and if this red cheek does not lie, you are as fresh as a fish. Or have my kisses made your cheek so red? Come, let me kiss the other."

"Nonsense, Hans! be quiet; the old man hears you," whispered Christina, warding off with her arm the threatened salutation.

"What is that about Martin Thy?" inquired Thor Hansen from beyond the fire. Without waiting an answer to his question, he sat up in his chair, and anxiously listened. "What is that?" he said. "Who comes at this hour of night? Svartberg it cannot be; his guard is not yet over. Run out, Hans, and see who it is."

The son left the room, and in the moment of silence that ensued the yard-dog barked loudly, and the tramp and neigh of a horse were heard. After brief delay, Hans re-entered the apartment, accompanied by another man.

"Yes, yes, Hans," said the stranger; "you are a very good lad, but that is a matter I understand better than you do. Black Captain is as good a beast as a horseman need wish to cross."

"May be," replied Hans; "but at present he is lame, if not hip-shot."

"Thank ye, friend," replied the stranger, warily. "I expect you are a judge. A trifle weary and footsore he may be. He has had a heavy day's work, and drags a little with one leg. But no matter. The peace of God and a good evening to this

house," continued he, turning to Thor Hansen and taking his hand. "Dog's-weather this," he added, as he knocked the water from his broad-brimmed round hat till it streamed over the floor, and passed both hands over his thick eyebrows and black bushy hair. "I am wet to the very skin, and as stiff and weary as an old plough-horse that can no longer follow the furrow. With your permission!"—and so saying, he seated himself by the table, on the end of the wooden bench. He was a little, broad-shouldered man, with an unusual quantity of long hair upon his head, and with small lively black eyes, shaded by projecting brows. He wore a peasant's jerkin of coarse brown woollen stuff, and carried his whip, the end of whose lash was tied to the handle, slung across his broad back, as a fowler carries his gun.

"Whence so late, Martin Thy?" quoth Thor Hansen, with a curious glance at the new-comer.

"Direct from Middelfahrt," replied the horse-dealer in a suppressed voice.

"I would speak with Sergeant Svartberg before I go to bed, and therefore have I ridden straight up here. The worshipful sergeant is doubtless at home?" he added, but with an expression of countenance as if he wished the contrary. On receiving the assurance that Svartberg was out, and not expected back for two or three hours, Martin Thy peeped cautiously into the best bed-chamber, which the Swede occupied, then into the kitchen and court; and having at last fully satisfied himself that the person he inquired about was really absent, he pulled his whip over his head, and threw it violently down upon the floor.

"I may speak then, and tell you the news," he said, thrusting both hands into the breast of his doublet, and standing, with his short, strong legs apart, colossus-fashion, in the middle of the floor. "I went to Middelfahrt in a lucky hour. Every face was joyful, and every mouth full of reports of a great and immediate succour, with which we should drive the Swedes out of the country; and on this side the Odensee I heard the Swedes themselves talk of it. For my part I have not a doubt about the mat-

ter, and my information is of the best. I was up there, bargaining with the Swedish Rittmeister Kron for his gray mare, and doctoring one of his troop-horses which had broken its fore-foot, and I heard the gossip of the grooms and soldiers, and all manner of curious stories."

"Of course," said Thor Hansen, shaking his head incredulously; "if lies were Latin, I too might turn preacher."

The horse-jockey looked Hansen hard in the face, whilst the young people exchanged signs of intelligence.

"I tell you what it is, neighbour," continued Thy; "I am a tolerably well-broken nag, and can keep a straight road of my own. There's no shying or stumbling in me—I go a steady even trot, and aint vicious, so you may take my word when I give it. Yes," added he, slowly and significantly, and with a glance at Christina, "it might well happen that others besides yourself found cause to repent your mistrust."

At these words the old man grew thoughtful, and listened attentively.

"Have you not heard of the many pretty country lasses made to serve this year at Raskenbjerg, when young Count Magnus lay there in quarters? Know ye not how it fared there with your own wife's nieces? If you fancy they left the place as they went to it, you are mightily mistaken. The Swede does not handle such wares so tenderly. Count Magnus has his spies every where—he well knows whom to choose for such work; your house may have its turn. The girl has a comely face and a white neck, a smart walk and a bright eye, and those are hard to hide at this time, and in this island."

"Nonsense!" said Thor Hansen. "More noise than mischief. And who would do us so ill a turn?"

"I name no names," replied the horse-dealer. "You know him as well as I do. But I have a means of protecting you and Christina from him, and all other blood-hounds of his breed. If you are wise you will avail yourself of it. Give her me to wife. And when any look after her, tell them she is Martin Thy's betrothed, and you will soon see the difference!

What boots it that I wear silver buttons on my doublet, and may soon wear gold ones? what avails it that I own fields and garden, cows and horses, if I have not a nice young wife to share my prosperity? She will be well cared for, and as comfortable as if she lay in Abraham's bosom."

"He is old enough, certainly," muttered Hans with a smile.

"Hans, my boy, just run out and give Black Captain a handful of hay, will you? Go, my son, go." Hans obeyed, and Martin continued, "I have only this to tell you; beware of the sergeant! Trust him not! Svartberg means the maiden no good. Do not ask how I know it, but the fact is certain. Do as you like, however. If you have courage to risk it, you are right to do so."

"Ay, but what would poor Hans say?" quoth the old man musingly.

"Hans!" cried the horse-dealer, much surprised; "I thought it was all off, long ago, between Hans and Christina. They never whinny after each other, and she seems ready to lash out whenever he comes near her." He paused for a minute, and then drew Thor Hansen aside, and spoke to him in an under tone. "It is only for appearance sake," said he; "you don't suppose I am serious? A rusty old roadster like myself would never suit to run in harness with so frisky a filly. What say you, my child? Will you not for a while make believe to be Martin Thy's sweetheart?"

"Have done with such nonsense," said the young girl, repulsing the jockey's advances. He ran round the room after her, caught, and would have kissed her, but she slipped through his hands like an eel, and made for the kitchen. Just then the door opened, and Sergeant Svartberg, who had entered the court unheard, strode into the room, his heavy steel spurs jingling at every step. The sort of scuffle between the young girl and the horse-dealer attracted his notice.

"What's up now, in the devil's name?" he cried, taking off his heavy helmet.

"Nothing, sergeant," replied Martin Thy, in no way disconcerted.

"A very small matter, at least. I wanted to steal the first kiss from my bride that is to be, and she would not allow it."

"Your bride, fat-paunch!" cried Svartberg in extreme wonderment; "what the devil is all this? This will never do. Harkye, old curry-comb, no one has a right to take any thing here, not so much as a kiss, without my leave. D'ye hear that?"

"Gently, gently," retorted Martin Thy in a jesting tone; "I am certainly a mere David in comparison with such a Goliath as you, but I am more active than I look—can jump higher than any one would think—high enough, perhaps, to catch you by the flaxen curls upon your forehead, if you meddle with the best horse in my stable. But you can take a joke, sergeant dear?" concluded he, with a sly side-glance at the Swede.

"No, no, jockey, not I indeed,—you are a deal too cunning for me,—one never finds you where one leaves you. When I sent for you the other day for my horse, they said you were sick, but it seems you were on the road. Where have you been?"

"Westward," replied the horse-dealer quietly, "on my own honest business. I came home this evening, and the first person I cared to see was my little girl here—besides that, I have a word or two to say to the worshipful sergeant."

"To me? Come then, and be quick about it, and have a care that my sabre does not take a fancy to speak a word or two to your shoulders." And with this uncivil warning, Svartberg took the little man by the collar, and pushed him before him into the adjoining room.

Thor Hansen and the young people had listened in silence to this short and sharp dialogue. Out of prudence they abstained from interrupting the horse-dealer, although his bold assertions were not very pleasing to them. Now they stood embarrassed and attentive, trying to catch something of what passed in the next apartment,—but without success, for the Swede and his companion spoke in low tones and in short broken sentences. In a short time the two men returned to the sitting-room, the horse-dealer's

countenance wearing its usual sly quick expression; the tall sergeant with less decision in his gait, and with a mixture of vexation and mistrust upon his features. When Martin Thy took his leave and departed, he followed him with a sort of constrained courtesy as far as the courtyard, and did not re-enter the house till the horse's hoofs were heard trotting along the narrow road.

Meanwhile the father and son had gone out to fodder the cattle. With folded arms Svartberg walked for a while up and down the room. On a sudden he stopped short in front of Christina, who sat spinning, as usual, and gazed at her long and tenderly. At last he broke silence.

"Eye upon you, my pretty Christina!" he said; "you surely do not seriously mean to throw yourself away on yon black-bearded monster?"

"You must not take for earnest all Martin Thy says," replied the maiden, blushing; "you know what a strange creature he is."

"Oh certainly," replied the soldier in a sharper tone, "I know devilish well what he is, and I also know what I am myself. Better I certainly might be; but you, Christina, your father and all belonging to you, know well that I am none of the worst."

"That we do, Svartberg,—you have been a help and protection so long as you have dwelt in our house; and, without you, Heaven knows how it might have fared with us."

"Once for all, then, Christina, tell me how I stand with you; for curse me if I can make out. You know I love you,—I have never concealed it, and I did think you looked kindly upon me; but here comes this pot-bellied horse-dealer, and says you are to marry him! Tell me honestly, is it true?"

Whilst the young girl, with natural bashfulness, hesitated to reply to this home-question, the sergeant seated himself by her side, and, in his softest tones and sweetest words, told her how ardently he loved her. He strove to rouse her gratitude by reminding her of the beneficial influence of his presence in the house, how he had defended and saved her and hers from the plunder and ill-treatment they would otherwise inevitably have suf-

ferred. In glowing colours he depicted the happy and prosperous life they would lead together, if she would follow him to Sweden when his term of service expired. He had a farm in Dalecarlia, he said, and she should be his wife and its mistress. Then he drew from his finger a broad gold ring, with his name upon it, and endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail upon her to accept it. And many times he asked, with mournful earnestness, if what Master Thy had told him were true; betraying in his manner, each time he mentioned the name of this man, previously so indifferent to him, an unusual reserve and circumspection. At last, as Christina, although with eyes full of tears, still persisted in her silence, he rose from his seat.

"I have opened my whole heart to you, Christina," said he, "and I have too good an opinion of you to suppose for an instant you would, without compulsion, prefer that little pinchy hedgehog of a Jutlander to a gallant Swede and smart soldier like myself. Perhaps you are afraid of your father? or of your dwarf of a bridegroom? If so, I promise you efficient protection. I have at Raskenbjerg"—here the young girl looked up from her work with a terrified glance,—“a good comrade, who has married a country-woman of yours. With your consent, I will conduct you thither, and there you shall remain, in all safety, until we leave the country;—and that will not be long,” added he, sinking his voice, and with a cautious glance around him.

The mere name of Raskenbjerg had upon Christina an effect of which Svartberg never dreamed. She thought with a shudder of the tales she had often heard related, and to which the horse-dealer had so recently referred. She remembered the blunt cordiality with which Martin Thy had promised her protection, and suspected Svartberg of evil designs, which he proposed carrying out by craft rather than by violence. Full of this idea, she told the sergeant plainly that she really was betrothed to Martin Thy, entreated him to show himself as generous in this matter as he had always previously been, and declared firmly and positively she would adhere to her promise. She

ventured even to tell him, he must have a very poor opinion of her if he thought to lead her astray by honeyed words and fine manners. All this she said to the young Swede in plain language, and in tones earnest, although gentle; and the whole expression of her countenance and manner gave evidence of so much strength of will that Svartberg, after having once or twice more passionately conjured her to tell him the truth about Martin Thy—betraying, each time he mentioned the name, the same kind of confused manner as before—grasped helm and sabre, and with an exclamation of disappointment and vexation, hurried into his apartment.

It had rained and blown the entire night, the sky was gray and dreary, the first glimpse of dawn scarce appeared in the east. Christina had milked the cows, but still she lingered in the stable awaiting her lover. Her heart was very heavy; the peace and safety in which the family had hitherto lived seemed suddenly to have fled, and that she should be the innocent cause of its departure forced many a sigh from her gentle bosom. She had not waited long when there was a cautious tap at the back-door leading into the field; she opened it quickly, and Hans entered. Christina threw her arms round his neck.

“At last, dear Hans!” said she tenderly: “how anxiously I have waited for you!”

“I come from the horse-dealer’s,” replied Hans, breathing short, like one who had made speed. “He was in bed and fast asleep, and was almost angry with me for awaking him. He told me, however, that he had heard, God knows from whom, that Danish troops had attempted a night-landing near Nyeberg, but had been prevented by the storm, and had sailed northwards. He pretends also that Danish and German reinforcements are off the west coast of the island. With respect to you, and the proposal he made last night, he maintains it is the only safe means of escaping Svartberg’s designs. Whether the offer was serious or sham, he would not distinctly say: it was no business of mine, he said; it might be joke, or it might be earnest. And when I solemnly swore to him that I would

endure neither the one nor the other, he laughed at me, and bid me go home and let him go to sleep. As I stole through the village, the trumpeters blew the alarm, and the troopers began to mount. So we are not safe here; the sergeant may surprise us at any moment."

And having concluded his parting narrative, Hans prepared to quit his mistress for the day. So engrossed were the young people by a long farewell kiss, that they were unaware of the entrance of sergeant Svartberg, till he had gazed at them for some seconds in a state of seeming petrification.

"Hell and the devil!" was the profane exclamation of the gallant sergeant, on recovering his powers of speech. "Pretty work this, by my honour! So so, my coy beauty," continued he, his lips trembling, his cheeks pale, his eyes ominously flashing, and with bitter irony in his voice, "is it the custom in this country to marry two husbands, one young and the other old? Now I know the meaning of your shyness, and what your intentions are; oh! I see through the whole conspiracy. But wait a bit, I'll pay you all off. Hallo! Olof and Peter!" cried he to two dragoons in the stable-yard, "dismount, and take this youngster upon the ammunition-waggon you have to take to Nyeberg."

Whilst the bearded horsemen got out of their saddles to obey their sergeant's commands, the latter turned once more to the trembling Christina.

"So this was your game, my charmer!" said he scornfully. "Have you already forgotten what you told me last evening, when you had me sighing like an old woman? I never felt so soft in my life, not since my mother first laid me in the cradle, with a pap-spoon in my mouth. Ha! it shall be the last time I waste fair words when force will gain my end. No, no!" he shouted, as Christina, with tearful eyes and speechless with grief, extended her clasped hands in supplication, "you won't get him off, I can tell you, not if you were an angel from heaven. Why don't you intercede for your other lover, the old one? No, no, neither mercy nor pardon."

"Ah! sergeant, be not so cruel; let

the lad go," exclaimed a voice behind Svartberg. "Surely you are not going to turn restive! You kick out a little, but I am certain a mouthful of hay will pacify you. Come, a word with you!"

The horse-dealer, for he it was, took the angry Swede by the hand, and Svartberg followed him, although with manifest unwillingness, to the further side of the court. Here Martin Thy deliberately unbuttoned his brown doublet and three or four waistcoats, produced, from the inmost recesses of his attire, a small greasy leather book, and ~~then~~ extracted a scrap of parchment. This he placed before the eyes of the sergeant, following the lines with his finger as Svartberg read, and pausing now and then at particular words, as if they were talismanic characters, intended to allay the soldier's irritation. This, whatever they were, they appeared to do. More calmly, but with a harsh and sullen expression of countenance, and like a man yielding with an ill grace to a power he dares not resist, Svartberg approached Hans Thorsen, who stood in gloomy silence between the two dragoons.

"Let the fellow go," he cried, "and to horse! You tell me we shall not come back, Thy. I neither know nor care how you learned it, but remember I make you responsible for both of them. If I do return, I will claim both her and him at your hands, and God help you if they are not forthcoming."

He spoke thus whilst tightening his horse's girths, and when he turned his head the horse-dealer had already disappeared. With a muttered oath, Svartberg sprang into the saddle, and, without bestowing another glance upon the young people, galloped out of the court, quite forgetting to bestow Christina one of those graceful salutations with which it was his wont to bid her adieu.

Field-marshal Shack had landed his troops without accident at Kjerterminde, and Lieutenant-general Eberstein, with equal good fortune, had got his little army on shore at Middelfahrt. The young prince of Sulzbach at first advanced against the latter general; but then, afraid of being cut off and surrounded by the former, he changed his plan, and drew back his

whole forces to a stronger position at Nyeberg. The entire Swedish army lay either in this town, or encamped in its front; their previous quarters were vacant. Consequently, in the village of Vinding all was still and quiet as in the grave. It was evening. Thor Hansen and his son had betaken themselves to the tavern, where a great number of peasants, retainers of the lord of the soil, travellers, and others, were assembled, discussing the latest news. These seemed important, judging from the noise and excitement that prevailed: all spoke at once, none listened, and, as if all danger were now over, none troubled their heads about what passed out of doors. But in the little room at Thor Hansen's house, Christina sat at work, full of melancholy thoughts. She certainly understood little about the march of events and prospects of the country, but love and sorrow had so far quickened her perceptions of political matters, that she foresaw much evil to herself and Hans if the Swedes got the upper hand. Another of her subjects of meditation was the strange influence the horse-dealer exercised over Svartberg. Upon what was it founded? Would it last? And, even if it did, and she was thereby delivered from the sergeant's importunities, might not Martin Thy press his own claims—claims which her own and her father's consent, admitted to Svartberg, and whereon was based the protection they enjoyed, rendered in some sort valid? These, and similar reflections, always ending in fears for Hans, drew bitter tears from her eyes, and so absorbed her mind that she was as unconscious as the noisy party at the tavern of what occurred without. Suddenly the latch was lifted, the house-door gently opened, and Svartberg stood before her.

"You weep, dearest!" he said, as he slowly approached the table beside which Christina sat, whilst an expression of mingled irony and grief passed across his martial features; "do those precious tears flow, perchance, for me? By the cross! how pale and moist are those pretty cheeks."

"What would you, sergeant?" said the maiden, recovering from her first surprise, and in accents of deep afflic-

tion. "Do you come to renew your recent cruelty, or to atone for it?"

"What I would?" replied the sergeant. "You know, Christina, that my heart is not a hard one, but quite the contrary, soft as can be, and you it is, my angel, who have made it so. Frankly and plainly, however, do I tell you, that without you it will harden again, ay, as marble. Without you I cannot live: you must away with me on the instant!"

"Alas, Svartberg, have I not already told you I am betrothed to Martin Thy!" cried the alarmed maiden anxiously.

"Pshaw!" cried Svartberg, "you do not expect me to swallow that fable? All lie and deception, as sure as there is a God in heaven. I have long seen through the old fox, but now I know him, and he shall not stand long in any body's way. As to any harm he may have told you of me, the knave lies in his throat."

"Svartberg!" exclaimed Christina, terrified at the increasing vehemence of the Swede's tone and manner, "you have power——"

"Ha!" interrupted the soldier, "that have I, and know how to use it. Christina, I cannot exist without you—by the living God I cannot! and though you were betrothed to Sweden's king, to me you must belong—mine you shall be! I have here," he continued, in a hurried and passionate whisper, "two comrades, and a cart to convey you to Nyeberg. I shall soon have served my time, and then will I take you home to my old mother in Dalecarlia, and there you shall live like a queen, or my name is not Jon Svartberg! Come! every moment is precious!"

The stalwart sergeant seized the fainting girl by the waist, raised her in his arms, regardless of her feeble struggles, and hurried to the door. Just then a loud uproar arose outside the house. Svartberg started, laid Christina in an arm-chair, and listened. The noise increased; shouts and cries, and two pistol-shots, reached his ear; and then Hans Thorsen and Martin Thy, followed by a legion of rustics armed with axes and hay-forks, poured into the room through both its doors. Surprised, but no way disconcerted, by their sudden appearance

and menacing mien, the sergeant, with a military eye for a good position, retreated into a corner, where the oak table served him as barricade, and laid hand upon a pistol in his belt. Either on account of the great odds against him, or through fear of injuring Christina, or because consciousness of evil-doing robbed him of his usual decision, he did not use the weapon, however, but preferred flight to a contest whose issue could hardly have been advantageous to him. Springing actively upon the long bench below the window, and still keeping his face to the enemy, he set his heavily-booted leg against the casement, which gave way, and fell with a clatter and jingling into the garden. Then, with his favourite exclamation, "Ha! in the devil's name!" he swung himself, light as a bird, through the opening. A peasant, on sentry below, essayed to seize him, but was prostrated by a blow that might have felled an ox; and the fugitive sped through the garden, his accoutrements rattling as he ran, and indicating the direction he took. All this while the peasants were not idle: some followed him through the window, others through the door; and as it was nearly full moon and the sky tolerably clear, the foremost distinctly saw him run across the meadow, and disappear amongst the oaks. With all speed they surrounded the little thicket; some lining the banks of the stream bounding it to the north, whilst others made diligent search amongst the trees and brushwood. Far and near their voices were heard, shouting to each other encouragement and inquiries. "Have you got him? Is he there? He has not crossed the stream. Look out, lads! Cut him down, wherever you find him!" And cut down the Swede undoubtedly would have been, had he been found; but to find him was the great difficulty. Not a bush large enough to shelter a rabbit but was beaten by the peasants, furious at the disappointment of their revenge on one of the detested tyrants who so long had oppressed them. Even the branches of the trees, although stripped of their leaves by the chill autumn wind so as scarcely to afford concealment, did not escape examination. But all was

in vain. It seemed as though the earth had swallowed the missing man. He had disappeared and left no trace. When at last convinced of this, the boors gazed at each other in astonishment and vexation, not unmingled with dismay. The devil—so some of them muttered—had helped his own. At last Hans Thorsen, convinced of the inutility of further research, prevailed on a few of the most resolute to keep guard round the wood, and returned home to look for his father and comfort his mistress.

Although Sergeant Svartberg had never implicitly believed Martin Thy's story of his intended marriage with Christina, the horse-dealer had found means to inspire him with a certain respect, which prevented his pursuing his object with open violence. His passion for the maiden, inflamed by unexpected resistance, had made him resolute, especially when the scene in the cow-house put him upon the trail of the truth, to employ every means to attain his end. Hans he despised as a peasant lout, and felt himself in no way obliged to respect his claims, or consider his rights. Were Christina once his, he trusted to win, by redoubled tenderness, a heart which he believed—perhaps rightly—harboured no particular repugnance towards him. He was overjoyed, therefore, when he received orders to take two dragoons, and fetch a couple of ammunition waggons left behind in Vinding; and he promised himself he would make good use of this favourable opportunity of carrying out his designs upon Thor Hansen's pretty kinswoman. Out of precaution, he avoided riding through the village, and took a circuitous route to Hansen's house. Before arriving there, however, he was compelled to pass some stables where Martin Thy was wont to keep horses, of which he sometimes had a great number on hand. Cunning Martin, whom nothing escaped, was looking through a hole in the stable wall, and recognised, notwithstanding the evening gloom, Jon Svartberg's big-boned mare. Suspecting mischief, he hurried to the tavern, and proposed to surprise the uninvited guests; but the peasants joyfully assented, and at once sallied forth, heated with liquor

and with thirst of revenge. The scene just described was the result.

But that very night the bold boors were doomed to experience the evil consequences of their exploit. Intimidated by the crowd of assailants, the two dragoons took to flight, leaving the sergeant to take care of himself. They hurried back to the camp, and made report to their captain of the evening's events. The captain, unwilling to lose a daring and useful subordinate, instantly despatched another sergeant to Vinding, with a stronger party, and with orders to fetch the waggons, to rescue Svartberg, or, should violence have been done him, to arrest the murderers. Fortunately, the approach of the troopers was observed sufficiently soon for old Hansen and Christina to find a hiding-place; but, in facilitating their escape, Hans was so unlucky as to fall into the hands of the Swedes, who hurried him off to Count Steenbock's quarters at Nyeborg.

Early the following morning, Christina donned her holiday attire, put on a clean cap, a pair of yellow leathern gloves, and her best apron, and, without telling the old man a word of her intentions, took the road to Nyeborg. She thought not of the dangers besetting her path: she thought only of sharing her lover's fate, should she find it impossible to rescue him; and bitterly reproached herself for having consented to separate from him. Mournfully, and with eyes red from weeping, she hurried along the rain-soaked road, when she heard the tramp of hoofs behind her, and looked round in alarm. It was Martin Thy, mounted upon Black Captain, to whose tail two other horses were tied. When near enough to recognise Christina, he drew rein with an exclamation of astonishment, and inquired whither she was going. She briefly told him her destination, and the object of her journey. He at first tried to dissuade her from prosecuting the latter, representing the many dangers to which she exposed herself, and without a chance of benefit, seeing that none would listen to her entreaties and representations. Finding his advice and remonstrances unattended to by the faithful and loving girl, he suddenly sprang from his horse. "You

shall not go afoot, at any rate," he cried, "so long as Martin Thy has a horse belonging to him, on whose back you can sit. You shall have a ride on Black Captain for once in your life at least. You see, my lamb," continued he, throwing the right stirrup over the horse's neck and tightening the girths—"you see what a soft-mouthed beast I am; I may be ridden any where with a plain snaffle by those who know me. Come, I will help you up." He placed her in the saddle, detached the other horses from Captain's tail, clambered with considerable difficulty upon the bare back of one of them, and set off at a trot.

"Only see," said he, "if we do not resemble Mary and old Joseph, in the picture upon the lid of my box at home. To be sure, Black Captain is no jackass; and indeed," he added, with a sly smile, "there is another difference besides that."

It was a chilly morning; the wind blew keen and cutting from the coast, and the air was clear and transparent; so that from afar the travellers discerned the Swedish tents, shimmering snow-white in the sunshine. Before they had proceeded much farther, the murmur of the camp became audible, like the hum from a stack of bee-hives. On reaching the outposts they were challenged; but the horse-dealer stooped his head and whispered a word in the ear of the vidette, who forthwith allowed him and his companion free passage, and they proceeded through the southern portion of the Swedish camp, towards the farm-house where Steenbock had his quarters. Preoccupied by her grief, Christina did not observe how completely at home Martin Thy seemed to be. Every body knew him, and he found his way without assistance through the canvass mazes of the camp. When close to the general's quarters, the travellers' progress was for a moment delayed by a crowd of people following two soldiers, who escorted a prisoner into the house. From her lofty seat upon the back of Black Captain, Christina saw over the heads of the throng, and in the captive recognised her lover, with hands bound behind his back. With a cry of grief, she sprang unaided from the saddle, and pressed through the crowd. Woun-

der at her boldness, and compassion for her evident affliction, procured her a passage, and, after some effort, she succeeded in penetrating to the hall where the court-martial was held. The case was probably prejudged by the Swedish officers, who made no scruple to sacrifice a peasant, whether innocent or guilty, by way of example and warning to the disaffected. But the trial, and the threats for which it gave opportunity, might probably, they thought, throw light upon the fate of Sergeant Svartberg, and account for his mysterious disappearance—besides eliciting the names of the accomplices in the murder of which, there could be small doubt, he had been a victim. The sergeant was respected and beloved by his comrades and superiors, and dissatisfaction was apprehended if his fate did not receive due investigation.

The court-martial was over. All that could be extracted from Hans Thorsen amounted to no more than was already known. Svartberg had attempted to carry off his mistress, and he and others had interfered to frustrate his design. He gave a plain narrative of the wonderful disappearance of the sergeant, and did not conceal his regret that the ravisher had thus escaped his vengeance. To the tears and entreaties of Christina the court naturally paid small attention, and she was at last compelled by threats to cease her importunity. Sentence was passed; the president of the court stood up, and gave orders to the provost-marshal to carry out the prisoner's doom by hanging him in front of the camp. In the extremity of despair, Christina cast her eyes over the crowd which filled the room to the very doorway, seeking succour where she expected none, when suddenly she perceived Martin Thy, who stood in a corner, with folded arms and immovable features, watching the proceedings. The sight of the horse-dealer was a gleam of hope to the unhappy girl.

"Help us!" she cried, hurrying to him with clasped hands—"for the blessed Saviour's sake, help us if you can!"

"Ay, but what shall I get by that, my lamb?" replied Martin in a suppressed voice. "I give nothing for

nothing, and like to gain by my bargains. Do you still remember what you lately told Svartberg? Keep your word to me, and I will see what I can do."

The peril was pressing, and Christina beside herself with sorrow. Distracted by fears for her lover, whom the soldiers were already leading away to execution, she promised all that was asked of her. The horse-dealer gave a satisfied nod, and advanced slowly and with a certain air of importance to the green table around which some members of the court still sat, whilst others had risen and were about to depart. Making as low a bow as his fat, thickset figure was capable of, he respectfully begged a hearing. The officers looked at him with surprise; Hans, recognising the voice, turned his face towards him, whilst his escort lingered a moment, as if to indulge their prisoner with a last glance at a friendly face.

"What is your business?" abruptly demanded the president of the court-martial. "Have you aught new to communicate touching this affair?"

"A single word, with your excellency's permission," replied Martin Thy; and, approaching the Count, he whispered something in his ear. Steenbock took a step backwards, and looked keenly in the horse-dealer's face, examining him for a few seconds attentively, and without speaking. Then beckoning him into a corner of the room, where they could not be overheard, he exchanged a few sentences with him, and cast his eyes over some papers produced by the horse-dealer. This done, the two men returned to the table.

"I think, therefore, with due submission to your excellency," said the horse-dealer in more decided tones, "that the truth is most likely to be got at in the manner I suggest. If the sergeant has been murdered, this lad was certainly not his only assassin. Upon the other hand, if, as I think more probable, Svartberg is in some place of concealment, the punishment of the prisoner would but increase his danger. And that the worshipful sergeant has sunk into the earth or ascended to heaven, vanishing so as to leave no trace—that, of

course, is a fable my horses would laugh at."

"Well, well, jockey," said the Count, loud enough for all in the room to hear, "if you undertake to throw light upon the business, I will make over the prisoner to you, it being well understood you become responsible for him: the girl, too, must appear, should I require her presence. And remember, you cannot deceive me without risking your own neck. Enough! you are answerable for them both."

"With my life!" replied the horse-dealer, again bowing low, "so soon as I am out of the camp. Until then, I crave an escort."

The protection demanded was accorded, and its necessity was fully proved by the savage glances cast at Hans by the Swedish soldiery, as he and his companions passed through the camp. Once beyond its boundary, Martin Thy conducted Christina to her home, and Hans to his own house; and after exacting from both a solemn oath not to endanger his life by flight, saddled a fresh horse and rode away.

The next day, the memorable 14th of November, witnessed the defeat of the Swedes and the triumph of the Danish arms; and upon the day afterwards, the whole Swedish army, shut up in Nyeborg, surrendered to the victors. The Prince of Sulzbach and Count Steenbock had run the gauntlet through the Dutch fleet, and escaped to Corsor, where they met any thing but a flattering reception from King Charles Gustavus. Delivered from their merciless foe, and once more under Danish government, the inhabitants of Funen again raised their heads, and resumed their former habits and occupations. Gradually things fell into the old routine: vexatious losses were forgotten in the comforts and security of peace; fugitives returned home; friends and relatives, long severed, again met; news were received of many reported dead, and the fate of others, whom the demon of war had really devoured, was accurately ascertained. But of Martin Thy, the horse-dealer, not a word was heard. Since the day that he had rescued Hans Thorsen from the jaws of death, none of his relatives

or neighbours had seen him; no intelligence, save faint and improbable rumours, had been obtained concerning him. Hans, when the enemy had quitted the country, (as he and every body else fondly believed for ever,) held himself absolved from his oath, and returned to his father's house at Vinding. There he undertook to persuade Christina that a promise forced from her, by the most cruel necessity, was not so binding that, under certain circumstances, it might not be broken; and, moreover, that it could not absolve her from her more ancient vows plighted to himself. But all the arguments of the impatient young lover, although supported by those of his father, who was desirous, before he died, to behold the happiness of his children, failed for some time to convince the maiden's sound sense and grateful heart. At last their persuasions and representations, powerfully aided by her love for Hans, induced her to fix a certain period, at the expiration of which, if Martin Thy did not in the interval appear to maintain his claim, she would become the wife of her younger suitor. Although vexed at the delay, Hans was compelled to consent to it; and for the satisfaction of Christina's conscience, two months were allowed to elapse. Then, the horse-dealer not appearing, the wedding was celebrated with the customary festivity and rejoicing.

At the marriage-feast the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the previous year, and, amongst other names and persons brought under discussion, Martin Thy was mentioned. Unobservant or regardless of the confusion manifest on the faces of both bride and bridegroom, half a score persons immediately exclaimed—"Ay, what has become of Thy, the punchy horse-dealer?" "Whither has the scamp betaken himself?" asked others. One of the company, an elderly man, whose words obtained deference and attention, replied to these questions to the following effect: Martin Thy, he said, was unquestionably one of the many spies employed by Charles Gustavus, and many of whom were intrusted by him with very considerable powers. For that king, reckoning on other means than the

mere force of arms for the subjugation of the country, employed numerous agents, chosen from all ranks and classes, to ascertain the state of feeling amongst the people. Soldiers, pedlars, artisans, peasants, and students, took his wages for these dishonourable services. The horse-dealer, however,—so the speaker affirmed,—either conscience-stricken after taking the money of the Swedish government, or finding it agreeable and convenient to eat from two platters at one time, had also accepted from the Danish authorities a passport and secret instructions. On the occasion of the murder of a Swedish sergeant in the vicinity of Nyeborg, he had come in contact with officers of high rank, some of whom having reason, in spite of his cunning and plausibility, to mistrust his honesty, instituted investigations which resulted in his being sent handcuffed, with two other gentlemen of the same kidney, to Corsor, where, without further form of trial, they were all three hung. Other accounts said that Martin Thy had got off with the mere fright, having succeeded, by means of a small file, concealed in his bushy hair, in cutting his prison bars and making his escape. The guests, however, were unanimously of opinion that this was a mere postponement of his doom, and that to-morrow morning a tree in the Danish woods might serve as a gallows for Martin Thy. The conversation still ran upon this subject, when a young lad who waited at table whispered something in the ear of the bridegroom. The latter rose from table with an air of surprise and uneasiness, and slipped out of the house. The messenger conducted him to the wood-store, where a stranger, desirous of speaking with him, awaited his coming. Upon entering the ill-lighted shed, Hans Thorsen beheld a pale thin little man, clothed in squalid rags, and reclining, as if overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, upon a pile of chopped wood. The stranger arose, and with a limping step advanced to meet Hans. It was Martin Thy. But how changed within a few short weeks! His comfortable corpulence had disappeared, his cheeks were hollow and colourless, his long hair hung matted

and uncombed about his ears, his doublet was travel-stained and tattered. It was scarce possible to recognise the once joyal well-conditioned horse-dealer. Hans Thorsen lifted up his hands in astonishment.

"Martin Thy!" he exclaimed in a tone of mingled vexation and compassion, "whence come you, in heaven's name, and what means this wretched plight?"

"You hardly know me again, Hans," said the horse-dealer, with somewhat of his former gaiety in his voice. "I am not surprised at it. I look just like an old horse who has been turned out to pass his winter in the woods. My paunch quite gone—left behind in yonder dry hole at Corsor," continued he with a smile, whilst with both hands he displayed his vest, which hung about him like a sack. "You want to know my business here?—never vex thyself about that, lad! I do not come to trespass on your manor. There are plenty here would drive me away, did I wish to stay. Tell your little wife (for I know this is your wedding-day) not to fret herself, for Martin Thy releases her. I know she will be glad to hear that. Of money I have plenty, ragged as I look; but I crave a service of you, for old acquaintance sake—'tis the last, perhaps. Lend me a horse, for I have not a leg to stand on. I will leave it in your uncle's care at Aastrup, near Faaborg: I myself shall not return. It matters little whether my fodder grows in Germany or Funen; and there are stables every where."

The good-natured heart of Hans Thorsen melted within him, as he contemplated the woful plight of the unlucky little man, and the constrained indifference and joviality of manner with which he endeavoured to carry off his misfortunes. His mind at ease about Christina, he thought only of comforting the man to whom he owed his life. He brought him beer and brandy, bread and beef, offered him a complete change of clothes, and pressed him earnestly to accept a pair of large silver buckles, which he took from his own shoes. But Martin Thy refused every thing, smiled in reply to the condolences of Hans, saddled the horse himself, cordially pressed the young man's hand, and galloped out

of the court. Hans gazed after him till a turn of the road hid horse and rider from his view, and then returned into the house, to dissipate by a whisper the last shadow of doubt and anxiety that still clouded the happiness, and weighed upon the gentle heart, of Christina Thorsen.

From that day no word was heard in Funen of Martin Thy the horse-dealer.

Nearly a century and a half had elapsed since the incidents above narrated. It was the month of July in one of the last years of the eighteenth century. The day had been oppressively hot, but in the afternoon a storm and shower had cooled and lightened the air. The minister at evening had a stranger stopping with him. This was a young gentleman from Copenhagen, whose pale thoughtful countenance told of assiduous toil in the paths of learning, and of late vigils by the study-lamp. Notwithstanding the elegance of his attire, and the courtly arrangement of his hair—gathered together upon his nape into a tail, according to the fashion of the day—the thorough Danish cut of his features, and a certain homely plainness of mien, seemed to indicate plebeian descent, and to warrant a conjecture that his father's hand had been more familiar with the plough-handle than with general's baton or magistrate's wand. His speech also, notwithstanding the advantages of an excellent education, was tinged with the accent of the province in which he then found himself. He had journeyed from the capital to his native place, for the purpose of examining whatever relics of antiquity there existed, and of discovering, if possible, some hitherto unknown. Not a Runic stone, or moss-grown font, or battered chalice, cracked bell, or stained window, not a tombstone or altar-piece, could escape his searching eye and investigating finger. Besides these mute memorials of ancient days, he interested himself greatly in the old rhymes and legends still current in Funen. To aid him in the collection of these, and in his other antiquarian researches, he had applied to the right man. The venerable minister was in every way as enthusiastic

an admirer as the student of the vestiges of old days; and having besides some knowledge of music, which his companion did not possess, he would sing with great unction, in a voice somewhat cracked but not disagreeable, strange wild ballads about Sivard, and Varland, and Vidrick, and of the good horse Skimming, and of King Waldemar and his queen Dagmar; whilst the young man stood by, his hand in his breast, and his eyes upon the ground, listening and musing.

"The rain is quite over," said the old clergyman, turning to the student; "let us go into the garden, for the sultry air is not yet out of the house. See here, how dry it is beneath these chestnut trees, notwithstanding the pelting shower we have had; and mark how the drops patter from leaf to leaf above our heads! A severe storm this has been. At one time, I thought our church was struck by lightning: I am sure the thunderbolt fell very near the steeple. But see yonder, what a splendid rainbow! It looks exactly as if it had one foot in my meadow. Let us sit here awhile, my dear young friend: the bench is quite dry. Ah! how fragrant smells the tobacco in the fresh open air! But you do not appreciate it. You prefer a Danish ditty to all the matic vapours of the noble Nicotian herb."

And to gratify his young guest, the minister struck up the beautiful Danish air—"*Jeg gik mig ud en Sommerdag at høre*"—beating the time with his long pipe-stick of Hungarian cherry. The eyes of the sensitive student were already dim with tears, when the plaintive song was interrupted by the clergyman's fair-haired daughter, who came bounding down the garden.

"Father, John has come, and wants to speak to you."

"Which John?" asked the minister.

"John Thorsen," replied the young lady. "Shall I send him to you?"

"No, child, I will go to him. I know what he wants. It is about his son's christening. Excuse me for a moment, my friend."

In less than five minutes the clergyman returned.

"Are you disposed for a short

walk?" he said: "I must visit one of my parishioners. I may, perhaps, have an opportunity to show you something more worthy your antiquarian attention than the legend of St Matthew and his fountain."*

The two men took hat and stick and followed the peasant, who led them through the village to his little farm, across a garden and a small meadow, till he stopped before a knoll of ground, and turned to his companions.

"Your reverence must know," said he, "that here upon the hillock, and round about, an oak copse formerly grew, for which reason we still call the field 'Oak Meadow,' although no one now living remembers any oaks here save yonder old one, cloven by this day's lightning. It was quite hollow, but that could not be seen till now. If your reverence will take the trouble to come up the knoll—stay, give me your hand, I will help you."

"Thank you, my son," said the minister, "I can do without assistance."

And the worthy man gently ascended the little eminence. One half of the huge oak still stood erect, surmounted by rich green foliage—the other moiety had been riven away by the lightning's power—and the whole interior of the tree was exposed to view like an open cupboard. It was melancholy to behold this forest monarch thus rent and overthrown, his verdant crown defaced and trailing in the dust. But this reflection found no place in the minds of either clergyman or student—their attention was engrossed by a variety of objects that lay in a confused heap in the cavity of the oak. Upon near examination these proved to consist of the remains of a human skeleton, which, to judge from the position of the bones, must have stood upright in the tree, its arms extended upwards. A pair of large iron spurs, several nails and brass buckles, a long sword, nearly consumed by rust, pieces of iron and brass belonging to a dragon's helmet, some coins of the reign of Charles Gustavus, and finally a broad gold finger-ring, were also dis-

covered. Upon the last the initials J. S. were plainly legible; and on the hilt of the sword, as on some of the fragments of metal, were the letters F.R.F.D., standing for First Regiment Finland Dragoon.

Although it was at once evident that these relics had not the age requisite to give them value in antiquarian eyes, the student and his venerable friend did not the less examine them with strong interest. On their way to the oak, the minister and Johann Thorsen had told their companion the story of the Swedish sergeant, and his wonderful disappearance. The tradition was current amongst the peasantry, and some details of it were still in existence in an old vestry register. That day's storm had cleared up the marvel, and explained the mystery,—there could be no doubt that the skeleton discovered in the oak was that of poor Svartberg. The letters upon the sabre and buckles, and especially those upon the gold ring, sufficiently proved this; the latter unquestionably stood for Jon Svartberg. It was evident that the young Swede, pursued by those from whom he had little mercy to expect, and impeded in running by the weight of his accoutrements had climbed the oak for safety, and had slipped down into the hollow, between whose narrow sides he got closely wedged, and was thence unable to extricate himself. There he remained immured alive in a living sarcophagus; and there upon every one of seven-score succeeding springs, the deceitful oak (like Dead-Sea apples, all freshness without and rottenness within) had put forth, above his mouldering remains, a wreath of brilliant green.

Upon the same Sunday on which little Thor Hansen was christened in the church of Vinding, Svartberg's remains were consigned to consecrated ground. John Thorsen and the student stood beside his grave: the old minister threw earth upon his ashes and wished him good rest. Some sorry jesters in the village-tavern opined he would need it, after being so long upon his legs.

* A mineral spring in the parish of Vinding, dedicated to St Matthew by the monks of a neighbouring convent, which existed there previously to the Reformation.

SKETCHES IN PARIS.

So fleeting are the scenes of revolutionary history—so phantasmagoric are they in their character, as well from their quickly evanescent nature as from their wild and startling effect—so rapid are the changes that every day, and almost every hour, produce, that before they can be well sketched they have flitted away from before the eyes, to be replaced by others as strange and startling. Those that have been hastily transferred to the note-book are gone as soon as traced: those that follow upon the next leaf grow pale, however high and bold their colouring, by the side of the still more vivid picture that is placed in contrast the next day. The interest of the present swallows up that of the past: that of the future will shortly devour the interest of the present. In no country is the difficulty of seizing the revolutionary physiognomy before it changes, and stamping it in permanent daguerreotype, more sensible than among the easily excited, and consequently ever-changeful French—in no place on the earth more than in that fickle and capricious city, the capital of revolutionised France. There, more than elsewhere, the scenes of revolution have the attribute of dissolving views. They are before your eyes at one moment: as you still gaze, they change—they run into other colours and other forms,—they have given way to a complete transformation. Such scenes have all the effect of the flickering, uncertain, and varying phantom pictures of the *mirage* of the desert: and this effect, so observable in the outward state of things,—in the aspect of the streets, in the tumult, or the sulky calm, in the rapidly rolling panorama of the day, changed in all its objects and its colours on the morrow,—is just as remarkable in moral influences, in the enthusiasm of one hour, which becomes execration in the next; in the hope, the fear, the confidence, and the despair. This is true, and perhaps even to a greater extent, in men, as well as things or deeds. Have we not seen so lately the hero, the idol, the demigod of one moment, become,

by a sudden and almost unconnected transition, the object of hatred, suspicion, and mistrust, at another? On such occasions the dissolving views have scarcely time to dissolve.

Nothing, then, is a more difficult or a more thankless task, than to sketch scenes of a revolutionary time among such a rapidly self-revolving people. Scarcely is the scene sketched, but it is superseded by one of newer, and consequently more powerful interest; its effect has faded utterly away; it is old, *rococo*, unsatisfactory: the new one alone claims every eye, and the tribute of all emotions. With such fearful express-train hurry and dash does history rush along, that the history of yesterday seems already "ancient" history, and the tale of the last hour "a tale of other times," no longer fit to command a thought, or excite a sensation; or, at best, it may be said to belong only to those grubbing antiquaries in political considerations, who live out of the whirling movement of their age. On those who linger among such scenes, this feeling is so powerfully impressed that they seem to themselves to grow old with frightful rapidity, and to have lived ten years at least in as many days.

Thus, in opening a Parisian Sketch-book, in which many a scene has been traced during the last few months, the feeling that the sketches therein hastily made are already too old, too "flat, stale, and unprofitable," to please the novelty-craving public eye,—that even the latest, while being exhibited, may be thrown into the shade by newer and more vivid scenes, which would afford subjects for fresher pictures,—deters from their exhibition. But still there may be some of those grubbing antiquaries in revolutionary history, who may not be sorry to have a specimen of "old times" in the shape of a vignette or two drawn upon the spot, although it was done yesterday, or even the day before, placed within his hands; and so the Sketch-book shall be opened, and turned over at hap-hazard, and a few sketches of revolutionary Paris offered to public gaze:

See! first of all we fall upon a rapid tracing or two of scenes from those wild abysses, in which have sunk industry, trade, confidence, and principle—the *ateliers nationaux*. The pencil of a moral Salvator Rosa is alone worthy to paint them! But great breadth of light and shade, and powerful colouring, must not be sought for in a scrap of a vignette. Perhaps we have not stumbled so utterly *mal-à-propos* upon these pictures; for since the *ateliers nationaux* were so intimately connected with the pretexted causes, and the fearful organisation, of the bloody insurrection in the latter end of June, they may be supposed, as events go rattling on, to belong to the “middle ages” of the past French revolutionary history, and not to be so positively lost already in its “dark ages” as to have become utterly uninteresting.

The sketch is taken in the park of Monceaux, at the western extremity of the capital. The old trees stand there pretty nearly as they did, although some have been cut down or torn up, no one can well say why, unless it may have been from a spirit of devastation for devastation's sake; the old clumps, and the grass-plots, although sadly worn, are still there; but how different is the aspect of the spot from that which might have been sketched last year in the same sweet spring-tide! The calm and the make-believe rurality are gone. Where nurse-maids and children gambolled on the greensward, or a couple of lovers lingered so near the tumult of the capital, and yet so secluded and unobserved, or the dreamer lounged to dream at ease, although the roar of the great city still rang in his ears, is now a scene of confusion and disorder. A herd of miserable, or idle and reckless men, have been there got together; and the spot has been allotted as one of the newly constituted revolutionary national workshops. “Workshops!” what irony in the word! Work there is none for the wretched men to do; profit there is none, at the very best, to expect from it. The impoverished and harassed country is burdened with new taxes, to keep the dangerous and disorderly in a seeming state of quiet; the fears of a government, or even its treacher-

ous designs, call for funds from all the country to pay this herd of men, who prefer eating the bread of idleness as their due—for have not they been told that they are the masters, and that the country must support them?—to earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, when they are enabled to do it: and all this sacrifice shall not hereafter avert the danger anticipated by those fears.

The first impression conveyed by the scene is that, some how or other, we have been suddenly transported into the “back woods” of a Transatlantic settlement. A few huts of wood are knocked up in different parts under the trees, for the use of those paid superintendents who have nothing to superintend, and who only aid in fostering the passions of the wild men whom they are vainly said to have under their command, and in organising into revolutionary bands, to work the will of a disappointed and frantic party, a host of half-savage beings, disorganised to every social tie. The hundreds of half-dressed men who are grouped hither and thither, with instruments of labour in their hands, might be supposed, were they really employed upon any exertion, to be the settlers, occupied in effecting a clearance. Some even might be taken, from their wild looks and wilder gestures, for a few of the last remnants of the aboriginal savages, who had just sold the heritage of their fathers for deep draughts of the “fire-water.” But when we look more nearly to the details in the composition of the picture, we shall find component parts of it perfectly exceptional, and peculiarly belonging to the circumstances of the place and of the day. Some of the men in the groups, it is true, bear all the air of sturdy workmen, although they are demoralised by their position of real idleness, that “root of all evil,” and disgusted with having their energies employed upon “make-believe” work. “Make-believe” indeed! for children could scarcely be seduced into the fantasy that they were really doing any labour of positive utility. Some again are strong men, capable of bearing exertion as settlers or forest clearers; but they are not the men of the “woods and wilds.” Those hands plunged down into the deep pockets of

their full trowsers, without the least show of willingness to work; those heads tossed back, that sharp cunning roll of the evil eye, that leer, that sardonic grin, that mouth carelessly pursed up to whistle, all betray the common city-thief, who knows not why he should not share in the bounty of the country to the idle and disorderly, particularly when his own trade thrives so ill in these days of the patrollings and marchings, and drummings about the streets, by night as well as day, of the national guards: among those faces, also, we may find the dark scowl of the branded felon and the murderer. But look at those pale puny men, with their lank hair and scanty beards! How out of place they seem in these "backwoods" of civilisation! How miserably they hang their heads, and look upon the earth! They are the poor weavers, and fabricators of jewellery, and makers of all kinds of articles of luxury, whose trade is closed to them by the ruin caused to all wealth and luxury by the revolution, and who are out of employ. They are real objects of charity: and they are true objects of pity also, as they thus stand, unable and unwilling to work at their useless trades, and brood over their misery, and think of their wives and babes, for whom they, who might have before earned a decent livelihood, must now beg, from a nation's reckless charity, a scanty subsistence. Poor woe-begone wretches! they have cursed the revolution in the bitterness of their hearts; although by a strange but not uncommon revulsion of feeling, they will throw themselves, perhaps, soon into the arms of their enemy, and spouse, in despair, its wildest, bloodiest doctrines, with the hope that any change, however desperate, may tend to relieve them from their utter misery, but to find out, at last, that they have plunged into a still more fearful abyss. Look! in that corner, beneath that further clump of trees, are some who have thrown themselves gloomily upon the ground, to dream of a gloomy future; or lean their backs against the stems, to raise their eyes despairingly to heaven; or see! perhaps they laugh wildly, to affect a gaiety far from their hearts. Poor fellows! The deity they have worshipped is thrown down from the

high pedestal on which they had put her up aloft, or one is replaced by another, wearing a hideously coarse red cap of liberty; their fair dream, in which they lived, has flown, with its bright rainbow colours, and left before them nothing but a naked, rugged, hideous reality; the poetry, as well as the necessary materialism of their lives, have been cut off at once; the pleasant sward, on which they trod forward, "with daisies pied," has terminated on a sudden, upon an abyss formed by the unexpected convulsion of an earthquake. Their divinity was Art; she has fled with a sob before the advance of coarse democracy, that proclaims her a useless and foolish idol. Their dream was the worship in the temple of Art; the temple has fallen to the ground, and the rainbow consecrations of its altar have vanished. The path which was to lead on to fame and fortune has abruptly terminated. There is no hand to foster the neglected and degraded deity; the poor artists, who were just commencing their career, are now reduced to penury: for the most part, these poor orphan children of art are penniless—almost houseless; they have been forced to lay aside the brush for the spade or pick-axe—the brightly-coloured pallet for the dull earth; and now they brood here, in the *ateliers nationaux*, over their fantasies flown and their real misery—happy even that they can receive the national pittance to prevent them from starving. Look to those young men, sprinkled here and there in the groups—boys they are almost sometimes—with their thin delicate mustaches, and their hair arranged with some coquetry of curl, even in the midst of their disorder, and in spite of the *blouse* with which their attire is covered. Look at their hands! they are white and delicate—they are not used to handle the implements of labour. If they work, the drops of perspiration trickle over their pale faces like tears which *will* find a passage, even if the eyes refuse to let them go. They have been evidently used, the weak boys, to a certain degree of luxury, and their harsh occupation is repugnant to their feelings. They are young lads from the many shops of the luxuries of manufacture

of every kind in formerly flourishing Paris, which have now closed in consequence of the ruin and desolation that has fallen upon trade. Those who have not shut up entirely, have discharged the greater part of their former servitors, who now are turned adrift in hundreds upon the *pavé* of Paris, and know not how or where to seek their bread. Those hands have been accustomed to handle the velvet, the satin, and the lace, and shrink back from the contact of the rough wood and cutting stone: but starve they cannot, and they add to the wild motley crew of the *ateliers nationaux*. Those discontented affected faces are those of young actors, and singers also, impropident to a proverb, who have been left exposed to the rude buffetings of the world by the failure of several of the theatres, which have not been able to meet the necessities of revolutionary times, when even Parisians—even theatrical Parisians—desert the theatres for the club-rooms, and which have closed their bankrupt doors. What a change, again, from the illusion of the glittering dress, and the lighted scene, and the heart-fluttering applause, to the stern realities of poverty and labour. Among such men as these are young rising authors also, who have thrown aside the uncertain resource of the pen for the scanty but sure return of public charity, with a pretence of labour. The *ateliers nationaux* have become the only salvation, in the suspension of literature as well as art, of the poor poet or novelist who does not dip his pen in the black gall of ultra-republican democracy, and earn a scanty subsistence as journalist in one of the "thousand and one" new violent republican journals of the day—for such a one alone can find his reader and his profit. But such figures as these among the groups are the bright lights, sad as they may be, of the picture. The greatest mass of the herd of so-called workmen consists of those accustomed to labour and to hardship, or of those who have been injured to play all parts, and fill all situations, by long acquaintance with all the necessities of crime.

What a strange scene these pensioners of the republican government form!—stranger still when the nature

of the supposed work upon which they are believed to be engaged is considered. It is not by any means the half of the assembled herd, however, that makes any show of working at all. See! several hundreds of men are moving backwards and forwards, with wheelbarrows, over the more vacant spaces of the now desolate-looking park; they move from a hole to a heap, from a heap to a hole. At the one, men are lazily making a pretext of digging up the earth—at the other, of shovelling it upon a mound. To what purpose? To none whatever. When the heap begins to grow too big not to be added to without exertion, it is again demolished; the earth is wheeled off elsewhere; another heap of earth is made upon another spot, or the hole that has been made is again filled. It is the endless task of the Danaïdes, condemned to fill a bottomless tun, on which they are engaged; or it is that of the web of Penelope, undone as soon as done: but it is without the advantage of the punishment of the one, or of the purpose of the other. But see, in the back-ground, a party have grown ashamed of the futile absurdity of the employment upon which they are vainly engaged. In order to give a faint and frivolous colouring to their acceptance of their wages of idleness, they have thrown down their misused implements, and, like a party of school-boys, they have put their so-called superintendents into their wheelbarrows, and are wheeling them up and down amidst shouts and cries, and yells of the hideous *Ca Ira*. This, however, is but poor sport in comparison with the recreation that many of the national workmen permit themselves, for the good of the nation.

For instance, those knots of men which stand here and there, in thick encircling masses, whence issues the sound of many voices of declamation, of shouts, or of murmurs—and where now and then heads may be seen of eager and wildly-gesticulating orators, who have mounted upon the bottoms of upturned wheel-barrows in order to spout—have formed themselves into *al fresco* clubs, in which they, the masters and arbiters of the destinies of the country, as they have been taught to believe themselves, are set-

ting the affairs of the nation according to their own views, or rather according to the frantic opinions instilled into them as a poisonous draught, rushing like fire through their veins, and disturbing and corrupting the whole system, by the violent demagogic orators of a furious disappointed party, whom they imitate second-hand, and naturally caricature, if possible, to a still greater excess of anarchist doctrine. Listen to them! under the hot-bed fostering influence of the *ateliers nationaux*, or rather of their instigators and supporters, they have got far beyond Louis Blanc, the high-priest of the one deity of the Republican trinity, *Egalité*, and his utopian talent-levelling theories for the organisation of labour. Listen to the declamations that come rolling forth from these crowds. They are illustrative of communistic doctrines to the utmost limits of communism. The declaration that all property in land is a spoliation of the people, and a crying iniquity—that the soil of the earth belongs to the community, to the nation at large; that it must all be confiscated, seized, and placed in the hands of the *Res publica*, to be administered for the public good; that the profits of its culture must be distributed equally amongst all—is but the A B C of the long alphabet of communistic principles, which they proclaim in the name of humanity, and to the advantage of themselves. It is needless to run through every letter. The omega—the great O—which is to prove the result of all their declamations, is, that if the National Assembly does not decree this general confiscation, they will take up arms against it; that they have oncemade the stones of the street rise at their command, and that they will make them rise again, when the time shall come, to do once more their bidding. And how have they kept their word? The blood-red standard of that fantastic vision of blood, the *République Sociale et Démocratique*, the Republic of spoliation and destruction, is raised aloft in the *ateliers nationaux*, to be planted hereafter upon the deadly barricades of June. And round these open conspiracies, under the sky of heaven, and in the face of men, see, there stand the brigadiers, and superintendents and masters put over them by the

government, with their hands in their pockets; and they listen and applaud. Look, also, at the furious frown of the orator on the wheel-barrow, in the midst of his yelling companions of the national workshops. How he knits his brows, and rolls his eyes, with a tiger aspect! This is all “make-believe” again; for he thinks it necessary for an “only true and pure” republican to make a terrible face, to the alarm and terror of all supposed aristocrats. Republicans did it, and were painted so in former days; and, to be a real republican, he must do the same: and his associates follow his example, and frown, and roar, and denounce like himself. All this is playing a part. But when they have learned by heart the part that they are rehearsing now, under yon trees, in the transmogrified park of Monceaux, they will play it as their own to the life—nay, to the death! If we were to approach that fellow in the blouse there, who is lying on his back on a hillock, reposing from his fatigues of doing nothing, and jerking lazy puffs of blue-white smoke into the pure spring air from the short clay-pipe that almost seems to grow out of his mass of beard, we may get perhaps to some comprehension of the tenets of the *braves ouvriers* of the *ateliers nationaux*; for, after all, although we are gentlemen, and he weens himself our lord and master, he looks like a *bon homme*, and he may condescend to expound to us his principles of “liberty, equality, and fraternity,” upon the best-avowed communist, socialist, and ultra-republican system. Let us ask him who are the people? It is we—we who have nothing, and are not rascally thievish proprietors—we are the people; and the sovereignty of the people belongs to us, he will tell you. If you insinuate to him that, according to the laws of equality, you ought to have your own little share of this sovereignty, he will reply—No such thing—you are not of the people, you are a *bourgeois*, a *mange-tout*, an *accapareur*, a *riche*, a *fuineant* (what is he doing?) an *aristocrate*: this last word is the climax of the terms of objugation. Endeavour to explain to him, or to convey by innuendo, that “aristocrats,” in all languages, mean

those who pretend alone and exclusively to the exercise of the sovereignty of a country, he will scowl upon you with contempt, and, without deigning to analyse your definition, will again declare that you lie if you pretend to be of the people, which is sovereign, and not you.

The picture is a fanciful, and not an unpicturesque one. There is a wildness about the bearded haggard faces, and the disconsolate looks; there is colour enough in the blue *blouses*, the red cravats, the blood-red scarfs of the brigadiers, and the uniforms of the young men of the schools, who superintend: the background of the old trees, with the log-huts peeping out from among them, is well disposed. The greensward is below—the clear blue spring sky above. There is brightness enough about the picture; but dark and gloomy are the passions smouldering within the hearts of those men—passions that find vent now in short hasty ebullitions, like puffs of steam let off from a safety-valve, in their political declamations, but that shortly will burst out in terrific explosion, and cover Paris with devastation and destruction.

Let us open the Sketch-book once more, at a picture again representing one of these same *ateliers nationaux*, after a change in the government of the country. The National Assembly has met. Several of the more experienced and far-seeing members of that confused body have seen the misery of this filthy sore upon the body of the commonwealth; they have probed the ulcering wound; they have foreseen, like good political doctors, that gangrene and mortification of the whole social state of France, and death, to all its last chances of life in prosperity, must result from such a state of things. They have denounced the whole corrupted system with energy. The government has confessed the misery and the danger of the national workshops, as they were constituted: it has promised that they shall be entirely reorganised, that the tares of evil men shall be sundered from the wheat of good and honest, but suffering workmen; that some shall be draughted off, that the works shall

be made useful and productive, that the superintendents shall be replaced; the chiefs, suspected of encouraging sedition and insurrectionary tendencies, removed; the abuses in the administration of the funds rectified. Much has been promised: and, until the needy workmen can be removed into the provinces, in order to be employed upon railroads and canals, and other great public works, or, where it is possible, upon labours congenial to their education, the Assembly has consented to close its eyes, and hope that the dangerous *ateliers nationaux* are gradually acquiring a healthier and more prosperous aspect.

Let us turn, then, to a sketch of the workshops in their reorganised state. We seek it out with more cheerful hopes; and, in order to change the background of our picture, let us look in the direction of the eastern outskirts of Paris, and investigate the scene presented by the national workshops upon the little plain of St Maur. Before we arrive there, however, we shall fall upon another sketch, which is not without its characteristic traits, as illustrative of the history of revolutionising Paris. Those masses of towers that rise from the midst of walls surrounded by moats, not far from the roadside, and are flanked and backed by the low trees of thick woods at a little distance, belong to the fortress of Vincennes. Within these towers, connected with many a dark page of French history, are confined those frantic and disappointed demagogues, who on the 15th of May endeavoured to overthrow the Assembly, constituted by universal suffrage as the sovereign power of the country, and to substitute their own regime of tyranny and terror in its place. There sit the moody Barbés, whose ideas of republicanism go no further than constant subversion of "what is;" and the cold-blooded and cunning, but ferocious Blanqui, that strange mixture in character, as well as in physiognomy, of the fox and the wolf; there mourns Albert, so lately one of the autocratic rulers of the country—the workman who, not content with his temporary power, helped to plot its return under bloody auspices. There are many others of those furious

ultra-republicans, who dreamed of founding a government upon pillage, and supporting it by the guillotine. Those towers, in fact, contain the leaders upon whom a furious party counts, as the master-spirits who are to lead it on to power. Their liberation from confinement is the dream of the party: in every *émeute* with which the streets of Paris has been almost daily, or rather nightly, animated, the cry has been, "*Vive Barbès!*" in the fearful insurrection and the civil conflicts of June, the name of Barbès was the rallying cry. Long before that period of terrific memory, the government knew that plots were constantly being laid for the surprise of the fortress, and the liberation of the prisoners. When, led on by the chiefs of the ultra clubs, a band of so-called *ouvriers* waited upon the minister of the interior, to inform him that an immense monster fraternity banquet was to be held in the forest of Vincennes on a certain day,—they were met by the reply of the minister, that no day could be better chosen, inasmuch as he had appointed that very day for a grand review, on the same spot, of all the troops of Paris, who would thus have an opportunity of fraternising with their "brethren of the workshops." The monster banquet was, consequently, never held,—or rather it was held in the streets of Paris; and the people banquetted upon carnage, and blood, and the still quivering limbs of the unhappy *Gardes Mobiles*. But that dread hour is not yet come, at the time the sketch is taken. Aware of the designs of the conspirators, the government has sent reinforcements to protect the fortress of Vincennes. The whole forest around is now a camp. In the midst looms the donjon, with its towers and walls, a dark and gloomy prison house: the cannon is on the battlements; the garrison is on duty, as if the fortress were at that moment in a state of siege; and, strikingly contrasting with this stern spectre of stone, is the scene presented by the wooded environs. It partakes of the camp and the fair. The whole place is beleaguered with troops. But if you look among the trees, you will see the tents gleaming forth from among the green. Pickets are scat-

tered here and there; now you see a body of troops of the line drawn up under arms; there again they are reposing upon the grass, or playing among themselves. At intervals comes up the white smoke of a fire, at which the mid-day meal of the soldiers is being cooked, from among the trees; then *improvisò al fresco* kitchens are glimmering, and crackling, and smoking heavily in all directions. The jaunty *vivandières*, in their short blue petticoats, their tight red jacket bodices, and their little boots, with hats, bearing tricolor-cockades, stuck jauntily on the sides of their heads, are serving out wine to red-paulettes and red-breeched soldiers under the green branches, from their little painted barrols; and booths there are in every direction, with canvass coverings, gleaming out from the low forest, where there are wine and cider venders, and where sausages and other savoury dainties are being fired by little hand-stoves upon the ground. Venders of pamphlets and newspapers, all for one sou, are there also in herds, to tempt the young soldiers to buy their ultra-republican literary wares; and there may be a deeper purpose than mere speculation in the movements of some of the herd. Petty merchants there are also moving about, with every imaginable article of petty merchandise; ragged men with cracked voices, old women, and children of both sexes, are among these speculators upon the scanty purses of the military. The scene is gay and diversified, but it is sadly confused; and above all, when its component parts, and their various details be considered, it tells a sad tale of a city close by, given up to all the miseries of opposition, hatred, suspicion, mistrust, and active conspiracy.

Pass we on, then, to the picture of the reorganised national workshops,—of the reorganisation of which so much boast has been made by members of the government: we come to it at last, having only turned over, on our way, a leaf containing another sketch, which caught our eye in passing.

The scene is devoid of all the picturesque accessories of the park of Monceaux. It represents one of those

desert, chalky, open spaces, that so violently offend the eye in the environs of Paris. In the distance are suburb houses, and scaffoldings of unfinished buildings, and heaps of stone, and mounds of earth,—all is dry, harsh, barren, desolate; it is glaring and painful to the sense in the bright sunlight; it is dreary, muddy, more desolate and offensive still in the time of rain. The sun, however, is bright and hot enough now, when the sketch is taken, about the middle of June. The brains of the thousand and nine workmen, who have been collected in the middle space of the picture, are seething probably beneath that hot sun, and fermenting to desperate schemes. What a pandemonium is represented by this desolate little plain, occupied by the reorganised national workmen. If they have been reorganised, it is only to worse confusion. They are more reckless, more lazy, more noisy, more insubordinate than ever. Those alone are quiet who lie snoring on their bulks in the sunshine; but they will wake ere long, and to active and bloody work, I trow. Yonder is a group employed, as if the welfare of the nation depended upon it, in the interesting and instructive game of *bouchon*, or of throwing *sous* at a cork; all their energies and their activity, engaged to earn their pay, are occupied in this work. They are merry and thoughtless, however; but wait! their merriment is but for the moment, and bloody thoughts will be awakened in them before long, under the pernicious influence of those who are allowed to wander among them, and instil poison in their ears. Look! there are jovial fellows reeling about under the influence of strong drink,—they have already thrown away all disguise—they cry “*Vive Barbès! Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale! A bas tout le monde!*” They at least show that they are ripe for revolt. Some brandish their spades in their hands—for here again is the same pretence of work, and of wheeling earth from one heap to another—and shout the *Marseillaise* in hideous chorus, or the “*Mourir pour la patrie,*” and anon they change their song to the *Ca Ira* of fearful memory; for the other republican ditties are not advanced enough for the bold would-be

heroes of the “Red Republic.” Here is one squatting under a bare hillock of earth, and piping all alone, in melancholy tone, upon a clarionet; but his musical efforts are as miserably out of time and tune, as are his seeming bucolics under the circumstances. Another has got upon a mound, and is fiddling to a set of fellows who are dancing the horrid *Carmagnole*, with gestures and faces that need only the pikes, with trunkless heads on them, of the old revolution, to make the scene complete. But the scene *will be completed soon*; bayonets shall bear heads upon their points, and the *Carmagnole* shall be danced behind barricades around mutilated bodies. “*Vivent les Ateliers Nationaux!*” Look at that group who are lowering darkly among themselves, and hold on to each others’ blouses in the energy of their suppressed and whispered converse. See! there is another there upon the plain, and there again another such a crowd. They look like conspirators,—and in truth conspirators they are, communicating to each other the plans for the approaching insurrection. And this passes in open day, and we may be there to witness and even to hear; and the whole city shakes its head, and in vague apprehension expects the crisis that is about to come. And yet it will be said by ministers, and ministerial agents, that the national workshops are reorganised,—yes, reorganised to bloodshed and revolt! And no means will be taken by the government to control or suppress—it will not even attempt to stem—the torrent it has wilfully dammed up in these organised clubs of sedition. None now even deign to make a show of working, or, if the overseers come by and shake their heads, they take up their spades, and digging up a little earth, fling it, laughing in confident impunity, upon the back of the superintendent as he turns away. In the hands of such men as these, the pick-axes and spades have the air of the weapons of a murderous crew; and how soon will they not be used to aid them to purposes of murder! And this scene of confusion, and reckless effrontery, is sketched from the life at one of the national workshops in their reorganised state. Bright it is not,

but it might shame one of Callot's most wild and turbulent pictures, such as he alone has shown how to etch.

Connected with such scenes as these, in as far as they tended to produce the last stirring sketches with which the Parisian Sketch-book was filled in the month of June, are others, which can only be fleetingly turned over. There is the large dingily lighted club-room, with its dark tribune, its president and secretaries and acolytes, dressed in blue smocks, with blood-red scarfs and cravats—its fiery orators denouncing the *bourgeois* to the hatred of the working classes, and instilling division, rancour, battle to the death between classes, with violent gesture and frowning brow; and its benches and galleries filled with a fermenting crowd, that yells and clamours, and applauds the sentiment of "hatred and death" to the *bourgeois*. It is no uninteresting, although a heart-wearying *chiaro-oscuro* scene, with its strong lights and dark shades—albeit, in its moral as well as its material aspect, the lights are few, the shades many, and dark to utter blackness. Connected with the same *suite* of subjects, also, is the nature of the small room in the crooked streets of the *Cité*, or the suburb, with a table spread with papers, around which sit bearded full-faced men, discussing sternly, as may be seen by the scanty lamplight that illumines those haggard physiognomies; it is the room of the conspirators of the "Red Republic," or of the revolutionary agents to be despatched throughout the country, and into other lands, to propagandise the doctrine of destruction to all that is. But this scene must surely be a fancy sketch. Connected, also, is that black sketch of a cellar, in which are concealed arms, guns, pistols, lead, cartridges, barrels of powder, that have evidently fallen into the hands of subversive anarchist conspirators, by means of the connivance, treachery, or at least culpable negligence of those placed in power by the sovereign Assembly, and that have been conveyed thither hidden in wood, in bales, in sacks, amidst provisions. Connected, also, are many other gloomy vignettes. The scribbler in the small room, writing with

a sneer of bitterness upon his lip, and the stamp of overflowing bile on his pale face, writing with the red cap of liberty on his head, as if to inspire his brains with visions of all the horrors of a past revolution, glancing now and then, for a hint, at the portraits of Marat and Robespierre, which decorate his room, and grasping, now and then, the pistols on the table by his side, as if to instil the smell of powder and the breath of murder into the very lines he writes;—and again, the printing press worked by the light of the dying candle;—and again, in the hazy morning, the figure of the newspaper vender, swaggering down the boulevard, and screeching out, with hoarse voice, the "True Republic," or the "People's Friend;" and of the deluded workman, who leans, after his morning dram, against a post, and sucks in the revolutionary poison of those prints, more deadly and damning to his mind, and more fatal to his future existence, than the dram is deleterious to his health, and pernicious to his future life; and prepares his mind for the bayonet and the gun-barrel, by which he means to destroy all those detested, and, his paper tells him, detestable beings, who have toiled to possess any wealth, while he possesses nothing;—and again, by night, the meeting of the man in power and the discontented conspirator, in the well-appointed apartment, where a hideous deed of treachery is to be plotted; or of the wavering workman—who fears he is about to plunge into greater misery, and yet hopes the realisation of the false promises made him—standing, still uncertain, to listen to the voice of the tempting instigator to rebellion under the gas lamp at the obscure street corner on a drizzling night. All these are sketches connected with the past ones of the national workshops, and with those to come; they lead on to the last in the dark series, irresistibly, inevitably: but as most of them must necessarily be fancy sketches, and not "taken from the life," let them be turned over hurriedly with but a glance.

And those that follow—what a confused mass of startling subjects they offer! See here! the bands of united men assembling by night, and march-

ing silently through the sleeping streets; then shouting and tossing up their arms in open defiance; then the rising barricades, all bristling with bayonets; then the national guards and troops pouring through the streets; the smoke of the firing; the mass of uniforms mounting the barricades; the tottering falling men; the confusion; the bodies strewn hither and thither, of wounded and dead; the struggle, hand to hand, upon the barricades, of the *blouse* with the uniform of the national guard,—fury and hatred between fellow countrymen in each face; the cavalry dashing down the boulevards; the cannon rapidly dragged along; the tottering houses battered down; and then the biers slowly borne upon sad men's shoulders, supporting the dying or the dead; the carts filled with corpses; the wounded, upon straw littered down on the pavement, attended by the doctor in his common black attire, contrasting with the pure white cap and pinnars of the *sœur de charité*; the uniforms, now smeared with blood and blackened by smoke, mingling with the long dark dress and falling white collar of the administering priest. See! now again, in the midst of the carnage and uproar and smoke, the young soldier of the day, the *Garde Mobile*, borne on the shoulders of his comrades, and waving in his hand the banner which he has wrested with valour from the hands of the insurgents on the barricade; and women, even in the midst of the terror and dismay, fling down flowers from the windows upon the heads of these young defenders of their country—the perfume of the flower mingling with the scent of stifling powder-smoke and the rank taint of blood. See again! there is a cessation of the combat for a time; the weary national guards are returning from the place of action. What a picture does the vista of the boulevards present! Those who have any knowledge of others passing by, stop them to fall upon the neck of a familiar face, and embrace it in grateful thankfulness that even a scarcely known acquaintance is saved from the frightful carnage that has taken place; and men ask for their friends, and heads are shaken; some have fallen, others return not; and in all the windows and

the doors are agonised female faces; and women rush out to scream for husbands, fathers, and brothers, and follow those who they think can tell them of their fate in frantic entreaty along the pavement; and others sit more calmly at doorways, and watch, picking lint, in sad apprehension for the future, and silently moistening, with their tears of agonising uncertainty, that work which but too soon may be moistened with blood. How dark, and yet how stirring, how exciting, and yet how heart-rending, are these scenes! Then comes a sketch of a subject that may hereafter be used for many a historical picture. See! that fine old prelate, with his honest and firm face, and his white hair contrasting with his dark brow: he is borne along, first in the arms of confused and mingled men, insurgents and defenders of order mixing in one common cause; then, upon a hastily constructed litter. He lies in his episcopal robes: his face is mild and calm, although he suffers pain; his words are words of Christian forgiveness and heavenly hope, although he has been treacherously assassinated with the words of peace and Christian charity in his venerable mouth; and tears stream from the eyes of armed men, and trickle down their beards; and fellows with fierce faces and gloomy brows kneel to kiss his hand, that now grows colder and colder as he is borne, a victim and a martyr, over the barricades of death, and sobs of remorse and grief are heard among the infernal and battle-stained masses that line his path. Is there then still a feeling of noble generosity among the savages who form the great herd of the city which boasts itself to be the most civilised in the world,—as if civilisation were indeed at so low an ebb of retrograde tide? So there is still a sentiment of religion among the mass of France? Or is this but the theatrical display of men who live only in theatrical emotions, and will act a part before the eyes of their fellow actors, even if it be to the death? It might almost be supposed so—for now the dying prelate is carried by, and gone—the moment for the display of emotions is past: it is gone with that form. See! they are again with the musket on their shoulder—the knife in the hand of

women and children! The scene is again, once more, one of smoke and carnage, and yells of execration and blood.

And now again come other scenes, of men scouring along the outskirt plains of Paris. The insurgents are vanquished: the people of the Red Republic fly, and leave traces of the colour of their appalling banner in trails of blood; and there are pictures of soldiers and national guards running to the chase, and shooting down the hunted men like rabbits in an affrighted warren. — God have mercy on them all!

We turn over the leaves of the Sketch-book. It is over! The-cannon no longer fills the streets with the smoke of the battle-field. Ruined houses compose a scene of hideous desolation in all the further eastern and northern streets of Paris. Affrighted inhabitants begin to crawl out of their houses. Windows are reopened. There is the air of relief from terror upon many a face—and yet how sad an air of grief and consternation pervades every scene in the vast city. The sun is shining brightly and hotly over the capital: there is a flood of light and heavenly love and brightness poured down upon the streets; but it only calls up still more reckingly to heaven the vapour of the blood, that goes up like an accusing spirit. How sadly, too, the bright summer air, and its broad cheering lights upon the white houses and the gilded balconies, contrast with the pale forms of the wearied and wounded men who crawl about, and with the weeping women who sit beneath the porchways, and with the coffins incessantly borne along—not one, or two, or three, but twenty or thirty each hour—and with the crape upon the arms of the men in uniform, or upon the hats, and with the convulsed faces of the wounded and dying, who lie upon their beds of down in the richly furnished apartment, or on the pallets of the hospital, as they shine into the windows of the wounded and dying. Bright as is the day of June, never was sadder scene witnessed in any capital: civil war has never raged more furiously within a city's walls than men conglomerated together in cities for mutual advantage and protection. How many hearts have ached!

how many tears have been shed! how many wives are widows! how many children fatherless! how many affianced girls, with fondly beating hearts, will see the face of him they love in life no more! Oh, splendid sun of June! what a mockery thou seemest to be in these pictures of this dark Parisian scrap-book!

But the sun is shining still, and the little birds are twittering merrily upon the house-tops, and the caged canaries chirp at windows, and perchance there is the merry laugh of children. All these things heed not the terror and desolation of the city. It is shining still—into huge churches also, where thick masses of straw are littered down, and the wounded lie in hundreds to overflowing—into courts, where again is scattered straw, and again groan wounded and dying—upon street-side pavements, where again are strewn these sad beds of the victims of civil contention, excited by the most frantic of delusions—and through narrow windows, into prison vaults and palace cellars, where are crowded together masses of prisoners, who, for the most part, regret not the part they have played in the scenes of blood, and sit gloomily upon the damp stone, brooding over schemes of vengeance upon the detested *bourgeois*, should they escape, and the Red Republic ever be triumphant! It is shining still; and every where it shines, it smiles upon misery: it seems to mock the doomed unhappy city.

But there are still stirring, striking, unaccustomed scenes limned in the Parisian Sketch-book. Paris has been declared in a state of siege by the military autocrat, into whose hands the salvation of the capital and the country from utter anarchy has been given. The scenes of marching men and torrents of bayonets coming down the broad boulevards, and sentinels at street corners, and patrols, and military manœuvres, and galloping dragoons, and of drums beaten from daybreak until late into the night, are nothing new to Paris: such scenes have been traced upon its Sketch-book again and again, for the last four disastrous months. But Paris has gone further now. See! in these sketches it represents one vast camp. All along the broad vast vista of the

boulevards are whole regiments bivouacking: the horses of the cavalry are stabled upon straw along the pavements, or around the triumphal arches; arms are piled together at street corners: some sleep upon the straw, while others watch as if in battle array. The shops are still shut, although pale faces look from windows; and the grateful inhabitants shower blessings upon those who have saved the terrified people from the horrors of the Red Republic, the pillage, and the guillotine; and ladies bring out food and wine from the houses; and none think that they can find words enough to express their gratitude, and praise the heroism of their defenders. Alas! those who fought in that evil desperate cause showed equal heroism, equal courage, still more reckless rage! What a strange scene it is, this scene sketched in the streets! The closing scene of a battle-field of unexampled carnage amidst a peaceful population—the soldier and the tenderly nurtured lady placed side by side amidst the wounded and the weary! the mourning of the bereaved family upon the same spot with the first emotion of victory! Since the agitated and disturbed city of Paris has existed, it has witnessed many wild and strange scenes in its bloody and tormented history, but none perhaps so glaring in their strange contrasts as these which have been last painted in its Sketch-book. All over Paris similar pictures may be limned. In the Place de la Concorde is again a camp, again piled arms and cannon, and littered beds of straw, and cooking fires, and groups of men in uniform, in all the various attitudes of the camp and battle-field; and in the glittering Champs Elysées are tents and temporary stabling, and horses, and assembled troops; and beneath the fine trees of the garden of the Tuileries are grouped, in similar fashion, battalions of the national guards of the departments, who have hurried up to the defence of Paris, and who bivouac, night as well as day, beneath the summer sky, in the once royal gardens. All these scenes are strange and most picturesque, and would be even pleasant ones, could the heart forget its terror and its grief—could the sight of the uniforms,

the muskets, and the bayonets be severed from the sorrow and the despair, the bloodshed and the crime. In all these scenes Paris has lost its usual aspect, to become a fortress and a camp. The civil dress is rarely visible—the uniform is on almost every back. The carriage and the public vehicle are rare in these sketches; the dashing officer on horseback, the mounted ordnance, the galloping squadrons, take their place. That thin man, with his slim military waist, his long thin bronzed face, his thick mustaches and tufted beard, and his dark, somewhat heavy, eyes gleaming forth from beneath a calm but stern brow, who is riding at the head of a brilliant staff, is General Cavaignac, the military commander of the hour, the autocrat into whose hands the National Assembly of France has confided its destinies. Although, when he removes his plumed hat to salute those who receive him now with enthusiastic acclamations, he exhibits a head partially bald, yet his general air is that of a man in the full vigour of his best years, in the full active use of his lithy form. See! at the head of another mounted group is a still younger man of military command. His face is fuller and handsomer; and his thick mustaches give him a rough bold look, which does not, however, detract from his prepossessing appearance. This is the young General de Lamoricière, also of African fame. He is now minister at war. There are others, also, of the heroes of Algeria, who have not fallen in the street combat, in which so many, who had earned a reputation upon the open battle-field, received death by the hands of their fellow-countrymen. In every sketch are to be seen, as prominent figures, these military rulers of the destinies of France, which a few days have again changed so rapidly. We cannot look upon their striking portraits in these sketches, without asking ourselves how long Cæsar and Anthony may be content to rule the country hand-in-hand, or how soon the jealousy of the young generals may not be turned against each other, and they may not leave the country once more a prey to the dangers of a bloody faction; or which, if not more than one, may not fall a

victim to the treachery of a vanquished party's vengeance by assassination? The leaves of the book are blank as regards the future. No one can venture to trace even the slightest outline upon them, with the assurance that it may hereafter be filled up as it has been drawn: and yet that those blank leaves must and will be filled with startling pictures once again, no one can doubt. How far will these young generals supply the most prominent figures in them? together, or sundered in opposition? The hand of fate is ready to trace those sketches; but never was that hand more hidden in the dark cloud of unfathomable mystery. The blank leaves of the album, in which the observing and self-regulating man keeps a daily journal of his doings and his thoughts, are always awful to contemplate: no thinking man can look upon them without asking himself what words, for good or for ill, may be recorded on them. But how far more awful still is the book of fate, upon the leaves of which are to be sketched the stirring scenes of a revolutionary city's history, so intimately connected with a country's destiny! and no one can tell what they may be.

The last sketch in the Parisian Sketch-book, as it is now filled up—now in the middle of the month of July (for others may be painting even as these lines are traced)—is the dark monster hearse containing the bodies of those who have fallen in the cause of order—the black-behung altar in that Place, which has lost its name of Concord and Peace, to take the more suitable one of “Revolution”—the catafalk—the burning candelabras—the black-caparisoned horses that drag the funeral-car—the black draperied columns of the Madeleine—the autho-

rities in mourning attire—the long procession—the sprinkled clouds of burning incense from the waved censers—and the widow's tears.

Such a picture of mocking pomp in desolate sorrow closes well the long suite of sketches with which the Parisian Sketch-book has been filled during the first phase of the French revolution. The curtain has fallen at the end of the first act, upon a *tableau* befitting the dark scenes which have been so fearfully enacted in it. The curtain will rise again—again will bloody scenes, probably, be enacted upon that troubled stage of history,—again will harrowing sketches, probably, be drawn in the Parisian Sketch-book. Those which we have now recorded have been selected from among thousands, because they form a suite, as natural in their course, as fatally inevitable, as any suite of pictures in which the satirising artist painted the natural course of a whole life. From the fallacious promises, and the foolish or culpable designs, that occasioned the establishment of those nurseries of discontent, disorder, and conspiracy, the *ateliers nationaux*,—the steps through the club-room, the rendezvous of the conspirators, the furious journalist's office, to the sedition, the insurrection, the carnage, the civil war, the murder, the terror, and the mourning catafalk, here followed as they could not but follow. It is only the first series, however, that is closed here. There can be little doubt but that similar consequences will again follow, as similar causes still exist; and that the red banner of the so-called “social and democratic republic” will again wave,—and perhaps before long,—a prominent object in the scenes of the *Parisian Sketch-book*.

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A REVIEW OF THE LAST SESSION.

THERE is perhaps no body of men confederated in her Majesty's dominions who are less properly the subjects of envy than the members of the present Cabinet. A session, begun under circumstances of unexampled commercial pressure, continued amidst insurrection abroad and turbulence at home, and ending with an Irish rebellion, ought surely to have exhibited some specimens of extraordinary and judicious legislation. Slovenliness in high places, at no time decorous, is most indecent, dangerous, and unendurable, at a period when the whole world is drunk with the revolutionary elixir. France, that old irreclaimable bacchante, is staggering to and fro, madly bellicose, and threatening incendiariism in her cups. Germany, once thought too stolid to be roused, is hiccuping for national unity, and on the fair way of contributing largely to the overthrow of the equilibrium of power in Europe. The Irish symptoms have by no means surprised us. The insurrection there is the inevitable fruit of the measures and policy against which, for the last twenty years, we have entered our strong and unflinching protest. The shameful truckling of the Whigs to O'Connell and his scandalous followers; the unconstitutional fostering of the Roman Catholic Church; and the conciliation system, which, while it did gross injustice to the people of England and Scotland, contributed to confirm the spirit of improvidence and pauperism among the Irish, without in any way securing their gratitude,—have resulted in a rebellion, imbecile, indeed, and almost ludicrous in its issue; but not, on that account, less afflicting to the supporters of order and the crown.

MORE than once, too, we have been threatened at home by manifestations of the insurrectionary spirit. In so densely populated a country as this, it is impossible that commercial distress and slackness can exist for any length of time, without trying sorely the patience and the fortitude of the working classes. Such distress undoubtedly did prevail, towards the close of last year, in a most alarming degree; and throughout the whole spring there was a vast want of employment in the manufacturing districts. The completion of some of the great lines of railway, and in others the partial abandonment or suspension of the works, caused by the extreme tightness of the money market, also threw a great deal of unemployed labour on the public; and this evil was increased by the heterogeneous character of the masses. Irish immigration has increased to such an extent, that not only in all the towns of Britain, but almost in every village, especially on the western coast, there exists a Hibernian colony; unreclaimed by civilisation—uneducated as the brutes that perish—knowing nothing of religion—have as an idolatrous form, and professing rebellion as a principle. This class have always formed a nucleus for disaffection, and, but for the extreme reluctance of the native labourers to fraternise with those children of Esau, the results might ere now have been more serious than we altogether care to contemplate. As it was, the British demagogue was always sure of finding a ready partisan, confederate, and coadjutor in the western Celt; and we need hardly say that the Chartist leaders availed themselves to the full of that sympathy. We shall pre-

sently see how far this state of matters received the attention of the men in power.

In this critical position we were entitled to expect that the government would have shown itself fully adequate to the crisis—that the causes of distress, which lie at the root of turbulence and disaffection, would be probed with a firm and prudent hand—that every possible relief and assistance would be given to the home market—and that, above all, nothing should be done which might tend, in the remotest degree, to endanger the integrity of the empire. The welfare of Great Britain is a terrible trust in times like these, and the responsibility of those who have professed themselves ready to govern, and who, in fact, have rather claimed the government than received it, is proportionally great.

Let us then take a candid and impartial review of the proceedings which have characterised this session of Parliament, extending over a period more fertile in insurrection than any which the world has known. Let us examine how Lord John Russell and his colleagues have acquitted themselves in the discharge of their important functions. We shall be sparing neither of praise nor blame: glad, indeed, if we can find an opportunity of being lavish of the former, or, in case of neglect, of stumbling upon an honest excuse.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the circumstances under which this last session of Parliament commenced. The commercial world has not, for very many years, felt any thing like a corresponding crisis; and the change is most remarkable, when we reflect that the depression followed immediately upon a period of almost unexampled prosperity. Our opinion is still unchanged, as to the causes which led to this. We pointed out, in former articles, long before the pressure began, what must be the inevitable result of a wholesale departure from our oldersystem, of the adoption of the free-trading economical views, and of the arbitrary contraction of the currency, as devised by Sir Robert Peel. Every word we then said has been verified to the letter; and, as we expected, the very contingencies which we suggested as likely to operate in producing this unfavourable state of matters, and which

actually did subsequently occur, have been paraded, by the free-traders and extreme bullionists, as the causes of the whole disaster. It is of great importance that the public should understand this subject clearly; and, therefore, without repeating what we have elaborately attempted to demonstrate before, let us merely remark that the tendency of free-trade, and of fettered currency combined, was to prostrate the whole commercial world, on the first occurrence of a bad season and a scarcity of food, by stimulating the exportation of gold, and at the same time by withdrawing its representative. In fact, Sir Robert Peel constructed his machinery so, that the result, in the event which we have instanced, could be calculated on with mathematical certainty. The realised wealth of Britain was rendered of no avail in this emergency, for the counters which represented it were amissing, and nothing else would be received in exchange. Hence arose that total prostration of credit, and consequent lack of employment, which was so lamentably felt towards the close of the year 1847.

So intolerable was the pressure that, after much delay and repeated refusals to interfere, the Whig ministers were compelled to bestir themselves, and to suspend the operation of the Banking Act, in order to save the country from actual convulsion. Parliament was summoned about the middle of November, more, perhaps, for the sake of obtaining a bill of indemnity for the suspension—a measure which, after all, did not lead to any infringement of the Act—than with the view of boldly facing the increasing difficulties of the country. Notwithstanding annual disappointment, every one waited for the speech from the throne with the most intense anxiety, trusting that at such a time some comforting glimpses for the future, some earnest ministerial schemes would be announced, likely to retrieve the commercial world from its embarrassment. These expectations were destined to receive an immediate check. The financial prose of the author of “Don Carlos” was as vague and unsatisfactory as his halting tragic verse. There was, of course, a decent show of regret for public calamity, but no vestige of

an intention to interpose any remedial measure. In point of finance, the only intelligible topic contained in the speech was ominous of the repeal of the Navigation Laws. Sanitary improvements, the great Whig hobby, which they are constantly thrusting forward beneath the public nose, were also recommended. Ireland, then testifying the humane and Christian disposition of its inhabitants, by a series of the most cold-blooded and revolting murders, was recommended to the benevolence of the state. A treaty with the Republic of the Equator, touching the suppression of the slave trade, was announced; and the Whigs looked forward "with confidence to the maintenance of the general peace of Europe." A more paltry programme was never yet submitted to the public eye.

The ministerial move in November, and the suspension of the Banking Act, for however short a period, was in truth a remarkable circumstance. If the suspension was right, it must necessarily imply that Sir Robert Peel was utterly wrong in framing the measure as he did. We know that the Act is useless for control in times of prosperity, and that it pinches us by becoming operative under adverse seasons; and it was precisely when the pinch was felt that the Whigs were forced to suspend it. True—a great deal of the mischief had by that time been accomplished. Men, every whit as respectable as the late Premier, had been driven into the Gazette for the sheer want of temporary accommodation, and property sank in value as rapidly as the mercury before a storm. But the true nature of the Act had been felt and condemned by the public; and in no one instance do we ever recollect to have witnessed a greater unanimity of opinion, hostile to its endurance and principle, than prevailed, at least beyond the walls of the House of Commons. If the public were wrong in this impression, then it followed as a matter of course that the ministry were highly blameable for the suspension; that Peel's machine, being a sound and salutary one, should have been left to do its work, and to crush down as many victims as it could possibly entangle in its wheels. But in truth,

very few could be found to support such a proposition. If credit is to be altogether annihilated in this country, whether by Banking Acts like this, framed and forced upon us contrary to the experience and in face of the remonstrance of the mercantile classes, or by anarchy and mob rule, as has been the case in France, we must prepare to bid an everlasting farewell to our greatness. Credit, it is in vain to deny, has made the British nation. Credit may, like every thing else, be pushed too far; but even over-trading is a far less calamity than a restrictive system; which in a day can destroy the accumulated profits of years, for the first carries with it its own antidote and cure. Peel's banking legislation, we do not hesitate to say, has been productive of more harm to this country in three years, than has ever occurred from any known cause within the same period of time; and the obstinacy with which he has clung to his delusion, the sophistry which he has invariably employed to shift the responsibility from his shoulders, and the manœuvring style of his defence, may be consistent with the character of the man, but are not worthy of the dignity of a British statesman.

In suspending the operation of the Banking Act, the Whigs tacitly admitted that, in their opinion, whether lately adopted or not, there was something fundamentally injurious and wrong with the measure. The subject was a very serious one. You may bungle sanitary bills, pass coercive laws, or tamper with the jurisprudence of the country, without doing more than a limited amount of evil. But the subject of the currency is so intimately and vitally connected with our whole commercial greatness, that it must be handled with the utmost precaution. A leak in a ship is not more dangerous than a flaw in a monetary statute; and, when once discovered, not a moment should be lost in repairing it.

Not one member of the present Cabinet was in any way competent for the task. It is most extraordinary, that the Whigs, after all their official experience, should exhibit such a singular incapacity in every matter which has the slightest connexion with finance. They do not seem to compre-

hend the subject at all; and if their private affairs were conducted in the same slovenly fashion as are those of the public when unfortunately committed to their guidance, we should very soon see the Gazette adorned with some elegant extracts from the Court Guide. The only respectable Chancellor of the Exchequer whom they ever produced was Mr Baring; and he, it is rumoured, was considered too scrupulous to be admitted to that post again. Besides this, his views upon the currency were known to be diametrically opposite to those entertained by Sir Robert Peel. Sir Charles Wood, the worst financier that ever disgraced the memory of Cocker, had committed himself before the suspension of the Act, in an especially ridiculous manner. At one time, this gentleman was quite jocund and hopeful, a firm believer in the existence of a plethora, and smiled at the idea of a crisis with a happy air of mingled indifference and satisfaction. Shortly afterwards, however, he took the alarm, attempted to eat in his own words—an operation which he performed with most indifferent grace,—and possibly became dimly conscious that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has more duties to perform than to sign the receipt for his salary. Sir Charles evidently was not the man to grapple with the difficulty; and besides this, he could not afford to offend Sir Robert Peel, or give a triumph to his political opponents, who had all along denounced the Banking Act as an experiment of a perilous nature. In this position, the Whigs adopted the safest course for themselves, if not for the country. They asked for a committee, both in the Lords and Commons, to consider the question of the currency, taking care, of course, to nominate members whose opinions were already known. We thoroughly agree with Mr Herries, that the inquiry was a work of supererogation. The subject has been already investigated in every possible way. Blue books have been issued from time to time, containing an enormous mass of deliberate evidence; and that evidence has been repeatedly analysed and dissected by writers of great ability and statistical knowledge on either side. The public mind was

perfectly ripe for decision—indeed, for months the currency had formed almost the sole topic discussed by the press; and it was peculiarly desirable that we should no longer be left in a state of uncertainty, or exposed to the operation of another panic. But such an arrangement did not suit the Whigs. They were not prepared to come forward with an intelligible plan for remedying the evil which they had already admitted to exist.—Not secretly displeased, perhaps, at the general impression that the Tamworth Baronet had committed a gross and unpardonable blunder, they were unable to dispense with his support, and extremely unwilling to give him umbrage—and therefore they took refuge in the convenient scheme of committees. In vain did Mr Herries, in an able and statesmanlike speech, point out the danger of delay, and exhibit the true causes of the distress which had lately prevailed, and which was still weighing upon the country. In vain did he implore ministers to face the question manfully. His proposal that the House should proceed at once to the consideration of the Banking Act, with the view of suspending permanently its limitations, subject to a wholesome control, was lost by a majority of forty-one. After a most lengthened examination, the committees have issued their reports; and the result is another difference of opinion, which leaves the whole matter open to renewed discussion. The session has rolled away, and the Banking Act is left untouched.

We presume that the most confirmed free-trader within the four seas of Britain will at all events admit this fact, that not one of the glorious promises held out to us by the political economists and gentlemen of the Manchester school has as yet been realised. We can hardly expect that they will be candid enough to confess the fallacy of the views which they then so enthusiastically maintained; and we doubt not that, in any discussion, we should still hear some very ingenious explanations to account for the non-advent of the anticipated blessings. But the boldest of them will not deny that, in the mean time, all the fiscal changes

have been followed by a decline in our prosperity, a falling-off in trade, and a consequent defalcation of the revenue. We have certainly not gained in employment, we have lost money; and the best proof of it is, the low ebb of the national revenue. Such being the case, it is no wonder if the budget or financial statement of the minister was expected with the most intense anxiety, and if, for the time, every other topic was merged in the consideration of this. Political history does not contain many episodes equal to that famous discussion—many instances of utter helplessness like that exhibited by the Premier.

We have already analysed the budget fully in another article,* and it is not worth while now to recur to it for the purposes of exposure. The deficit was estimated at no less than three millions for the year; and this large sum was to be made up by the imposition of an augmented income-tax. Considering what had taken place on the occasion when Sir Robert Peel first proposed that discreditable and decidedly odious impost, the assurances that it was to be merely temporary in its endurance, and the specious pleas of necessity with which it was then fortified,—it is no matter of surprise that the ministerial plan should have been received with symptoms of marked disgust, even by those who usually accord their support to the measures of the present government. Mr Hume opined that the ministry were mad. Mr Osborne declared his belief that, had there been a regularly organised Opposition, such a financial statement would have been the death-warrant of any administration. Even the Manchester section of the free-traders held aloof from ministers, just as cowards might do from the support of a drowning man. For however vexatious the admission might be, they were bound in common gratitude to have recollected that the change from indirect to direct taxation was effected mainly at their instance, and to gratify their everlasting clamour. That change had resulted in a huge deficit of the revenue; and, it being admitted on

all sides that a revenue must be raised—for we have not yet got the length of talking openly of the sponge—they, at all events, might have been expected to say something in favour of their friends, at a crisis of their own producing. But there is no creature on earth so utterly selfish and devoid of compunction, as your thorough-paced economical free-trader. Point merely in the direction of his pocket, and he instantly howls with terror. Five per cent income-tax was as obnoxious in the eyes of Cobden and Bright as in those of other men who acted upon sounder principles; and it is not unconstructive to remark the course which on this occasion the ex-members of the League thought fit to pursue. It had been long apparent to them, as it was to every man in the country, that the revenue of the year must prove insufficient to meet the expenditure. They knew that the unpalatable fact, when announced in Parliament, would inevitably lead to a discussion regarding the policy of past measures, and the wisdom of persisting in a course which hitherto had met with no reciprocity from foreign countries, but, on the contrary, had been used to increase the burden of our embarrassments. Such discussion was to be deprecated and avoided by every possible means; and the readiest way of effecting this seemed to be the suggestion of a plan whereby the expenditure might be lessened and brought down to the level of the revenue. This very desirable result was not so easy of accomplishment; but nevertheless Mr Cobden undertook the task. The product was worthy of the author. The wise, politic, and sagacious principle of the calico-printer was to effect a saving by the material reduction of our military and naval establishments, and the weakening of the national arm. We hope our readers have not forgotten, were it merely from the disgust they must have excited, the silly and egotistic remarks of this complacent personage touching his travels, his observations, and his mission as a peaceful regenerator. Free trade, which ought long ago to have made

* See our No. for March 1848.

Great Britain rich, had, according to his experiences, already pacified the world. There was to be no more war—the French were the most affectionate and domesticated men upon the face of the earth—and he, Cobden, and his friend Cremieux; were interchanging congratulatory letters on the advent of the new millennium. In our March Number for the present year, we had the satisfaction of bestowing a slight castigation upon Cobden, to which we beg now to refer those gentlemen who were so wroth with us for presuming to question the *dicta* of the oracle of the West Riding. Within a few days after that article was penned, Europe was wrapped in insurrection, and Cobden's correspondent a member of a revolutionary government! The French free-trader, Cremieux, was a consenting party to the decree which drove forth the British labourers from France, without warning and without compensation! The barricades of June have demonstrated the affectionate and domesticated character of the race whom Cobden delighteth to honour. If to cut, in cold blood, the throats of prisoners, to shoot down the messengers of peace in spite of their sacred calling, to mangle the bodies of the wounded, and these brothers and countrymen, under circumstances unheard-of, save perhaps in the tales of African atrocity—if these things constitute domestication, then by all means let us fall back upon a more erratic and natural state of society. How would we have stood at this moment, with regard to Ireland, save for the fact of our being able to overawe rebellion by the presence of an overwhelming military force? Did ever a man, professing to be an apostle and a prophet, find himself landed in such a ridiculous and ignominious posture?

It is strange that the reception which he met with in the House of Commons, upon the occasion of his first attack upon the army, did not induce Cobden to pause before committing himself to a second absurdity. But there are some men whose conceit is of such extravagant a development, that no experience, no failure, no argument, will induce them to part with one iota of a preconceived opinion. Such a person is Cobden.

Unabashed by the result of his previous exhibitions, callous to shame, and impenetrable to ridicule, he again addressed the House on the subject of the navy estimates, for the purpose of demonstrating the propriety of an immediate reduction of the fleet. This was too much even for Lord John Russell, who for once took heart of grace, and administered a fair allowance of punishment to the arrogant and ignorant free-trader. But the truth is, Mr Cobden's career is ended. The *Times*, once a warm admirer of this confident gentleman, has ceased to vouchsafe him its protection, as will be seen from the following extract of 11th August last:—

“What has he done? What have been his tactics? What is the sum and substance of the statesmanship to which all the world looked forward so anxiously? Simply this—a depreciation of our military and naval establishments, and an emulation of America. The first constitutes the whole gist and pith of the honourable member's speeches; the latter, of his policy. England is to disband her fleets and armies, to give up her colonies, and to enter boldly on a course of Yankee statesmanship. We would not wrong the hon. gentleman. We refer to his speeches on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, as well as those delivered at the close of the last year. What do they amount to? ‘Retrench your expenditure; give up your ships; abolish the ordnance; send round embassies to every country and court of Europe; tell them you have disarmed; ask them to do the same; and then set to work, and tinker up your constitution on the model of the United States. Do away with open voting. Destroy the *privilege* of the suffrage; abolish the virtue of patriotic courage; give every man a vote, and *make* every man vote in secret. Then you will be rich and prosperous; your expenditure will at once be curtailed, and your commerce will be diffused by the amity of nations.’ This is the policy which is to save us from ruin, to pay our debt and confirm our strength. All that we can say is, that one part of it is well matched to the other; that both equally demonstrate the ability of the counsellor to advise, as his vaticinations last winter proved his ability to prophesy.”

And yet this is the person whom the Whigs lauded, and whom Sir Robert Peel elaborately eulogised for his sagacity!

By a somewhat curious coincidence, the budget was brought forward on the very week when the French revolution broke out. Mr Cobden's proposal, therefore, met with no support; and it must have become evident, even to the free-traders, that under such a threatening aspect as the Continent presented, no sane man would agree to a reduction in our military force. Still that party continued inflexibly opposed to the ministerial measure for raising an adequate revenue, and, by doing so, we maintain that they were guilty of an act of political ingratitude. In this situation, ministers were fain to withdraw their proposal, and to continue the income-tax as formerly, for a period of three years, without any definite scheme of making up for the deficiency in the revenue.

In fact, the session has passed away without a budget at all. That which Lord John Russell tabled, has crumbled away like a thing of gossamer; and, so far as financial matters are concerned, we are left in the pleasant impression that we are getting into further debt, and have no distinct means of paying it. To exhibit the recklessness with which the Whigs regard all matters connected with revenue, it is sufficient to remark, that with three millions of deficit admitted, our rulers think this an advantageous and a proper time to sacrifice about fifty thousand pounds annually, the produce of duties upon imported copper ore.

Mr Osborne was right. No ministry, had there been a decent Opposition, could have stood such an exposure. We even go further; for we believe that—but for the French revolution, and the universal turbulence abroad, which rendered it absolutely necessary that this country should maintain a firm front, and exhibit no symptoms of internal weakness or discord—the present ministry could not have existed for another fortnight. As it is, we are in some respects glad that they have continued in office; because, though late, they have been called upon to act under circumstances which, in future, may give a new and improved tone to Whig political opinions.

Before quitting the budget, let us say a word or two regarding future

financial prospects. It is no doubt possible that trade may revive—though, from the present aspect of European affairs, we are not inclined to be at all sanguine in our expectations. We cannot, it is quite clear, reduce our effective establishments; for no one can say what emergency may arise to make us, not mere spectators, but active partisans in a contest which we shall deeply and long deplore. Economy we may practise at home, and for once we are of Joseph's mind. There are items in our civil and pension list clearly superfluous and undesignable, and we wish to see these removed, though with a just regard to vested interests and claims. We are no admirers of such antiquated offices as that of Hereditary Grand Falconer; and we think that Mr MacGregor's inquiry, as to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg, who for a century and a half have been billeted upon the country to the tune of three thousand a-year, deserved at least a courteous reply from so very determined an economist as the Premier formerly proclaimed himself. A door-keeper may surely be maintained at a less annual expense than the income of a country gentleman; and in many departments even of government, we have certainly been over lavish of remuneration. But these retrenchments, though they may give satisfaction to the nation, can never free it from its embarrassments. The revenue has clearly sunk to a point when it must be augmented by some decided and effective measure; and it will well become us all to consider, even without reference to past disputes, from what quarter the supply is to come. If the decision, or at all events the expressed feeling, of the House of Commons can be taken as an index of the popular wish, the nation will not submit to an augmentation of the income-tax. No increased duties upon excise can be levied,—indeed the cry is general for the removal of those which exist. The window-tax—though it might be materially improved by a more equitable arrangement, and by rating great houses without any graduated scale—is decidedly unpopular. In fact, all direct taxation is of an obnoxious character—it is the fertile source of

murmur and of discontent, and it never can be adjusted so as to render it palatable to the payer.

From what quarter, then, is it possible for us to recruit our revenue? How are we to provide for casualties, and for a possibly increased expenditure? That question must be solved in one way or the other, and that without lack of time. It will not do to go on from year to year with a continually increasing deficit, the arrears of which shall be passed to the capital of our national debt—we must raise money, and the only question is, how to do it.

Within the last six years, says Sir Charles Wood, the nation has remitted *seven and a half* millions of annual taxation: since the peace, says Lord John Russell, more than *thirty-nine millions* of annual taxes have been removed. Highly satisfactory this, no doubt—but what does it prove? Simply that we have pushed the abolition of indirect taxation too far. We have gone on, year after year, lowering tariffs, for the purpose of stimulating foreign trade. We have thereby unquestionably increased our imports, but we have failed in giving any thing like a corresponding buoyancy to our exports. *Why* we did this is not very difficult of comprehension, if we look attentively to the state of party which has subsisted for the last few years in this country.

Free-trade, in so far as it lessens the cost of production, is clearly the interest of the master-manufacturer who exports for the foreign market; but, we repeat, it is the interest of no one else in the community. Free-trade in certain articles,—that is, in raw material introduced to this country for the purpose of being manufactured, sold at home, or exported—is just and commendable. Free-trade in what are called the necessities of life, such as corn and cattle, does not tend to the wealth of the country; but, for the present, we shall leave that subject in abeyance. Free-trade in luxuries and in manufactured goods, whenever these latter displace the home labourer in the home market, we hold to be utterly injurious, and we shall presently state our reasons.

The Manchester school have adopted, preached, and insisted upon free

trade in *all* these branches. It was their interest to push the cotton trade to its utmost possible limits, and to undersell all competitors in every accessible market. Hence their favourite doctrine of cheapness, which in appearance is so plausible, but which actually is so fallacious, and the pertinacity with which they have continued to preach it up. Hence the League, in the formation of which they displayed such undoubted energy, and the immense sums which they lavished for the popular promulgation of their creed. To conciliate these men, swollen to a formidable number, and maintaining their opinions with extreme plausibility, and no ordinary share of talent, became an important object to the leaders who were then at the head of the two great parties of the state. It is in vain to deny that a large body of the middle classes were concerned in this movement, and, to gain their votes and support, the unholy race for power began.

Hence our legislation, whether under Peel or Russell, has been directed for the last six or seven years invariably to one point. The man who could boast of having removed the greatest amount of taxation was sure to be the popular favourite; and we all know in what manner, and by what means, Sir Robert Peel accomplished his share of the work. He first, on the assurance that it was to be merely temporary, obtained an income-tax, amply sufficient to redeem the financial deficit which was the legacy of his predecessors. He next proceeded to make that income-tax permanent, by paring at, and reducing the tariffs; and finally, in order that his rival might not have the start of him in popularity, he threw his party overboard, and consented to the abolition of the corn-laws.

But there is a point beyond which taxation cannot possibly be remitted; and that point Sir Robert Peel had reached before he retired from office. True, the effect of his measures had not yet become apparent, but they were foreseen by many, and perhaps not unsuspected by himself towards the close of his tenure of office. Further than as being consenting parties to those reckless sacrifices of

revenue, it would be unfair to charge the Whigs with having brought us into our present perplexity. Sir Robert Peel is the real author of this, and he cannot escape the responsibility.

Now upon two points—viz., the introduction of raw material for manufacture, and of articles of food—we shall for the present forbear joining issue with the free-traders. But the third one, that of the admission of foreign manufactured goods at nearly nominal rates of duty, is far too important to be passed over, even at the risk of repetition.

The industry of this country is not confined to a few, but flows through a thousand channels. There are, however, about four great trades in which Britain can at present, owing to her mineral wealth, machinery, and capital, compete with decided advantage against any other country in the world. These are the cotton, the linen, the woollen, and the iron trade, the exports of which articles amount to rather more than two-thirds of the whole exports of the United Kingdom, or in round numbers from thirty-three to thirty-five millions annually. It is to the unceasing agitation of men connected with *these* trades that we owe the erection of the League, and the progress of free-trade which has brought us to so low a condition.

It is no matter of surprise that the corn-laws were obnoxious to such persons. With the agricultural interest they had no natural sympathy; and being always able to command the monopoly of the home market, their invariable effort has been to stimulate trade abroad to the very utmost of their power. High wages interfered with their profits; and in order to command the labour market, they formed their famous scheme for reducing the price of food, by dealing a blow to agriculture at home, and opening the ports to the admission of foreign corn. This cry was to a certain degree popular, especially amongst those who were not connected with their works; for the more intelligent of the operatives, to their credit be it said, very early detected the selfishness of the whole manœuvre, and saw, that with

the price of food wages also would inevitably decline. Foreign corn, however, was not enough for the appetite of those grasping monopolists. They looked with envy on the smaller non-exporting trades, who constituted a great portion of the population, and who were defended in the home market, their only field, by a reasonable scale of duties. It presently occurred to them, that if, by any means this scale could be broken down, and the market inundated with foreign manufactures, they might be enabled to export a larger quantity of their own fabrics, reduce the price of articles which they were personally inclined to consume, and finally reap another benefit by cheapening labour—that is, by forcing a new class, through want of employment, to compete with their former operatives. These we know to have been the secret views of the League, and to these ends, for several years past, they have bent the whole of their energies. How they have succeeded, let the present state of the labour market tell. The tariffs of 1846 were expressly framed in their favour. They have done half of the anticipated work; for by the admission of foreign manufactures into this country at a reduced rate of duty, they have thrown many thousands of industrious handicraftsmen into the streets. The small shopkeeper has been reduced from an employer into a mere retailer, and disaffection has been engendered through the pressure of absolute misery.

This may seem a highly-coloured picture; but if any man of intelligence will take the trouble to make himself acquainted with the feelings, and to listen to the individual histories of persons of the working-class, he will find it to be strictly true. Four-fifths of the men who were in attendance at the late Chartist meetings belonged in 1845 to the non-exporting trades, were then in full employment, and probably as loyal as any subjects in the kingdom. So, indeed, we believe they are still, in so far as loyalty to the crown is concerned; for, thank God! Republicanism has not taken any root in the empire. But they are utterly discontented with the government, and furious at the apathy with which, they think, their sufferings are

regarded. They find that the repeal of the corn-laws has done absolutely nothing in their favour. They find that the lowered tariffs have opened a sluice-gate through which articles of foreign manufacture have rushed in to swamp them; and they gloomily, and even savagely, assert, that this state of things is the result of a combination of the rich against the poor. So it is: but from that combination the aristocracy and gentlemen of England stand apart. The headquarters of the grinding-society are at Manchester, Liverpool, and Sheffield; the machinery it uses are the arms of the League; the master-spirits of the confederacy are Cobden, Wilson, and Bright.

A very pregnant instance of the sympathy which is felt by the free-traders and political economists for the suffering of the lower orders, occurred during a debate towards the beginning of May last. We specially notice the fact, because it proves that, however two successive ministers may have forgot their duty to the people, there exists, in a higher quarter still, the deepest commiseration for their distress, and an earnest desire to alleviate it in every possible manner. It appears from official documents that, during the first three months of the present year, there were entered for home consumption, at the port of London alone, foreign silk goods worth £400,000, equal to the employment of 31,000 weavers; lace and needle-work worth £40,000, or sufficient to displace the produce of 4000 work-women and sempstresses; and 7000 dozen of boot and shoe fronts, enough to keep 1200 cordwainers in full employment. So near as we can calculate, the duty payable upon those articles, under the tariff of 1845, would have amounted to £88,150: at present it is not more than £65,575, thus entailing a primary loss of £22,575 to the revenue. Such an influx of goods, at a peculiarly unprofitable season, was tantamount to displacing the labour of 36,200 persons, who were to be thrown upon the public charity, without any other resource. A short time after these facts became known, an order was issued from the Lord Chamberlain's office, containing her Majesty's commands to the ladies of

England, that in attending court they should appear attired in dresses exclusively the production of native industry. Yes! our gracious Queen, whose heart is unchilled by the cold dogmas of political economy, felt like a woman and a sovereign, and resolved, on her part at least, to rescue from famine and misery so many thousands of her poorer subjects. It is most gratifying to know that this exercise of the royal care and benevolence has met with its best reward, for in the midst of all the distress which has unfortunately prevailed, the class for whose benefit those timely orders were issued have been kept in employment and food: the example set from the throne has been widely and generously followed. But will it be believed, that this act of mercy gave huge umbrage to the free-traders, and was fiercely commented on in their journals as a gross infringement of the principles of enlightened government? Therefore, in the eyes of the Leaguers, it seems a crime to interfere for the support of the British workman,—and unjustifiable interference with Providence to give work to the labouring poor!

But this is not all. Lord John Russell, on being asked in the House of Commons whether he had any share in suggesting this philanthropic action, or whether the sole credit of it appertained to his royal mistress, was not slow in uttering his disclaimer. "*He had not advised the crown in the matter,—he could only say that the order had issued from the Chamberlain's office.*" After a vain attempt to show that no extra quantity of goods had been imported, but that the apparent increase arose solely from the cessation of smuggling, he proceeded to remark:—"But if more goods are now entered, and thereby a particular class do suffer inconvenience or distress, *yet these entries must stimulate the production and exportation of the classes of goods for which the imports are exchanged.*" There spoke the convert to the League—the truckler to Cobden and Co.! There, from the lips of a British minister, fell the most un-British, the most unpatriotic doctrine that ever yet was enunciated! Said we not truly that the whole object of free trade is to put down and

exterminate the non-exporting trades, for the exclusive benefit of the few monster monopolies? The Premier concluded an ungracious, halting, and discreditable speech with the somewhat unnecessary announcement that, under all circumstances, he thought he should be the last person to advise her Majesty to make an alteration in the commercial policy which of late years had been pursued.

We need hardly remark that, in the present instance, the importation of these foreign goods could in no way "stimulate the production or exportation" of any kind of British manufacture whatever. The articles in question were sent from France, at a time when every thing was unsaleable, and were sold in London for hard cash, at a heavy discount. Even Cobden need not have grudged this little encouragement to Spitalfields and Bethnal Green. He did not sell a yard of calico the less. Gold, and not shirt-making, was what the French wanted, what they bargained for, and what they received. But let us see a little more of the sympathy of the Leaguers for the poor, and respect for the sovereign, who surely might be left, in matters of this kind, to exercise some discretion of her own.

Colonel Thompson, representing an *exporting constituency*, was furious at the alleged interference. "He would ask whether there was any charity, any humanity, any justice, any policy, any common-sense in representing hostility to one portion of the manufacturing classes of the country, to come from a quarter of which he was sure no one in that House wished to speak otherwise than with feelings of the utmost affection and reverence?" We are not sure that we quite understand this outburst of the gallant Colonel, which we copy verbatim from the columns of the *Spectator*, but, as he talks about charity and humanity with reference to his waistcoat and pantaloons exporting constituency of Bradford, we take him to mean that that favoured place should flourish, and Spitalfields utterly disappear. This is pure Leaguer's doctrine, distinctly redolent of the Bastille!

Mr John Bright was also true to his order. The partisan of peace opined that "there was no difference

between driving out workmen, and keeping out their work: though no order had been issued to exclude foreign work, yet the effect of the order really given is, that French silks, which would have been consumed, will not be used, and *English taken instead*. It should be known, that from the late convulsions, the contingent depression of trade, and the low price of French silks in France, very large quantities of them have been purchased and brought to this country. The announcement in question might therefore entail *great loss on large capitalists*, and ruin on many of smaller means. The kindness to the Spitalfields weavers would then be done only at a cost of loss and injury to other classes." Quite right, Friend Bright! the first persons to be guarded are *your* speculators and *your* capitalists. The poor operative, who is not in your line, may starve for any thing you care. There is a protective spirit about this, which absolutely charms us. We wonder that Mr Bright did not on a former occasion foresee that the repeal of the corn-laws might entail *great loss on large proprietors*, and ruin on many of smaller means!

Sir William Molesworth considered that "it was a *silly and foolish* order; and he was informed, on the best authority, that there was not the slightest chance of its being obeyed." We leave this remark of Molesworth without any comment, merely asking his authority for holding that, to assist in feeding the hungry, and maintaining our poorer countrymen by the exercise of their own industry, is a silly and a foolish act; and requesting him to consider how far his chivalrous title is consistent with such language, when applied to an order emanating directly from his sovereign.

This little episode is very instructive, as elucidating the views of the free-traders. The great exporting trades have combined to crush and annihilate the small handicrafts, and this they are rapidly doing through the operation of these lowered tariffs. If direct taxation were to be introduced, and the custom-house virtually abolished, in so far as regards articles of foreign manufacture, the thing would be done at once—for no one would

wear clumsy English boots when he could get French ones at a lower price; or British instead of Parisian gloves; or silk from Spitalfields rather than the less costly fabric of Lyons. The more honest of the free-traders make no scruple of announcing their views. They admit that the realisation of their maxim, to sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market, implies the ruin of every non-exporting trade, and they seem absolutely resolved to push their theory to the utmost. At present Sir Robert Peel has managed it so, that, without being absolutely annihilated, the poorer classes are ground down to the lowest point. We ask the shopkeepers, artisans, and smaller manufacturers, who have no connexion with the foreign market, whether this is not truly the case,—and if so, whether they are inclined to allow this cruel, selfish, and inhuman system to be carried any further—nay, whether they will not at once resolve to make determined head against it? But for the obstinate blindness of the political economists, we would appeal to that dearest of all considerations, their own safety. Do they really think it possible, even were it politic, to drive the whole operative industry of Britain into the compass of a few exporting trades. Can they make millions of men change their habits of a sudden, and walk from the country towns and villages,—wherein, before Sir Robert Peel introduced the foreigner to swamp them, they had supported themselves by the exercise of their craft,—to the factory or the mine, or the furnace, or the printing work, there to spend the remainder of their existence in twisting, digging, smelting, and stamping, for the benefit of Cobden and his confederates? The idea is absolute madness. Already we see the effects of false and unpatriotic legislation, in Chartist meetings and processions, in agitations for universal suffrage, in crime three-fold increased, and in augmented poor-rates. What are considerations of sanatory reform or of public instruction compared to these? Will men thank you for soap and tracts, even should these articles be gratuitous, if you take their labour away from them, and legislate for one class alone, as

has been the case of late years? Can you expect to make them loyal and peaceable, whilst you deny them the means of obtaining a fair day's wage for a fair day's labour — whilst you not only encourage, but convert into an actual fact the idea that a large portion of the poor are oppressed, and drive them to seek a remedy in attempts to procure a more popular representation? Free trade has been the great incentive to Chartistism, and, unless men return speedily to their senses, it may chance to be the terrible promoter of revolution.

But what is to be the real amount of the deficit? No man living can tell. Lord John Russell estimated it at about three millions, and subsequently Sir Charles Wood announced that, by sundry savings and sales of old stores—which latter source of revenue very much resembles the case of a gentleman parting with his body clothes to make up for his annual expenditure—it might be reduced to a million and a half. Since then we have received the official accounts of the trade of the kingdom for the six months ending 5th July 1848; and we very much fear, from a perusal of these, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has understated his difficulties. Our exports, for the sake of which every other interest has been sacrificed, have fallen off to an alarming extent. During the corresponding six months of last year the declared value of our exports was £25,395,243: the whole amount for this period is £21,571,939, or very nearly FOUR MILLIONS less on the half year! Here is another staggering instance of the utter futility of free trade. The decrease of export for the year 1846, as compared with 1845, was about two millions—and now it is going on at the rate of four millions for half the time! Was there ever a more pregnant proof of the impossibility of forcing markets?

Looking to the imports, we find some very curious results. Lord John Russell took great credit for the increased consumption of sugar consequent on his West Indian experiments, which we shall presently have occasion to notice more minutely; and predicted a still further consumption and increase to the revenue. Let us

see how that matter stands. The following is the total of sugar imported to this country for the first six

months of the last three years respectively.

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Sugar unrefined, cwts.,	2,956,986	3,967,686	2,960,430
" Refined, .	54,249	39,344	50,863
" Candy, .	1	1,025	507
" Molasses, .	202,264	411,263	191,531
	3,213,500	4,419,318	3,203,331

So that we are absolutely importing less sugar in 1848 than we did in 1846, before Lord John Russell and his sapient colleagues chose to give the *coup de grace* to the colonists! So much for increased revenue from that source.

In the articles of raw material for manufacture there is a considerable increase; and, should money be obtainable at easy rates throughout the coming winter, this may be a source of real congratulation. But from recent symptoms, and the insanity of ministers in refusing to face the difficulties of the Bank Restriction Acts, we very much dread another recurrence of tightness, in which case industry must inevitably be paralysed as before. It is, however, comforting to know that we have a stock of raw material in hand, and that our condition in that respect has improved since last year, when the warehouses were nearly drained. The aggregate amount of cotton, wool, flax, hemp, and silk which have been imported for the last six months is in the ratio of 28,811,825, to 27,372,502 for the same period in 1847.

But the influx of foreign manufactures is the most singular feature of all; and we do entreat the most serious consideration of our readers to this very pressing point. What we have already said regarding the annihilation of the small trades in this country, by the total withdrawal of protection, receives the amplest confirmation from these official tables; and, if we are wise, something must be done, with the least possible delay, to remedy the evils which have been entailed upon us, through our blind submission to the pernicious doctrines of the free-traders. Do honourable members really believe, that by agitating the ballot, or bringing forward schemes

for extended suffrage, they will give work to the unemployed, or put bread in the mouths of the starving? If, instead of attempting to gain a little transient popularity by advocating organic changes, they would seriously address themselves to the task of revising the tariffs, and so encouraging the home market, they would be of real use to the country at this momentous time. For momentous it is most certainly. The discovery of a deliberate plan for general incendiarism in Liverpool, the mobs in Glasgow, and the disturbances at Bradford, are all symptoms of disaffection, and all proceed from one cause—from the sacrifice of native industry at the shrine of the Moloch of free trade. Even now, while we are writing, intelligence has arrived of the arrest of armed Chartists in London and in Manchester; assassination has begun at Ashton, and every post brings in tidings of some new commotion. Is this a time for Parliament to separate without any remedial measure? Is this a time to allow our markets to be inundated with foreign produce; each fresh cargo displacing our own industry, and further adding to our embarrassment, by hastening on another monetary crisis by the exportation of bullion in exchange? This is the work commenced by Peel, and consummated by the incapable Whigs. God knows how it will end, if wiser, more unselfish, and more patriotic men are not speedily summoned to take the lead in her Majesty's councils.

No account is given, as in former years, of the amount of foreign linen and woollen manufactures imported, or of several other important branches of trade upon which Sir Robert Peel abolished the duty. Why this omission has taken place we do not know, unless it be for the worst of all rea-

sons, that the results were too startling for disclosure. But we shall take the statistics of the silk manufactured trade alone, from which it will be seen that, in two years after the relaxation

of the duties, we have *doubled our imports*, thereby throwing immense numbers of our own operatives out of employment.

FOREIGN SILK MANUFACTURES, ENTERED UNDER TARIFF OF 1846.

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Silk or satin broad stuffs, .	64,269 lbs.	85,589 lbs.	141,179 lbs.
Silk ribbons,	79,541	95,906	95,881
Gauze or crape broad stuffs, .	4,383	4,053	5,127
Gauze ribbons,	11,268	26,166	26,312
Gauze, mixed,	18	8	39
Mixed ribbons,	687	1,650	1,244
Velvet broad stuffs, . . .	2,935	4,822	6,558
Velvet embossed ribbons, .	4,183	3,141	10,530
	167,284 lbs.	221,335 lbs.	286,870 lbs.

Now if, as it is fair to suppose, the same increase, or even half of it, has taken place in the importation of other articles upon which the duties were removed, but which have been quietly withdrawn from the official tables; these statistics are enough to condemn free trade before any tribunal in the world. Mark how the matter stands. Here is a *doubled importation* of foreign manufactured goods. One half at least of these goods have come in to displace your home manufacture. The other half would have come in as formerly to supply the rich, who would have had to pay a high duty for the gratification of their fancy. That duty, where reduced, is now lost to the revenue. Who is the gainer, then?

No one, save the rich consumer; whilst, on the other hand, the revenue has suffered, and home industry has received a prostrating blow. But—say men of the Cobden school—though the silk weaver, and embroiderer, and milliner, and plaiter, and shoemaker, and tailor, may have suffered, the country is no loser, because we export goods in return for the articles of import. Do you, gentlemen? Let us turn to the export tables, and see how your account stands. Recollect, you have undertaken to show us a corresponding export of your goods to meet the influx of foreign manufactures. Unless you can do this, your case is utterly worthless, and you stand as detect impostors.

EXPORT OF PRINCIPAL MANUFACTURES FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Cotton manufactures, . .	£8,899,272	£9,248,835	£8,023,825
Ditto yarn,	3,523,793	2,628,616	2,214,431
Linen manufactures, . .	1,389,520	1,502,770	1,413,819
Ditto yarn,	410,277	315,196	236,076
Silk manufactures, . . .	421,910	494,806	263,798
Woollen yarn,	377,160	444,797	291,985
Ditto manufactures, . . .	3,143,550	3,564,754	2,578,470
	£18,165,482	£18,199,774	£15,022,404

The result is a loss on these articles alone of THREE MILLIONS in six months, and we are to set that against doubled imports, free of duty, and displacing British employment! Here are the glorious effects of Sir Robert's commercial legislation!

What, then, has gone out to meet the import which is rapidly promoting Chartism among us, by impoverishing the poorer classes? Just what we predicted long ago—GOLD; the idol

without which men must starve, but which free trade periodically sweeps from out our grasp. The lowered tariffs have operated peculiarly unfavourably at the present crisis—not perhaps so much in the branch of silk manufactures as in others; for it is remarkable that the increase of import in 1847, over that of 1846, is quite as large as the increase of the present over the former year; and had Lord John Russell been alive to the duties of his situation,

or capable of comprehending the effects which a glut of foreign goods must produce on the home market, he ought instantly to have brought in a bill augmenting the customs duties, and hurried it through Parliament without a moment's unnecessary delay. The madness of encouraging increased imports, whilst exports are falling, is utterly inconceivable to any who have not eaten and drunk with Cobden; and it is quite possible that some who have been admitted to that precious privilege, may agree with us if they will take the trouble to consider the foregoing tables. We are not the only sufferers. America is beginning to understand that increased imports are by no means decisive symptoms of a healthy commercial state; and the following extract from Transatlantic correspondence, which we copy from the money article in the *Sun* newspaper of 16th August last, is pregnant with meaning in the present posture of affairs.

"The whole of Europe is in a terrible condition, and our only hope is, that Great Britain may escape the blast which has swept from one end of the Continent to the other with such devastating effect. If England escape, we shall continue to find extensive markets for our products, and our prosperity will be partially preserved. Our markets on the Continent have almost become extinct, so that the worst in that particular has already been realised; but, every week or month, consumption in that section of the world is restricted or limited—so much the more injurious must be the revolution causing such a state of things. With the exception of Great Britain, our European export trade has been literally annihilated; but unfortunately, our import trade with these countries has not met with a similar fate, but on the contrary, has rather increased than otherwise. Importers and speculators in this country have taken advantage of the financial embarrassments growing out of the Revolution, which the manufacturers of France and Europe generally have laboured under, and have purchased of them for cash, goods at one half their cost, and have filled our markets. *A portion of the specie which has been shipped from this port within the last four months went abroad for this purpose*; and while our exports had become reduced to the lowest limit, and exchange drawn upon previous shipments of produce was coming back protested, millions of dollars of gold and silver were going for-

ward to purchase goods which could not be obtained on the usual credit. In this way, our whole foreign trade has become deranged, and we have thus far borne the brunt of the commercial revulsions and political revolutions in Europe."

What is to be said of a system which swamps our home market, whilst at the same time it promotes a drain of gold? What is to be said of the system which makes a drain of gold almost tantamount to national bankruptcy?

Having hitherto dealt with the subjects of the currency and finance, let us now glance for a moment at the new legislation for our colonies. We need not repeat the tale of the disasters into which the West Indies have been plunged, or the ruin which has befallen many of our own most respectable citizens, who, to their misfortune, had embarked their capital and fortunes in sugar-growing estates, trusting to British faith and protection for at least an adequate return. The veriest zealot could not have wished to have seen the crime of slavery more bitterly avenged; but in what a manner! Great Britain, after having made a sacrifice of twenty millions to emancipate the slave population in her own colonies,—a sacrifice to her, though not an adequate compensation to the planters,—after having declared to the whole world her determination no longer to participate in the profits of forced labour,—after having made treaties, and equipped armaments for the suppression of the slave-trade,—suddenly changed her policy, admitted slave-grown sugar from foreign states, first, at a high, and, latterly, at so low a duty, that her own colonies, already impoverished, could no longer afford to defray the cost of production. Here, again, the principle of free-trade has been triumphant and ruinous; here, again, the exporting trades have carried their point, not only against the interests of the colonists, but against those of benevolence and Christianity. The cause of the Blacks has been abandoned for the tempting bribe of cheap sugars, of an augmented demand for cottons and blankets to supply the gangs of Cuba, and of machinery for Brazil, to enable the planter more utterly to prostrate Jamaica.

In February last we reviewed with great care all the evidence which we could collect regarding the West Indian interest. The conclusion to which we arrived was contained in the following paragraph:—"And what is it that our colonists ask? What is the extravagant proposal which we are prepared to reject at the cost of the loss of our most fertile possessions, and of nearly two hundred millions of British capital? Simply this, that in the meantime such a distinctive duty should be enforced as will allow them to compete on terms of equality with the slave-growing states. Let this alone be granted, and they have no wish to interfere with any other fiscal regulation. And what would be the amount of differential duty required? *Not more, as we apprehend, than ten shillings the hundredweight.*" Having hazarded this statement so early, it was certainly gratifying to find that an impartial committee of the House of Commons, reporting four months later, had, after a full investigation of the whole case,—and of course with official documents before them, the correctness of which could not admit of a doubt,—arrived at precisely the same result. The proposition for a differential duty of ten shillings, which was finally agreed to by the committee, was actually made by a member whose general opinions are understood to lean towards the side of free trade,—we mean Sir Thomas B. Birch, one of the representatives for Liverpool.

This resolution of course implied a direct condemnation of the Whig Act of 1846, which the West Indians bitterly complained of as a flagrant breach of faith, and as having put the coping-stone on their misfortunes. It was the resolution of an independent and intelligent parliamentary committee, founded upon a mass of evidence derived from every quarter; and in a matter of this sort, wherein so vast an interest as that of our most valuable colonies was concerned, it might have been expected that the report would be treated with deference, even though it might in some degree impugn the sagacity of a prime minister, by exposing the results of his former reckless legislation. Such was not the case. Had

the seven wise men of Greece sate upon that committee, their report would have been utterly indifferent to Lord John, who immediately came forward with a counter-scheme, which had not even the merit of consistency to give it colour. He proposed a new sliding-scale of duties, the result of which will be, that next year the colonists will have a protection against the slave-owners of seven shillings in the article of clayed, and five-and-sixpence in that of muscovado sugar,—the boon to taper away annually, until, in 1854, the protective duty will be reduced to three shillings on the one article, and two shillings upon the other. This is the doom of the West Indies,—and we expect nothing less than an immediate stoppage of the supplies for the maintenance of the colonial governments. Robbed as they have been, ruined as they are, and all through a course of most reckless and unprovoked legislation, it is in vain to hope that any further capital will be embarked in the cultivation of these islands. For the benefit of economists at home, and the clamourers for cheap sugar, it may be as well to record that this new sliding-scale is to be accompanied with a *loan* of £500,000, in addition to £160,000 already guaranteed this session, for the purposes of promoting immigration, and that at a period when the annual deficit was originally calculated at *three* millions! The amendment of Sir John Pakington, founded upon the resolutions of the committee, was negatived in a full house by the small majority of fifteen.

This has been by far the most important debate of the session; and at one time it was confidently expected that ministers would have been defeated. Sir Robert Peel, however, came to their rescue at the last stage. Oleaginous and plausible as ever, the wily baronet began his speech by deploring the misfortunes of the West Indians, repudiating mere pecuniary considerations, and calling to mind old struggles, in which these colonies had stood by the side of the mother country. This sympathetic introduction boded little mercy for the parties it seemed to favour. Sir Robert had acquiesced in the Act of 1846, and it was now rather difficult to back out from

that position. But soothing measures might be adopted, the salaries of governors defrayed by the mother country, and *perhaps*, if, after due consideration, it should be found expedient to remove the blockading squadron from the coast of Africa, part of the sums so saved might be devoted to colonial purposes. Then came a discourse upon the merits of irrigation, which would have done credit to a lecturer in an agricultural society. Finally, Sir Robert rested his future hopes for the Indies upon other, and what appear to us peculiarly objectionable considerations. He has no confidence in the tranquillity of Cuba and Brazil, and he hints at an insurrection of the slaves being probable, if emancipation is not granted. We shall not comment more than lightly upon the decency of such a hint. Desirable as emancipation may be, it is, to say the least, questionable whether it would be cheaply bought by so terrible a catastrophe as a general rising of the black barbarian population against the whites; and in the event of such a misfortune occurring either in the above slave colonies or in the United States, it is extremely problematical whether our own dearly bought emancipation would effectually prevent the contagion from spreading to the free colonies. But we will tell Sir Robert a fact of which he ought to be fully cognisant. The greatest enemies and obstacles to emancipation, in the Spanish and South American States, have been himself and his free-trading allies. It is well known to many here, and notorious in the West Indies, that at the very time when the ill-advised Act permitting slave-grown sugar to be introduced into this country was produced, negotiations were actually pending in Cuba for the immediate emancipation of the slaves. The results of that Act were the instant abandonment of such an idea, the withdrawal of the slaves from the coffee plantations to the sugar-fields, double work rigorously enforced, and an enormously increased importation of human beings from the coast of Africa. With such a bonus held out to the Cuban planter, such a huge increase of consumption in this country as Lord John Russell gloatingly con-

templates, it would be utter insanity to expect that emancipation can take place through any other means than blood, rapine, plunder, and incendiarism. Sir Robert and the free-traders have effectually precluded any milder method. Had they been true to the principles professed by this country at the time of our own emancipation, there is every human reason to believe that by this time Cuba would have been a free colony. Had that event taken place, slavery, and of course the slave-trade, would have received its death-blow. But now when we have given, and continue to give, a direct premium to the abhorred system, when we have shown that we love its produce so much, as to hold the welfare of our own colonies as nothing in comparison, it is mere Jesuitry to cant about the probability of voluntary freedom. This is the worst and most indefensible argument, if, indeed, it can be brought within the category of arguments, which has yet been advanced from any quarter in support of the false legislation and determined opposition of ministers to the just claims of the colonists.

In the course of the debate a singular discussion arose, which tends to throw some light upon the management of the Colonial Office. A most important despatch upon the state of Jamaica had been received from Governor Grey, and this was withheld from the select committee then sitting, although Mr Hawes, the Under-secretary for the Colonies, was directly questioned as to its existence. We do not wish to enter into the details of this matter, or to cast any imputation upon the probity of Mr Hawes, who, in explanation, was fain to take shelter under the plea of a mistake. But the circumstance certainly did look awkward, and the doubts, not only of the House but of the country, were far from being removed by the extreme acrimony displayed by the Premier, in his injudicious defence of his subordinate. Never in our recollection has a Prime Minister shown so remarkable a want of temper and of courtesy to a political opponent, as was exhibited by Lord John Russell in his reply to Lord George Bentinck. We should be glad, for the sake of the utterer, that the speech could be

erased from the pages of Hansard, even were we to lose, at the same time, the brilliant and withering reply which it elicited from Mr D'Israeli. A suppression certainly had occurred, whether through mistake or otherwise; and the matter was thought so serious that Earl Grey volunteered an explanation in the Upper House. He had better have let it alone. New charges of suppression were preferred; and finally Earl Grey admitted that, on one occasion at least, he had quoted passages from a Jamaica memorial in support of his argument, totally and purposely omitting to read other sentences, which gave a different construction to the meaning intended to be conveyed! This is popularly said to be the method adopted by a certain personage, who shall be nameless, whenever he has occasion to quote Scripture, and yet it is practised and defended by a high official functionary! We copy the remarks of our contemporary the *Spectator*, as very apposite on this occasion.

"The personal dispute about the conduct of Lord Grey and Mr Hawes, and the strictures of Lord George Bentinck, which began on Friday last, have usurped a large share of the week's debates; not altogether to so little purpose as most personal squabbles, since it throws considerable light on the administration of colonial affairs. The general impression, when all sides have had their say, is, that Mr Hawes and Lord Grey did not intend to cheat Lord George Bentinck's committee by the deliberate suppression of evidence; but the very statements made by ministers, in defence, unveil reprehensible practices. It seems that the routine of the Colonial Office is such as to preclude any security against 'mistakes' so grave as the withholding of most important despatches. And Lord Grey claims, as an admitted official privilege, to pick out bits of evidence in his exclusive possession, that make for a particular view, although those bits may be torn from a context that should perfectly refute that particular view! In effect, he upholds the doctrine that a government is not bound to lay before parliament all the information that reaches the departments, even though that information be not of a secret kind, but may select such parts as go to bolster up the preconceived crotchets of the minister for the time being. In this case, Lord Grey had preconceived crotchets hostile to the West Indian colonies, whom he treated as if he were the Attorney-Gen-

eral prosecuting a state criminal. He has carried beyond its usual bounds the spirit of the *Anti-Colonial Office*, in Downing Street. With this spirit of animosity the Secretary for the Colonies copied the most singular exhibition of personal trifling, and self-worship. He appealed to the name of his father, as a reason for not accusing himself! and pointed to the 'awful warning across the Channel,' as a reason for not preferring charges calculated to weaken English statesmen. 'Don't talk of inefficiency or dishonesty,' cries he—'it is dangerous; for such talk has upset governments abroad.' Yes, shaly and dishonest governments; but what is Lord Grey afraid of?"

As for the sugar duties, we do not by any means believe that this is a final settlement of the question. If free trade, indeed, should continue to progress, there is not much hope for the colonists; but, to the observant eye, there are unmistakable symptoms of reaction apparent in this country, and a very general sympathy for the case of the West Indians. Our greatest fear is, that irretrievable mischief will be wrought before there is an opportunity of applying a remedy. It seems cruel mockery, after all that has happened, to exhort the planters to persevere, and to prevent those valuable islands from lapsing into a state of wilderness: and yet there seems no alternative between such perseverance and abandonment. This only we can say, that should the commercial principles, which we have advocated throughout, be again recognised and adopted—should true and not hollow Conservatism once more triumph over Whig effrontery and weakness, this mighty grievance will assuredly be the earliest redressed.

Referring again to the speech from the throne as the text for the parliamentary campaign, we find the Navigation Laws specially marked out either for modification or repeal. This subject having been fully dealt with in our July Number, we offer no further remarks upon the policy which dictated such a plan; indeed, no remarks are necessary, for since then the measure has been postponed. This is a sorry result for ministers; for although they plead, in justification, that other important business had prevented them from forcing on the consideration of this very serious question,

their protestations do not seem to satisfy the gentlemen who are most clamorous against the shipping interest of Britain. It has been more than hinted in certain quarters, that this postponement is a small stroke of Whig policy or prudence, for the purpose of keeping alive as long as possible a theme of dissension among the Conservatives. We offer no opinion as to this conjecture, which may be substantially true or not. Certain it is that the proposal for the repeal of those laws has been encountered, outside of the House of Commons, with a storm of disapprobation; and that, if the feeling of the public, as opposed to the interests of the exporters, has any weight with the legislature, the ministerial bill will be strangled before it can receive the royal assent. So great was the anxiety displayed, that on the day after it became known in Glasgow that the bill was not to be pushed forward this session, every vessel in the Clyde was decorated with flags, in token of thankfulness for the respite. We hope that every advantage will be taken in the interval to force upon the attention of parliament the resolution of the well-affected people of this country, to maintain intact that law which has been the source of our naval supremacy, and which was declared, by no less an authority than Adam Smith, to be as wise as if it had been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom.

A considerable number of minor bills have been quietly allowed to drop. This is not matter of lamentation, for, as far as we could comprehend the principle of most of them, they were utterly worthless and uncalled for. The Bill for the Removal of the Jewish Disabilities was, we rejoice to say, thrown out in the House of Lords, the peers being of opinion that the British Legislature should continue a Christian assembly. Lord John, in the plenitude of his zeal for the Sanhedrim, gave notice of a motion for altering the form of the oaths required to be taken by each member of Parliament at his admission, and so introducing the Jew by a convenient little postern. But somehow or other, as the session progressed, the ardour of the Premier cooled, and Baron Rothschild is at present left with a

little chance of adorning the benches of St Stephens as ever. Mr Joseph Hume and his party have got up a radical alliance, for the extension of the suffrage and various other organic schemes, and it was understood that Sir Joshua Walsley was to have the honour of leading the movement. Unfortunately, however, before the day of debate had arrived, Sir Joshua had been unseated in consequence of certain acts of bribery which had taken place in connexion with the borough of Leicester, so that the purists had to march to battle under the chieftainship of the veteran of Montrose. They were beaten hollow: but at a later period of the session, the carelessness of ministers gave a temporary triumph to the same parties, resolutions in favour of the ballot having been passed by a small majority. This vote is of no importance whatever, save in so far as it demonstrates the utter helplessness of the Whigs when left to their own resources.

Whilst upon the subject of shelving, let us remark that the Scottish Registration and Marriage Bills have shared a similar fate. Of this we are devoutly glad. Not a single petition has been presented in their favour; and though no doubt the registration of births, and a stricter law of marriage, may be desirable, we think it might be quite possible to accomplish both objects, without creating a new and expensive staff of functionaries, or holding forth a prospect of entire immunity to seduction. Possibly at a later period we may take an opportunity of examining these postponed measures in detail.

Two more questions remain, and then the history of the session is ended. They are of vast importance—Ireland, and our foreign policy.

The opening of the session found Ireland in a state of agrarian outrage. Agitation was doing its work, and murder was rife on every hand. Foremost in stirring up the people, most determined in hounding them on, were the Roman Catholic priesthood; and we trust that this fact will not be forgotten by those who are now meditating to buy their silence. Individuals were openly denounced from the altar, and next day shot down by

the assassin. The most seditious language was used by these cassocked traitors towards the British government; and even the higher dignitaries of their church sought to stimulate the passions of the populace by the most barefaced and impudent misrepresentation. Hear Archdeacon Laffan at Cashel, upon a Sunday, surrounded by some fifteen thousand of the peasantry, and backed by that notable worthy, Mr John O'Connell, and three other members of Parliament—"The Saxon scoundrel, with his bellyful of Irish meat, could very well afford to call his poor, honest, starving fellow-countrymen savages and assassins; but if in the victualling department John Bull suffered one-fifth of the privations to which the Tipperary men were subject, if he had courage enough, he would stand upon one side, and shoot the first man he could meet with a decent coat on his back—(Cheers.) But the Saxon had not courage to do any thing like a man; he growls out like a hungry tiger!" At the time when this expositor of the Christian doctrine was raving to his miserable flock, the following was the condition of the Established clergy. One of them, writing from King's County, described his position—"For nearly twenty years I have been a minister of the Established Church; and during that time I have had nothing whatever to do with tithes, for my benefice is a chapelry of £90 a-year, and is paid partly out of land set apart for the purpose, and partly by the ecclesiastical commissioners of Ireland, from a fund bequeathed to small livings by Primate Boulter." He had devoted much attention to the employment of the poor; had never shown favour or partiality to any one sect; had lived simply, and attended to his duties; had never brought an ejectment, or taken any other law proceedings, against a tenant. "What, then," continued he, "was my surprise and horror to find an assassin lying in wait for me for three successive days; and—for this is still more horrifying—that most of the people of the neighbourhood where I live have been so far from expressing joy at the escape I have made, that they show evident disappointment at my not being shot!"

We have often marvelled what must be the impression of foreigners after reading such speeches as are usually delivered at an Irish assembly, by men who cannot plead utter ignorance in extenuation of the language they employ. They must, we presume, imagine that "the Saxon" has taken forcible possession of the whole of Ireland; that the natives are no better than serfs—unprotected by any laws, and liable to be beaten, plundered, and massacred at the pleasure of the invaders; that, on the approach of each harvest, hordes of the Saxons repair to the fertile fields of the Celt, reap them with a sickle in the one hand and a musket in the other, and then carry off the produce, without leaving a single doir in reparation. He would imagine that the women are forced, the men defrauded, and the houses pillaged at pleasure; that the Roman Catholics are hunted down like wild beasts, by armies of bloodthirsty Protestants; that the exercise of their faith is denied them; and that they are allowed no voice whatever in the national representation. Some such conception as this he must form from the harangues which have constituted the staple of Conciliation Hall for more years than we care to reckon. But what would be his amazement were he told that Ireland is governed by precisely the same laws as the sister country; that property is equally protected, and life endangered only by the brutality of the Celtic assassin; that Ireland is specially exempted from several of the taxes which press most heavily upon the industrious classes of Great Britain; that on the last occasion of famine, upwards of nine millions of public, and a vast amount of private money, was given for the support of her poor; that Roman Catholic colleges have been munificently endowed; that Ireland has her full share of representation in the imperial Parliament, and that upwards of one half of the time of the House of Commons is occupied with measures tending to the amelioration of the Irish people! If he were told all this—and it is no more than the naked truth—what would be his astonishment? And yet so it is. Ireland has persisted, and is persisting, in her course of sedition without a grievance,

of murder without provocation, of black and brutal ingratitude without even the shadow of an excuse!

It is impossible to find language too strong to characterise the guilt of the individuals, lay or clerical, who have spent the better part of their mean and mischievous existence in misleading their rude and ignorant fellow-countrymen. They are the moral nuisances who have always stood in the way of Ireland's progression and happiness. But for them, there would have been no absenteeism, no heart-burning between the landlord and the tenant. The people would gradually have learned habits of industry and providence, and instead of whooping through the country like maniacs, shouting and yelling for repeal, which if granted, would make an utter hell of Ireland, they would be tilling the ground, or usefully employed in the development of that capital which no one dare hazard at present in their mad and turbulent districts. For all these things we do not blame, but execrate O'Connell and his tribe. The grasping selfishness of that family has for the last few years been the greatest curse to Ireland; and the crimes of other and inferior agitators shrink into insignificance, compared with the moral turpitude of the men who have deliberately fattened upon their country's ruin.

Mr John O'Connell, having previously declared his intention of dying on the floor of the House of Commons rather than permit the passing of a Coercion Bill to restrain his countrymen from murder, did in effect make his appearance in St Stephens, but by no means with a suicidal intention. One of his earliest speeches is worth preserving, as it exhibits, in a most extraordinary degree, the hereditary power of mendicancy. "If they had a reverence for human life, let them extend it to the people of Ireland. Give money. He asked for money. He heard the laughter of honourable gentlemen; but he could tell them that they ought to give money, and that it was their duty to do so. Charge them for the money if they liked, but at all events let them save the lives of the people. He did not expect to be met otherwise than with laughter; and he was bound to say that he never saw in

that House one single real thought for the interest of Ireland. (*Great laughter.*) He begged to say, that he had made that remark hastily and hotly, but now he repeated it deliberately and coolly. Whenever the interests of Ireland came into competition with those of England, they were invariably sacrificed. And if he did ask money, had he not a right to do so? In a few nights a motion would come on, and then he would prove that they owed it!" No man certainly ever did more credit to his profession. Brought up under the most able instructor of his age in the art of begging, John O'Connell exhibited on this occasion talents of the highest order, which would have made his fortune on the highway, unless some stray traveller should have mistaken the intentions of the suppliant, and been over ready with his pistol to prevent an anticipated robbery. 'The vile ingratitude of this man is almost equal to his audacity. Great Britain, without the slightest hope of any return, had impoverished herself for the support of the Irish, and yet here was the whole acknowledgment! Even on the score of policy it would have been wiser for Mr O'Connell to have mitigated his tone.

The Irish Crime and Outrage Bill was introduced by ministers at an early stage of the session, with the general concurrence of all parties. No one could doubt that it was especially needed, but few were sanguine that it would suffice to cure the spirit of disaffection which was abroad. In fact, Irish agitation has been allowed to proceed to such a point, that the evil is utterly incurable. What chance is there of putting a stop to physical force demonstrations, or, in other words, to open rebellion, whilst another gang of demagogues is permitted to preach sedition under the guise of moral force, and to fill the minds of their deluded victims with every species of misrepresentation and wild hostility to Great Britain? Our system of government towards Ireland has been timid and weak, and we are now paying the penalty. Our charities have been given with far too liberal a hand. Ireland has but had to ask, in order to be relieved by the public money: and this process has been so often repeated, that what

at first was an extraordinary boon, is now considered in the light of an indefeasible claim. The Irish peasant will not work, will do nothing to better his own position, because he believes that, in his hour of need, he will be supported by British alms. We wish we could believe that this scandalous and sordid spirit was confined to the peasantry alone. It is not so. A general scramble takes place on each fresh issue of bounty, and rich and poor, high and low, among the repealers, press clamorously forward for their share. Never was money more absurdly, more mischievously misapplied, than the great government grants on occasion of the famine. Had the proposals of Lord George Bentinck been agreed to, and the money given by way of loan for construction of the Irish railroads, not only would the government have held some security for repayment, or, at all events, a vested interest in the works, but a useful improvement would have been effected in the heart of the country, and a new element of civilisation introduced. But the scheme was rejected, for no other reason, we believe, than because it was suggested by a political opponent, and the millions granted by Britain have been squandered in making good roads bad, in trenching mosses, draining waste lands, and what not. The expenditure has been lost to this country, and has not had the effect of awakening the slightest spark of gratitude or respect for the quarter whence it came. Ireland must be disabused on one point. These grants are not annual, and cannot be continued. The time has come when Ireland must be put upon precisely the same footing of taxation with the sister kingdoms—she must be forced to forego pauperism, and in future to rely on her industry, and on her own resources. Ireland is at least four times as fertile in soil as Scotland, and there can be no reason whatever why she should be exempt from burdens which apply to the latter, and moreover, like a sturdy beggar, be forever vociferous for relief.

The Crime and Outrage Bill in some degree fulfilled its purpose; for open murder and assassination, if not extinguished, were somewhat diminished

throughout the winter. Still the work of sedition progressed. Old and Young Ireland, ruffians both, were at loggerheads—the older section finding a profit in the shape of the weekly rent, the younger and more conscientious one thirsting for the hour when the dogs of rebellion might be let loose. The French revolution found Ireland in this state, and no doubt aided to precipitate the crisis. The visions of mere repeal gradually faded before the more brilliant and daring aspiration of an Irish republic! France would probably sympathise with Erin; and a deputation was sent over to wait upon Lamartine, then in the zenith of his popularity, for the double purpose of ascertaining the chances of assistance, and of taking a flying lesson in the art of constructing barricades. But the members of the French Provisional Government showed no alacrity in recognising the Irish patriots, and distinctly refused to interfere. Then it became apparent, that if the Irish party were determined to rebel, they must do so without foreign aid and intervention; and on their own ground, and with their own weapons, be prepared to cope with the Saxon.

It is but fair, in justice to the unfortunate men who, since that time, have suffered for their almost incredible folly, to state that others, too crafty or pusillanimous to approach within grasp of the law, were at least equally guilty in promoting agitation after revolution had been triumphant in France. John O'Connell thus wrote from Paris a few days after Louis Philippe had been driven from his throne:—"Speak out, people of Ireland! Speak from every city—every valley—every hill—every plain! THE TIME IS COME! The hour has arrived when it is our instant right! when it is England's directest and most imperative interest that we should manage our own affairs in our own Parliament at home!" It matters not, in a moral point of view, though it might be convenient for sheltering purposes, that this note of sedition was accompanied with advice to abstain from crime and bloodshed. Such advice goes for nothing with the million, as O'Connell well knows; and, furthermore, he knows this, that of all the phantoms ever conjured up by

designing rogues and mountebanks, this one of Irish repeal is the most unlikely of realisation. What, then, did the man mean by these words, "*The time is come*?" save to stir up the people to some demonstration, the issue of which must have been massacre and bloodshed?

We need hardly allude to the effect of those appeals upon the more hotheaded and determined of the confederates. They no longer preserved even the semblance of loyalty, but, with a daring wholly unexampled, gloried in the name of traitors. At public meetings they recommended the immediate arming of the people—descanted, in terms of gloating fondness, upon that "queen of weapons" the pike—and the only point of hesitation was the precise period of the rising—whether it ought to take place immediately, or be postponed "until French steamers were letting off their steam in Falmouth and Portsmouth." John Mitchell, in the *United Irishman*, and his coadjutors in the *Nation*, seconded these views in a series of the most inflammatory and villainous articles. They propounded deliberate plans for barricading the streets of Dublin; displayed the most hellish ingenuity in devising implements to be used against the troops; attempted to persuade their dupes, that, in the event of a rising, the army would be found on their side; and, in short, set every law, human and divine, at defiance. At this crisis, ministers failed to act with that decision which was clearly their duty. They should at once have suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and arrested the whole of the leading agitators. Such a course would have struck terror into the insurgents, before, emboldened by impunity, and relying upon the want of unanimity almost sure to prevail among Irish juries, they had dragged other misled individuals into a participation of their guilt.

March, and a portion of April, passed away before ministers took courage to introduce the Crown and Government Security Bill, under which Mitchell was ultimately convicted. In the discussions which took place, Lord John Russell was evidently sorely hampered by the opinions

which he had expressed when in opposition, and the manifest discrepancy of his measures with the principles of the Whiggish creed. He showed a disposition to truckle, when he came to that portion of the bill which declared that open and advised speaking, of treasonable nature, should henceforward be treated as felony, and took it merely as a temporary provision. A bolder front, at such a time, would better have become a British statesman.

Smith O'Brien and Meagher, two of the most daring leaders of the faction, were tried at Dublin in the month of May, and escaped, the jury being in neither case unanimous. These trials may be memorable in the history of the jurisprudence of Ireland, for they distinctly prove that the present system of trial is utterly unsuited for that country. Nothing could be clearer than the evidence against both parties. O'Brien had recommended the formation of an Irish brigade in the United States. Meagher's recommendation was "up with the barricades, and invoke the god of battles." Yet in the face of this, the jury could not agree upon their verdict. Mitchell was the first person convicted under the new Act. On the 27th of May, he was found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

No effort whatever was made, on the part of the populace, to rescue this misguided man. He had proclaimed himself a felon, and he was sent forth to undergo the punishment of his crime. But this example, stringent as it was, had no effect whatever in repressing the spirit of treason. The arming went on rapidly as before, or rather in an augmented ratio. Cargoes of muskets, and other fire-arms, were openly shipped for Dublin, and exposed for sale; their destination and use were openly admitted, and yet ministers did not seem to consider it their duty to interfere! The newspaper war continued. Fresh journals sprang up to replace the *United Irishman*, and the favourite doctrines of Mitchell were enforced with a ferocity and earnestness almost equal to his own. Clubs, after the fashion of those in Paris, were organised throughout the country: drilling

began, and at length rebellion assumed a tangible shape, the confederate forces having been reviewed by Smith O'Brien at Cork. On the 21st of July, Dublin was proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant; and immediately thereafter, and not a moment too soon, ministry were compelled to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act in Ireland.

As we are not writing a history of this most abortive rebellion, we need not follow its leaders throughout their ignominious, and even cowardly career. That a bubble, deemed so gigantic, should have burst with so miraculously small an explosion, may hereafter be a source of wonder to the chronicler; at present our only feeling should be gratitude to the Almighty that this affair has ~~as yet been~~ accompanied with so little loss of human life. So far, it is well; but it would be absolute madness to suppose that the spirit of rebellion has been extinguished. The Irish people have been guilty of a great crime. A large portion of them are, without any doubt, rebels in their hearts; and they must submit to be treated as such, until we are satisfied that their stubborn disposition is removed. Great credit, it seems, is now given in certain quarters to the Roman Catholic clergy, for the part they took in suppressing the late disturbances; and we anticipate an immediate burst of laudation, and perhaps a promise of reward, in return for their disinterested exertions. If to foster rebellion in every possible manner, whilst there is the least chance of its success, and to preach it down from the very moment when the cause appears obviously desperate, be an acceptable course, we freely admit the claims of the priesthood to the heartfelt gratitude of Britain: upon no other ground whatever can we see a reason for their recognition. Let any man consider seriously and impartially the history and proceedings in Ireland for the last six months, and he cannot fail, we think, to arrive at the conclusion, that clerical connivance is visible in every scene of the drama. Smith O'Brien and Mitchell, being both of them Protestants, may have raised the banner too early, and may have been sacrificed with little scruple; but we repeat, that we have no faith in that

interference which comes so very late, and which, without any hyperbole, may be said to have been forced at the point of the bayonet.

As regards ministers, we think their later measures have been taken with a fair regard for the interests of the imperial crown. Much they might have done earlier; but, on the whole, we are not inclined to quarrel with their conduct. Lord John Russell, in the course of late events, has received a more wholesome lesson in the practical science of legislation than was ever vouchsafed him before. His Lordship's eyes are now, we hope, opened to the fallacy of some of the cherished Whig propositions. He has learned that there are times when a government must have recourse to extraordinary measures, if it is sincere in its wish to maintain the integrity of the crown and the constitution: and that although the liberty of the subject, and the freedom of the press, are undoubtedly most excellent things, and capital toasts at Whig propaganda banquets, neither of them can be allowed to go so far as to achieve a violent revolution. If some slight tinge should be apparent on the cheek of the Premier as he reviews his past career, and reflects on the inconsistency of his former speeches with his present more energetic conduct, we are willing to attribute the blush to the most amiable, and certainly the most honourable of possible motives—the acknowledgment of a cherished error.

But while we accord with satisfaction this meed of praise to ministers, it is impossible to forget that the Whig party, by playing into the hands of O'Connell and his followers, have given a pernicious incentive to the agitation which has ended in the late revolt. There has been far too much coquetting and trafficking with the repealers,—far too little consideration shown for the really loyal and peaceable portion of the Irish people. Is it possible to expect that any credence will be given to the idea that the Whigs are sincere and determined in their opposition to the repeal doctrines, when a high official functionary like Sir William Somerville, Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, is found subscribing to the

fund raised for defending the return of Mr Reynolds, the member for Dublin? Is it, we say, decent that a man in the position of the honourable baronet should be allowed to identify not only himself, but the government to which he belongs, with a party so diametrically opposed to the best interests of the British empire? If the Whigs are determined to put down agitation in Ireland—and put down it must be, at whatever cost—let them show their sincerity by dropping all connexion with the agitators. These are not times for truckling—least of all for party purposes and pretension.

If there is an immediate return to the old system of conciliation—if that unhappy country is to be left under the impression that Britain is bound to support her, we may look for another projected rebellion at no very distant period. Ireland must be taught to depend thoroughly upon herself. The wages of idleness must no longer be given her under any circumstances whatever. We are satisfied that the social misery of Ireland proceeds mainly from the injudicious system of eleemosynary support, to which she has been so long accustomed; for nowhere else in the known world is there a land so rich in resources, with a population so utterly improvident. An end also must be put, by the strong arm of power, to agitation of every kind. Jury trial requires remodelment; and we hope that the very first Irish measure which is introduced, will be one for assimilating the system of jury trial in criminal cases there with that which has worked so well and satisfactorily in Scotland. Let fifteen men be impanelled, and let the opinion of the majority be the verdict. This would effectually prevent those allegations about packing, which do certainly detract from the moral weight of such convictions as that of Mitchell: it would strengthen the hands of justice, and be especially useful as a further preventive of crime. The weal or the continued misery of Ireland will depend very much upon the character and complexion of the measures which may be introduced during the next session of Parliament.

The progress of the revolutions abroad has been any thing but peaceful. On the Continent, the treaty of Vienna has become a dead letter—a mere antiquated sheet of parchment, hardly to be appealed to by any of the conflicting powers. War has broken out in more than one point; and though, during the last month, there has been some prospect of compromise, it is in vain to hope that Europe will immediately subside into its former tranquillity. Hitherto, whatever may be said regarding the internal economy of France, that country has manifested no aggressive spirit. Paris, the centre-point of the volcanic eruption, has kept, and may keep for some time, the soldiery in full employment; and we are sincerely of opinion that General Cavaignac, now at the head of affairs in France, has no personal disposition to undertake a war of conquest. But the position of Germany is very peculiar, and her affairs so complicated, that we may justly feel alarm as to the issue.

We shall say little of the experiment, so rashly undertaken by a number of untried constitution craftsmen, for welding together into one indissoluble mass the political existence of the different Teutonic tribes. It is a project which, at first sight, may appear sufficiently imposing; but when we examine it more closely, it seems fraught with insuperable difficulties. To constitute a Regent for all Germany, in whose hands is to be lodged the sovereign administration of affairs, is in fact to dethrone and mediatise the whole of the reigning potentates. It may be freely conceded that a number of the smaller states might be absorbed, and their names removed from the map of Europe, without causing any disturbance of the balance of power; but, with regard to the larger ones, the case is very different. Will Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony, submit to surrender their independence? Will the kings allow themselves to be stripped of their authority—of the power to make laws, to proclaim war and peace, and to levy and command their own armies? We do not believe it. Austria may not object at this peculiar juncture, both because she is deeply engaged

in war for the recovery of Lombardy, and because the present Regent is a prince of her imperial family. Prussia can hardly be the first to dissent, because her monarch had the credit of originating the idea of German unity, under the illusion that he would be nominated as the head. But unity is not popular in Prussia, any more than it is in Bavaria, and the moment is fast approaching when this bubble also must explode. We might look upon the whole experiment with feelings of pure curiosity, were it not that incipient unity has been signalised by an act of the most flagrant aggression. We allude to the occupation of Schleswig-Holstein by the Germans.

Denmark is one of those small states in which the nationality is of the most invincible kind. Circumscribed in territorial space, the Danish people are possessed of a courage and energy which for centuries has continued undiminished; and the more powerful northern states are bound, if not by treaty, at least by the strongest ties of policy and relationship, to assist their gallant neighbours in maintaining their original position. Russia and Sweden have already declared themselves open allies of Denmark, and resolute to maintain her against the forces of Germany. The disposition of England, and, we are glad to say, of France also, tends towards the same point; and such being the case, we have great hopes that the Germans will not be mad enough to persevere in their unjustifiable course. A war in the north of Europe, in which so many great nations would be engaged, must be a hideous calamity; and Germany, if wise, should be the last country to provoke it. But, as if to complicate matters, the parliament at Frankfort have manifested an intention of embroiling themselves with Holland for one of the ceded duchies.

It is no purpose of ours to speculate upon events, and therefore we leave the Danish question without further comment. It will be extremely gratifying if, after all the demonstration which has been made, and the actual collision between the Danes and the Germans, peace can be re-established without having recourse to the armed interference of a northern confederation; and it would be still more gra-

tifying if this desirable result should be the effect of British mediation. But, looking to the south of Europe, we cannot approve of the policy which Great Britain has since pursued, or the attitude which Lord Palmerston has chosen to assume towards a friendly foreign power.

Our readers will not have forgotten the surprise and suspicion which was excited, about a year ago, by the absence of a cabinet minister, who was understood to be perambulating Italy with a sort of roving commission. The intention may have been friendly, but the fact was both unusual and degrading, and gave rise at the time to a multitude of unpleasant suspicions. Whether Lord Minto travelled in the capacity of constitution-maker for Italy we know not; but if so, as has more than once been broadly alleged, his attempts have been utter failures. We hope it was not by his advice that Charles Albert has done his best to light up the flames of general war by that ungenerous attack upon Austria, which has ended so disastrously for himself. Baffled on every hand—after having sacrificed his army, and squandered his treasure—the King of Sardinia has been driven back into his own country, amidst the execrations of those whom he professedly came to emancipate, and without a hope left of gaining the diadem for which he had perilled so much. The papal constitution at Rome has by no means fulfilled the hopes of the liberal advocates. Pius, lately so popular, is trembling in the Vatican, and the inhabitants of the Eternal City are in as much terror as if Attila were again at its gates. We repeat that we do not know how much share British councils may have had in promoting these untoward events; but this we know, that it would have been far better if Lord Minto had remained at home. For, in the matter of Naples at least, we have chosen to take a direct part, which throws suspicion upon the tendency of our whole negotiations with the Peninsula.

Sicily has chosen to cast off its allegiance to the crown of Naples, and to elect a sovereign of its own. This is strictly a domestic contest, and one in which we had no title whatever to interfere. But mark

what has taken place. No sooner was Naples—a country which has also felt the revolutionary shock—quieted by the granting of a constitution, than King Ferdinand, desirous of quelling rebellion in Sicily, is intimidated from sending his squadron for that purpose, by the appearance of a British fleet off his own territory. Against this unjustifiable demonstration the King of Naples has protested, declaring that he will hold any armed interference between himself and his subjects as tantamount to a declaration of war on the part of the British government. Lord Stanley—whose conduct throughout the session, on all questions connected with foreign or colonial affairs, has been pre-eminently distinguished for temperance, rectitude, and ability, and who has exhibited, in a remarkable degree, every qualification requisite for the leader of a great and national party—brought the whole subject before the consideration of the House of Lords: but the explanations given by Lord Lansdowne are not calculated to improve our character for good faith, whilst they may afford a ready apology to other states for any act of aggression whatever. Also, at a later period of the session, Mr D'Israeli, in one of those brilliant speeches for which he is unrivalled, again demanded explanation from the Foreign Secretary, and took occasion to comment, with sarcastic felicity, on the Minto pilgrimage to Rome. We shall presently allude to the reply which Lord Palmerston thought proper to make.

The facts of the case, as admitted by Lord Lansdowne, are shortly these:—Britain was never asked to mediate formally between the conflicting parties. The Sicilians stood in the position of rebels, victorious perhaps on their own soil, but not, on that account, released from an allegiance which had been formally recognised by Europe. They proceeded, as all insurgents do, to debate upon some form of government; and at this point, it seems, the Foreign Office thought fit to use its influence. Lord Palmerston became a party to the discussions of the revolted Sicilians, to the extent at least of advising them to select a monarchical instead of a republican form of govern-

ment; with an assurance that, in that event, Britain would recognise the prince who might be elected by the people.

This is neither more nor less than a recognition of the right of revolt; and we should like to know upon what principle of the law of nations it can be defended. It is one thing to acknowledge the right of a nation to change the character of its institutions,—as for example, in the case of France, which from a monarchy has become a republic. Were we to undergo the same organic change, France, doubtless, would recognise us, and continue the same relations with us under the altered form of government. But what if France had chosen to espouse the cause of the Irish confederates? What if—supposing our troops had been defeated by a general rising, and Smith O'Brien had been proclaimed not only King of Munster, but of Ireland—General Cavaignac should have assured the rebels, that he would recognise the descendant of Brian Born as the prince elected by the people? Would not that negotiation, that assurance, be treated by England as an open declaration of hostility,—an interference which no circumstances could palliate, and for which no explanation could suffice? We apprehend there can be no difficulty in answering the question, and yet our position with regard to Naples was precisely similar.

No official recognition of the independence of Sicily has as yet taken place. Her Britannic Majesty has accredited no ambassador to that court, nor does she know any thing more of the King of Sicily than her royal predecessor did of Theodore King of Corsica. In all Sicilian matters, as yet, this country nominally recognises the supremacy of King Ferdinand, who has in no way incurred a forfeiture. Yet at the very moment when that potentate has completed his preparations for coercing his rebel subjects, a British fleet appears off his shores, and no explanation has been vouchsafed of the reasons which have brought it there.

In answer to Lord Malmesbury, who reiterated the question originally put by Lord Stanley, "Is the fleet of

Admiral Parker to interfere with any expedition which his Neapolitan Majesty may send against his subjects in Sicily?" Lord Lansdowne distinctly refused explanation. So did Lord Palmerston in answer to Mr D'Israeli; and he further added, "that it is not the practice of the government of this country to announce to parliament what the intentions of the government are." All that we shall say upon that point is, that, even during the present session of parliament, ministers have more than once been particularly eager to parade their intentions, without even the formality of a question. Such answers are very apt to make distrustful people recollect that Naples is but a small state, and not so formidable as some others which have led the van of revolution. But even supposing that the Whig government are not prepared to go the length of violating treaties, and breaking alliances by a direct and forcible interference, this concealment is peculiarly unwise at a moment when neutrality is of the last importance. Apart from this question of Sicilian interference, no one wants to know why Admiral Parker's fleet is there. It is not alone Lord Stanley or Mr D'Israeli whose curiosity requires to be gratified. The King of Naples believes this armament is sent with intentions hostile to him, and he has a right to know whether Britain proposes to throw an impediment betwixt him and his revolted dominions. Are ministers aware of the effect which such ambiguous answers may have upon the future policy of France? General Oudinot, we know, is at the head of a large army on the southern frontier of France, and Charles Albert has notoriously solicited assistance from that quarter. What if the French, drawing their own deduction from the fact of the fleet being there, and all explanation refused, should choose to assume that we have exceeded the bounds of neutrality, and are now coercing the King of Naples?—what if they should march an army to the support of the Piedmontese, again make Lombardy a field of battle, and throw all Europe into irretrievable confusion, by engaging in hostilities with Austria? Is that contingency so remote that we can afford to indulge

in mysteries, and peril the fair fame of England's open dealing for a paltry Palmerston intrigue?

If we contemplate seriously the whole course of our foreign policy, in so far as regards Italy, we cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that the Whigs have given undue countenance to the late insurrectionary movements. Great Britain might have come forward honourably at the commencement of the Lombardy campaign to stop the effusion of blood and the horrors of war, by the offer of a timely mediation; but no such step was taken. On the contrary, our Cabinet remained quiescent and looked on approvingly, so long as success appeared to favour the Sardinian arms: it is only after the invader has been beaten back, and driven within the frontiers of his own kingdom—after Austria has redeemed by force all her Lombard territory, that Lord Palmerston, and his new ally Cavaignac, have thought fit to tender their good offices. We may safely ask—what good purpose can be achieved by this very late intervention? Who are the parties whose quarrel is to be taken up? Mr D'Israeli put the matter well when he asked,—First, what was to be the principle of this mediation; secondly, what was to be the motive of the mediation; and thirdly, what was the end proposed to be attained by the mediation? The motive, we are assured, is the preservation of peace, and we fully subscribe to its importance; but on all other matters we are left as thoroughly in the dark as ever. Really this mystery is, to say the least of it, tantalising; and we would fain know whether Austria is the party who has taken the initiative, in securing the advice of two peace-makers like Palmerston and Cavaignac. Austria has recovered the possessions guaranteed her by the faith of the leading states of Europe, has put down insurrection, and driven back in rout and terror the invading Sardinian over his own frontier. There remains no body of her revolted subjects in a position to ask for mediation. As for Charles Albert, he is not, we presume, either King of Italy or Lord of Lombardy, neither have we heard of any other claim, save that of sympathy, which

could entitle him to enter into the contest. Personally he had no wrong to avenge; but having chosen to espouse the cause of the rebels, and to encounter the risks of war, he is surely not entitled, especially after defeat, to insist upon any conditions. If Austria shall choose, of her own free will and accord, to cede possession of Lombardy, it will be a mere act of grace, which cannot be demanded from her by any state in Europe. But she is clearly entitled to dictate, and not to receive conditions; and any interference with her guaranteed and fully recovered rights, either on the part of England or of France, would be tantamount to a declaration of war.

From first to last, therefore, we condemn the course which has been pursued by the British foreign minister with reference to the affairs of Italy, as undignified, unconstitutional, and mischievous. It has naturally lowered the estimate of our character in the eyes of the Italian people, whose own fondness for intrigue does not prevent them from despising that system, when pursued on the part of a strong and powerful nation. Minto jobbing has proved an utter failure. It may not indeed have been unproductive in results, for it has materially stimulated sedition, but certainly it has not tended to the preservation of peace, or the consolidation of government in Italy.

Lord Palmerston has not been happy for the present year in his foreign relations. Some gratuitous advice to Spain, which he no doubt tendered with the best possible intentions, was ignominiously returned upon his hand; and this affront was followed up by another still more serious, for our ambassador at Madrid was dismissed. Such are the results of constant meddling with the institutions of foreign states, or prying into their domestic arrangements, and of everlastingly tendering unsolicited and unpalatable advice. We do Lord Palmerston the justice to believe, that he is the last man in the world who would brook such conduct at the hands of others. Why then will he persist in acting the part of Mentor to all the states of Europe, at the risk of attracting insult to himself, and of materially endan-

gering the character and position of his country?

Whether we regard the conduct of the present ministry at home or abroad, in domestic or in foreign relations, we find little to praise, and much which we must conscientiously condemn. Late events do not seem to have conveyed to them any important lesson. Diminished exports, want of reciprocity, and the disorganisation of affairs on the Continent, have effected as yet no change in their commercial policy. They are still determined to persevere in the course which they have unfortunately adopted, and to neglect the home and colonial markets for the desperate chance of pushing exportation further. By delaying to make any provision for the relaxation of the odious Bank Restriction Act, by placing upon the committee of the House of Commons ~~men~~ whose financial reputation depended upon the maintenance of these measures—they have again exposed the country to a recurrence of that crisis which, in November last, was so near a fatal termination. Who shall answer for it that a fresh drain of bullion will not take place this autumn? If the harvest shall prove deficient, such undoubtedly may be the case, and the mercantile world will be left without the means of accommodation at the moment of its utmost need.

When we look at the long period of tranquillity which this country has enjoyed since the peace—when we reflect upon the extension of trade, the increase of our colonies, the apparent accumulation of wealth at home, the development of industry, and the enormous social improvements which have resulted from the progress of science—it seems almost miraculous that any combination of circumstances should so rapidly have involved us in financial embarrassments. Those embarrassments are marked by the price of money and its fluctuations, by the difficulty of accommodation, by the unprecedented decline in the value of every kind of property, by the amount of unemployed labour in the market, and by the long list of bankruptcies. We ask for an explanation of these phenomena, and we are referred to a failure of the potato crop! The poli-

tical economists will not acknowledge the share they have had in the production of such lamentable results—but, fortunately, they cannot alter dates; and one thing at least is incontestable, that the commencement of the period of decline corresponds exactly with that of Sir Robert Peel's fiscal and currency measures. It may have been that we were previously in danger from the want of these, but the country neither knew nor felt it. The change was made, and since then our prospects have been dark and gloomy.

Parliament has utterly failed, during last session, to suggest any remedy for the general distress. It must fail

so to do, until it is called together under the auspices of a Cabinet imbued with patriotic principles, aware of the responsibility of their situation, and thoroughly resolved to release themselves from the trammels of a system which has fraud and selfishness for its foundation, and which seeks to aggrandise a few at the sacrifice of the industrious many. May Heaven grant that such men may speedily be called to the supreme councils of the nation, and that this may be the last session, the futilities of which it is our duty to record, under the imbecile and slovenly administration of the Whigs!

TO A CAGED SKYLARK, REGENT'S CIRCUS, PICCADILLY.

BY D. SIMMONS.

THE city's stony roar around!

The city's stifling air!

The London May's distracting sound,

And dust, and heat, and glare!

She sings to-night who puts to shame

Her fabled sisters' syren-fame;

And, swarming through one mighty street,

From all opposing points they meet;

And hurrying, whirling, madd'ning on,

The crashing wheels and battling crowd

Are coming still, and still are gone—

The Thunder and the Cloud.

But the gush of faint odours

From apple-tree blooms—

The dew-fall by starlight

In green mossy glooms—

The sob of low breezes

Through hill-lifted pines

Looking miles o'er lone moorlands

While evening declines—

The dying away

Of far bleats at the shealing,

The hum of the night-fly

Where streamlets are stealing—

All are floating, this moment, or mournfully heard,

(Distinct as lutes mid trumpets) round thy cage, heart-breaking Bird!

They heed, nor hear—that seething mass—
 But storm and brawl and burst along,
 Porter and Peer—the City class—
 And high-born Beauty shrined in glass—
 The pale Mechanic and his lass—
 Thick as the scythe-awaiting grass,
 In one discordant throng.
 While, loud with many a clanging bell,
 Some annual joy the steeples tell,
 And waggons' groan and drivers' yell
 The loud hubbub and riot swell ;
 Yet still the stunn'd ear drinks, through all, that liquid song.

And far sinks the tumult,
 And takes the soft moan
 Of billows that shoreward
 Are lapsingly thrown,
 When the stars o'er the light-house
 Set faintly and few,
 And the waves' level blackness
 Is trembling to blue.
 Wing'd Darling of Sunrise !
 How oft at that hour,
 Where the grassy lea lovingly
 Tufted thy bower,
 Thy friends the meek cowslips
 Still folded in sleep,
 Didst thou burst, and meet Morning
 Half way from the deep,
 And circle and soar
 Till thy small rosy wing
 Seem'd a sparkle the far-coming
 Splendour might fling!
 How lavishly then
 On the night-hidden hill
 Didst thou rain down thy carol
 Deliciously shrill—
 Still mounting to Heaven,
 As thou didst rejoice
 To be nearer the Angels,
 Since nearest in voice !
 And thy wild liquid warbling,
 Sweet Thing ! after all,
 Leaves thee thus aching-breasted,
 A captive and thrall.
 For the thymy dell's freshness and free dewy cloud
 A barr'd nook in this furnaco-heat and suffocating crowd.

No pause even here to list thy lay;
 The human ferment working
 Must on with unresisted sway
 In bubbling thousands swept away,
 Nor near thy cage be left ONE HERMIT-HEARER lurking.
 Twin minstrels were ye
 Once in sunshine and shade
 With *thy* hymns to the Love-star,
 His rhymes to the Maid.
 How sweet was it then,
 As he linger'd at noon
 Beneath trees dropping diamonds
 In shower-freshen'd June,
 Beloved of the Rainbow!
 To mark thee on high,
 Where violet and amber
 Were arching the sky;
 And to deem thou wert singing
 Of comfort to him—
 Of some Bow yet to brighten
 His destiny dim!
 From *thy* Cloud and *his* Dream
 Long the glory is gone,
 And the dungeon remains
 To each desolate one:
 And as vainly as thine would his spirit up-spring,
 Beating against his prison-bar with faint and baffled wing.

SONNET.—TO DENMARK.

AGAIN the trumpet-blast of war is blown:
 Again the cannon booms along the sea.
 Now, may the God of Battles stand by thee,
 True-hearted Denmark! struggling for thine own,
 For right, and loyalty, and King, and throne,
 Against the weight of frantic Germany!
 Old Honour is not dead whilst thou art free—
 Oh be thou faithful to thy past renown!
 May the great spirit of thy heroes dead
 Be as a bulwark to thine ancient shore:
 And, midst the surge of battle rolling red,
 Still be thy banner foremost as of yore;
 Prouder than when it waved, to winds outspread,
 On the broad bastion-keep of Elsinore!

LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

WE have said that La Bonté was a philosopher: he took the streaks of ill luck which checked his mountain life in a vein of perfect carelessness, if not of stoical indifference. Nothing ruffled his danger-steeled equanimity of temper; no sudden emotion disturbed his mind. We have seen how wives were torn from him without eliciting a groan or grumble, (but such *contretemps*, it may be said, can scarcely find a place in the category of ills;) how the loss of mules and mustangs, ~~lost~~ by horse-stealing Indians, left him in the *ne-plus-ultra* of mountain misery—"afoot;" how packs and peltries, the hard-earned "beaver" of his perilous hunts, were "raised" at one fell swoop by free-booting bands of savages. Hunger and thirst, we know, were commonplace sensations to the mountaineer. His storm-hardened flesh scarce felt the pinching wounds of arrow-point or bullet; and when in the midst of Indian fight, it is not probable that any tender qualms of feeling would allay the itching of his fingers for his enemy's scalp-lock, nor would any remains of civilised fastidiousness prevent his burying his knife again and again in the life-blood of an Indian savage.

Still, in one dark corner of his heart, there shone at intervals a faint spark of what was once a fiercely-burning fire. Neither time, that corroder of all things, nor change, that ready abettor of oblivion, nor scenes of peril and excitement, which act as dampers to more quiet memory, could smother this little smouldering spark, which now and again—when rarely-coming calm succeeded some stirring passage in the hunter's life, and left him, for a brief time, devoid of care and victim to his thoughts—would flicker suddenly, and light up all the nooks and corners of his rugged breast, and discover to his mind's eye that one deep-rooted memory clung there still, though long neglected; proving that, spite of time and change, of life and fortune,

"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."

Often and often, as La Bonté sat cross-legged before his solitary camp-fire, and, pipe in mouth, watched the blue smoke curling upwards in the clear cold sky, a well-remembered form appeared to gaze upon him from the vapoury wreaths. Then would old recollections crowd before him, and old emotions, long a stranger to his breast, shape themselves, as it were, into long-forgotten but now familiar pulsations. Again he felt the soft subduing influence which once, in days gone by, a certain passion exercised over his mind and body; and often a trembling seized him, the same he used to experience at the sudden sight of the Mary Brand, whose dim and creamy apparition so often watched his lonely bed, or, unconsciously conjured up, cheered him in the dreary watches of the long and stormy winter nights.

At first he only knew that one face haunted his dreams by night, and the few moments by day when he thought of any thing, and this face smiled lovingly upon him, and cheered him mightily. Name he had quite forgotten, or recalled it vaguely, and, setting small store by it, had thought of it no more.

For many years after he had deserted his home, La Bonté had cherished the idea of again returning to his country. During this period he had never forgotten his old flame, and many a choice fur he had carefully laid by, intended as a present for Mary Brand; and many a *gâget amant* of cunning shape and device, worked in stained quills of porcupine and bright-coloured beads—the handiwork of nimble-fingered squaws—He had packed in his possible sack for the same destination, hoping a time would come when he might lay them at her feet.

Year after year wore on, however, and still found him, with traps and rifle, following his perilous avocation; and each succeeding one saw him more and more wedded to the wild mountain-life. He was conscious how unfitted he had become again to

enter the galling harness of conventionality and civilisation. He thought, too, how changed in manners and appearance—he now must be, and could not believe that he would again find favour in the eyes of his quondam love, who, he judged, had long since forgotten him; and inexperienced as he was in such matters, yet he knew enough of womankind to feel assured that time and absence had long since done the work, if even the natural fickleness of woman's nature had lain dormant. Thus it was that he came to forget Mary Brand, but still remembered the all-absorbing feeling she had once created in his breast, the shadow of which still remained, and often took form and feature in the smoke-wreaths of his solitary camp-fire.

If truth be told, La Bonté had his failings as a mountaineer—and—sin unpardonable in hunter law—still possessed, in holes and corners of his breast seldom explored by his inward eye, much of the heaven of kindly human nature, which now and again involuntarily peeped out, as greatly to the contempt of his comrade trappers as it was blushing repressed by the mountaineer himself. Thus, in his various matrimonial episodes, he treated his dusky *sposas* with all the consideration the sex could possibly demand from hand of man. No squaw of his ever humped shoulder to receive a castigatory, and marital "lodgopoling" for offence domestic; but often has his helpmate blushed to see her pale-face lord and master devote himself to the feminine labour of packing huge piles of fire-wood on his back, felling trees, butchering unwieldy buffalo—all which are included in the Indian category of female duties. Thus he was esteemed an excellent *parti* by all the marriageable young squaws of Blackfoot, Crow, and Shoshone, of Utah, Shian, and Arapaho; but after his last connubial catastrophe, he steelled his heart against all the charms and coquetry of Indian belles, and persevered in unblest widowhood for many a long day.

From the point where we left him on his way to the waters of the Columbia, we must jump with him over a space of nearly two years, during which time he had a most uninter-

rupted run of good luck; trapping with great success on the head streams of the Columbia and Yellow Stone—the most dangerous of trapping ground—and finding good market for his peltries at the "North-west" posts—beaver fetching as high a price as five and six dollars a "plew"—the "golden age" of trappers, now, alas, never to return, and existing only in the fond memory of the mountaineers. This glorious time, however, was too good to last. In mountain language, "such heap of fat meat was not going to 'shine' much longer."

La Bonté was at this time one of a band of eight trappers, whose hunting ground was about the head waters of the Yellow Stone, where we have before said is in the country of the Blackfeet. With him were Killbuck, Meek, Marcelline, and three others; and the leader of the party was Bill Williams, that old "hard case" who had spent forty years and more in the mountains, until he had become as tough as the parfleche soles of his moccasins. They were all good men and true, expert hunters, and well-trained mountaineers. After having trapped all the streams they were acquainted with, it was determined to strike into the mountains, at a point where old Williams affirmed, from the "run" of the hills, there must be plenty of water, although not one of the party had before explored the country, or knew any thing of its nature, or of the likelihood of its affording game for themselves or pasture for their animals. However, they packed their peltry, and put out for the land in view—a lofty peak, dimly seen above the more regular summit of the chain, being their landmark.

For the first day or two their route lay between two ridges of mountains, and by following the little valley which skirted a creek, they kept on level ground, and saved their animals considerable labour and fatigue. Williams always rode ahead, his body bent over his saddle-horn, across which rested a long heavy rifle, his keen gray eyes peering from under the slouched brim of a flexible felt-hat, black and shining with grease. His buckskin hunting-shirt, bedaubed until it had the appearance of polished leather, hung in folds over his bony

carcass; his nether extremities being clothed in pantaloons of the same material, (with scattered fringes down the outside of the leg—which ornaments, however, had been pretty well thinned to supply "whangs" for mending mocassins or pack-saddles,) which, shrunk with wet, clung tightly to his long, spare, sinewy legs. His feet were thrust into a pair of Mexican stirrups, made of wood, and as big as coal-scuttles; and iron spurs of incredible proportions, with tinkling drops attached to the rowels, were fastened to his heel—a bead-worked strap, four inches broad, securing them over the instep. In the shoulder-belt which sustained his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, were fastened the various instruments essential to one pursuing his mode of life. An awl, with deer-horn handle, and the point defended by a case of cherry-wood carved by his own hand, hung at the back of the belt, side by side with a worm for cleaning the rifle; and under this was a squat and quaint-looking bullet-mould, the handles guarded by strips of buckskin to save his fingers from burning when running balls, having for its companion a little bottle made from the point of an antelope's horn, scraped transparent, which contained the "medicine" used in baiting the traps. The old coon's face was sharp and thin, a long nose and chin hob-nobbing each other; and his head was always bent forward, giving him the appearance of being hump-backed. He appeared to look neither to the right nor left, but, in fact, his little twinkling eye was everywhere. He looked at no one he was addressing, always seeming to be thinking of something else than the subject of his discourse, speaking in a whining, thin, cracked voice, and in a tone that left the hearer in doubt whether he was laughing or crying. On the present occasion he had joined this band, and naturally assumed the leadership, (for Bill ever refused to go in harness,) in opposition to his usual practice, which was to hunt alone. His character was well known. Acquainted with every inch

of the Far West, and with all the Indian tribes who inhabited it, he never failed to outwit his Red enemies, and generally made his appearance at the rendezvous, from his solitary expeditions, with galore of beaver, when numerous bands of trappers dropped in on foot, having been despoiled of their packs and animals by the very Indians through the midst of whom old Williams had contrived to pass unseen and unmolested. On occasions when he had been in company with others, and attacked by Indians, Bill invariably fought manfully, and with all the coolness that perfect indifference to death or danger could give, but always "on his own hook." His rifle cracked away merrily, and never spoke in vain; and in a charge—if ever it came to that—"his keen-edged butcher-knife tickled the fleece of many a Blackfoot. But at the same time, if he saw that discretion was the better part of valour, and affairs wore so cloudy an aspect as to render retreat advisable, he would first express his opinion in curt terms, and decisively, and, charging up his rifle, would take himself off, and "cache" so effectually that to search for him was utterly useless. Thus, when with a large party of trappers, when any thing occurred which gave him a hint that trouble was coming, or more Indians were about than he considered good for his animals, Bill was wont to exclaim—

"Do 'ee hyar now, boys, thar's sign about? this hos feels like caching;" and, without more words, and stoically deaf to all remonstrances, he would forthwith proceed to pack his animals, talking the while to an old, crop-eared, raw-boned Nez-percé pony, his own particular saddle-horse, who, in dogged temper and iron hardiness, was a worthy companion of his self-willed master. This beast, as Bill seized his apishamore to lay upon its galled back, would express displeasure by humping its back and shaking its withers with a wincing motion, that always excited the ire of the old trapper; and no sooner had he

laid the apishamore smoothly on the chafed skin, than a wriggle of the animal shook it off.

"Do 'ee hyar now, you darned critter!" he would whine out, "can't 'ee keep quiet your old fleecce now? Isn't this old coon putting out to save 'ee from the darned Injuns now, do 'ee hyar?" And then, continuing his work, and taking no notice of his comrades, who stood by bantering the eccentric trapper, he would soliloquise—"Do 'ee hyar, now? This niggur sees sign ahead—he does; he'll be afoot afore long, if he don't keep his eye skinned, —he will. Injuns is all about, they ar': Blackfoot at that. Can't come round this child—they can't, wagh!" And at last, his pack animals securely tied to the tail of his horse, he would mount, and throwing the rifle across the horn of his saddle, and without noticing his companions, would drive the jingling spurs into his horse's girth sides, and muttering, "Can't come round this child—they can't!" would ride away; and nothing more would be seen or heard of him perhaps for months, when they would not unfrequently, themselves bereft of animals in the scrape he had foreseen, find him located in some solitary valley, in his lonely camp, with his animals securely picketed around, and his peltries safe.

However, if he took it into his head to keep company with a party, all felt perfectly secure under his charge. His iron frame defied fatigue, and, at night, his love for himself and his own animals was sufficient guarantee that the camp would be well guarded. As he rode ahead, his spurs jingling, and thumping the sides of his old horse at every step, he managed, with admirable dexterity, to take advantage of the best line of country to follow—avoiding the gullies and cañons and broken ground, which would otherwise have impeded his advance. This tact appeared instinctive, for he looked neither right nor left, whilst continuing a course as straight as possible at the foot of the mountains. In selecting a camping site, he displayed equal skill: wood, water, and grass began to fill his thoughts towards sundown, and when these three requisites for a camping ground presented themselves, old Bill sprang from his saddle, unpacked his animals in a

twinkling, and hobbled them, struck fire and ignited a few chips, (leaving the rest to pack in the wood,) lit his pipe, and enjoyed himself. On one occasion, when passing through the valley, they had come upon a band of fine buffalo cows, and, shortly after camping, two of the party rode in with a good supply of fat fleecce. One of the party was a "greenhorn" on his first hunt, and, fresh from a fort on Platte, was as yet uninitiated in the mysteries of mountain cooking. Bill, lazily smoking his pipe, called to him, as he happened to be nearest, to butcher off a piece of meat and put it in his pot. Markhead seized the fleecce, and commenced innocently carving off a huge ration, when a gasping roar from the old trapper caused him to drop his knife.

"Ti-yah," growled Bill, "do 'ee hyar, now, you darned greenhorn, do 'ee spile fat cow like that whar you was raised? Them doin's won't shine this crowd, boy, do 'ee hyar, darn n? What! butcher meat across the grain! why, whar'll the blood be goin' to, you precious Spaniard? Down the grain I say," he continued in a severe tone of rebuke, "and let your flaps be long, or out the juice 'll run slick—do 'ee hyar, now?" But this heretical error nearly cost the old trapper his appetite, and all night long he grumbled his horror at seeing "fat cow spoiled in that fashion."

When two or three days' journey brought them to the end of the valley, and they commenced the passage of the mountain, their march was obstructed by all kinds of obstacles; although they had chosen what appeared to be a gap in the chain, and what was in fact the only practicable passage in that vicinity. They followed the cañon of a branch of the Yellow Stone, where it entered the mountain; but from this point it became a torrent, and it was only by dint of incredible exertions that they reached the summit of the ridge. Game was exceedingly scarce in the vicinity, and they suffered extremely from hunger, having, on more than one occasion, recourse to the *parfêche* soles of their moccasins to allay its pangs. Old Bill, however, never grumbled; he chewed away at his shoes with relish even, and as long as he had a

pipeful of tobacco in his pouch, was a happy man. Starvation was as yet far off, for all their animals were in existence; but as they were in a country where it was difficult to procure a remount, each trapper hesitated to sacrifice one of his horses to his appetite.

From the summit of the ridge, Bill recognised the country on the opposite side to that whence they had just ascended as familiar to him, and pronounced it to be full of beaver, as well as abounding in the less desirable commodity of Indians. This was the valley lying about the lakes now called Eustis and Biddle, in which are many thermal and mineral springs, well known to the trappers by the names of the Soda, Beer, and Brimstone Springs, and regarded by them with no little awe and curiosity, as being the breathing places of his Satanic majesty—considered, moreover, to be the “biggest kind” of “medicine” to be found in the mountains. If truth be told, old Bill hardly relished the idea of entering this country, which he pronounced to be of “bad medicine” notoriety, but nevertheless agreed to guide them to the best trapping ground.

One day they reached a creek full of beaver sign, and determined to halt here and establish their headquarters, while they trapped in the neighbourhood. We must here observe, that at this period—which was one of considerable rivalry amongst the various trading companies in the Indian country—the Indians, having become possessed of arms and ammunition in great quantities, had grown unusually daring and persevering in their attacks on the white hunters who passed through their country, and consequently the trappers were compelled to roam about in larger bands for mutual protection, which, although it made them less liable to open attack, yet rendered it more difficult for them to pursue their calling without being discovered; for, where one or two men might pass unseen, the broad trail of a large party, with its animals, was not likely to escape the sharp eyes of the cunning savages.

They had scarcely encamped when the old leader, who had sallied out a short distance from camp to reconnoitre the neighbourhood, returned

with an Indian mocassin in his hand, and informed his companions that its late owner and others were about.

“Do ‘ee hyar now, boys, thar’s *Injuns* knocking round, and Blackfoot at that; but thar’s plenty of beaver too, and this child means trapping any how.”

His companions were anxious to leave such dangerous vicinity; but the old fellow, contrary to his usual caution, determined to remain where he was—saying that there were Indians all over the country for that matter; and as they had determined to hunt here, he had made up his mind too—which was conclusive, and all agreed to stop where they were, in spite of the Indians. La Bonté killed a couple of mountain sheep close to camp, and they feasted rarely on the fat mutton that night, and were unmolested by marauding Blackfeet.

The next morning, leaving two of their number in camp, they started in parties of two, to hunt for beaver sign and set their traps. Markhead paired with one Batiste, Killbuck and La Bonté formed another couple, Meek and Marcelline another; two Canadians trapped together, and Bill Williams and another remained to guard the camp: but this last, leaving Bill mending his mocassins, started off to kill a mountain sheep, a band of which animals was visible.

Markhead and his companion, the first couple on the list, followed a creek, which entered that on which they had encamped, about ten miles distant. Beaver sign was abundant, and they had set eight traps, when Markhead came suddenly upon fresh Indian sign, where squaws had passed through the shrubbery on the banks of the stream to procure water, as he knew from observing a large stone placed by them in the stream, on which to stand to enable them to dip their kettles in the deepest water. Beckoning to his companion to follow, and cocking his rifle, he carefully pushed aside the bushes, and noiselessly proceeded up the bank, when, creeping on hands and knees, he gained the top, and, looking from his hiding-place, descried three Indian huts standing on a little plateau near the creek. Smoke curled from the roofs of branches, but the skin

doors were carefully closed, so that he was unable to distinguish the number of the inmates. At a little distance, however, he observed two or three squaws gathering wood, with the usual attendance of curs, whose acuteness in detecting the scent of strangers was much to be dreaded.

Markhead was a rash and daring young fellow, caring no more for Indians than he did for prairie dogs, and acting ever on the spur of the moment, and as his inclination dictated, regardless of consequences. He at once determined to enter the lodges, and attack the enemy, should any be there; and the other trapper was fain to join him in the enterprise. The lodges proved empty, but the fires were still burning and meat cooking upon them, to which the hungry hunters did ample justice, besides helping themselves to whatever goods and chattels, in the shape of leather and mocassins, took their fancy.

Gathering their spoil into a bundle, they sought their horses, which they had left tied under cover of the timber on the banks of the creek; and, mounting, took the back trail, to pick up their traps and remove from so dangerous a neighbourhood. They were approaching the spot where the first trap was set, a thick growth of ash and quaking-ash concealing the stream, when Markhead, who was riding ahead, observed the bushes agitated, as if some animal was making its way through them. He instantly stopped his horse, and his companion rode to his side, to inquire the cause of this abrupt halt. They were within a few yards of the belt of shrubs which skirted the stream; and before Markhead had time to reply, a dozen swarthy heads and shoulders suddenly protruded from the leafy screen, and as many rifle-barrels and arrows were pointing at their breasts. Before the trappers had time to turn their horses and fly, a cloud of smoke burst from the thicket almost in their faces. Batiste, pierced with several balls, fell dead from his horse, and Markhead felt himself severely wounded. However, he struck the spurs into his horse; and as some half-score Blackfeet jumped with loud cries from their cover, he discharged his rifle amongst

them, and galloped off, a volley of balls and arrows whistling after him. He drew no bit until he reined up at the camp-fire, where he found Bill quietly dressing a deer-skin. That worthy looked up from his work; and seeing Markhead's face streaming with blood, and the very unequivocal evidence of an Indian rencontre in the shape of an arrow sticking in his back, he asked,—“Do’ee feel bad now, boy? Whar away you see them darned Blackfoot?”

“Well, pull this arrow out of my back, and may be I’ll feel like telling,” answered Markhead.

“Do’ee hyar now! hold on till I’ve grained this cussed skin, will ’ee! Did ’ee ever see sich a darned pelt, now? it won’t take the smoke any how I fix it.” And Markhead was fain to wait the leisure of the imperturbable old trapper, before he was eased of his annoying companion.

Old Bill expressed no surprise or grief when informed of the fate of poor Batiste. He said it was “just like greenhorns, runnin’ into them cussed Blackfoot;” and observed that the defunct trapper, being only a Vide-pôche, was “no account anyhow.” Presently Killbuck and La Bonté galloped into camp, with another alarm of Indians. They had also been attacked suddenly by a band of Blackfeet, but, being in a more open country, had got clear off, after killing two of their assailants, whose scalps hung at the horns of their saddles. They had been in a different direction to that where Markhead and his companion had proceeded, and, from the signs they had observed, expressed their belief that the country was alive with Indians. Neither of these men had been wounded. Presently the two Canadians made their appearance on the bluff, galloping with might and main to camp, and shouting “Indians, Indians,” as they came. All being assembled, and a council held, it was determined to abandon the camp and neighbourhood immediately. Old Bill was already packing his animals, and as he pounded the saddle down on the withers of his old Rosinante, he muttered,—“Do’ee hyar, now! this coon ’ull câche, he will.” So mounting his horse, and leading his pack mule by a lariat, he bent over his saddle-horn;

dug his ponderous rowels into the lank sides of his beast, and, without a word, struck up the bluff and disappeared.

The others, hastily gathering up their packs, and most of them having lost their traps, quickly followed his example, and "put out." On cresting the high ground which rose from the creek, they observed thin columns of smoke mounting into the air from many different points, the meaning of which they were at no loss to guess. However, they were careful not to show themselves on elevated ground, keeping as much as possible under the banks of the creek, when such a course was practicable; but, the bluffs sometimes rising precipitously from the water, they were more than once compelled to ascend the banks, and continue their course along the uplands, whence they might easily be discovered by the Indians. It was nearly sundown when they left their camp, but they proceeded during the greater part of the night at as rapid a rate as possible; their progress, however, being greatly retarded as they advanced into the mountain, their route lying up stream. Towards morning they halted for a brief space, but started again as soon as daylight permitted them to see their way over the broken ground.

The creek now forced its way through a narrow cañon, the banks being thickly clothed with a shrubbery of cottonwood and quaking-ash. The mountain rose on each side, but not abruptly, being here and there broken into plateaus and shelving prairies. In a very thick bottom, sprinkled with coarse grass, they halted about noon, and removed the saddles and packs from their wearied animals, piqueting them in the best spots of grass.

La Bonté and Killbuck, after securing their animals, left the camp to hunt, for they had no provisions of any kind; and a short distance beyond it, the former came suddenly upon a recent mocassin track in the timber. After examining it for a moment, he raised his head with a broad grin, and, turning to his companion, pointed into the cover, where, in the thickest part, they discerned the well-known figure of old Bill's horse, browsing upon the cherry bushes. Pushing through the

thicket in search of the brute's master, La Bonté suddenly stopped short as the muzzle of a rifle-barrel gaped before his eyes at the distance of a few inches, whilst the thin voice of Bill muttered—

"Do 'ee hyar now, I was nigh giving 'ee h——: I was now. If I didn't think 'ee was Blackfoot, I'm dogged now." And not a little indignant was the old fellow that his *câche* had been so easily, though accidentally, discovered. However, he presently made his appearance in camp, leading his animals, and once more joined his late companions, not deigning to give any explanation as to why or wherefore he had deserted them the day before, merely muttering, "do 'ee hyar now, thar's trouble comin'."

The two hunters returned after sundown with a black-tailed deer; and after eating the better part of the meat, and setting a guard, the party were glad to roll in their blankets and enjoy the rest they so much needed. They were undisturbed during the night; but at dawn of day the sleepers were roused by a hundred fierce yells, from the mountains enclosing the creek on which they had encamped. The yells were instantly followed by a ringing volley, the bullets thudding into the trees, and cutting the branches near them, but without causing any mischief. Old Bill rose from his blanket and shook himself, and exclaimed "Wagh!" as at that moment a ball plumped into the fire over which he was standing, and knocked the ashes about in a cloud. All the mountaineers seized their rifles and sprang to cover; but as yet it was not sufficiently light to show them their enemy, the bright flashes from the guns alone indicating their position. As morning dawned, however, they saw that both sides of the cañon were occupied by the Indians; and, from the firing, judged there must be at least a hundred warriors engaged in the attack. Not a shot had yet been fired by the trappers, but as the light increased, they eagerly watched for an Indian to expose himself, and offer a mark to their trusty rifles. La Bonté, Killbuck, and old Bill, lay a few yards distant from each other, flat on their faces, near the edge of the thicket, their rifles raised before them, and the

barrels resting in the forks of convenient bushes. From their place of concealment to the position of the Indians—who, however, were scattered here and there, wherever a rock afforded them cover—was a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, or within fair rifle-shot. The trappers were obliged to divide their force, since both sides of the creek were occupied; but such was the nature of the ground, and the excellent cover afforded by the rocks and boulders, and clumps of dwarf pine and hemlock, that not a hand's-breadth of an Indian's body had yet been seen. Nearly opposite La Bonté, a shelving glade in the mountain side ended in an abrupt precipice, and at the very edge, and almost toppling over it, were several boulders, just of sufficient size to afford cover to a man's body. As this bluff overlooked the trapper's position, it was occupied by the Indians, and every rock covered an assailant. At one point, just over where La Bonté and Killbuck were lying, two boulders lay together, with just sufficient interval to admit a rifle-barrel between them, and from this breastwork an Indian kept up a most annoying fire. All his shots fell in dangerous proximity to one or other of the trappers, and already Killbuck had been grazed by one better directed than the others. La Bonté watched for some time in vain for a chance to answer this persevering marksman, and at length an opportunity offered, by which he was not long in profiting.

The Indian, as the light increased, was better able to discern his mark, and fired, and yelled every time he did so, with redoubled vigour. In his eagerness, and probably whilst in the act of taking aim, he leaned too heavily against the rock which covered him, and, detaching it from its position, down it rolled into the cañon, exposing his body by its fall. At the same instant, a wreath of smoke puffed from the bushes which concealed the trappers, and the crack of La Bonté's rifle spoke the first word of reply to the Indian challenge. But a few feet behind the rock, fell the dead body of the Indian, rolling down the steep sides of the cañon, and only stopped by a bush at the very bottom, within a few yards of the

spot where Markhead lay concealed in some high grass.

That daring fellow instantly jumped from his cover, and, drawing his knife, rushed to the body, and in another moment held aloft the Indian's scalp, giving, at the same time, a triumphant whoop. A score of rifles were levelled and discharged at the intrepid mountaineer; but in the act many Indians incautiously exposed themselves, every rifle in the timber cracked simultaneously, and for each report an Indian bit the dust.

But now they changed their tactics. Finding they were unable to drive the trappers from their position, they retired from the mountain, and the firing suddenly ceased. In their retreat, however, they were forced to expose themselves, and again the whites dealt destruction amongst them. As the Indians retired, yelling loudly, the hunters thought they had given up the contest; but presently a cloud of smoke rising from the bottom immediately below them, at once discovered the nature of their plans. A brisk wind was blowing up the cañon, and, favoured by it, they fired the brush on the banks of the stream, knowing that before this the hunters must speedily retreat.

Against such a result, but for the gale of wind which drove the fire roaring before it, they could have provided—for your mountaineer never fails to find resources on a pinch. They would have fired the brush to leeward of their position, and also carefully ignited that to windward, or between them and the advancing flame, extinguishing it immediately when a sufficient space had thus been cleared, and over which the fire-flame could not leap, and thus cutting themselves off from it both above and below their position. In the present instance, they could not profit by such a course, as the wind was so strong that, if once the bottom caught fire, they would not be able to extinguish it; besides which, in the attempt, they would so expose themselves that they would be picked off by the Indians without difficulty. As it was, the fire came roaring before the wind with the speed of a race-horse, and, spreading from the bottom, licked the mountain sides, the dry grass burning like tin-

der. Huge volumes of stifling smoke rolled before it, and, in a very few minutes, the trappers were hastily mounting their animals, driving the packed ones before them. The dense clouds of smoke concealed every thing from their view, and, to avoid this, they broke from the creek and galloped up the sides of the cañon on to the more level plateau. As they attained this, a band of mounted Indians charged them. One, waving a red blanket, dashed through the cavallada, and was instantly followed by all the loose animals of the trappers, the rest of the Indians following with loud shouts. So sudden was the charge, that the whites had not power to prevent the stampede. Old Bill, as usual, led his pack mules by the lariat; but the animals, mad with terror at the shouts of the Indians, broke from him, nearly pulling him out of his seat at the same time.

To cover the retreat of the others with their prey, a band of mounted Indians now appeared, threatening an attack in front, whilst their first assailants, rushing from the bottom, at least a hundred strong, assaulted in rear. "Do 'ee hyar, boys!" shouted old Bill, "break, or you'll go under. This child's goin' to cäche!" and saying the word, off he went. *Sauve-qui-peut* was the order of the day, and not a moment too soon, for overwhelming numbers were charging upon them, and the mountain resounded with savage yells. La Bonté and Killbuck stuck together: they saw old Bill, bending over his saddle, dive right into the cloud of smoke, and apparently make for the creek bottom—their other companions scattering each on his own hook, and saw no more of them for many a month; and thus was one of the most daring and successful bands broken up that ever trapped in the mountains of the Far West.

It is painful to follow the steps of the poor fellows who, thus despoiled of the hardly-earned produce of their hunt, saw all their wealth torn from them at one swoop. The two Canadians were killed upon the night succeeding that of the attack. Worn with fatigue, hungry and cold, they had built a fire in what they thought was a secure retreat, and, rolled in their blankets, were soon

buried in a sleep from which they never awoke. An Indian boy tracked them, and watched their camp. Burning with the idea of signalling himself thus early, he awaited his opportunity, and noiselessly approaching their resting-place, shot them both with arrows, and returned in triumph to his people with their horses and scalps.

La Bonté and Killbuck sought a passage in the mountain by which to cross over to the head waters of the Columbia, and there fall in with some of the traders or trappers of the Northwest. They became involved in the mountains, in a part where was no game of any description, and no pasture for their miserable animals. One of these they killed for food; the other, a bag of bones, died from sheer starvation. They had very little ammunition, their mocassins were worn out, and they were unable to procure skins to supply themselves with fresh ones. Winter was fast approaching, the snow already covered the mountains, and storms of sleet and hail poured incessantly through the valleys, benumbing their exhausted limbs, hardly protected by scanty and ragged covering. To add to their miseries, poor Killbuck was taken ill. He had been wounded in the groin by a bullet some time before, and the ball still remained. The wound, aggravated by walking and the excessive cold, assumed an ugly appearance, and soon rendered him incapable of sustained exertion, all motion even being attended with intolerable pain. La Bonté had made a shanty for his suffering companion, and spread a soft bed of pine branches for him, by the side of a small creek at the point where it came out of the mountain and followed its course through a little prairie. They had been three days without other food than a piece of *parfêche*, which had formed the back of La Bonté's bullet-pouch, and which, after soaking in the creek, they eagerly devoured. Killbuck was unable to move, and sinking fast from exhaustion. His companion had hunted from morning till night, as well as his failing strength would allow him, but had not seen the traces of any kind of game, with the exception of some old buffalo tracks, made apparently months

before by a band of bulls crossing the mountain.

The morning of the fourth day La Bonté, as usual, rose at daybreak from his blanket, and was proceeding to collect wood for the fire during his absence while hunting, when Killbuck called to him, and in an almost inarticulate voice desired him to seat himself by his side.

"Boy," he said, "this old hos feels like goin' under, and that afore long. You're stout yet, and if thar was meat handy, you'd come round slick. Now, boy, I'll be under, as I said, afore many hours, and if you don't raise meat you'll be in the same fix. I never eat dead meat* myself, and wouldn't ask no one to do it neither; but meat fair killed is meat any way; so, boy, put your knife in this old nigger's lights, and help yourself. It's 'poor bull,' I know, but maybe it'll do to keep life in; and along the fleece thar's meat yet, and maybe my old hump ribs has picking on 'em."

"You're a good old hos," answered La Bonté, "but this child ain't turned nigger yet."

Killbuck then begged his companion to leave him to his fate, and strive himself to reach game; but this alternative La Bonté likewise generously refused, and faintly endeavouring to cheer the sick man, left him once again to look for game. He was so weak that he felt difficulty in supporting himself, and knowing how futile would be his attempts to hunt, he sallied from the camp convinced that a few hours more would see the last of him.

He had scarcely raised his eyes, when, hardly crediting his senses, he saw within a few hundred yards of him an old bull, worn with age, lying on the prairie. Two wolves were seated on their haunches before him, their tongues lolling from their mouths, whilst the buffalo was impotently rolling his ponderous head from side to side, his blood-shot eyes glaring fiercely at his tormentors, and flakes of foam, mixed with blood, dropping from his mouth over his long shaggy beard. La Bonté was transfixed; he dared scarcely to breathe lest the animal should be alarmed and escape. Weak

as it was, he could hardly have followed it, and, knowing that his own and companion's life hung upon the success of his shot, he scarcely had strength to raise his rifle. By dint of extraordinary exertions and precautions, which were totally unnecessary, for the poor old bull had not a move in him, the hunter approached within shot. Lying upon the ground, he took a long steady aim, and fired. The buffalo raised its matted head, tossed it wildly for an instant, and, stretching out its limbs convulsively, turned over on its side and was dead.

Killbuck heard the shot, and crawling from under the little shanty which covered his bed, saw, to his astonishment, La Bonté in the act of butchering a buffalo within two hundred yards of camp. "Hurraw for you!" he faintly exclaimed; and exhausted by the exertion he had used, and perhaps by the excitement of an anticipated feast, fell back and fainted.

However, the killing was the easiest matter, for when the huge carcass lay dead upon the ground, our hunter had hardly strength to drive the blade of his knife through the tough hide of the old patriarch. Then having cut off as much of the meat as he could carry, eating the while sundry portions of the liver, which he dipped in the gall-bladder by way of relish, La Bonté cast a wistful look upon the half-starved wolves, who now loped round and round, licking their chops, only waiting until his back was turned to fall to with appetite equal to his own, and capabilities of swallowing and digesting far superior. La Bonté looked at the buffalo, and then at the wolves, levelled his rifle and shot one dead, at which the survivor scampered off without delay.

Arrived at camp, packing in a tolerable load of the best part of the animal—for hunger lent him strength—he found poor Killbuck lying on his back, deaf to time, and to all appearance gone under. Having no salvolatile or vinaigrette at hand, La Bonté flapped a lump of raw fleece into his patient's face, and this instantly revived him. Then taking the sick man's shoulder, he raised him tenderly into a sitting posture, and in-

vited, in kindly accents, "the old hos to feed," thrusting at the same time a tolerable slice of liver into his hand, which the patient looked at wistfully and vaguely for a few short moments, and then greedily devoured. It was nightfall by the time that La Bonté, assisted by many intervals of hard eating, packed in the last of the meat, which formed a goodly pile around the fire.

"Poor bull" it was in all conscience: the labour of chewing a mouthful of the "tender loin" was equal to a hard day's hunt; but to them, poor starved fellows, it appeared the richest of meat. They still preserved a small tin pot, and in this, by stress of eternal boiling, La Bonté contrived to make some strong soup, which soon restored his sick companion to marching order. For himself, as soon as a good meal had filled him, he was strong as ever, and employed himself in drying the remainder of the meat for future use. Even the wolf, bony as he was, was converted into meat, and rationed them several days. Winter, however, had set in with such severity, and Killbuck was still so weak, that La Bonté determined to remain in his present position until spring, as he now found that buffalo frequently visited the valley, as it was more bare of snow than the lowlands, and afforded them better pasture; and one morning he had the satisfaction of seeing a band of seventeen bulls within long rifle-shot of the camp, out of which four of the fattest were soon laid low by his rifle.

They still had hard times before them, for towards spring the buffalo again disappeared; the greater part of their meat had been spoiled, owing to there not being sufficient sun to dry it thoroughly; and when they resumed their journey they had nothing to carry with them, and had a desert before them without game of any kind. We pass over what they suffered. Hunger, thirst, and Indians assaulted them at times, and many miraculous and hair-breadth escapes they had from such enemies.

The trail to Oregon, followed by traders and emigrants, crosses the Rocky Mountains at a point known as the South Pass, where a break in the chain occurs of such moderate and

gradual elevation as to permit the passage of waggons with tolerable facility. The Sweet Water Valley runs nearly to the point where the dividing ridge of the Pacific and Atlantic waters throws off its streams to their respective oceans. At one end of this valley, and situated on the right bank of the Sweet Water, a huge isolated mass of granitic rock rises to the height of three hundred feet, abruptly from the plain. On the smooth and scarped surface presented by one of its sides, are rudely carved the names and initials of traders, trappers, travellers and emigrants, who have here recorded the memorial of their sojourn in the remote wilderness of the Far West. The face of the rock is covered with names familiar to the mountaineers as those of the most renowned of their hardy brotherhood; while others again occur, better known to the science and literature of the Old World than to the unlearned trappers of the Rocky Mountains. The huge mass is a well-known landmark to the Indians and mountaineers; and travellers and emigrants hail it as the half-way beacon between the frontiers of the United States and the still distant goal of their long and perilous journey.

It was a hot sultry day in July. Not a breath of air relieved the intense and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, unusual here where pleasant summer breezes, and sometimes stronger gales, blow over the elevated plains with the regularity of trade-winds. The sun, at its meridian height, struck the dry sandy plain and parched the drooping buffalo-grass on its surface, and its rays, refracted and reverberating from the heated ground, distorted every object seen through its lurid medium. Straggling antelope, leisurely crossing the adjoining prairie, appeared to be gracefully moving in mid-air; whilst a scattered band of buffalo bulls loomed huge and indistinct in the vapoury distance. In the timbered valley of the river deer and elk were standing motionless in the water, under the shade of the overhanging cottonwoods, seeking a respite from the persevering attacks of swarms of horseflies and mosquitos; and now and then the heavy splash was heard, as they tossed their antlered heads into the stream, to free them from the

venomous insects that buzzed incessantly about them. But in the sandy prairie, beetles of an enormous size were rolling in every direction huge balls of earth, pushing them with their hind legs with comical perseverance; camelons darted about, assimilating the hue of their grotesque bodies with the colour of the sand: groups of prairie-dog houses were seen, each with its inmate barking lustily on the roof; whilst under cover of nearly every bush of sage or cactus a rattlesnake lay glittering in lazy coil. Tantalising the parched sight, the neighbouring peaks of the lofty Wind River Mountains glittered in a mantle of sparkling snow, whilst Sweet Water Mountain, capped in cloud, looked gray and cool, in striking contrast to the burned up plains which lay basking at its foot.

Resting their backs against the rock, (on which, we have said, are now carved the names of many travellers,) and defended from the powerful rays of the sun by its precipitous sides, two white men quietly slept. They were gaunt and lantern-jawed, and clothed in tattered buckskin. Each held a rifle across his knees, but—strange sight in this country—one had its pan thrown open, which was rust-eaten and contained no priming; the other's hammer was without a flint. Their faces were as if covered with mahogany-coloured parchment; their eyes were sunken; and as their jaws fell listlessly on their breasts, their cheeks were hollow, with the bones nearly protruding from the skin. One was in the prime of manhood, with handsome features; the other, considerably past the middle age, was stark and stern. Months of dire privation had brought them to this pass. The elder of the two was Killbuck, of mountain fame; the other hight La Bonté.

The former opened his eyes, and saw the buffalo feeding on the plain. "Ho, boy," he said, touching his companion, "thar's meat a-rumin."

La Bonté looked in the direction the other pointed, stood up, and hitching round his pouch and powder-horn, drew the stopper from the latter with his teeth, and placing the mouth in the palm of his left hand, turned the horn up and shook it.

"Not a grain," he said—"not a grain, old hps."

"Wagh!" exclaimed the other, "we'll have to eat afore long," and rising, walked into the prairie. He had hardly stepped two paces, when, passing close to a sage bush, a rattlesnake whizzed a note of warning with its tail. Killbuck grinned, and taking the wiping-stick from his rifle-barrel, tapped the snake on the head, and, taking it by the tail, threw it to La Bonté, saying, "hyar's meat, any how." The old fellow followed up his success by slaying half-a-dozen more, and brought them in skewered through the head on his wiping-stick. A fire was soon kindled, and the snakes as soon roasting before it; when La Bonté, who sat looking at the buffalo which fed close to the rock, suddenly saw them raise their heads, snuff the air, and scamper towards him. A few minutes afterwards a huge shapeless body loomed in the refracted air, approaching the spot where the buffalo had been grazing. The hunters looked at it and then at each other, and ejaculated "Wagh!" Presently a long white mass showed more distinctly, followed by another, and before each was a string of animals.

"Waggons, by hos and beaver! Hurrah for Conostoga!" exclaimed the trappers in a breath, as they now observed two white-tilted waggons, drawn by several pairs of mules, approaching the very spot where they sat. Several mounted men were riding about the waggons, and two on horse-back, in advance of all, were approaching the rock, when they observed the smoke curling from the hunters' fire. They halted at sight of this, and one of the two, drawing a long instrument from a case, which Killbuck voted a rifle, directed it towards them for a moment, and then, lowering it, again moved forward.

As they drew near, the two poor trappers, although half-dead with joy, still retained their seats with Indian gravity and immobility of feature, turning now and then the crackling snakes which lay on the embers of the fire. The two strangers approached. One, a man of some fifty years of age, of middle height and stoutly built, was clad in a white shooting-jacket, of cut unknown in

mountain tailoring, and a pair of trousers of the well-known material called "shepherd's plaid;" a broad-brimmed Panama shaded his face, which was ruddy with health and exercise; a belt round the waist supported a handsome bowie-knife, and a double-barrelled fowling-piece was *slung* across his shoulder.

His companion was likewise dressed in a light shooting-jacket, of many pockets and dandy cut, rode on an English saddle and in *boots*, and was armed with a superb double rifle, glossy from the case, and bearing few marks of use or service. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow of thirty, with light hair and complexion; a scrupulous beard and mustache; a wide-awake hat, with a short pipe stuck in the band, but not very black with smoke; an elaborate powder-horn over his shoulder, with a Cairngorm in the butt as large as a plate; a blue handkerchief tied round his throat in a sailor's knot, and the collar of his shirt turned carefully over it. He had, moreover, a tolerable idea of his very correct appearance, and wore Woodstock gloves.

The trappers looked at them from head to foot, and the more they looked the less could they make them out.

"H—!" exclaimed La Bonté emphatically.

"This beats grainin' bull-hide slick," broke from Killbuck as the strangers reined up at the fire, the younger dismounting, and staring with wonder at the weather-beaten trappers.

"Well, my men, how are you?" he rattled out. "Any game here? By Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed, seizing his rifle, as at that moment a large buzzard, the most unclean of birds, flew into the topmost branch of a cottonwood, and sat, a tempting shot. "By Jove, there's a chance!" cried the mighty hunter; and, bending low, started off to approach the unwary bird in the most approved fashion of northern deer-stalkers. The buzzard sat quietly, and now and then stretched its neck to gaze upon the advancing sportsman, who on such occasions threw himself flat on the ground, and remained motionless, in dread of alarming the bird. It was worth while to look at the counte-

nance of old Killbuck, as he watched the antics of the "bourgeois" hunter. He thought at first that the dandy rifleman had really discovered game in the bottom, and was nothing loth that there was a chance of his seeing meat; but when he understood the object of such manoeuvres, and saw the quarry the hunter was so carefully approaching, his mouth grinned from ear to ear, and, turning to La Bonté, he said, "Wagh! *he's* some—he is!"

Nothing doubting, however, the stranger approached the tree on which the bird was sitting, and, getting well under it, raised his rifle and fired. Down tumbled the bird; and the successful hunter, with a loud shout, rushed frantically towards it, and bore it in triumph to the camp, ^{carrying} the most sovereign contempt from the two trappers by the achievement.

The other stranger was a quieter character. He, too, smiled as he witnessed the exultation of his younger companion, (whose horse, by the way, was scampering about the plain,) and spoke kindly to the mountaineers, whose appearance was clear evidence of the sufferings they had endured. The snakes by this time were cooked, and the trappers gave their new acquaintances the never-failing invitation to "sit and eat." When the latter, however, understood what the viands were, their looks expressed the horror and disgust they felt.

"Good God!" exclaimed the elder, "you surely cannot eat such disgusting food?"

"This niggur doesn't savy what disgustin is," gruffly answered Killbuck; "but them as carries empty paunch three days an' more, is glad to get 'snake-meat,' I'm thinkin."

"What! you've no ammunition, then?"

"Well, we haven't."

"Wait till the waggons come up, and throw away that abominable stuff, and you shall have something better, I promise," said the elder of the strangers.

"Yes," continued the younger, "some hot preserved soup, hotch-potch, and a glass of porter, will do you good."

The trappers looked at the speaker,

who was talking Greek (to them.) They thought the bourgeois were making fun, and did not half like it, so answered simply, "Wagh! h—'s full of hosh-posh and porter."

Two large waggons presently came up, escorted by some eight or ten stout Missourians. Sublette was amongst the number, well known as a mountain trader, and under whose guidance the present party, which formed a pleasure expedition at the expense of a Scotch sportsman, was leisurely making its way across the mountains to the Columbia. As several mountaineers were in company, Killbuck and La Bonté recognised more than one friend, and the former and Sublette were old compañeros. As soon as the animals were unhitched, and camp formed on the banks of the creek, a black cook set about preparing a meal. Our two trapping friends looked on with astonishment as the sable functionary drew from the wagon the different articles he required to furnish forth a feed. Hams, tongues, tins of preserved meats, bottles of pickles, of porter, brandy, coffee, sugar, flour, were tumbled promiscuously on the prairie; whilst pots and pans, knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c. &c. displayed their unfamiliar faces to the mountaineers. "Hosh-posh and porter" did not now appear such Utopian articles as they had first imagined; but no one can understand the relish, but those who have fared for years on simple meat and water, with which they accepted the invitation of the Capen (as they called the Scotchman,) to "take a horn of liquor." Killbuck and La Bonté sat in the same position as when we first surprised them asleep under the shadow of Independence Rock, regarding the profuse display of comestibles with scarce-believing eyes, and childishly helpless by the novelty of the scene. Each took the proffered half-pint cup, filled to the brim with excellent brandy—(no tee-totalers they!)—looked once at the amber-coloured surface, and with the usual mountain pledge of "here's luck!" tossed off the grateful liquor at a breath. This prepared them in some measure for what was yet in store for them. The Scotchman bestirred the cook in his work, and soon sundry steaming pots were lifted from the

fire, and the skillets emptied of their bread—the contents of the former poured in large flat pans, while panikins were filled with smoking coffee. The two trappers needed no second invitation, but, seizing each a painful of steaming stew, drew the butcher knives from their belts, and fell to lustily—the hospitable Scotchman plying them with more and more, and administering corrective noggins of brandy the while; until at last they were fain to cry enough, wiped their knives on the grass, and placed them in their sheaths—a sign that human nature could no more. How can pen describe the luxury of the smoke that followed, to lips which had not kissed pipe for many months, and how the fragrant honey-dew from Old Virginia was relishingly puffed!

But the Scotchman's bounty did not stop here. He soon elicited from the lips of the hunters the narrative of their losses and privations, and learned that they now, without ammunition and scarcely clothed, were on their way to Platte Fort, to hire themselves to the Indian traders in order to earn another outfit, wherewith once more to betake themselves to their perilous employment of trapping. What was their astonishment to see their entertainer presently lay out upon the ground two piles of goods, each consisting of a four-point Mackinaw, two tin canisters of powder, with corresponding lead and flints, a pair of mocassins, a shirt, and sufficient buckskin to make a pair of pantaloons; and how much the more was the wonder increased when two excellent Indian horses were presently lassoed from the cavallada, and with mountain saddle, bridle, and lariats complete, together with the two piles of goods described, presented to them "on the prairie" or "gift-free," by the kind-hearted stranger, who would not even listen to thanks for the most timely and invaluable present.

Once more equipped, our two hunters, filled with good brandy and fat buffalo meat, again wended on their way; their late entertainers continuing their pleasure trip across the gap of the South Pass, intending to visit the Great Salt Lake, or Timponogos, of the West. The former were bound for the North Fork of the Platte, with

the intention of joining one of the numerous trapping parties which rendezvous at the American Fur Company's post on that branch of the river. On a fork of Sweet Water, however, not two days after the meeting with the Scotchman's waggons, they encountered a band of a dozen mountaineers, mounted on fine horses, and well armed and equipped, travelling along without the usual accompaniment of a mulada of pack-animals, two or three mules alone being packed with meat and spare ammunition. The band was proceeding at a smart rate, the horses moving with the gait peculiar to American animals, known as "*pacing*" or "*racking*," in Indian file—each of the mountaineers with a long heavy rifle resting across the horn of his saddle. Amongst them our two friends recognised Markhead, who had been of the party dispersed months before by the Blackfeet on one of the head streams of the Yellow Stone, which event had been the origin of the dire sufferings of Killbuck and La Bonté. Markhead, after running the gauntlet of numerous Indians, through the midst of whose country he passed with his usual temerity and utter disregard to danger, suffering hunger, thirst, and cold—those every-day experiences of mountain life—riddled with balls, but with three scalps hanging from his belt, made his way to a rendezvous on Bear River, whence he struck out for the Platte in early spring, in time to join the band he now accompanied, who were on a horse-stealing expedition to the Missions of Upper California. Little persuasion did either Killbuck or La Bonté require to join the sturdy freebooters. In five minutes they had gone "*files-about*," and at sundown were camping on the well-timbered bottom of "*Little Sandy*," feasting once more on delicate hump-rib and tender loin.

For California, ho !

Fourteen good rifles in the hands of fourteen mountain men, stout and true on fourteen strong horses, of true Indian blood and training—fourteen cool heads, with fourteen pairs of keen eyes in them, each head crafty as an Indian's, directing a right arm strong as steel, and a heart as brave as

grizzly bear's. Before them a thousand miles of dreary desert or wilderness, overrun by hostile savages, thirsting for the white man's blood; famine and drought, the arrows of wily hordes of Indians—and, these dangers past, the invasion of the civilised settlements of whites, the least numerous of which contained ten times their number of armed and bitter enemies,—the sudden swoop upon their countless herds of mules and horses, the fierce attack and bloody slaughter;—such were the consequences of the expedition these old mountaineers were now engaged in. Fourteen lives of any fourteen enemies who would be rash enough to stay them, were, any day you will, carried in the rifle barrels of these stout fellows; who, in all the proud consciousness of their physical qualities, neither thought, nor cared to think, of future perils; and rode merrily on their way, rejoicing in the dangers they must necessarily meet. Never a more daring band crossed the mountains; a more than ordinary want of caution characterised their march, and dangers were recklessly and needlessly invited, which even the older and more cold-blooded mountaineers seemed not to care to avoid. They had, each and all, many a debt to pay the marauding Indians. Grudges for many privations, for wounds and loss of comrades, rankled in their breasts; and not one but had suffered more or less in property and person at the hands of the savages, within a few short months. Threats of vengeance on every Redskin they met were loud and deep; and the wild war-songs round their nightly camp-fires, and grotesque scalp-dances, borrowed from the Indians, proved to the initiated that they were, one and all, "*half-froze for hair*." Soon after Killbuck and La Bonté joined them, they one day suddenly surprised a band of twenty Sioux, scattered on a small prairie and butchering some buffalo they had just killed. Before they could escape, the whites were upon them with loud shouts, and in three minutes the scalps of eleven were dangling from their saddle-horns.

Struggling up mountains, slipping down precipices, dashing over prairies

which resounded with their Indian songs, charging the Indians wherever they met them, and without regard to their numbers; frightening with their lusty war-whoops the miserable Diggers, who were not unfrequently surprised while gathering roots in the mountain plains, and who, scrambling up the rocks and concealing themselves, like sage rabbits, in holes and corners, peered, chattering with fear, as the wild and noisy troop rode by. Scarce drawing rein, they passed rapidly the heads of Green and Grand Rivers, through a country abounding in game and in excellent pasture; encountering in the upland valleys, through which meandered the well-timbered creeks on which they made their daily camps, many a band of Yutahs, through whom they dashed at random, caring not whether they were friends or foes. Passing many other heads of streams, they struck at last the edge of the desert, lying along the south-eastern base of the Great Salt Lake, and which extends in almost unbroken sterility to the foot of the range of the Sierra Nevada—a mountain chain, capped with perpetual snow, that bounds the northern extremity of a singular tract of country, walled by mountains and utterly desert, whose salt lagoons and lakes, although fed by many streams, find no outlet to the ocean, but are absorbed in the spongy soil or thirsty sand, which characterise the different portions of this deserted tract. In the "Grand Basin," it is reported, neither human nor animal life can be supported. No oases cheer the wanderer in the unbroken solitude of the vast wilderness. More than once the lone trapper has penetrated, with hardy enterprise, into the salt plains of the basin; but no signs of beaver or fur-bearing animal rewarded the attempt. The ground is scantily covered with coarse unwholesome grass that mules and horses refuse to eat; and the water of the springs, impregnated with the impurities of the soil through which it percolates, affords but nauseating draughts to the thirsty traveller.

In passing from the more fertile uplands to the lower plains, as they descended the streams, the timber on their banks became scarcer, and the groves more scattered. The

rich buffalo or *grama* grass was exchanged for a coarser species, on which the hard-worked animals soon grew poor and weak. The thickets of plum and cherry, of box-alder and quaking ash, which had hitherto fringed the creeks, and where the deer and bear loved to resort—the former to browse on the leaves and tender shoots, the latter to devour the fruit—now entirely disappeared, and the only shrub seen was the eternal sage-bush, which flourishes every where in the western regions in uncongenial soils where other vegetation refuses to grow. The visible change in the scenery had also a sensible effect on the spirits of the mountaineers. They travelled on in silence through the deserted plains; the hi-hi-hiya of their Indian chants was no longer heard enlivening the line of march. More than once a Digger of the Pi-yutah tribe took himself and hair, in safety, from their path, and almost unnoticed; but as they advanced they became more cautious in their movements, and testified, by the vigilant watch they kept, that they anticipated hostile attacks even in these arid wastes. They had passed without molestation through the country infested by the bolder Indians. The mountain Yutes, not relishing the appearance of the hunters, had left them unmolested; but they were now entering a country inhabited by the most degraded and abject of the western tribes; who, nevertheless, ever suffering from the extremities of hunger, have their brutish wits sharpened by the necessity of procuring food, and rarely fail to levy a contribution of rations, of horse or mule flesh, on the passenger in their inhospitable country. The brutish cunning and animal instinct of these wretches is such, that although arrant cowards, their attacks are more feared than those of bolder Indians. These people—called the Yamparicas or Root-Diggers—are, nevertheless, the degenerate descendants of those tribes which once overran that portion of the continent of North America now comprehended within the boundaries of Mexico, and who have left such startling evidences in their track of a comparatively superior state of civili-

sation. They now form an outcast tribe of the great nation of the Apache, which extends under various names from the Great Salt Lake along the table-lands on each side the Sierra Madre to the tropic of Cancer, where they merge into what are called the Mexican Indians. The whole of this nation is characterised by most abject cowardice; and they even refuse to meet the helpless Mexicans in open fight—unlike the Yutah or Camanche, who carry bold and open warfare into the territories of their civilised enemy, and never shrink from hand to hand encounter. The Apaches and the degenerate Diggers pursue a cowardly warfare, hiding in ambush, and shooting the passer-by with arrows; or, dashing upon him at night when steeped in sleep, they bury their arrow to the feather in his heaving breast. As the Mexicans say, "*Sin ventaja, no salen*;" they never attack without odds. But they are not the less dangerous enemies on this account; and by the small bands of trappers who visit their country, they are the more dreaded by reason of this coward and wolfish system of warfare.

To provide against surprise, therefore, as the hunters rode along, flankers were extended *en guerilla* on each side, mounting the high points to reconnoitre the country, and keeping a sharp look-out for the Indian sign. At night the animals were securely hobbled, and a horse-guard posted round them—a service of great danger, as the stealthy cat-like Diggers are often known to steal up silently, under cover of the darkness, towards the sentinel, shoot him with their arrows, and, approaching the animals, cut the hobbles and drive them away unscathed.

One night they encamped on a creek where was but little of the coarsest pasture, and that little scattered here and there; so that they were compelled to allow their animals to roam farther than usual from camp in search of food. Four of the hunters, however, accompanied them to guard against surprise; whilst but half of those in camp laid down to sleep, the others, with rifles in their hands, remaining prepared for any emergencies. This day they had killed one

of their two pack-mules for food, game not having been met with for several days; but the animal was so poor, that it scarcely afforded more than one tolerable meal to the whole party.

A short time before the dawn of day an alarm was given; the animals were heard to snort violently; a loud shout was heard, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle, and the tramp of galloping horses plainly showed that a stampede had been effected. The whites instantly sprang to their arms, and rushed in the direction of the sounds. The body of the cavallada, however, had luckily turned, and, being headed by the mountaineers, were surrounded and secured, with the loss of only three, which had probably been mounted by the Indians.

Day breaking soon after, one of their band was discovered to be missing; and it was then found that a man who had been standing horse-guard at the time of the attack, had not come into camp with his companions. At that moment a thin spiral column of smoke was seen to rise from the banks of the creek, telling but too surely the fate of the missing mountaineer. It was the signal of the Indians to their people that a "*coup*" had been struck, and that an enemy's scalp remained in their triumphant hands.

"II——!" exclaimed the trappers in a breath; and soon imprecations and threats of revenge, loud and deep, were showered upon the heads of the treacherous Indians. Some of the party rushed to the spot where the guard had stood, and there lay the body of their comrade, pierced with lance and arrow, the scalp gone, and the body otherwise mutilated in a barbarous manner. Five were quickly in the saddle, mounted upon the strongest horses, and flying along the track of the Indians, who had made off towards the mountains with their prize and booty. We will not follow them in their work of bloody vengeance, save by saying that they followed the savages to their village, into which they charged headlong, recovered their stolen horses, and returned to camp at sundown with thirteen scalps dangling from their rifles, in payment

for the loss of their unfortunate companion.*

In their further advance, hunger and thirst were their daily companions; they were compelled to kill several of their animals for food, but were fortunate enough to replace them by a stroke of good luck in meeting a party of Indians returning from an excursion against one of the Californian settlements with a tolerably large band of horses. Our hunters met this band one fine morning, and dashed into the midst at once; half a dozen Indians hit the dust, and twenty horses were turned over from red to white masters in as many seconds, which remounted those whose animals had been eaten, and enabled the others to exchange their worn-out steeds for fresh ones. This fortunate event was considered a *coup*, and the event was celebrated by the slaughter of a fat young horse, which furnished an excellent supper that night—a memorable event in these starveling regions.

They were now devouring their horses and mules at the rate of one every alternate day; for, so poor were the animals, that one scarcely furnished an ample meal for the thirteen hungry hunters. They were once more reduced to the animals they rode on; and after a fast of twenty-four hours' duration, were debating on the propriety of drawing lots as to whose Rosinante should fill the kettle, when some Indians suddenly appeared making signs of peace upon the bluff, and indicating a disposition to enter the camp for the purpose of trading. Being invited to approach, they offered to trade a few dressed elk-skins; but being asked for meat, they said that their village was a long way off, and they had nothing with them but a small portion of some game they had lately killed. When requested to produce this, they hesitated, but the trappers looking hungry and angry at the same moment, an old Indian drew from under his blanket several

flaps of portable dried meat which he declared was bear's. It was but a small ration amongst so many; but, being divided, was quickly laid upon the fire to broil. The meat was stringy, and of whitish colour, altogether unlike any flesh the trappers had before eaten. Killbuck was the first to discover this. He had been quietly masticating the last mouthful of his portion, the stringiness of which required more than usual dental exertion, when the novelty of the flavour struck him as something singular. Suddenly his jaws ceased their work, he thought a moment, took the morsel from his mouth, looked at it intently, and dashed it into the fire.

"Man - meat, by G—!" he cried out; and at the words every jaw stopped work: the trappers looked at the meat and each other.

"I'm dog-gone if it ain't!" cried old Walker, looking at his piece, "and white meat at that, wagh!" (and report said it was not the first time he had tasted such viands;) and the conviction seizing each mind, every mouthful was quickly spat into the fire, and the ire of the deceived whites was instantly turned upon the luckless providers of the feast. They saw the storm that was brewing, and without more ado turned tail from the camp, and scuttled up the bluffs, where, turning round, they fired a volley of arrows at the ticked mountaineers, and instantly disappeared.

However, the desert and its nomade pilferers were at length passed; the sandy plains became grass-covered prairies; the monstrous cottonwood on the creeks was replaced by oak and ash; the surface of the country grew more undulating, and less broken up into cañons and ravines; elk and deer leaped in the bottoms, and bands of antelope dotted the plains, with occasional troops of wild horses, too wary to allow the approach of man. On the banks of a picturesque stream called the San

* In Frémont's expedition to California, on a somewhat similar occasion, two mountaineers, one the celebrated Kit Carson, the other a St Louis Frenchman named Godey, and both old trappers, performed a feat surpassing the one described above, inasmuch as they were but two, who charged into an Indian village to rescue some stolen horses, and avenge the slaughter of two New Mexicans who had been butchered by the Indians; both which objects they effected, returning to camp with the lost animals and a couple of propitiatory scalps.

Joaquin, the party halted a few days to recruit themselves and animals, feasting the while on the fattest of venison and other game. They then struck to the south-east for two days, until they reached a branch of the "Las Animas," a clear stream running through a pretty valley, well timbered and abounding in game. Here, as they wound along the river-banks, a horseman suddenly appeared upon the bluff above them, galloping at a furious rate along the edge. His dress approached in some degree to civilised attire. A broad-brimmed sombrero surmounted his swarthy face; a coloured blanket, through a slit in which his head was thrust, floated in the air from his shoulders; leathern leggings encased his lower limbs; and huge spurs jingled on his heels. He rode in a high-peaked Mexican saddle, his feet thrust in ponderous stirrups, and in his hand swung a coil of ready lasso, his only offensive arm. One of the trappers knew a little Spanish, and instantly hailed him.

"*Compadre*," he shouted, "*por onde va?*" The Californian reined in suddenly, throwing the horse he rode on its very haunches, and darting down the bluff, galloped unhesitatingly into the midst of the hunters.

"*Americanos!*" he exclaimed glancing at them; and continued, smiling—" *Y caballos quieren, por eso vienen tan lejitos. Jesus, que mala gente!*" "It's horses you want, and for this you come all this way. Ah, what rogues you are!"

He was an Indian, employed at the Mission of San Fernando, distant three days' journey from their present position, and was now searching for a band of horses and mules which had strayed. San Fernando, it appeared, had once before been visited by a party of mountain free-traders, and the Indian therefore divined the object of the present one. He was, he told them, "*un Indio, pero mansito*:" an Indian, but a tame one;* "*de mas, Christiano*;" a Christian moreover, (exhibiting a small cross which hung round his neck.) There were many people about the mission, he said, who knew how to fight, and had

plenty of arms; and there were enough to "eat up" the "*Americanos, sin frijoles*," without beans, as he facetiously observed. For his part, however, he was very friendly to the *Americanos*; he had once met a man of that nation who was a good sort of fellow, and had made him a present of tobacco, of which he was particularly fond. Finding this hint did not take, he said that the horses and mules belonging to the mission were innumerable—"like that," he added, sweeping his hand to all points of the compass over the plain, to intimate that they would cover that extent; and he could point out a large herd grazing nearer at hand than the mission, and guarded but by three *vagueros*. Regaled with venison, and with a smoke of his coveted tobacco, he rode off, and made his way to the mission without delay, conveying the startling intelligence that a thousand Americans were upon them.

The next morning the thirteen doughty mountaineers quietly resumed their journey, moving leisurely along towards the object of their expedition.

It will not be out of place here to digress a little, in order to describe the singular features of the establishments, formed in those remote regions, by the Catholic church, as nuclei round which to concentrate the wandering tribes that inhabit the country, with a view to give them the benefit of civilised example, and to wean them from their restless nomadic habits.

The establishment of missions in Upper California is coeval with the first settlement of Southern Mexico. No sooner had Spanish rule taken a firm foothold in the Aztec empire, than the avowed primary object of the military expedition began to be carried into effect. "To save the souls" of the savage and barbarous subjects of their most Catholic majesties was ever inculcated upon the governors of the conquered country as the grand object to be sought after, as soon as tranquillity was partially restored by the submission of the Mexicans; and the cross, the sacred emblem of the Catholic faith, was to be upraised in the remotest corners of the country, and

* The Mexicans call the Indians living near the Missions and engaged in agriculture, *manceos*, or *manceitos*, tame.

the natives instructed and compelled to worship it, in lieu of the grotesque images of their own idolatrous religion.

To carry into effect these orthodox instructions, troops of pious priests, of friars and monks of every order, and even of saintly nuns, followed in the wake of the victorious armies of Cortez; and girding up their loins with zealous fervour and enthusiasm, and with an enterprise and hardihood worthy of buccaneers, they pushed their adventurous way far into the bowels of the land, preaching devoutly and with commendable perseverance to savages who did not understand a syllable of what they so eloquently discoursed; and returning, after the lapse of many months passed in this first attempt, with glowing accounts of the "*muy buen indole*," the very ductile disposition of the savages, and of the thousands they had converted to "*la santa fé católica*."

Ferdinand and Isabel, of glorious memory, at once beat up for volunteers. Crowds of Franciscan monks, greasy Capuchinos, and nuns of orthodox odour, joined the band; and saints even of the feminine gender, long since canonised and up aloft amongst the goodly muster of saints and martyrs, put foot once more on *santa firma*, and, rosary in hand, crossed the seas to participate in the good work. As proof of this latter fact, one Venabiles, a Franciscan, whose veracity is beyond impeachment, declared that, while preaching in the regions now known as New Mexico, one million Indians from the "*rumbo*" known as Chibolo, a mighty nation, approached his temporary pulpit on the Rio Grande, and requested in a body the favour of being baptised. Struck with the singularity of this request from Indians with whom he had as yet held no communication, and with conscientious scruple as to whether he would be justified in performing such ceremony without their having received previous instruction, he hesitated a few moments before making an answer. At this juncture, the Indians espied a medallion which hung around his neck, bearing the effigy of a saint of extraordinary virtue. The sight of this they fell on their knees before it; and it was some time before they found words (in what language

does not appear) to explain to the holy father that the original of that effigy, which hung pendant from his neck, had been long amongst them instructing them in the elements of the Christian religion, and had only lately disappeared; informing them that certain reverend men would shortly appear in the land, who would finish the good work she had devoutly commenced, and clench the business by baptising the one million miserable sinners who now knelt before El Padre Venabiles.

"Valgame Dios!" reverently exclaimed that worthy man, "*qui milagro es este*," [what a miracle is this I hear;] and casting up his eyes, and speaking slowly, as if he weighed every word, and taxing his memory of the historical calendar of saints, continued,—

"*Se murio—apulla—santissima—muger—en el año 175—es decir—ya hacen—mil—quatro—cientos—años.*" [That most holy woman died in the year 175, that is to say, one thousand four hundred years ago.]

"Oh, what a strange thing is this!" the padre continues devoutly. "After so many ages spent in heaven in company of the angels, of most holy men, and of virgins the most pure; and, perhaps, also in the company of my worthy and esteemed friend and patron Don Vincente Carvajal y Calvo, who died a few years ago in San Lucar of Xeres, (bequeathing me certain arrobas of dry wine, of a class I greatly esteem,—for which act he deserved to be canonised, and, I have no doubt, is,) the said Don Vincente Carvajal y Calvo being, moreover, a man of the purest and holiest thoughts, (Dios mio! what a puchero that man always had on his table!) this holy woman comes here—to these wild and remote regions; this holy woman, (who died fifteen hundred years ago,) abandoning the company of angels, of holy men, and sanctified women and virgins, and also of Don Vincente Carvajal y Calvo, (that worthy man!)—comes here, I say, where there are neither pucheros, nor garbanzos, nor dry wine, nor sweet wine, neither of Xeres, nor of Val de Peñas, nor of Peralta; where" (sobbed the padre, and bellowed the last word) "there is—nothing either to eat or to

drink. Valgame Purissima Maria ! And what is the name of this hbyl woman ? the world will ask," continues Venabides. " Santa Clara of Carmona is her name, one well known in my native country, who leaves heaven and all its joys, wends her way to the distant wilds of New Spain, and spends years in inducting the savage people to the holy faith. Truly a pious work, and pleasing to God ! " *

Thus spoke Venabides the Franciscan, and no doubt he believed what he said ; and many others in Old Spain were fools enough to believe it too, for the shaven heads flocked over in greater numbers, and the cry was ever " still they come."

Along the whole extent of the tablelands, not an Indian tribe but was speedily visited by the preaching friars and monks ; and, in less than a century after the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, these hardy and enthusiastic frayles had pushed their way into the inhospitable regions of New Mexico, nearly two thousand miles distant from the valley of Anahuac. How they succeeded in surmounting the natural obstacles presented by the wild and barren deserts they traversed ; how they escaped the infinite peril they encountered at every step, at the hands of the savage inhabitants of the country, with whose language they were totally unacquainted, is sufficient puzzle to those who, in the present day, have attempted a journey in the same regions.

However, it is impossible not to admire the hardihood of these holy pioneers of civilisation, who, totally unfitted by their former mode of life for undergoing such hardships as they must have anticipated, threw themselves into the wilderness with fearlessness and stubborn zeal.

For the most part, however, they found the Indians exceedingly hospitable and well disposed ; and it was not until some time after—when, receiving from the missionary monks glowing, and not always very truthful accounts of the riches of the country in which they had located themselves, the governors of Mexico despatched

armed expeditions under adventurous desperadoes to take and retain possession of the said country, with orders to compel the submission of the native tribes, and enforce their obedience to the authority of the whites—that the simple and confiding Indians began to see the folly they had committed in permitting the residence amongst them of these superior beings, whom they had first looked upon as more than mortal, but who, when strong enough to do so, were not long in throwing off the mask, and proving to the simple savages that they were much " more human than divine."

Thus, in the province of New Mexico, Fray Augustin Ruiz, with his co-preachers Marcos and Venabides, were kindly received by the native inhabitants, and we have seen how one million (?) Indians came from the " rumbo " of the Cibolo, ready and willing to receive the baptismal sacrament. This Cibolo, or Sivulo, as it is written in some old MSS., is, by the way, mysteriously alluded to by the monkish historians who have written on this region, as being a kingdom inhabited by a very superior class of Indians to any met with between Anahuac and the Vale of Tepe—in the enjoyment of a high state of civilisation, inhabiting a well-built city, the houses of which were three stories high, and having attained considerable perfection in the domestic arts. This, notwithstanding the authority of Don Francisco Vasquez Coronado, who visited Cibolo, and of Solis and Venegas, who have guaranteed the assertion, must be received *cum grano salis* ; but, at all events, the civilisation of the mysterious Cibolo may be compared to that of the Aztec empire, under Montezuma, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, both being egregiously exaggerated by the historians of the day. Cibolo was situated on a river called Tegue. At this day, neither name is known to the inhabitants of New Mexico. If pater-shaven Venabides had held his tongue, New Mexico might now be in the peaceful possession of the Catholic Missions, and the property of the Church of

* From a manuscript obtained in Santa Fé of New Mexico, describing the labours of the missionaries Fray Augustin Ruiz, Venabides, and Macon, in the year 1585.

Mexico pretty considerably enhanced by the valuable *placers*, or gold washings, which abound in that province. Full, however, of the wonderful miracle of Santa Clara of Carmona, which had been brought to light through the agency of the medallion at the end of his rosario, Fray Venabides must needs return to Spain, and humbug poor old Fernando, and even the more sensible Isabel, with wonderful accounts of the riches of the country he had been instrumental in exploring, and of the excellent disposition of the natives to receive the word of God. Don Juan Oñate was, therefore, quickly despatched to take possession; and in his train followed twelve Castilian families of *sangre azul*, to colonise the newly-acquired territory. The names of these still remain, disgraced by the degenerate wretches who now bear them, but in whom scarce a drop of blood remains which ever filtered from the veins of the paladins of Old Castile.

Then commenced the troublous times. The missions were upheld by dint of steel alone; and, on every occasion, the Indians rose, and often massacred their white persecutors. The colonists were more than once driven bodily from New Mexico, and were only reinstated by the aid of large bodies of armed men.

In California, however, they managed these things better. The wily monks took care to keep all interlopers from the country, established themselves in snug quarters, instructed the Indians in agriculture, and soon gained such an ascendancy over them, that no difficulty was experienced in keeping them under proper and wholesome

restraint. Strong and commodious missions were built and fortified, well stored with arms and ammunition, and containing sufficient defenders to defy attack. Luxuriant gardens and thriving vineyards soon surrounded these isolated stations: the plains waved with golden corn; whilst domestic cattle, thriving on the rich pasture, and roaming far and near, multiplied and increased a hundred-fold.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of one of these missions, to the traveller who has lately passed the arid and barren wilderness of the North-west. The *adobe* walls of the convent-looking building, surmounted by cross and belfry, are generally hidden in a mass of luxuriant vegetation. Fig-trees, bananas, cherry, and apple, leaf-spreading platanos, and groves of olives, form umbrageous vistas, under which the sleek monks delight to wander; gardens, cultivated by their own hands, testify to the horticultural skill of the worthy padres; whilst vineyards yield their grateful produce to gladden the hearts of the holy exiles in these western solitudes. Vast herds of cattle roam half-wild on the plains, and bands of mules and horses, whose fame has even reached the distant table-lands of the Rocky Mountains, and excited the covetousness of the hunters—and thousands of which, from the day they are foaled to that of their death, never feel a saddle on their backs—cover the country. Indians (*Mansitos*) idle round the skirts of these vast herds, (whose very numbers keep them together,) living, at their own choice, upon the flesh of mule, or ox, or horse.

THE CAXTONS.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I DON'T know that," said my father.

"What is it my father does not know? My father does not know that happiness is our being's end and aim."

And pertinent to what does my father reply, by words so sceptical, to an assertion so little disputed?

Reader, Mr Trevanion has been half-an-hour seated in our little drawing-room. He has received two cups of tea from my mother's fair hand; he has made himself at home. With Mr Trevanion has come another old friend of my father's, whom he has not seen since he left college—Sir Sedley Beaudesert.

Now, you must understand that it is a warm night, a little after nine o'clock—a night between departing summer and approaching autumn—the windows are open—we have a balcony, which my mother has taken care to fill with flowers—the air, though we are in London, is sweet and fresh—the street quiet, except that an occasional carriage or hackney cabriolet rolls rapidly by—a few stealthy passengers pass to and fro noiselessly on their way homeward. We are on classic ground—near that old and venerable Museum, the dark monastic pile, with its learned treasures, which the taste of the age had spared then—and the quiet of the temple seems to hallow the precincts; Captain Roland is seated by the fireplace, and though there is no fire, he is shading his face with a hand-screen; my father and Mr Trevanion have drawn their chairs close to each other in the middle of the room; Sir Sedley Beaudesert leans against the wall near the window, and behind my mother, who looks prettier and more pleased than usual, since her Austin has his old friends about him; and I, leaning my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hand, am gazing with great admiration on Sir Sedley Beaudesert.

O rare specimen of a race fast decaying!—specimen of the true fine

gentleman, ere the word dandy was known, and before exquisite became a noun substantive—let me here pause to describe thee! Sir Sedley Beaudesert was the contemporary of Trevanion and my father; but, without affecting to be young, he still seemed so. Dress, tone, look, manner—all were young—yet all had a certain dignity which does not belong to youth. At the age of five-and-twenty, he had won what would have been fame to a French marquis of the old regime, viz.—he was "the most charming man of his day"—the most popular with our sex—the most favoured, my dear lady reader, with yours. It is a mistake, I believe, to suppose that it does not require talent to become the fashion; at all events, Sir Sedley was the fashion, and he had talent. He had travelled much, he had read much—especially in memoirs, history, and belles-lettres—he made verses with grace and a certain originality of easy wit and courtly sentiment—he conversed delightfully—he was polished and urbane in manner—he was brave and honourable in conduct; in words he could flatter—in deeds he was sincere.

Sir Sedley Beaudesert had never married. Whatever his years, he was still young enough in looks to be married for love. He was high-born, he was rich; he was, as I have said, popular; yet on his fair features there was an expression of melancholy; and on that forehead—pure from the lines of ambition, and free from the weight of study—there was the shadow of unmistakeable regret.

"I don't know that," said my father; "I have never yet found in life one man who made happiness his end and aim. One wants to gain a fortune, another to spend it—one to get a place, another to build a name; but they all know very well that it is not happiness they search for. No Utilitarian was ever actuated by self-interest, poor man, when he sat down to scribble his unpopular crochets to prove self-interest universal. And as

to that notable distinction—between self-interest vulgar and self-interest enlightened—the more the self-interest is enlightened, the less we are influenced by it. If you tell the young man who has just written a fine book or made a fine speech, that he will not be any happier if he attains to the fame of Milton, or the power of Pitt, and that, for the sake of his own happiness, he had much better cultivate a farm, live in the country, and postpone to the last the days of dyspepsia and gout, he will answer you fairly,—‘I am quite as sensible of that as you are. But I am not thinking whether or not I shall be happy. I have made up my mind to be, if I can, a great author or a prime minister.’ So it is with all the active sons of the world. To push on is the law of nature. And you can no more say to men and to nations than to children,—‘Sit still, and don’t wear out your shoes!’”

“Then,” said Trevanion, “if I tell you I am not happy, your only answer is, that I obey an inevitable law.”

“No! I don’t say that it is an inevitable law that man should not be happy; but it is an inevitable law that a man, in spite of himself, should live for something higher than his own happiness. He cannot live in himself or for himself, however egotistical he may try to be. Every desire he has links him with others. Man is not a machine—he is a part of one.”

“True, brother, he is a soldier, not an army,” said Captain Roland.

“Life is a drama, not a monologue,” pursued my father. “Drama is derived from a Greek verb, signifying to do. Every actor in the drama has something to do, which helps on the progress of the whole: that is the object for which the Author created him. Do your part, and let the Great Play get on.”

“Ah!” said Trevanion briskly, “but to do the part is the difficulty! Every actor helps to the catastrophe, and yet must do his part without knowing how all is to end. Shall he help the curtain to fall on a tragedy or a comedy? Come, I will tell you the one secret of my public life—that which explains all its failure (for, in spite of my position, I have failed) and its regrets—I want conviction!”

“Exactly,” said my father; “because to every question there are two sides, and you look at them both.”

“You have said it,” answered Trevanion, smiling also. “For public life a man should be one-sided; he must act with a party; and a party insists that the shield is silver, when, if it will take the trouble to turn the corner, it will see that the reverse of the shield is gold. Wo to the man who makes that discovery alone, while his party are still swearing the shield is silver, and that not once in his life, but every night!”

“You have said quite enough to convince me that you ought not to belong to a party, but not enough to convince me why you should not be happy,” said my father.

“Do you remember,” said Sir Sedley Beaudesert, “an anecdote of the first Duke of Portland? He had a gallery in the great stable of his villa in Holland, where a concert was given once a-week, to *cheer and amuse* his horses! I have no doubt the horses thrived all the better for it. What Trevanion wants is a concert once a-week. With him it is always saddle and spur. Yet, after all, who would not envy him? If life be a drama, his name stands high in the playbill, and is printed in capitals on the walls.”

“Envy me!” cried Trevanion—“ME!—no, you are the enviable man—you who have only one grief in the world, and that so absurd a one, that I will make you blush by disclosing it. Hear, O sage Anstin!—O sturdy Roland!—Olivares was haunted by a spectre, and Sedley Beaudesert by the dread of old age!”

“Well,” said my mother seriously, “I do think it requires a great sense of religion, or, at all events, children of one’s own, in whom one is young again, to reconcile one’s-self to becoming old.”

“My dear ma’am,” said Sir Sedley, who had slightly coloured at Trevanion’s charge, but had now recovered his easy self-possession, “you have spoken so admirably that you give me courage to confess my weakness. I do dread to be old. All the joys of my life have been the joys of youth. I have had so exquisite a pleasure in the mere sense of living, that old age, as it comes near, terrifies

me by its dull eyes and gray hairs. I have lived the life of the butterfly. Summer is over, and I see my flowers withering; and my wings are chilled by the first airs of winter. Yes, I envy Trevanion; for, in public life, no man is ever young; and while he can work he is never old."

"My dear Beaudesert," said my father, "when St Amable, patron saint of Riom, in Auvergne, went to Rome, the sun waited upon him as a servant, carried his cloak and gloves for him in the heat, and kept off the rain, if the weather changed, like an umbrella. You want to put the sun to the same use; you are quite right; but then, you see, you must first be a saint before you can be sure of the sun as a servant."

Sir Sedley smiled charmingly; but the smile changed to a sigh as he added, "I don't think I should much mind being a saint if the sun would be my sentinel instead of my courier. I want nothing of him but to stand still. You see he moved even for St Amable. My dear madam, you and I understand each other; and it is a very hard thing to grow old, do what one will to keep young."

"What say you, Roland, of these two malcontents?" asked my father.

The Captain turned uneasily in his chair, for the rheumatism was gnawing his shoulder, and sharp pains were shooting through his mutilated limb.

"I say," answered Roland, "that these men are wearied with marching from Brentford to Windsor—that they have never known the bivouac and the battle."

Both the grumblers turned their eyes to the veteran: the eyes rested first on the furrowed, care-worn lines on his eagle face—then they fell on the stiff, outstretched cork limb—and then they turned away.

Meanwhile my mother had softly risen, and, under pretence of looking for her work on the table near him, bent over the old soldier, and pressed his hand.

"Gentlemen," said my father, "I don't think my brother ever heard of Nichocorus, the Greek comic writer; yet he has illustrated him very ably. Saith Nichocorus, 'the best cure for drunkenness is a sudden calamity.' For chronic drunkenness, a continued course of real misfortune must be very salutary!"

No answer came from the two complainants; and my father took up a great book.

CHAPTER XIX.

"My friends," said my father, looking up from his book, and addressing himself to his two visitors, "I know of one thing, milder than calamity, that would do you both a great deal of good."

"What is that?" asked Sir Sedley.

"A saffron bag, worn at the pit of the stomach!"

"Austin, my dear!" said my mother reprovingly.

My father did not heed the interruption, but continued gravely,—"Nothing is better for the spirits! Roland is in no want of saffron, because he is a warrior; and the desire of fighting, and the hope of victory, infuse such a heat into the spirits as is profitable for long life, and keeps up the system."

"Tut!" said Trevanion.

"But gentlemen in your predicament must have recourse to artificial

means. Nitre in broth, for instance—about three grains to ten—(cattle fed upon nitre grow fat); or earthy odours—such as exist in cucumbers and cabbage. A certain great lord had a clod of fresh earth, laid in a napkin, put under his nose every morning after sleep. Light anointing of the head with oil, mixed with roses and salt, is not bad; but, upon the whole, I prescribe the saffron bag at the"—

"Sixty, my dear, will you look for my scissors?" said my mother.

"What nonsense are you talking! Question, question!" cried Mr Trevanion.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my father, opening his eyes; "I am giving you the advice of Lord Bacon.—You want conviction—conviction comes from passion—passion from the spirits—spirits from a saffron bag. You, Beaudesert, on the other hand, want

to keep youth. He keeps youth longest who lives longest. Nothing more conduces to longevity than a saffron bag, provided always it is worn at the"—

"Sisty, my thimble!" said my mother.

"You laugh at us justly," said Beaudesert, smiling; "and the same remedy, I dare say, would cure us both!"

"Yes," said my father, "there is

no doubt of that. In the pit of the stomach is that great central web of nerves called the ganglions; thence they affect the head and the heart. Mr Squills proved that to us, Sisty."

"Yes," said I; "but I never heard Mr Squills talk of a saffron bag."

"Oh, foolish boy! it is not the saffron bag—it is the belief in the saffron bag. Apply BELIEF to the centre of the nerves, and all will go well," said my father.

CHAPTER XX.

"But it is a devil of a thing to have too nice a conscience!" quoth the member of Parliament.

"And it is not an angel of a thing to lose one's front teeth!" sighed the fine gentleman.

Therewith my father rose, and, putting his hand into his waistcoat, *more suo*, delivered his famous

SERMON UPON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN
FAITH AND PURPOSE.

Famous it was in our domestic circle. But as yet, it has not gone beyond. And since the reader, I am sure, does not turn to the Caxton me-

moirs with the expectation of finding sermons, so to that circle let its fame be circumscribed. All I shall say about it is, that it was a very fine sermon, and that it proved indisputably, to me at least, the salubrious effects of a saffron bag applied to the great centre of the nervous system. But the wise Ali saith, that "a fool doth not know what maketh him look little, neither will he hearken to him that adviseth him." I cannot assert that my father's friends were fools, but they certainly came under this definition of Folly.

CHAPTER XXI.

For therewith arose not conviction but discussion; Trevanion was logical, Beaudesert sentimental. My father held firm to the saffron bag. When James the First dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham his Meditation on the Lord's Prayer, he gave a very sensible reason for selecting his grace for that honour,—*"For,"* (saith the king) *"it is made upon a very short and plaine prayer, and, therefore, the fitter for a courtier, for courtiers are for the most part thought neither to have lust nor leisure to say long prayers; liking best courte messe et long disner."* I suppose it was for a similar reason that my father persisted in dedicating to the member of parliament and the fine gentleman, this "short and plaine" morality of his—to wit, the saffron bag. He was evidently persuaded, if he could once get them to apply that, it was all that was needful; that they had neither

lust nor leisure for longer instructions. And this saffron bag,—it came down with such a whack, at every round in the argument! You would have thought my father one of the old plebeian combatants in the popular ordeal, who, forbidden to use sword and lance, fought with a sand-bag tied to a flail: a very stunning weapon it was when filled only with sand; but a bag filled with saffron,—it was irresistible! Though my father had two to one against him, they could not stand such a deuce of a weapon. And after tuts and pishes innumerable from Mr Trevanion, and sundry bland grimaces from Sir Sedley Beaudesert, they fairly gave in, though they would not own they were beaten.

"Enough," said the member, "I see that you don't comprehend me; I must continue to move by my own impulse."

My father's pet book was the Collo-

quies of Erasmus; he was wont to say that those Colloquies furnished life with illustrations in every page. Out of the Colloquies of Erasmus he now answered the member:—

"Rabirius, wanting his servant Syrus to get up," quoth my father, "cried out to him to move. 'I do move,' said Syrus. 'I see you move,' replied Rabirius, 'but you *move nothing*.' To return to the saffron bag,—"

"Confound the saffron bag!" cried Trevanion in a rage; and then, softening his look as he drew on his gloves, he turned to my mother, and said, with more politeness than was natural to, or at least customary with him:—

"By the way, my dear Mrs Caxton, I should tell you that Lady Ellinor comes to town to-morrow, on purpose to call on you. We shall be here some little time, Austin; and though London is so empty, there are still some persons of note to whom I should like to introduce you, and yours—"

"Nay," said my father, "your world and my world are not the same. Books for me, and men for you. Neither Kitty nor I can change our habits, even for friendship; she has a great piece of work to finish, and so have I. Mountains cannot stir, especially when in labour; but Mahomet can come to the mountain as often as he likes."

Mr Trevanion insisted, and Sir Sedley Beaudesert mildly put in his own claims; both boasted acquaintance with literary men, whom my father would, at all events, be pleased to meet. My father doubted whether he could meet any literary men more eloquent than Cicero, or more amusing than Aristophanes; and observed, that if such did exist, he would rather meet them in their books than in a drawing-room. In fine, he was immovable; and so also, with less argument, was Captain Roland.

Then Mr Trevanion turned to me. "Your son, at all events, should see something of the world."

My mother's soft eyes sparkled.

"My dear friend, I thank you," said my father, touched; "and Pistratus and I will talk it over."

Our guests had departed. All four of

us gathered to the open window, and enjoyed in silence the cool air and the moonlight.

"Austin," said my mother at last, "I fear it is for my sake that you refuse going amongst your old friends: you knew I should be frightened by such fine people, and—"

"And we have been happy for more than eighteen years without them, Kitty! My poor friends are not happy, and we are. To leave well alone is a golden rule worth all in Pythagoras. The ladies of Bubastis, my dear, a place in Egypt where the cat was worshipped, always kept rigidly aloof from the gentlemen in Athribis, who adored the shrewmice. Cats are domestic animals,—your shrewmice are sad gadabouts: you can't find a better model, my Kitty, than the ladies of Bubastis!"

"How Trevanion is altered!" said Roland, musingly—"he who was so lively and ardent!"

"He ran too fast up-hill at first, and has been out of breath ever since," said my father.

"And Lady Ellinor;" said Roland, hesitatingly, "shall you see her to-morrow?"

"Yes!" said my father, calmly.

As Captain Roland spoke, something in the tone of his question seemed to flash a conviction on my mother's heart,—the woman there was quick; she drew back, turning pale, even in the moonlight, and fixed her eyes on my father, while I felt her hand which had clasped mine tremble convulsively.

I understood her. Yes, this Lady Ellinor was the early rival whose name till then she had not known. She fixed her eyes on my father, and at his tranquil tone and quiet look she breathed more freely, and sliding her hand from mine rested it fondly on his shoulder. A few moments afterwards, I and Captain Roland found ourselves standing alone by the window.

"You are young, nephew," said the Captain; "and you have the name of a fallen family to raise. Your father does well not to reject for you that opening into the great world which Trevanion offers. As for me, my business in London seems over: I cannot find what I came to seek. I have sent for my daughter; when she

arrives I shall return to my old tower ; and the man and the ruin will crumble away together."

"Tush, uncle ! I must work hard and get money ; and then we will repair the old tower, and buy back the old estate. My father shall sell the red brick house ; we will fit him up a library in the keep ; and we will all live united, in peace, and in state, as grand as our ancestors before us."

While I thus spoke, my uncle's eyes were fixed upon a corner of the street, where a figure, half in shade half in moonlight, stood motionless. "Ah !" said I following his eye, "I have observed that man, two or three times, pass up and down the street on the other side of the way, and turn his head towards our window. Our

guests were with us then, and my father in full discourse, or I should have—"

Before I could finish the sentence, my uncle, stifling an exclamation, broke away, hurried out of the room, stumped down the stairs, and was in the street, while I was yet rooted to the spot with surprise. I remained at the window, and my eye rested on the figure. I saw the Captain, with his bare head and his gray hair, cross the street ; the figure started, turned the corner, and fled.

Then I followed my uncle, and arrived in time to save him from falling : he leant his head on my breast, and I heard him murmur,—
"It is he—it is he ! He has watched us !—he repents !"

CHAPTER XXII.

The next day Lady Ellinor called ; but to my great disappointment without Fanny.

Whether or not some joy at the incident of the previous night had served to make my uncle more youthful than usual, I know not, but he looked to me ten years younger when Lady Ellinor entered. How carefully the buttoned up coat was brushed ! how new and glossy was the black stock ! The poor Captain was restored to his pride, and mighty proud he looked ! With a glow on his cheek, and a fire in his eye ; his head thrown back, and his whole air composed, severe, Mavortian and majestic, as if awaiting the charge of the French cuirassiers at the head of his detachment.

My father, on the contrary, was as usual (till dinner, when he always dressed punctiliously, out of respect to his Kitty) in his easy morning gown and slippers ; and nothing but a certain compression in his lips which had lasted all the morning, evinced his anticipation of the visit, or the emotion it caused him.

Lady Ellinor behaved beautifully. She could not conceal a certain nervous trepidation, when she first took the hand my father extended ; and, in touching rebuke of the Captain's stately bow, she held out to him the hand left disengaged, with a look which got into Roland at once to her side. was not desertion of his colours to

which nothing, short of Ney's shameful conduct at Napoleon's return from Elba, affords a parallel in history. Then, without waiting for introduction, and before a word indeed was said, Lady Ellinor came to my mother so cordially, so caressingly—she threw into her smile, voice, manner, such winning sweetness, that I, intimately learned in my poor mother's simple loving heart, wondered how she refrained from throwing her arms round Lady Ellinor's neck, and kissing her outright. It must have been a great conquest over herself not to do it ! My turn came next ; and talking to me, and about me, soon set all parties at their ease—at least apparently.

What was said I cannot remember : I do not think one of us could. But an hour slipped away, and there was no gap in the conversation.

With curious interest, and a survey I strove to make impartial, I compared Lady Ellinor with my mother. And I comprehended the fascination the high-born lady must, in their earlier youth, have exercised over both brothers, so dissimilar to each other. For *charm* was the characteristic of Lady Ellinor—a charm indefinable. It was not the mere grace of refined breeding, though that went a great way ; it was a charm that seemed to spring from natural sympathy. Whosoever she addressed, that person appeared for the moment to engage all

her attention, to interest her whole mind. She had a gift of conversation very peculiar. She made what she said like a continuation of what was said to her. She seemed as if she had entered into your thoughts, and talked them aloud. Her mind was evidently cultivated with great care, but she was perfectly void of pedantry. A hint, an allusion, sufficed to show how much she knew, to one well instructed, without mortifying or perplexing the ignorant. Yes, there probably was the only woman my father had ever met who could be the companion to his mind, walk through the garden of knowledge by his side, and trim the flowers while he cleared the vistas. On the other hand, there was an inborn nobility in Lady Ellinor's sentiments that must have struck the most susceptible chord in Roland's nature, and the sentiments took eloquence from the look, the mien, the sweet dignity of the very turn of the head. Yes, she must have been a fitting Orinda to a young Amadis. It was not hard to see that Lady Ellinor was ambitious—that she had a love of fame, for fame itself—that she was proud—that she set value (and that morbidly) on the world's opinion. This was perceptible when she spoke of her husband, even of her daughter. It seemed to me as if she valued the intellect of the one, the beauty of the other, by the gauge of the social distinction or the fashionable *éclat*. She took measure of the gift, as I was taught at Dr Herman's to take measure of the height of a tower—by the length of the shadow it cast upon the ground.

My dear father, with such a wife you would never have lived eighteen years, shivering on the edge of a great book!

My dear uncle, with such a wife you would never have been contented with a cork leg and a Waterloo medal! And I understand why Mr Trevanion, "eager and ardent" as ye say he was in youth, with a heart bent on the

practical success of life, won the hand of the heiress. Well, you see Mr Trevanion has contrived not to be happy! By the side of my listening, admiring mother, with her blue eyes moist, and her coral lips apart, Lady Ellinor looks faded. Was she ever as pretty as my mother is now? Never. But she was much handsomer. What delicacy in the outline, and yet how decided in spite of the delicacy! The eyebrow so defined—the profile slightly aquiline, so clearly cut—with the curved nostril, which, if physiognomists are right, shows sensibility so keen; and the classic lip that, but for that dimple, would be so haughty. But wear and tear are in that face. The nervous excitable temper has helped the fret and cark of ambitious life. My dear uncle, I know not yet your private life. But as for my father, I am sure that, though he might have done more on earth, he would have been less fit for heaven, if he had married Lady Ellinor.

At last this visit—dreaded, I am sure, by three of the party, was over, but not before I had promised to dine at the Trevanions' that day.

When we were again alone, my father threw off a long breath, and looking round him cheerfully, said, "Since Pisisistratus deserts us, let us console ourselves for his absence—send for brother Jack, and all four go down to Richmond to drink tea."

"Thank you, Austin," said Roland. "But I don't want it, I assure you!"

"Upon your honour?" said my father in a half whisper.

"Upon my honour."

"Nor I either! So Kitty, Roland, and I will take a walk, and be back in time to see if that young Anachronism looks as handsome as his new London-made clothes will allow him. Properly speaking, he ought to go with an apple in his hand, and a dove in his bosom. But now I think of it, that was luckily not the fashion with the Athenians till the time of Alcibiades!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

You may judge of the effect that my dinner at Mr Trevanion's, with a long conversation after it with Lady Ellinor, made upon my mind, when, on my return home, after having

satisfied all questions of parental curiosity, I said nervously, and looking down,—“My dear father,—I should like very much, if you have no objection,—to—to—”

"What, my dear?" asked my father kindly.

"Accept an offer Lady Ellinor has made me, on the part of Mr Trevanion. He wants a secretary. He is kind enough to excuse my inexperience, and declares I shall do very well, and can soon get into his ways. Lady Ellinor says (I continued with dignity) that it will be a great opening in public life for me; and at all events, my dear father, I shall see much of the world, and learn what I really think will be more useful to me than any thing they will teach me at college."

My mother looked anxiously at my father. "It will indeed be a great thing for Sissey," said she timidly; and then taking courage she added—"And that is just the sort of life he is formed for—"

"Hem!" said my uncle.

My father rubbed his spectacles thoughtfully, and replied, after a long pause,—

"You may be right, Kitty: I don't think Pisisstratus is meant for study; action will suit him better. But what does this office lead to?"

"Public employment, sir," said I boldly; "the service of my country."

"If that be the case," quoth Roland, "I have not a word to say. But I should have thought that for a lad of spirit, a descendant of the old De Caxtons, the army would have—"

"The army!" exclaimed my mother, clasping her hands, and looking involuntarily at my uncle's cork leg.

"The army!" repeated my father peevishly. "Bless my soul, Roland, you seem to think man is made for nothing else but to be shot at! You would not like the army, Pisisstratus?"

"Why, sir, not if it pained you and my dear mother; otherwise, indeed—"

"Papa!" said my father interrupting me. "This all comes of your giving the boy that ambitious, uncomfortable name, Mrs Caxton; what could a Pisisstratus be but the plague of one's life? That idea of serving his country is Pisisstratus ipsissimus all over. If ever I have another son, (*Du meliora*) he has only got to be called Eratostratus, and then he will be burning down St Paul's; which I believe was, by the way, first made out of the stones of the temple of

Diana! Of the two, certainly, you had better serve your country with a goose-quill than by poking a bayonet into the ribs of some unfortunate Indian;—I don't think there are any other people whom the service of one's country makes it necessary to kill just at present,—eh, Roland?"

"It is a very fine field, Madia," said my uncle, sententiously. "It is the nursery of captains."

"Is it? Those plants take up a great deal of ground, then, that might be more profitably cultivated. And, indeed, considering that the tallest captains in the world will be ultimately set into a box not above seven feet at the longest, it is astonishing what a quantity of room that species of *arbor mortis* takes in the growing! However, Pisisstratus, to return to your request, I will think it over, and talk to Trevanion."

"Or rather to Lady Ellinor," said I imprudently: my mother slightly shivered, and took her hand from mine. I felt cut to the heart by the slip of my own tongue.

"That, I think, your mother could do best," said my father, drily, "if she wants to be quite convinced that somebody will see that your shirts are aired. For I suppose they mean you to lodge at Trevanion's."

"Oh, no!" cried my mother. "He might as well go to college then! I thought he was to stay with us; only go in the morning, but, of course, sleep here."

"If I know any thing of Trevanion," said my father, "his secretary will be expected to do without sleep. Poor boy, you don't know what it is you desire. And yet, at your age, I—" my father stopped short. "No!" he renewed abruptly, after a long silence, and as if soliloquising. "No, man is never wrong while he lives for others. The philosopher who contemplates from the rock, is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm. Why should there be two of us? And could he be an *alter ego*, even if I wished it? impossible!" My father turned on his chair, and, laying the left leg on the right knee, said smilingly, as he bent down to look me full in the face; "But, Pisisstratus, will you promise me always to wear the saffron bag?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

I now make a long stride in my narrative. I am domesticated with the Trevanions. A very short conversation with the statesman sufficed to decide my father; and the pith of it lay in this single sentence uttered by Trevanion—"I promise you one thing—he shall never be idle!"

Looking back, I am convinced that my father was right, and that he understood my character, and the temptations to which I was most prone, when he consented to let me resign college and enter thus prematurely on the world of men. I was naturally so joyous, that I should have made college life a holiday, and then, in repentance, worked myself into a phthisis.

And my father, too, was right, that, though I could study, I was not meant for a student.

After all, the thing was an experiment. I had time to spare: if the experiment failed, a year's delay would not necessarily be a year's loss.

I am ensconced, then, at Mr Trevanion's. I have been there some months—it is late in the winter—parliament and the season have commenced. I work hard—Heaven knows, harder than I should have worked at college. Take a day for a sample.

Trevanion gets up at eight o'clock, and in all weathers rides an hour before breakfast; at nine he takes that meal in his wife's dressing-room; at half-past nine he comes into his study. By that time he expects to find done by his secretary the work I am about to describe.

On coming home, or rather before going to bed, which is usually after three o'clock, it is Mr Trevanion's habit to leave on the table of the said study a list of directions for the secretary. The following, which I take at random from many I have preserved, may show their multifarious nature:—

1. Look out in the Reports—Committee House of Lords for the last seven years—all that is said about the growth of flax—mark the passages for me.
2. Do. do—"Irish Emigration."
3. Hunt out second volume of Kames's History of Man, passage containing "Reid's Logic"—don't know where the book is!
4. How does the line beginning "*Lumina conjunct, inter*" something, end? Is it in Gray? See!
5. Fracastorius writes—"Quantum hoc infecti vitium, quot adiverit urbes." Query, Ought it not to be—*infectis* instead of *infecti*?—if you don't know, write to father.
6. Write the four letters in full from the notes I leave, i.e. about the Ecclesiastical Courts.
7. Look out Population Returns—strikes average of last five years (between mortality and births), in Devonshire and Lancashire.
8. Answer these six begging-letters; "No"—civilly.
9. The other six, to constituents—"that I have no interest with Government."
10. See, if you have time, whether any of the new books on the round table are not trash.
11. I want to know ALL about Indian corn!
12. Longinus says something, somewhere, in regret for uncongenial pursuits, (public life, I suppose)—what is it? N.B. Longinus is not in my London Catalogue, but is here I know—I think in a box in the lumber-room.
13. Set right the calculation I leave on the poor-rates. I have made a blunder somewhere. &c. &c.

Certainly my father knew Mr Trevanion; he never expected a secretary to sleep! To have all the above ready by half-past nine, I get up by candle-light. At half-past nine I am still hunting for Longinus, when Mr Trevanion comes in with a bundle of letters.

Answers to half the said letters fall to my share. Directions verbal—in a species of short-hand talk. While I write, Mr Trevanion reads the newspapers—examines what I have done—makes notes therefrom, some for Parliament, some for conversation, some for correspondence—skims over the Parliamentary papers of the morning—and jots down directions for extracting, abridging, and comparing them, with others, perhaps twenty years old. At eleven he walks down to a Committee of the House of Commons—leaving me plenty to do—till half-past three, when he returns. At four, Fanny puts her head into the room—and I lose mine. Four

days in the week Mr Trevanion then disappears for the rest of the day,—dines at Bellamy's or a club—expects me at the House at eight o'clock, in case he thinks of something, wants a fact or a quotation. He then releases me—generally with a fresh list of instructions. But I have my holidays, nevertheless. On Wednesdays and Saturdays Mr Trevanion gives dinners, and I meet the most eminent men of the day—on both sides. For Trevanion is on both sides himself—or on no side at all, which comes to the same thing. On Tuesdays, Lady Ellinor gives me a ticket for the Opera, and I get there at least in time for the ballet. I have already invitations enough to balls and soirées, for I am regarded as an only son of great expectations. I am treated as becomes a Caxton who has the right, if he pleases, to put a De before his name. I have grown very smart. I have taken a passion for dress—natural to eighteen. I like

every thing I do, and every one about me. I am over head and ears in love with Fanny Trevanion—who breaks my heart, nevertheless; for she flirts with two peers, a life-guardsman, three old members of parliament, Sir Sedley Beaudesert, one ambassador, and all his attachés, and, positively, (the audacious minx!) with a bishop, in full wig and apron, who, people say, means to marry again.

Pisistratus has lost colour and flesh. His mother says he is very much improved,—that he takes to be the natural effect produced by Stultz and varnished boots. Uncle Jack says he is “fined down.”

His father looks at him, and writes to Trevanion,—

“Dear T.—I refused a salary for my son. Give him a horse, and two hours a day to ride it. Yours, A. C.”

The next day I am master of a pretty bay mare, and riding by the side of Fanny Trevanion. Alas! alas!

CHAPTER XXV.

I have not mentioned my Uncle Roland. He is gone—abroad—to fetch his daughter. He has stayed longer than was expected. Does he seek his son still—there as here? My father has finished the first portion of his work, in two great volumes. Uncle Jack, who for some time has been looking melancholy, and who now seldom stirs out, except on Sundays, (on which days we all meet at my father's and dine together)—Uncle Jack, I say, has undertaken to sell it.

“Don't be over sanguine,” says Uncle Jack, as he locks up the MS. in two red boxes with a slit in the lids, which belonged to one of the defunct companies. “Don't be over sanguine as to the price. These publishers never venture much on a first experiment. They must be talked even into looking at the book.”

“Oh!” said my father, “if they will publish it at all, and at their own risk, I should not stand out for any other terms. ‘Nothing great,’ said Dryden, ‘ever came from a venal pen!’”

“An uncommonly foolish observation of Dryden's,” returned Uncle Jack: “he ought to have known better.”

“So he did,” said I, “for he used his pen to fill his pockets—poor man!”

“But the pen was not venal, master Anachronism,” said my father. “A baker is not to be called venal if he sells his loaves—he is venal if he sells himself: Dryden only sold his loaves.”

“And we must sell yours,” said Uncle Jack emphatically. “A thousand pounds a volume will be about the mark, eh?”

“A thousand pounds a volume?” cried my father. “Gibbon, I fancy, did not receive more.”

“Very likely; Gibbon had not an Uncle Jack to look after his interests,” said Mr Tibbets, laughing, and rubbing those smooth hands of his. “No! two thousand pounds the two volumes!—a sacrifice, but still I recommend moderation.”

“I should be happy, indeed, if the book brought in any thing,” said my father, evidently fascinated—“for that young gentleman is rather expensive; and you, my dear Jack;—perhaps half the sum may be of use to you!”

“To me! my dear brother,” cried Uncle Jack—“to me! why, when my new speculation has succeeded, I shall be a millionaire!”

"Have you a new speculation, Uncle?" said I anxiously. "What is it?"

"Mum!" said my uncle, putting his finger to his lip, and looking all round the room—"Mum!! Mum!!!"

PSISTRATUS.—"A Grand National Company for blowing up both Houses of Parliament!"

MR CAXTON.—"Upon my life, I hope something newer than that; for they, to judge by the newspapers, don't want brother Jack's assistance to blow up each other!"

UNCLE JACK, mysteriously. — "Newspapers! you don't often read a newspaper, Austin Caxton!"

MR CAXTON.—"Granted, John Tibbets!"

UNCLE JACK.—"But if my speculation made you read a newspaper every day?"

MR CAXTON, astounded.—"Made me read a newspaper every day!"

UNCLE JACK, warming, and expanding his hands to the fire.—"As big as the Times!"

MR CAXTON, uneasily. — "Jack, you alarm me!"

UNCLE JACK.—"And make you write in it, too,—a leader!"

MR CAXTON, pushing back his chair, seizes the only weapon at his command, and hurls at Uncle Jack a great sentence of Greek.—"*Τους μὲν γὰρ εἶναι χαλεπούς, ὅςτε λαὸν ἀνθρώπων φάγειν!*" *

UNCLE JACK, nothing daunted.—"Ay, and put as much Greek as you like into it!"

MR CAXTON, relieved, and softening.—"My dear Jack, you are a great man,—let us hear you!"

Then Uncle Jack began. Now, perhaps my readers may have remarked that this illustrious speculator was really fortunate in his ideas. His speculations in themselves always had something sound in the kernel, considering how barren they were in the fruit; and this it was that made him so dangerous. The idea Uncle Jack had now got hold of will, I am convinced, make a man's fortune one of these days; and I relate it with a sigh,

in thinking how much has gone out of the family. Know, then, it was nothing less than setting up a daily paper on the plan of the Times, but devoted entirely to Art, Literature, and Science—*Mental Progress* in short; I say on the plan of the Times, for it was to imitate the mighty machinery of that diurnal illuminator. It was to be the Literary Salmoneus of the political Jupiter: and rattle its thunder over the bridge of knowledge. It was to have correspondents in all parts of the globe; every thing that related to the chronicle of the mind, from the labour of a missionary in the South Sea islands, or the research of a traveller in pursuit of that mirage called Timbuctoo, to the last new novel at Paris, or the last great emendation of a Greek participle at a German university, was to find a place in this focus of light. It was to amuse, to instruct, to interest—there was nothing it was not to do. Not a man in the whole reading public, not only of the three kingdoms, not only of the British empire, but under the cope of heaven, that it was not to touch somewhere, in head, in heart, or in pocket. The most crotchety member of the intellectual community might find his own hobby in those stables.

"Think," cried Uncle Jack—"think of the march of mind—think of the passion for cheap knowledge—think how little quarterly, monthly, weekly journals can keep pace with the main wants of the age. As well have a weekly journal on politics, as a weekly journal on all the matters still more interesting than politics to the mass of the public. My Literary Times once started, people will wonder how they had ever lived without it! Sir, they have not lived without it—they have vegetated—they have lived in holes and caves like the Trogglidikes."

"Troglydytes," said my father mildly—"from *troggle*, a cave—and *dumi*, to go under. They lived in Ethiopia, and had their wives in common."

"As to the last point, I don't say that the Public, poor creatures, are as

* "Some were so barbarous as to eat their own species." The sentence refers to the Scythians, and is in Strabo. I mention the authority, for Strabo is not an author that any man engaged on a less work than the History of Human Error is expected to have by heart.

bad as that," said Uncle Jack candidly; "but no simile holds good in all its points. And the public are not less Troggledummies, or whatever you call them, compared with what they will be when living under the full light of my Literary Times. Sir, it will be a revolution in the world. It will bring literature out of the clouds into the parlour, the cottage, the kitchen. The idlest dandy, the finest fine lady, will find something to her taste; the busiest man of the mart and counter will find some acquisition to his practical knowledge. The practical man will see the progress of divinity, medicine, nay, even law. Sir, the Indian will read me under the banyan; I shall be in the seraglios of the East; and over my sheets the American Indian will smoke the calumet of peace. We shall reduce politics to its proper level in the affairs of life—raise literature to its due place in the thoughts and business of men. It is a grand thought; and my heart swells with pride while I contemplate it!"

"My dear Jack," said my father, seriously, and rising with emotion, "it is a grand thought, and I honour you for it! You are quite right—it would be a revolution! It would educate mankind insensibly. Upon my life, I should be proud to write a leader, or a paragraph. Jack, you will immortalise yourself!"

"I believe I shall," said Uncle Jack, modestly; "but I have not said a word yet on the greatest attraction of all—"

"Ah! and that—"

"THE ADVERTISEMENTS!" cried my uncle, spreading his hands, with all the fingers at angles, like the threads of a spider's web. "The advertisements—oh, think of them!—a perfect *El Dorado*. The advertisements, sir, on the most moderate calculation, will bring us in £50,000 a-year. My dear Pisistratus, I shall never marry, you are my heir. Embrace me!"

So saying, my Uncle Jack threw himself upon me, and squeezed out of breath the prudential demur that was rising to my lips.

My poor mother, between laughing

and sobbing, faltered out—"And it is my brother who will pay back to his son all, all he gave up for me!"

While my father walked to and fro the room, more excited than ever I saw him before, muttering,—“A sad useless dog I have been hitherto! I should like to serve the world! I should indeed!”

Uncle Jack had fairly done it this time! He had found out the only bait in the world to catch so shy a carp as my father—"heret lehalis arundo." I saw that the deadly hook was within an inch of my father's nose, and that he was gazing at it with a fixed determination to swallow.

But if it amused my father? Boy that I was, I saw no further. I must own I myself was dazzled, and perhaps, with childlike malice, delighted at the perturbation of my betters. The young carp was pleased to see the waters so playfully in movement, when the old carp waved his tail, and swayed himself on his fins.

"Mum!" said Uncle Jack, releasing me: "not a word to Mr Trevanion. to any one."

"But why?"

"Why? God bless my soul. Why? If my scheme gets wind, do you suppose some one will not clap on sail to be before me? You frighten me out of my senses. Promise me faithfully to be silent as the grave—"

"I should like to hear Trevanion's opinion too—"

"As well hear the town-crier! Sir, I have trusted to your honour. Sir, at the domestic hearth all secrets are sacred. Sir, I—"

"My dear Uncle Jack, you have said quite enough. Not a word will I breathe!"

"I'm sure you may trust him, Jack," said my mother.

"And I do trust him—with wealth untold," replied my uncle. "May I ask you for a little water—with a trifle of brandy in it—and a biscuit, or indeed a sandwich. This talking makes me quite hungry."

My eye fell upon Uncle Jack as he spoke. Poor Uncle Jack, he had grown thin!

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE II.

It has been the fortune of England to have undergone more revolutions than any other kingdom of Europe. Later periods have made Revolution synonymous with popular violence; but the more effectual revolution is that which, being required by the necessities of a people, is directed by the national judgment. It is not the convulsion of a tempest, which, if it purifies the air, strips the soil; it is a change, not of temperature but of the seasons, gradual but irresistible; it is a great operation of moral Nature, in every change preparing for the more abundant provision of public prosperity.

It is an equally remarkable contrast to the condition of other kingdoms, that while their popular revolutions have almost always plunged the country into confusion, and been ultimately rectified only by the salutary despotism of some powerful master, the hazards of our revolutions have chiefly originated in personal ambition, and have been reduced to order by popular sentiment.

The Reformation was the first *great* revolution of England: it formed the national circle of light and darkness. All beyond it was civil war, arbitrary power, and popular wretchedness—all within it has been progress, growing vigour, increasing illumination, and more systematic liberty. Like the day, it had its clouds; but the sun was still above, ready to shine through their first opening. That sun has not yet stooped from its meridian, and will go down, only when we forget to honour the Beneficence and the power which commanded it to shine.

The accession of the Hanoverian line was one of those peaceful revolutions—it closed the era of Jacobitism. The reign of Anne had vibrated between the principles of the constitution and the principles of Charles II. Never was a balance more evenly poised, than the fate of freedom against the return to arbitrary power. Anne

herself was a Jacobite—she had all the superstition of “Divine right.” By her nature she had the infirmities of the convent. She was evidently fitter to be an abbess than a queen: a character of frigidness and formality designated her for the cloister; and if the Hanoverian succession had not been palpably prepared before the national eye, to ascend the throne at the moment when the royal coffin sank into the vault, England might have seen the profligate son of James dealing out vengeance through a corrupted or terrified legislature; the Reformation extinguished by the Inquisitor; the Jesuit at the royal ear, mass in Westminster Abbey, and the scaffold the instrument of conversion to the supremacy of Rome.

The expulsion of the Stuarts had left the throne to the disposal of the nation. By the Bill of Rights, it was determined that the succession should go to the heirs of William and Mary; and, in their default, to Anne, daughter of James. But the deaths of Mary, and of the Duke of Gloucester, awoke the hopes of Popery and the cabals of Jacobitism once more. The danger was imminent. William became deeply anxious for the Protestant succession, and a bill was brought into the House of Commons, declaring that the crown should devolve on the Electress Sophia, Duchess-dowager of Hanover, and her heirs,—the Electress of Hanover (or more correctly, of Brunswick and Lüneburg) being the tenth child of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., the only Protestant princess among the foreign relations of the line. The next in succession to Anne in the Roman Catholic line would have been the houses of Savoy, France, and Spain, through Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. This order of succession was made law by the 12th of William III., and confirmed in the next session by the Abjuration Act, (13th William,) so named from the oath *abjuring* the Pretender.

It is striking to observe how many

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high matters of legislation have seemed the work of casualty. The Habeas Corpus Act, confessedly the noblest achievement of British liberty since Magna Charta, was said to have been carried by a mistake in counting the votes of the House; the limitation to the Electress was proposed by a half-lunatic; the oath of abjuration was carried but by a majority of one; and the Reform Bill, which, though a measure as doubtful in its principles as disappointing in its promises, has yet exercised an extraordinary power over the constitution, was carried in its second reading by a majority of only one.

It is more important to observe how large a share of legislation, in the reign of Anne, was devoted to the security of the Protestant succession. The 4th, 6th, and 10th of Anne are occupied in devising clauses to give it force. It was guaranteed in all the great diplomatic transactions of the reign,—in the Dutch Treaty of 1706, in the Barrier Treaty of 1709, in the Guarantee Treaty of 1713, and in the Treaty of Utrecht of the same year, between England and France, and England and Spain.

This diligence and determination seem wholly due to the spirit of the people. The Queen was almost a Jacobite; her ministers carried on correspondences with the family of James; there was scarcely a man of influence in public life who had not an agent at St Germain. Honest scruples, too, had been long entertained among individuals of high rank. Six of the seven bishops who had so boldly resisted the arrogance of James, shrank from repudiating the claims of his son. It is true, that nothing could be feebler than their reasons; for nothing could be more evident than the treason of James to the oath which he had sworn at his coronation. Its violation was his virtual dethronement—his abdication was his actual dethronement; and the principles of his family, all Papists like himself, rendered it impossible to possess freedom of conscience, while any one of a race of bigots and tyrants retained the power to oppress. Thus the nation only vindicated itself, and used only the common rights of self-

defence; and used them only in the calm and deliberate forms of self-preservation.

This strong abhorrence of the exiled family arose alike from a sense of religion, and a sense of fear. The people had seen with disgust and disdain the persecution of Protestantism by the French King. They had seen the scandalous treachery which had broken all compacts, the ostentatious falsehood which had trafficked in promises, and the remorseless cruelty which had strewed the Protestant provinces with dead. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave a sanguinary and perpetual caution "not to put their trust in princes;" and the generous spirit of the people, doubly excited by scorn for the persecutor, and pity for his victims, was thenceforth armed in panoply alike against the arts and the menaces of Jacobitism and Popery. So it has been, and so may it ever be. The Stuarts have passed away—they mouldered from the sight of men; they have no more place or name on earth; they have been sunk in the mire of their monkism; their "drowned honour" is incapable of being plucked up even "by the locks;" but their principles survive, and against their corruption we must guard the very air we breathe.

The Electress, a woman of remarkable intelligence, died in 1714, in her 84th year. The Queen died in the August following. George I., Elector of Brunswick, son of Sophia, arrived in England in September, and was King of the fairest empire in the world. He was then fifty-four years old.

The habits of George I. were Continental—a phrase which implies all of laxity that is consistent with the etiquette of a court. His personal reign was anxious, troubled, and toilsome; but the nation prospered, and the era had evidently arrived when the character of the sitter on the throne had ceased to attract the interest, or influence the conduct of the nation. The King had no taste for the fine arts: he had no knowledge of literature. He had served in the army, like all the German princes, but had served without distinction. He loved Hanoverian life, and he was incapable of enjoying the life of England. He lived long enough to be

easily forgotten, and died of apoplexy on his way to *Hanover*!

George II., the chief object of these *Memoirs*, only son of George I. and Sophia Dorothea, was forty-four at his accession. In 1705 he had married Caroline, daughter of the Marquise of Brandenburg-Anspach.

The reign of George II. was the era of another revolution—the supremacy of ministers. A succession of ambitious and able men governed the country by parties. The King was intelligent and active, yet they controlled him, until he found his chief task to be limited to obedience. He was singularly fond of power, and openly jealous of authority, but his successive ministers were the virtual masters of the crown. His chief vexations arose from their struggles for office; and his only compensation to his injured feelings was, in dismissing one cabinet, to find himself shackled by another. He seems to have lived in a state of constant ebullition with the world—speaking sarcastically of every leading person of his own society, and on harsh terms with his family. His personal habits were incapable of being praised, even by flattery, and the names of the Walmodens, the Deloraines, and the Howards, still startle the graver sensibilities of our time.

But his public conduct forms a striking contrast to those painful scenes. He was bold in conception and diligent in business. He felt the honour of being an English king; and though he wasted time and popularity in his childish habit of making his escape to *Hanover* whenever he could, he offered no wilful offence to the feelings of the people. His letters on public affairs exhibit strong sense, and he had the wisdom to leave his finance in the hands of Walpole, and the manliness to suffer himself to be afterwards eclipsed by the lustre of Chatham. His reign, which had begun in difficulties, and was carried on in perils, closed in triumph.—The French navy was swept from the ocean; the battle of the Heights of Abraham gave him Canada; the battle of *Plassy* gave him India; and at his death, in 1760, at the age of seventy-seven, he left England in a blaze of glory.

The death of George I. had brought Walpole forward as the minister of his son. The story of Sir Spencer Compton has been often told, but never so well as in these *Memoirs*. The King died on the 11th of June 1727 at Osnaburg. The news reached Walpole on the 14th, at his villa in Chelsea. He immediately went to Richmond to acquaint the Prince of Wales with this momentous intelligence. The Prince was asleep after dinner, according to his custom; but he was awakened for the intelligence, which he appeared to receive with surprise. Yet, neither the sense of his being raised to a throne, nor the natural feelings of such an occasion, prevented the exhibition of his dislike to Walpole. On being asked, when it was his pleasure that the Council should be summoned, the King's abrupt answer was, "Go to Chiswick, and take your directions from Sir Spencer Compton." Sir Robert bore this ill-usage with his habitual philosophy, and went to Compton at once. There he acted with his usual address; told him that he was minister, and requested his protection: declaring that he had no desire for power or business, but wished to have one of the "white sticks," as a mark that he was still under the shelter of the crown.

Lord Hervey delights in portraiture, and his portraits generally have a bitter reality, which at once proves the truth of the likeness and the severity of the artist. He daguerreotypes all his generation. He thus describes Sir Spencer: "He was a plodding, heavy fellow, with great application but no talents; with vast complaisance for a court; always more concerned for the manner of the thing than for the thing itself; fitter for a clerk to a minister than for a minister to a prince. His only pleasures were money and eating; his only knowledge forms and precedents; and his only insinuation bows and smiles." Walpole and he went together to the Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, but laid up with the gout. Lord Hervey's sketch of him is certainly not flattering—but such is the price paid by personal feebleness for public station—"He was more able as a virtuoso than a statesman, and a much better jockey than a politician."

At the council Sir Spencer took Walpole aside, and begged of him, as a speech would be necessary for the King in Council, that, as Sir Robert was more accustomed to that sort of composition than himself, he should go into another room, and make a draft of the speech. Sir Robert retired to draw up his paper, and Sir Spencer went to Leicester Fields, where the King and Queen were already, followed by all who had any thing to ask, or any thing to hope—a definition which seems to have included the whole of what, in later parlance, are called the fashionable world. Whether the present sincerity of court life is purer than of old may be doubtful, but the older manners were certainly the more barefaced. When the new premier was returning to his coach he walked through a lane of “bowers,” all shouldering each other to pay adoration to the new idol.

During the four days of the King's remaining in town, Leicester House, which used to be a desert, was “thronged from morning till night, like the ‘Change at noon.” But Walpole walked through those rooms “as if they had been empty.” The same people who were officiously, a week before, crowding the way to flatter his prosperity, were now getting out of it to avoid sharing his disgrace. Horace Walpole says, that his mother could not make her way to pay her respects to the King and Queen between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the Queen than the third or fourth row, until the Queen cried out,—“There, I am sure I see a friend.” The torrent then divided, and shrank to either side. In short, Walpole, with his brother Horace, ambassador to France, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Townshend, the two Secretaries of State, were all conceived to be as much undone, as a pasha on the arrival of the janizary with the bowstring.

The evidences, it must be owned, seemed remarkably strong. The King had openly, and more than once, called Walpole “rogue and rascal;” he had called the ambassador “a scoundrel and a fool;” he had declared his utter contempt for the Duke, and his determination never to forgive him. Townshend fared still worse. The King

looked on him to be no more an honest man than an able minister, and attributed all the confusion in foreign affairs to the heat of his temper and his scanty genius, to the strength of his passions and the weakness of his understanding. There can be no doubt that a minister of foreign affairs, with those qualities, might become a very mischievous animal.

On Compton's receiving the speech drawn up by Walpole, he carried it, in his own handwriting, to the King. The King objected to a paragraph, which Sir Spencer Compton was either unwilling or unable to amend; and not being satisfied of his own powers of persuasion, he actually solicited Walpole to go to the King, and persuade him to leave it as it was! The Queen, who was the friend of Walpole, instantly took advantage of this singular acknowledgment of inferiority, and advised the King to retain the man whom his intended successor so clearly acknowledged to be his superior.

Nothing can be more evident than that Sir Spencer played the fool egregiously. To place a rival in immediate communication with the King was, at least, an unusual way of supplanting him; while, to give him the advantage of his authorship, by sending him to explain it to the King, would have been ridiculous under any circumstances. But there are no miracles in politics; and he was evidently so far convinced of his own security, that the idea of a rival was out of the question. Compton had been all his life a political personage. He had been Paymaster; he had been Speaker in three Parliaments; he was *au fait* in the routine of office; and he had evidently received the King's order to make a ministry. But we have had such sufficient proof in our own time that princes and kings are different persons according to circumstances, that we can perfectly comprehend the cessation of the royal favouritism on one side, and of the royal aversion on the other. The civil list was still to be voted—the subject dearest to the royal heart. Walpole was noted for financial management, and Compton's awkwardness in the preceding transaction might well have startled the monarch. The general result

was, that Walpole remained minister, Compton was quietly put out of the way with a peerage, as Lord Wilmington, and an enormous civil list was carried, with but a single vote, that of Mr William Shippen, against it. The civil list was little less than £900,000 a-year, an immense revenue, when we consider that the value of money at that time probably made it equal to double the sum now. The present civil list would be practically not much more than a fourth of the amount in 1777. The Queen's jointure was equally exorbitant; it was £100,000 a-year, besides Somerset House and Richmond Lodge, a sum amounting to double what any Queen of England had before.

Walpole was now paramount; he had purchased his supremacy by his official prodigality. Lord Hervey thinks that he was still hurt by two mortifications—the displacement of his son-in-law, Lord Malpas, and of Sir William Yonge, a Lord of the Treasury, and his notorious tool. But, contrasting those trifling changes with the plenitude of Walpole's power, and recollecting the extraordinary wiliness of his nature, it seems not improbable that he either counselled or countenanced those dismissals, to escape the invidiousness of absolute power; for both Malpas and Yonge clung to the court, and, after a decent interval, were replaced in office. Walpole was, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of personal dexterity in the annals of statesmanship. Without eloquence in the House, or character out of it; without manners in the court, or virtue any where, he continued to hold supreme ministerial power for nearly a quarter of a century, under the most jealous of kings, with the weakest of cabinets, against the most powerful Opposition, and in the midst of the most contemptuous people. His power seems even to have grown out of those sinister elements. By constantly balancing them against each other, by at once awaking fears and exciting hopes, he deluded all the fools, and enlisted all the knaves of public life in his cause. The permanency of his office, however, wholly rested upon the Queen; and he had the dexterity to discover, from the moment of the Royal accession, that, insulted as she

was by the King's conduct, she was the true source of ministerial power. He accordingly adhered to her, in all the fluctuations of the court, appeared to consult her on all occasions, studied her opinions, and provided for her expenses. The want of money, or its possession, seem to have exerted an extraordinary influence on the higher ranks in those days; and one of the first acts of Walpole was to offer the Queen £60,000 a-year. Sir Spencer Compton had been impolitic enough to propose but £40,000, on the ground that this sum had been sufficient for Charles II.'s queen. The sum was at last settled at £50,000, and the donor was not forgotten.

But it seems impossible to doubt, that Walpole's character was essentially corrupt; that he regarded corruption as a legitimate source of power; that he bribed every man whom he had the opportunity to bribe; that he laughed at political integrity, and did his best to extinguish the little that existed; that no minister ever went further to degrade the character of public life; and that the period of his supremacy is a general blot upon the reign, the time, and the people.

The celebrated Burke, in that magnanimous partiality which disposed him to overlook the vices of individuals in the effect of their measures, has given a high-flown panegyric on the administration of Walpole; but the whole is a brilliant paradox. He looked only to the strength of the Brunswick succession, and, taking his stand upon that height, from which he surveyed grand results alone, neglected or disdained to examine into the repulsive detail. Seeing before him a national harvest of peace and plenty, he never condescended to look to the gross and offensive material by which the furrow was fertilised. Nothing is more certain, than that the daily acts of Walpole would now stamp a ministry with shame—that no man would dare now to express the sentiments which form the maxims of the minister; and that any one of the acts which, though they passed with many a sneer, yet passed with practical impunity, in the days of George II., would have ruined the proudest individual, and extinguished

the most powerful cabinet, of the last fifty years.

The arguments which Lord Hervey puts into the lips of the Queen are scarcely less corrupt in another style. She tells the King not merely that Walpole's long experience and known abilities would make him the best minister, but that his simply being in power would make him the most submissive—that his having made a vast fortune already would make him less solicitous about his own interest—that *new* leeches would be more hungry. and that, Walpole's fortune being made, he would have nothing in view but serving the King, and securing the government, to keep what he had got—closing all this grave advice with that maxim of consummate craft, that in royal breasts both enmity and friendship alike should always give way to policy. If such were to be regarded as the habitual rules of the highest rank, well might we remonstrate against their baseness. The bigotry of James, or the morals of Charles II., would be preferable to this scandalous selfishness. But those maxims have never found tolerance among the people of England. We are to recollect that they came from a despotic soil, that they were the wisdom of courts where the great corrective of state-craft, public opinion, was unknown; that they were the courage of the timid, and the integrity of the intriguing; and that the maxims, the manners, and the system, have alike been long since consigned to a deserved and contemptuous oblivion.

By much the best part of Lord Hervey's authorship consists in his characters of public personages. No rank is suffered to shield any man. He exercises a sort of Egyptian judgment even upon kings, and pronounces sentence upon their faults with all the indignation of posthumous virtue. The King of France at that period had begun to exercise a powerful influence over Europe. France, always liable to great changes, had been for half a century almost prostrated before the great powers of Europe. The triumphs of Marlborough in the earliest years of the century had swept her armies from the field, as the close of the preceding century had desolated the industry of her southern provinces

by persecution. The supremacy of the Regent had subsequently dissolved almost the whole remaining force of public character in a flood of profligacy, and the reigning King was perhaps the most profligate man in the most licentious nation of the world. The description of him in these volumes is equally disdainful and true. "I cannot," says Lord Hervey, "by the best accounts I have had, and by what I have myself seen of this insensible piece of royalty, venture absolutely to say that he was of a good or bad disposition, for, more properly speaking, he was of no disposition at all. He was neither merciful nor cruel, without affection or enmity, without gratitude or resentment, and, to all appearance, without pleasure or pain." His actions are described as resembling more the mechanical movements of an automaton, than the effects of will and reason. The state of his mind seemed to be a complete apathy, neither acting nor acted on. If he had any passion, it was avarice; and if he took pleasure in any amusement, it was in gaming. It is observed that he had not any share in the "epidemic gaiety that runs through the French nation." He appeared to take as little pleasure as he gave, to live to as little purpose to himself as to any body else, and to have no more joy in being King, than his people had advantage in being his subjects.

It was the good fortune of France to be governed at this period by Cardinal Fleury, a man of no distinction for talents, yet possessing a plain, practical understanding, habitual prudence, and personal honesty. But his most important qualification was a remarkable absence of the passion for disturbing the world, which seems to have made him an exception to all Frenchmen since the days of Julius Cæsar. Fleury loved peace, and was so far an illustrious anomaly in French nature. Something of this singular contradiction to his countrymen may have arisen from his being eighty years old, from his habits as an ecclesiastic, and from his being fully acquainted with the fact, that France had not the power to go to war. The result of this policy was not merely tranquillising to Europe, but fortunate

for France. Her task was to recover from the wasteful wars of Louis XIV., from the general corruption of the Regency, from the financial follies of the Mississippi scheme, and from the weak and rapacious ministry of the Duke of Bourbon. The administration of Cardinal Fleury met all her evils, and met them with patience, and thus with success. France has been always the great disturber of Europe, and will be so whenever she has the power to disturb; but the old Cardinal, conscious of her helplessness, applied himself to restrain her ambition, and taught her that the indulgence of vanity was no compensation for defeat, and that war was folly, at least until success was possible. Under this rational course of government, the public mind was turned to intellectual advancement and national industry. Paris, instead of being the centre of European profligacy, rapidly became the centre of European science. A succession of extraordinary men threw light upon every kingdom of nature and knowledge. The Continent actually basked in the beams of France; her language became universal, her literature the general model, her taste the leader of European refinement, her manners the standard of fashion to the world; and, at the accession of the unfortunate Louis XVI., Paris, the court, and the people, possessed an acknowledged supremacy over the opinions, the habits, and the accomplishments of Europe, to which no kingdom of the modern world has ever exhibited a parallel.

The closing period of the eighteenth century has already been given to the world by a historian equal to the magnitude of his subject. The "History of the French Revolution," by Alison, will never be superseded. The extent of its information, the clearness of its details, the freshness and fidelity of its descriptions, and the force and vividness of its language, place it at the head of all contemporary annals. But we should wish also to see a History of the whole preceding portion of the century. The French Revolution was a result: we should desire to see the origin. It was a burst of gigantic violence, and gigantic strength: we should desire to

have the primal *myth* of this assault of the Titans; the narrative of their growth, their passions, and their powers, until the moment when they moved against the battlements of all that was lofty, magnificent, and glittering in the land. There is nothing without a cause on earth,—*accident* is a name which has no place in the Providential supremacy of things. To investigate the sources of even the common events of nature, is a subject worthy of the philosopher. But there never was a time when it was more important to connect its mightier changes with the mystery in which they find their birth; to ascertain the laws of national convulsion; to fix the theory of moral storms and inundations. Such would be among the highest services, as they might administer to the most effective security of the social system.

It strikes us, that our chief historians have hitherto limited their view too much to England: a broader view would have been more productive. The combinations of this great country with the Continental kingdoms; the contrasts furnished by them all; the variety in their means of working out the same object of national power; their comparative tardiness; even their failures, would have supplied new conceptions of history, and have added alike to the illustration and the interest of that political science which is among the noblest bequests of a great nation to posterity. We are fully convinced that politics, rightly examined, will be found to constitute a *system*, as much as astronomy, and that a *solitary* kingdom would be as much a contradiction to nature as a solitary star.

We now glance over the pages of these volumes: they are very amusing. If they do not give the court *costumes* of a hundred years ago, they give the mental costumes. The witty and the wise, the great and the little, pass before the eye with the rapidity and the oddity of the figures in a show-box. Kings, queens, and courtiers are exhibited to the life; and, harsh as their physiognomies may sometimes seem, the exhibition is always amusing.

The King was generally regarded as being governed by his wife, and the opinion was not the less general because the King constantly boasted of his own independence. One day, alluding to this subject, he said, "Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, James by his priests, William by his men-favourites, and Anne by her women-favourites." He then turned with a significant and satisfied air, and asked, "Who do they say governs now?" The political squibs of the time were, however, of a different opinion from the King. For example—

"You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill
all be in vain,

We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that
reign—

You govern no more than Don Philip of
Spain.

Then, if you would have us fall down and
adore you,

Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did
before you."

The "dapper" was an allusion to the King's figure, which was much under size. The locking up was an allusion to the imprisonment of the wife of George I., whom, by an atrocious act of cruelty, he had shut up in one of his castles for thirty-two years. It argues something in favour of the progress of public opinion, that in our day the most despotic or powerful sovereign of Europe would not dare to commit an act, which was then committed with perfect impunity by a little German Elector. Another of those squibs began—

"Since England was England there never
was seen

So strutting a King, and so prating
Queen."

The first of those brought Lord Scarborough into a formidable scrape; for, being taxed by the King with having seen it, evidently in private, the King demanded to know who had shown it to him. Scarborough declared that he was on his honour, not to reveal it. On this the King became furious, and said to him, "Had I been Lord Scarborough in this situation, and you king, the man should have shot me, or I him, who ~~had~~ dared to affront me in the person of my master, by showing me such insolent nonsense!" His Lordship replied,

that he never told his Majesty it was a man from whom he had it. He consequently left the King, (who never spoke to him for three months after,) almost as much irritated against him as the author.

Lord Hervey's portrait of the celebrated Chesterfield is a work of elaborate peevishness. It has all the marks of an angry rival, and all the caricature of a pen dipped in personal mortification. He allows him wit, but with an utter "mismanagement in its use;" talent without common-sense, and a ridiculous propensity to love-making, with an ungainly face and a repulsive figure. This character is new to those who have been so long accustomed to regard Chesterfield even on the more unfavourable side of his character. To his admirers the portrait is of course intolerable; but we must leave some future biographer to settle those matters with the ghost of his libeller.

An anecdote is given illustrative of the violence of Lord Townshend's temper, and the cutting calmness of Walpole's. Townshend was a man of considerable powers, but singularly irritable. He had been from an early period engaged in office, and was a constant debater in the House. His temper, however, made him so publicly disliked, and his selfishness so much alienated public men, that when he left office he did not leave a regret behind. He was followed only by epigrams, of which one is given—

"With such a head, and such a heart,
If fortune fails to take thy part,
And long continues thus unkind,
She must be deaf as well as blind,
And, quite reversing every rule,
Nor see the knave, nor hear the fool."

Lord Townshend had been Foreign Secretary, and Walpole had to defend his blunders in the Commons. This made the latter anxious, and the former jealous. Another source of discontent was added, probably with still greater effect. Walpole, who had begun as a subordinate to Townshend, had risen above him. He had begun poor, and now exceeded him in fortune; and, as the last offence, he had built Houghton, a much handsomer mansion than Lord Townshend's house at Raynham, which his lordship had once con-

sidered as the boast of Norfolk. Thus both were in a condition for perpetual squabble. The anecdote to which we have alluded was this:—One evening, at Windsor, on the Queen's asking Walpole and Townshend where they had dined that day, the latter said that he had dined at home with Lord and Lady Trevor; on which Walpole said to her Majesty, smiling, "My lord, Madam, I think, is grown *coquet* from a long widowhood, and has some design upon my Lady Trevor; for his assiduity of late, in that family, is grown so much beyond common civility, that without this solution I know not how to account for it." The burlesque of this not very decorous observation was obvious, for Lady Trevor was nearly seventy years old, and, besides being a woman of character, was of the "most forbidding countenance that natural ugliness, age, and small-pox, ever compounded."

But Townshend, affecting to take the remark literally, replied with great warmth—"No, sir, I am not one of those fine gentlemen who find no time of life, nor any station in the world, preservatives against follies and immoralities that are hardly excusable when youth and idleness make us most liable," &c., &c. In short, his lordship made a speech in which his voice trembled, and every limb shook with passion. But Walpole, always master of his temper, made him no other answer than asking him with a smile, and in a very mild tone of voice, "What, my lord, all this for Lady Trevor!"

The Queen grew uneasy, and, to avoid Townshend's replying, only laughed, and turned the conversation.

An anecdote is told of the Duchess of Queensberry's being forbid the court; which belongs to the literary history of the cleverest opera in our own or any other language—Gay's famous production. Walpole, justly regarding himself as caricatured in the "Beggars' Opera," obtained the Duke of Grafton's authority as Lord Chamberlain to suppress the representation of his next opera, "Polly." Gay resolved to publish it by subscription, and his patroness, the Duchess of Queensberry, put herself

at the head of the undertaking, and solicited every person she met, to subscribe. As the Duchess was handsome, a wit, and of the first fashion, she obtained guineas in all directions, even from those who dreaded to encourage this act of defiance. The Duchess's zeal, however, increased with her success; and she even came to the drawing-room, and under the very eye of majesty solicited subscriptions for a play which the monarch had forbidden to be acted. When the King came into the drawing-room, seeing the Duchess very busy in a corner with three or four persons, he asked her what she was doing. She answered, "What must be agreeable, she was sure, to any body so humane as his Majesty, for it was an act of charity; and a charity to which she did not despair of bringing his Majesty to contribute." This proceeding was so much resented, that Mr Stanhope, vice-chamberlain to the King, was sent in form to the Duchess to forbid her coming to court. The message was verbal; but she desired to send a written answer—wrote it on the spot—and thus furnished a document, whose style certainly exhibited more sincerity than courtiership.

"That the Duchess of Queensberry is surprised and well pleased that the King has given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen. She hopes that, by such an unprecedented order as this, the King will see as few as he wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think or speak truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the very highest compliment I could possibly pay the King, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house—particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

•
"C. QUEENSBERRY."

When her Grace had finished this

paper, drawn up, as Lord Hervey observes, "with more spirit than accuracy," Stanhope requested of her to think again, and give him a more courtly message to deliver. The Duchess took her pen and wrote another, but it was so much more disrespectful, that he asked for the former one and delivered it.

There was, of course, a prodigious quantity of court gossip on this occasion: and, doubtless, though some pretended to be shocked, many were pleased at the sting of royalty, and many more were amused at the dashing oddity of the Duchess. But public opinion, on the whole, blamed the court. It certainly was infinitely childish in the King, to have inquired into what the Duchess was doing among her acquaintances in the drawing-room; it was equally beneath the natural notions of royal dignity that the King should put himself in a state of hostility with a subject, and in so trifling a matter as the subscription to an unpublished play; and it was equally impolitic, for the world was sure to range itself on the side of the woman, especially when that woman was handsome, eccentric, and rich. It produced some inconvenience, however, to the lady's husband, as he, in consequence, gave up the office of Admiral of Scotland.

The history of the "Beggar's Opera" is still one of those mysticisms which perplex the chroniclers of the stage. It has been attributed to the joint conception of Swift, Pope, and Gay. The original idea probably belonged to Swift, who, in that fondness for contrasts, and contempt of romance, which belonged to him in every thing, had observed, "What a pretty thing a Newgate pastoral would make!" Pope may have given hints for the epigrammatic pungency of the dialogue; while the general workmanship may have been left to Gay. It is scarcely possible to doubt the sharp and worldly hand of Swift in some of the scenes and songs. Pope may have polished the dialogue, or nerved some of the songs, otherwise it is difficult to account for the total failure of all those characters of sternness, sharpness, and knowledge of the world, in Gay's subsequent and unassisted drama, "Polly." For, as the note on the

subject observes, nothing can be more dull and less sarcastic, or, in fact, less applicable to either public characters or public events than the latter opera, against which a prime minister levelled the hostilities of the Lord Chamberlain, and engaged the indignation of the King.

Gay had been a dependant on Mrs Howard, — a matter which, in the scandalous laxity of the time, was by no means disgraceful. He had been solicitor for some place under the court, and had been disappointed. But the "Beggar's Opera" had been written before his disappointment. Of course, it is unlikely that he should have then thought of burlesquing the minister. His disappointment, however, may have given him new intentions, and a few touches from Swift's powerful hand might have transformed Macheath, Peachum, and Lockit into the fac-similes of the premier and his cabinet. It is remarkable that Gay had never attempted any thing of the kind before, nor after. His solitary muse was the very emblem of feebleness, his ambition never soared beyond a salary, and his best authorship was fables.

As ours is the day when rioting is popular, and rebels in every country are modellers of government, it may be amusing to remember how those matters were managed in the last century. The history of the famous Excise scheme, which in its day convulsed England, and finally shook the most powerful of all ministers out of the most powerful of all cabinets, is amongst the curious anecdotes of a time full of eccentricity. Walpole was no more superior to the effects of prosperity than honest men. Long success had confirmed him in a belief of its perpetual power; and the idea that, with a court wholly at his disposal, with a Queen for his agent, a King almost for his subject, the peerage waiting his nod, and the commons in his pay, he could be cast down and shattered like a plaster image, seems never to have entered into his dreams. But in this plenitude of power, whether to exercise his supremacy, or for the mere want of something to do, it occurred to him to relieve the country gentlemen by reducing the land-tax to a shilling in the pound, turning the duty on

tobacco and wine, then payable on importation, into inland duties,—that is, changing customs on those two commodities into excise. By which scheme, and the continuation of the salt-duty, he proposed to improve the revenue half a million a-year, so as to supply the abatement of the shilling in the pound. The plan seemed feasible, and it also appeared likely to attract popularity among the country gentlemen, who had frequently complained of the pressure of the land-tax—two shillings in the pound.

The result, however, showed that a man may govern a court who is unequal to govern a people. The very mention of excise raised a universal storm,—all kinds of exaggerations flew through the land. The subject, at no time popular, was converted into a source of frantic indignation. The orators alleged, that if excise was once to be made a substitute for the land-tax, it might be made a substitute for every tax; that if it was laid on wine and tobacco, it would soon be laid on corn and clothing; that every man's house would be at the mercy of excise-officers, whose numbers would amount to a standing army, and of the most obnoxious kind, an army of tax-gatherers; that liberty must perish; Magna Charta be not worth its own parchment; parliament be voted useless; and the monarch, who could extract every shilling from the pockets of his subjects under the pretext of an excise, might soon ride roughshod over the liberties of England. Petition on petition, of course, showered into parliament; the boroughs angrily advised their representatives to vote against the measure; and the towns and cities haughtily commanded their parliamentary delegates to resist all extension of the excise, however qualified, corrected, or modelled by the minister.

Walpole was thunderstruck; but he still relied upon his fortune. His friends crowded round him with entreaties that he would abandon the measure. But his argument was the argument of infatuation—the old absurdity of exposing himself to immediate ruin, through fear of being ruined at some future time, which might never arrive. In fact, his flexibility, which often saves a minister, was sud-

denly exchanged for the stubbornness which is the ministerial road to ruin. At last the memorable day came, March 14, 1743, when the bill was to be presented to parliament. It was reported that thousands of the people would block up the House, and there was a general order for constables, peace-officers, and the Guards to be in readiness. The mob, however, were neither so numerous nor so unruly as was expected. The debate was long, and the question was carried for the excise scheme by a majority of 61—the numbers being 204 and 265. The King was so anxious on the subject, that he made Lord Hervey write to him from the House at five o'clock; and, when the debate broke up at one in the morning, and Lord Hervey came to St James's to mention the result, the King carried him into the Queen's bedchamber, and kept him there till three in the morning, (without having dined;) asking him ten thousand questions, not merely about the speeches, but the very looks of the speakers.

The memoirs of persons in high life have a certain use for those who will draw the true moral from them; which is, that the highest rank is by no means the happiest. The exterior glitters to the eye, and doubtless there are few pedestrians who would not rejoice to drive in a gilt coach, with a squadron of hussars prancing round them. But the Memoirs of George II. and his Queen, altogether independently of private character, give formidable evidence of the cares which haunt even thrones. Yet, perhaps, there was no more palmy state of public affairs than that which saw George and Caroline on the throne. The country was in profound peace, commerce was flourishing, there was no impediment to the wheels of society—neither famine nor pestilence, nor rebellion; and yet distress, vexation, and perplexity seem to be as frequent inmates of the palace as they could have been of the workhouse. Even the great minister himself, though the head and front of the whole immediate disturbance, and likely to suffer more severely than all the rest, bore the crisis with more equanimity than either of their majesties.

"This evening," says Lord Hervey, "Sir Robert Walpole saw the King

in the Queen's apartment, and the final resolution was then taken to drop the bill; but as there was a petition to come from the city of London against it the next day, it was resolved that the bill should not be dropped till that petition was rejected, lest it should be thought to be done by the weight and power of the city." Walpole, on coming from this conference, called on Lord Hervey to let him know what had passed. Sir Robert was extremely disconcerted. Lord Hervey told him that he had been twice that afternoon sent for by the King; but, not knowing in what strain to talk to him, as he was ignorant whether Sir Robert intended to go forward or retreat, and expecting that he should be asked millions of questions relating to what he saw, and what he heard, and what he thought; to avoid the difficulties which this catechism would lay him under, he kept out of the way.

In the mean time, Sir Robert had gone to the Queen, and told her, that the clamour had grown so great, that there were but two ways of trying to appease it, one by dropping the project, and the other by dropping the projector. The Queen chid him extremely "for thinking it possible she could act so cowardly a part." When Lord Hervey went up to the drawing-room, he saw that her Majesty had been weeping very plentifully, and found her so little able to disguise what she felt, that she was forced to pretend headach and vapours, and break up her quadrille party sooner than the usual hour. When the drawing-room was over, the King called Lord Hervey into the Queen's bedchamber, and began with great eagerness to ask him where he had been all day, whom he had seen, what he had heard, and how both friends and foes looked? To some of the replies, referring to the Opposition, the King said with great warmth, "It is a lie; those rascals in the Opposition are the greatest liars that ever spoke." The city petition was presented the next morning, and attended by a train of coaches reaching from Temple Bar to Westminster. The prayer of the petition was, that they might be heard by counsel against the bill. After a debate till

midnight the petition was rejected, but only by a majority of seventeen—214 to 197. Walpole was never more deeply smitten than by this defeat, for so small a majority was a virtual defeat. He stood for some time after the House was up, leaning against the table, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and some few friends, with melancholy countenances, round him. As soon as the whole was over, Pelham went to the King, and Hervey to the Queen, to acquaint them with what had passed. When Hervey, at his first coming into the room, shook his head and told her the numbers, the tears ran down her cheeks, and for some time she could not utter a word. At last she said, "It is over—we must give way; but pray tell me a little how it passed."

On the next day, Walpole proposed the postponement of the tobacco bill for two months. On coming out of the House, the mob, who had increased in numbers, continued to insult the members. Walpole, though warned of the reception which he was likely to get, determined to face the mob, as he boldly said, "there was no end of flying from their menaces, and that meeting dangers of this kind was the only way to put an end to them." With some friends, and to a certain degree protected by the constables, who made a passage for the members to go out, he at last worked his way through the mob; though there was a great deal of jostling, and the constables were obliged to make large use of their staves. Three of his friends (among whom was Lord Hervey) were hurt. The city had been filled with illuminations and bonfires the night before, when Sir Robert Walpole, with a fat woman, (meant for the Queen,) was burnt in effigy. It is singular that this triumph was carried as far as Oxford, where for three nights together, round the bonfires in the streets, the healths of Ormond, Bolingbroke, and James III. were publicly drunk!

Lord Hervey's sketches of character are among the best specimens of his writing, and the most interesting portions of his book. They are always acute and forcible, natural though epigrammatic, and remorseless though polished. As the lives of Chancellors

have been, of late, so frequently brought before the public, we give his sketch of Lord Chancellor King. Speaking of King as having risen from obscurity to the woollen, without an obstruction in his career, and with the general approbation of all judges of legal merit, he observes that, from the moment of his presiding in Chancery, his reputation began to sink. But this is explained, not by any newly discovered deficiency of talent, but by deficiency of decision. "Expedition," says Lord Hervey, "was never reckoned among the merits of the Court of Chancery; but while Lord King presided there, its delays became insupportable. He had such a diffidence of himself, that he dared not do right for fear of doing wrong. Decrees were always extorted from him; and, had he been left alone, he would never have given any suitor his due, for fear of giving him what was not so; never reflecting that the suspension of justice was almost as bad as the total privation of it. His understanding was of that balancing irregular kind, which gives people just light enough to see difficulties and form doubts, yet not enough to surmount the one, or remove the other. This sort of understanding, which was of use to him as a pleader, was a trouble to him as a judge, and made him make a great figure at the bar, but an indifferent one upon the bench. The Queen once said of him, very truly, as well as agreeably, that 'he was just in the law, what he had formerly been in the gospel—making creeds of the one, without any steady belief, and judgments in the other, without any settled opinion. But the misfortune,' said she, 'for the public is, that though they can reject his silly creeds, they are forced to submit to his silly judgments.'" (Lord King had dabbled in divinity, and published a history of the Apostles' Creed.) Complaints soon arose, that all the equity of the nation was at a stand. He afterwards nearly lost his senses by repeated attacks of apoplexy. He was at last induced to retire on a pension of £3000. He died in the next year, "little regretted by any body, but least of all by his Majesty, who saved £3000 a-year by it."

The condition of the court seems to have been perpetual conflict. The King's personal conduct was inexcusable; the Queen's great object was the possession of power; and the Prince was an object of suspicion to both, as both were objects of vexation to the Prince. His case in short was this: "He had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that neglected him, and were neither of use to him, nor capable of being of use, nor desirous of being of use."

The Opposition were in pretty much the same condition: they, too, were in a state of civil war. Lord Carteret and Bolingbroke had no correspondence at all; Pulteney and Bolingbroke hated each other; Carteret and Pulteney were jealous of each other; Sir William Wyndham and Pulteney the same; while Chesterfield had a little correspondence with them all, but was confided in by none.

The Princess's marriage to the Prince of Orange had long engrossed the consideration of the court. The Princess was not ill-looking, but her figure was short, and inclined to be fat. She seems to have resembled both the King and the Queen in their better, and in their worst, qualities. She was quick, intelligent, and passionate; yet could be cool, callous, and ready to sacrifice every thing to power. The Prince of Orange was poor, having but £12,000 a-year, and he was deformed, having a hump-back, and altogether exhibiting the least attractive object possible in the eyes of a princess as haughty as any in Christendom. The marriage was solemnised at seven in the evening: the chapel was splendidly fitted up; but the Queen and the Princesses exhibited so much undisguised concern, that the procession to the chapel, and the aspect of matters there, looked more like a sacrifice than a marriage. We cannot go any further into details which, however suitable to foreign manners, can only disgust the fortunate delicacy of the English mind. But Lord Hervey's manner of consoling the philosophic Queen in her disdain and disgust, is capital, as a specimen at once of the man of the world and of the courtier.

His answer was, "Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; and the figure one is married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes, that we look at it mechanically, without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger." The Queen's answer was clever: "One may, and I believe one does, grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, that there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the *manner* of one's growing blind." The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror at his figure, and commiseration for his wife. The Princess Emily said, "nothing on earth should have induced her to marry the monster." The Princess Caroline, in her soft sensible way, spoke truth and said, "She must own it was very bad, but that, in her sister's situation, all things considered, she believed she should have come to the same resolution."

From time to time, some traits of men and history oddly remind us of foreign courts in our own day. The Emperor of Germany, a personage in whom ambition and imbecility seem to have contended for the mastery, had commenced a war, which transferred hostilities into Italy. France, Sardinia, and Spain attacked him there, and pushed his army to the walls of Mantua. The position of Radetsky, while he continued constrained by a court which gave him little more than orders and counter-orders, was evidently the *fac-simile* of Austrian affairs in 1793. "Those affairs," says Lord Hervey, "were so *well managed*, that with thirteen thousand men in Lombardy, and provisions for double the number, and ammunition in proportion, those essentials of war were so dispersed and scattered, that, wherever there were provisions there was no ammunition, and where there was ammunition there were no provisions, and where there were men there was neither ammunition nor provisions."

The German war engaged a good deal of the public attention at this time; but much less in the nation than at the court. Prince Eugene, on the Rhine, marched to the relief of Philipsburg, while Marshal Berwick, with one hundred thousand men, carried on the siege. The high repu-

tation of Prince Eugene had excited the King's hope that Philipsburg would be relieved. It was, however, taken. This gave rise to a smart saying of the Princess Royal. She observed to Lord Hervey, after the drawing-room, shrugging up her shoulders, "Was there ever any thing so unaccountable as the temper of papa! He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think that Philipsburg would be taken; and this very day, that he hears it is actually taken, he is in as good humour as ever I saw him in my life. But all this seems so odd, that I am more angry at his good humour than I was at his bad." Lord Hervey said, with that sort of wit which was fashionable at the time, "that this was like David, who, when his child lived wore sackcloth, but when it was dead, shaved and drank wine."—"It may be like David," said the Princess, "but I am sure it is not like Solomon."

The King had a foolish habit of talking of war, of imagining his genius made for renown, and of pronouncing himself infinitely unlucky in not being permitted by his minister to gain laurels in Germany. Walpole exhibited his power in nothing more effectually than in preventing the operation of this thirst for "glory."—"He could not bear," said the monarch, "that while he was engaged only in treaties, letters, and despatches, his booby brother, the brutal King of Prussia, should pass his time in camps and in the midst of arms," neither desirous of the glory, nor fit for the employment.

Walpole, who saw the danger of involving England in this war, and probably the absurdity of going to war for the sake of any foreigners, reminded the King of the existence of the Pretender, and of the probability "that his crown would yet have to be fought for on British ground." As to the Queen, Lord Hervey said, "the shadow of the Pretender would beat the whole German body."

His lordship's knowledge of the world appears to have extinguished all his ideas of its generosity: for he finds a personal motive in every thing. Thus, he assigns three reasons for Walpole's pacific advice. One was, to avoid new clamour against his

administration; the next was, to avoid the unpopularity of new taxes; and the third was, that military business might not throw his power into the hands of military men.

The Memoir then proceeds "to toss and gore" all the prominent public men in succession. It tells us "that the Duke of Newcastle, who always talked as his master talked," echoed all the King's "big words," and expatiated for ever on regaining Italy for the Emperor, chastising Spain, and humbling the pride of France. Next comes the Duke of Grafton; of whom it is said, that loving to make his court as well as the Duke of Newcastle, he talked in the same strain, and for the same reason; but "could never make any great compliment to the King and Queen of embracing their opinions, as he never understood things enough to have one of his own." Next comes Lord Grantham. "He was a degree still lower, and had the gift of reasoning in so small a proportion, that his existence was barely distinguished from a vegetable." Then follows Lord Harrington. Of him it is said that, "with all his seeming phlegm, he was as tenacious of an opinion, when his indolence suffered him to form one, as any man living. His parts were of the common run of mankind. He was well bred, a man of honour, and fortunate, loved pleasure, and was infinitely lazy." The Queen once in speaking of him said, "There is a heavy insipid sloth about that man, that puts me out of all patience: he must have six hours to dress, six more to dine, six more for his intrigues, and six more to sleep; and there, for a minister, are the four-and-twenty admirably disposed of; and if, now and then, he borrows six of those hours, to do any thing relating to his office, it is for something that might be done in six minutes, and ought to have been done six days before."

We have then another instance of the discomforts of Royalty in those times. The day before the birthday, October 29, 1734, the court removed from Kensington to London, and the Queen, "who had long been out of order with a cough and a little lurking fever, notwithstanding she had been twice blooded, grew every hour worse and

worse. However, the King forced her, the night she came from Kensington—the first of Farinelli's performances—to the Opera, and made her the next day go through all the tiresome ceremonies of drawing-rooms and balls, the fatigues of heats and crowds; and every other disagreeable appurtenance to the celebration of a birthday."

His lordship observes that "there was a strange affectation of an incapacity of being sick, that ran through the whole royal family. I have known the King to get out of his bed, choking with a sore throat, and in a high fever, only to dress and have a levee, and, in five minutes after it, undress and return to his bed, till the same ridiculous farce of health was to be presented the next day at the same hour. He used to make the Queen, in like circumstances, commit the same extravagances; but never with more danger than at this time. In the morning drawing-room, she found herself so near swooning, that she was forced to send Lord Grantham to the King, to beg he would retire, for that she was unable to stand any longer; notwithstanding which, at night, he brought her into a still greater crowd at the ball, and there kept her till eleven o'clock."

The recollections of those times constantly bring the name of Lady Suffolk before the eye. We have no wish to advert to the grossnesses connected with the name; but the waning of her power gave a singular pungency to opinion in the palace. The Princesses were peculiarly candid upon the occasion. The Princess Emily "wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace, because she wished misfortune to most people. The Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother. The Princess Royal was for having her crushed; and, when Lord Hervey made some remonstrance, she replied, that Lady Suffolk's conduct, with regard to politics, had been so impertinent, that she cannot be too ill used." It must seem strange to us that such topics should have been in the lips of any women, especially women of such rank—but they seem to have been discussed with the most perfect familiarity; and a name and conduct which ought to have been suppressed through mere delicacy, appear to have fur-

nished the principal conversation of the court.

The next affair was the quarrel with the Princess of Orange, from her reluctance to return to Holland. As she was about to be confined, her husband was desirous that his child should be born in Holland. To this the Princess demurred. However, they at length contrived to send her on board, and she sailed from Harwich; but after she had been some time at sea, she either grew so ill, or pretended to be so ill, that she either was, or pretended to be, in convulsions: we give his lordship's rather ungallant surmise. On this, and the wind not being quite fair, she obliged the captain of the yacht to put back to Harwich. She then despatched a courier to London with letters, written, as it was supposed, by her own absolute command, from her physician, her accoucheur, and her nurse, to say that she was disordered with her expedition, and that she could not be stirred for ten days from her bed, nor put to sea again, without the hazard of her child's life and her own. The King and Queen declined giving any orders. The Prince of Orange was written to, and he desired that his wife might go by France to Holland. The King, hating the bustle of a new parting, directed that she should cross the country from Harwich to Dover; but his Majesty, after having been informed that the roads were impassable at this time of the year in a coach, (how strangely this sounds in our day of universal locomotion!) permitted her to come to London and go over the bridge; but it was a positive command that she should not lie in in London, nor even come to St James's. Accordingly, "after all her tricks and schemes, to avoid going to Holland, and to get back to London, she was obliged to comply with those orders; and had the mortification and disgrace to go, without seeing any of her family, over London Bridge to Dover."

A note conjectures, that the Princess Royal might have had some expectation of ascending the throne of England, neither of her brothers being then married; a circumstance, which may account for the Princess's anxiety to have her child born in this country.

The next scene is laid among the bishops. The bishopric of Winches-

ter had been promised to Hoadly. Willis, the Bishop of Winchester, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and Lord Hervey instantly wrote to Hoadly, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, to come up to town and enforce his claim. The bishop wrote to the Queen and Sir Robert letters, which were to be delivered as soon as Willis was dead. The Queen, on presenting those letters, asked Lord Hervey if he did not blush for the conduct of his friend in this early and pressing application for a thing not yet vacant. While he was speaking, the King came in, and both King and Queen talked of Hoadly, in such a manner as plainly showed that they neither esteemed nor loved him. Potter, Bishop of Oxford, a great favourite of the Queen, strongly solicited Winchester, and would have obtained it, but for Walpole's suggestion, that the engagements to Hoadly could not be broken without scandal. Hoadly at last obtained Winchester; and, as the Memoir observes, one of the best preferments in the church was conferred upon a man hated by the King, disliked by the Queen, and long estranged from the friendship of Walpole. Then all followed in the way which might have been anticipated; the King not speaking a word to the new bishop, either when he kissed his hand or did homage; the Queen, when she found it could not be helped, making the most of promoting him,—and Sir Robert taking the whole merit of the promotion to himself.

Another source of contention now arose. The Chancellor Talbot had recommended Rundle, a chaplain of his father, the late Bishop of Durham, for the see of Gloucester, which had been vacant a twelve-month. Gibson, Bishop of London, objected to him, that fourteen or fifteen years before he had been heard to speak disrespectfully of some portions of Scripture, and Rundle was suspected of Arianism. This reason was certainly sufficient to justify inquiry.

Sir Robert, in his usual style, tried to mediate; begged of the Chancellor to give up his support of Rundle, offering him at the same time a deanery, or to give him the Bishopric of Derry in Ireland, then possessed by Henry Downes; of whom the Memoir speaks

as a crazy old fellow with three thousand a-year. This affair ended in Benson's being made Bishop of Gloucester, and Secker Bishop of Bristol, both formerly chaplains to the Chancellor's father. Rundle was subsequently made Bishop of Derry, where he died, nine years after, in his sixtieth year, much regretted.

Walpole was now visibly approaching decline. He had become negligent of the claims of his friends, and solicitous only to conciliate his enemies. Of course, where he fought over one opponent, there were fifty others ready to fill up his place. This policy failed, and ought always to fail. At the close of the session, say the Memoirs, "the harvest of court favour was small, though the labourers were many." The only things to give away were the Privy Seal, by the retirement of Lord Lonsdale, and the Secretaryship at War, by the dismissal of Sir William Strickland, "who was become so weak in mind and body, that his head was as much in its second infancy as his limbs."

A new source of ministerial vexation was added to the *mêlée*, by the King's sudden determination to run over to Hanover, in spite of all remonstrance—the royal answer being always "Pooh, stuff! You think to get the better of me, but you shall not."

Walpole, who dreaded that the King, once in Hanover, would plunge the country into a war, tried to set the Queen against this untoward journey; but her Majesty, though she gave the minister fair words, was in favour of the freak. The reasons assigned by the Memoir for her conduct being those rather irreverent ones, on the part of his lordship—pride in the *clat* of the regency; the ease of being mistress of her hours, which was not the case for two hours together, when the King was in England; and, "besides these *causidans*, she had the certainty of being, for six months at least, not only free from the fatigue of being obliged to entertain him for twenty hours in the twenty-four, but also from the more irksome office of being set to receive the *quotidian* sallies of a temper that, let it be charged by what hand it would, used always to discharge

its hottest fire, on some pretence or other, upon her."

But "one trouble arose from the King's going to Hanover, which her Majesty did not at all foresee;" and which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to a Madame Walmoden, "a married woman of the first fashion in Hanover," that nobody in England talked of any thing but the declining power of the Queen.

They might justly have talked much more of the insult of this conduct to public morals; but we shall not go further into those details. They absolutely repel the common sense of propriety, to a degree which, we hope, will never be endurable in England. The King, however, gave her Majesty, in the long succession of his correspondence, the complete history of his passion, its progress, and his final purchase of the lady for 1000 ducats! A proof, as Lord Hervey says, more of his economy than his passion.

The life of courts is stripped of its glitter a good deal by the indefatigable courtier who has here left us his reminiscences; but it requires strong evidence, to believe that the persons who constitute the officials of royal households *can* submit to the humiliations described in these volumes.

The Queen narrates a sort of quarrel which she had with Lady Suffolk, a woman so notoriously scandalous, that the wife of George II. ought not to have suffered her to approach her person. The quarrel was, as a note conceives it, not about holding a basin for the Queen to wash in, but about holding it on her knees. (What person of any degree of self-respect can discover the difference?) But Lady Suffolk, on this nice distinction, consulted the well-known Lady Masham, bedchamber woman to Queen Anne, as to the point of etiquette. This authority delivered her judgment of chambermaid duties, in the following style:—"When the Queen washed her hands, a page of the backstairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer. Then the bedchamber woman set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the Queen, the bedchamber lady only looking on. The bedchamber woman brought in the chocolate, and gave it

kneeling." Lady Suffolk, formerly Mrs Howard, had been bedchamber woman, and of course had performed this menialism! "We shall see by-and-by," adds the note, "that the lady of the bedchamber, though a countess, presented the basin for the Queen's washing, *on her knees.*"

If such things were done, we must own that it wholly exceeds our comprehension how they could be exacted on the one side, or submitted to on the other. We are sure that there is not a scullion in England who would stoop to hold a basin for her mistress's ablutions on her knees. Yet, however we may be surprised at the existence of such practices, it is impossible to feel the slightest sympathy for the persons whom their salaries tempt to the sufferance.

We have left ourselves but little room for the biography of Lord Hervey himself. He was born in 1696, the second son of the first Lord Bristol. He travelled; returned to solicit a commission; failed in his solicitation; became, of course, "a virtuous opponent of the court," and attached himself to the Prince and Princess, who held a sort of Opposition court at Richmond. Hervey, young, handsome, and polished, became a general favourite. He won the most accomplished woman of her time; married; and, in 1723, became Lord Hervey by the death of his elder brother, a man of ability, but of habits remarkably profligate.

On the death of George I., Hervey changed his politics; abandoned Pulteney; leaved Walpole; obtained a pension of £1000 a-year; received another gilded fetter, in the office of vice-chamberlain, and became a courtier for life.

Whether to console himself for this showy slavery, or to indulge a natural taste for the sarcasm which is forbidden in the atmosphere of high life, he wrote the *Memoirs*, of which we have given a sketch. The prudence of his son, the third earl, kept them in secret. The marquís, nephew of that earl, probably regarding the time as past when they could provoke private resentment, has suffered them to emerge, and Mr Croker has edited them, for the benefit of the rising generation.

Whether the editor has done credit to himself or service to the public, by this employment of his hours of retirement, has been the subject of considerable question. That the volumes are amusing there can be no doubt; that they are flippant and frivolous there can be no question whatever; that they disclose conceptions of the interior of courts which may "make the rabble laugh and the judicious grieve," that, though filtered through three generations of correctors, they yet remain miry enough still, requires no further proof than their perusal.

We say this in no favouritism for either the King or the Queen: the truth was probably told of both. Their foreign habits evidently clung to them; and the purer feelings of England, as evidently, had not the power to purify the practices of their foreign descent. But if Lord Hervey's mind was exercised in giving the secret life of courts to the world, we think that a much more contemptuous subject for the pencil might be found, in the man who, earning his daily bread by his courtiership, pretended to independence of opinion; who, listening to every expression of royalty with a bow, and receiving every command with the submission of a slave, threw off the sycophant only to assume the satirist, and revenged his sense of servitude only by privately registering the errors of those, the dust of whose shoes he licked for twelve hours in every twenty-four.

But we must hope that the *Memoirs* of Lord Hervey will be the last with which the national curiosity is to be stimulated. We must have no further ill-natured overflowing on the absurdities of high life. If this fashion shall invade the shelves and *scrinia* of noble families, there is probably not a household of the higher ranks which may not furnish its tribute. We shall be overrun with feeble gossiping and obsolete scandal. No rational purpose can be held in view by indulging the posthumous malice of a discontented slave. No manly curiosity can be gratified by breaking up the tomb, showing us only the decay so long hidden by its marbles and escutcheons from the eye.—*Requiescat.*

THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

CHAPTER I.

AMIDST a storm of applause the curtain fell. The applause continued, and the curtain rose once more; and the favourite actor, worn out with emotion and fatigue, reappeared to receive the homage which an enthusiastic multitude paid to his genius.

I saw a proud flush of triumph steal over his wan face, which lighted it for a moment with almost supernatural expression. As he passed behind the scenes, amidst the rustling dresses of the rouged and spangled crowd, I observed his face contracted by a pang, which struck me the more forcibly from its so quickly succeeding the look of triumph. He passed on to his room without uttering a word—there to disrobe himself of the kingly garments in which he had “strutted his brief hour on the stage;” and in a little while again passed me (as I was hammering out compliments, in voluble but questionable German, to the pretty little * * *) in his sober-suited black, and, stepping into his carriage, drove to the Behren Strasse.

I knew he was going there, as I had been earnestly pressed to meet him that very evening; so, collecting all my forces, I uttered the happiest thing my German would permit me, and accompanying it with my most killing glance, raised the tiny hand of * * * to my lips and withdrew, perfectly charmed with her, and perfectly satisfied with myself.

There was a brilliant circle that night at Madame Röckel's. To use the received phrase, “all Berlin was there.” I found Herr Schoenlein, the great actor, surrounded by admirers, more profuse than delicate in their adulation. He was pale; looked wearied. He seemed to heed that admiration so little—and yet, in truth, he needed it so much! Not a muscle moved—not a smile answered their compliments; he received them as if he had been a statue which a senseless crowd adored. Yet, fulsome as the compliments were, they were never too fulsome for his greed. He had the fever-thirst of praise upon him now

more than ever—now more than at any period of his long career, during which his heart had always throbbed at every sound of applause, did he crave more and more applause. That man, seemingly so indifferent, was sick at heart, and applause alone could cure him! Had he not applause enough? Did not all Germany acknowledge his greatness? Did not Berlin worship him? True; but that was not enough: he hungered for more.

I was taken up to him by Madame Röckel, and introduced as an “English admirer.” Now, for the first time, he manifested some pleasure. It was not assuredly *what* I said—for although, *of course*, I am always “mistaken for a German,” so pure is my accent, so correct my diction!—it was the fact of my being a foreigner—an Englishman—which made my praise so acceptable. I was a countryman of Shakspeare's, and, of course, a discerning critic of Shakspearian acting. We rapidly passed over the commonplace bridges of conversation, and were soon engaged in a discussion respecting the stage.

With nervous energy, and a sort of feverish irritability, he questioned me about our great actors—our Young, Kean, Kemble, and Macready—which gave me an opportunity for displaying that nice critical discrimination which my friends are kind enough to believe I possess—with what reason it is not for me to say.

When I told him that, on the whole, I was more gratified with the performances of Shakspeare in Germany, he turned upon me with sudden quickness and asked—

“In what towns?”

“At Berlin and Dresden,” I answered.

“You have seen Franz, then?”

“I have.”

His lip quivered. I saw that I had made a mistake. I am not generally an ass—nay, I am believed to possess some little tact; but what demon could have possessed me to talk of an actor to an actor?

"Do you think Franz greater than any of your English actors?" he asked, fretfully.

"Why, I cannot say that exactly. But I was amazingly struck with his performance. My observation, however, principally applied to the general 'getting-up.'"

"But Franz—Franz. I wish to hear your opinion of him."

"He is young," I replied; "has a fine figure, a noble voice, a grand carriage, and, although new to the stage, and consequently deficient in some technical matters, yet he has that undefinable something which men call genius."

"Hm!" was the significant answer.

I then saw whither my stupidity had led me. This, however, I will say for myself, if ever I do get into a dilemma, I have generally readiness of mind enough to extricate myself. I do not say this out of conceit, for I am not at all conceited—I merely mention it as a fact. This is how I turned my blunder to account.

"Although," said I, "he has not your mastery, yet he reminded me a great deal of you. I cannot pay *him* a higher compliment."

To my surprise he did not see the flattery of this, but moved to another part of the room: and I did not speak with him again till supper.

This little incident excited my attention. I puzzled my brain for an explanation of the riddle which his conduct presented, and spoke to several of my friends about it, who could only tell me that Schoenlein was jealous of this new actor Franz.

Did you ever sup in Berlin, reader? If not, let me inform you that supper there is a most substantial affair. I had not read Miss Bremer's novels when first I went there; so, not being prepared for the infinite amount of eating and drinking which is transacted in the north, I confess my astonishment was a little mingled with disgust to find a supper begin with white-beer soup, (capital soup, by the way,) followed by various kinds of fish, amongst them, of course, that eternal hideous carp—roast veal, poultry, pastry, and dessert. To see the worthy Berliners sup, you would

fancy they had not dined, and to see them dine next day, you would fancy they had not supped, and breakfasted twice.

Eating is an art. It is also—and this fact we are prone to overlook—a habit. As a habit it may be enlarged to an indefinite extent; and lipping *frauleins* have demonstrated the capacity of the human stomach to be such as would make our beauties stare.

It must not be supposed that I am a coxcomb, since nothing can be farther from the truth; nor must I be held to share with Lord Byron his horror at seeing women eat. In fact I like to see the darlings enjoy themselves: but—and I care not who knows it—to see German women eat, is more than I can patiently endure.

Let me cease this digression to remark that, except myself, the great tragedian was the only person at table who was not voracious—and that because he was unhappy. While knives and forks were playing with reckless energy he talked to me, but there was a coldness and constraint in his manner which plainly told me that my praises of Franz had deeply mortified him.

Poor Schoenlein! Unhappy he came to Madame Röckel's; for, amidst the storm of applause which saluted him at the theatre, he heard the applause which was saluting his rival at Dresden; and he had left the theatre for a friendly circle of admirers only to hear his rival praised by an Englishman. All the applause of all Berlin weighed as nothing against one compliment paid to Franz!

It was nearly twelve, and the company had gradually departed. I was left alone with Madame Röckel; and, as usual, I stayed half-an-hour later than the others, to have a quiet chat with her. I wanted to ask her for an explanation of Schoenlein's conduct. Much as I had seen of the vanity of actors—well as I knew their petty jealousy of each other—I was not prepared for what I had seen that night.

Madame Röckel had resumed her knitting—the never-failing accompaniment of a German lady—and I drew a chair close to the sofa, and told her what had passed.

"His story is a strange one," she said; "and to understand him you must know it."

"Can you not tell it me?"

"Willingly. Schoenlein is a man well born and well bred, who feels his profession is a disgrace."

"A disgrace!"

"Very absurd, is it not? but that is his feeling. At the same time, just as the opium-eater, knowing the degradation of his vice, cannot resist its fascination—so this actor, with an intense feeling of what he regards as the sinfulness of the stage, cannot resist its fascination."

"You astonish me!"

"He is an austere man—what you English would call a puritan—who looks upon the stage as the theatre of vice, and yet cannot quit it because it is the theatre of his triumphs!"

"But how came he to be an actor!"

"Why, thrown upon the stage when the stage seemed the only means of livelihood open to him—forced on it by necessity, success has chained him there. I have heard him say that every time he performs it is with the conviction that he is performing for the last time. But the fascination still continues—his heart is still greedy of applause—his mind still eager for its accustomed emotions. He goes on the stage sad, struggling, and repentant; to leave it with throbbing pulses and a wild-beating heart. He accepts no engagement, he only plays by the night. He has from time to time made vigorous efforts to quit the stage, but at the end of a fortnight he invariably returns. He once set out for Italy, thinking that if away from Germany he should be able to wean himself from the theatre; but he got no farther than Vienna, and there played for twenty nights."

"But don't you think there must be a great deal of humbug in all this?"

"Not a bit."

"Do you really believe in his scruples?"

"I know him too well to doubt them. There are many men quite as inconsistent. He deludes himself with all sorts of sophistry. He persuades himself that he acts only to realise an independence for his son, and to secure his own old age. But

the truth is, he acts because he has an irresistible impulse to act. It is a sort of intellectual dram-drinking which he cannot forego."

"To be sure, men are strange bundles of contradictions; and I suppose one must give Schoenlein credit for being sincere."

"He is his own dupe, for to no one but very intimate friends has he ever disclosed his real opinions."

"Then his life must be a constant struggle?"

"It is. This it is which has made him prematurely old: the struggle of his conscience with his passions. But this it is also which gives such touching pathos to his acting—which makes his voice so mournful that it vibrates through your whole being. As the poet's sufferings are sublimed into song, and become the delight of mankind, so from the ground of this tragedian's despair springs the well of his inspiration, which makes him truly great."

We were both silent for a few moments.

"I have said enough," added Madame Rockel, "to explain how such a man must necessarily be, above all others, envious—how the success of another must be torture to him. Nothing but intense vanity could keep him on the stage. Hitherto he has really had no rival—he has stood alone; other tragedians have not been named beside him. But now, within the last few weeks, there has arisen this young Franz, who has only played at Leipzig and Dresden, yet whose fame has spread all over Germany."

"But I have seen Franz, and I assure you he is not so great an actor as Schoenlein. To be sure, he has youth on his side."

"It is not his success alone which is so exasperating; it is because the critics, as usual, will do nothing but compare the young Franz with the old Schoenlein; while the public, with its natural inconstancy, begins to discover that Schoenlein is no longer young. It is a sad thing," she pursued, with a faint smile, "for those who have reigned supreme over audiences to feel their dynasty is drawing to a close—sad for those who have swayed all hearts, to feel that another is now to usurp their place. We women know

what it is, in a slight degree, when we grow old. Do we ever grow old, and *know* it? When our glass still tells us we are young, that the bloom is still upon our cheeks, the lustre in our eyes, the witchery in our smiles, now as of yore—and yet what the glass tells us, what our feelings confirm, we do *not* see mirrored in the admiration of those around us! We also know what it is when we see our former adorers pass to newer beauties, and we perhaps overhear such a phrase spoken of us as, ‘Yes, she has been handsome!’ But even we cannot know the actor’s triumph or the actor’s humiliation. To feel that our presence is the signal for applause, that every word we utter is listened to with eager interest, that every part we play is an image which we engrave upon the minds of thousands, there to abide as a thing of beauty and of wonder—this is beyond us.”

“But, my dear Madame Röckel, I see no diminution of admiration for Schoenlein in Berlin. Surely no audience can be more enthusiastic. Why should he fear a rival?”

“You might as well ask a beauty,” she replied, “why she is jealous of a woman less pretty than herself. The *why* is not to be explained by logic, for envy does not *calculate*—it *feels*.”

“Yet, when Franz comes to Berlin, which will be next month, there will then be no possible doubt as to which is the finer actor.”

“Perhaps not. But the public will nevertheless applaud Franz; and however slightly they do so, to the envious ears of Schoenlein it will sound like thunder.”

The clock striking twelve warned me to depart, for in Berlin they keep early hours; and I went away thinking of what I had just heard, and feeling no small contempt for Schoenlein’s preposterous jealousy: “What a contemptible feeling is envy!—as if only one person in the world had a right to admiration!”

At that moment I stepped into a droschke, and was driving to my rooms, when I passed that miserable puppy Fürstenberg, whom, I am sorry to say, little * * * admires so much; though, for the life of me, I never could see wherefore. Yet this uncouth German, aping the dandy, usurps all her conversation, even when I am by!

It is not that I am jealous, for that is not my character; but I *cannot* bear to see so charming a girl so miserably deceived in any one as she is in Fürstenberg!

CHAPTER II.

Schoenlein did not play for a fortnight, and, as the time of Franz’s engagement was drawing near, I imagined he was sulking. I communicated my suspicions to Madame Röckel.

“I would wager fifty thalers,” she replied, “that he has gone to Dresden to see his dreaded rival, and judge for himself.”

It was as Madame Röckel said: goaded by irresistible jealousy, Schoenlein had set off for Dresden to see his rival play.

Arrived there, he was three days before he could summon resolution to enter the theatre. Franz’s name met him every where. At the *table-d’hôte* he heard nothing but praises of Franz: in the newspapers he read nothing but invidious comparisons between Franz and himself, in which the palm was awarded to his rival. “Franz,” it

was said, “had all the energy of Schoenlein, with youth, and grace, and beauty in his favour. The same power of distinct conception and unexaggerated execution, without Schoenlein’s tendency to conventional ‘points.’” Strangers asked him if he had seen Franz. The very waiters at the hotel recommended him to go and see Franz!

Schoenlein never hated his profession so much as at that moment. Yet, such was his exasperation, that he was constantly tempted to appear on the stage at Dresden, and crush his rival by acting in the same theatre with him—constantly tempted to show the fickle public the genius of the actor they were fast forgetting.

It was the fourth day of his presence at Dresden. Hamlet was to be performed that evening, and Schoenlein had resolved to be there. As

the hour drew near, he was seated at a table on that beautiful terrace, which no one who has visited Dresden can ever forget, and which the Hahn-Hahn has so graphically set before us in her *Faustine*. He was smoking a meditative cigar, gazing abstractedly at the promenaders, who, in their gay dresses, passed to and fro in light happy talk, while the sounds of a good orchestra in the Café came mellowed by the distance, and lent another charm to the exhilarating scene. His thoughts were not at all in harmony with that happy scene—they were fixed mournfully on his own condition. He felt the sadness of a fallen favourite.

There he sat, and saw the sun go down over the antique bridge—saw its last rays shimmering on the placid bosom of the Elbe, which winds its undulating course beneath the terrace—saw the groups of promenaders gradually disappear, and the tables all deserted. The calls for ices, for cigars, for “light,” were becoming rarer and rarer. The music had ceased—night had shut in. Still he sat there in the same mournful mood, tempted to go to the theatre, so close at hand, but repelled by the idea of hearing Franz applauded.

At the conclusion of the third act, several playgoers reappeared upon the terrace, to cool themselves in the evening air, and to take an ice. Their conversation, of course, turned but upon one man, and that man was Franz. They spoke of his Hamlet

as the finest part he had yet played.

Three men seated themselves at Schoenlein's table. In the midst of their enthusiastic criticism one of them remarked—

“Well, Franz is certainly very fine; but it is absurd to compare him with Schoenlein.”

“I think him better,” said another.

“Nonsense!—you would not say so if you could see them together. You will find that in a little while the public will come round to my opinion. Let them once get over the novelty, and they will judge correctly.”

A thrill ran through the actor's frame as he heard this. He called the waiter; paid; rose; departed. In another instant he was in the *parterre* of the theatre, feverishly impatient for the curtain to rise.

The brief scene between the King and Queen, which opens the fourth act, seemed to that impatient man as if it never would end; and when Rosenkranz was heard within calling, “Hamlet, Lord Hamlet!” the perspiration burst from every pore, and he trembled like a leaf as Hamlet appeared, uttering the “Soft—what news? Who calls on Hamlet?”

Schoenlein heard no more. The tones of that voice raised a mist before his brain—stung and perplexed him with rage and astonishment. He heard nothing, saw nothing—his brain was in a whirl.

The Hamlet before him—Franz, the dreaded rival—was his son!

CHAPTER III.

It is necessary here to take a retrospective glance into Schoenlein's history, that we may understand the horror which possessed him at the discovery of his son upon the stage.

We may readily conceive how his dislike to his profession made him very sedulous of keeping his child from all contact with it, lest its fascination should mislead him also. He had never permitted him to see a play. He brought him up strictly, religiously, austere. He had no friends among actors: acting was never spoken of in his presence. Yet, by an inconsistency easily enough explained, the works most constantly read and

talked about by him were those of Shakspeare, Molière, Göthe, and Schiller. These were his household gods. Young Franz was early initiated into their beauties, and would declaim, (in private,) with great gusto, all the long speeches.

Franz was sent to the university of Leipsic, where it was his father's fond hope he would distinguish himself as a student of theology. For the first year he was assiduous enough; but theology grew inexpressibly wearisome, while poetry became irresistibly alluring to him. Göthe's *Wilhelm Meister* fell into his hands, and was read with rapture. He fell in

love with the actor's life, and felt secret yearnings to quit the university, and throw himself upon the world in quest of adventure—especially in quest of a Marianne, a Philina, and a Mignon! He had not as yet dared to disobey his father's strict commands—he had never ventured inside a theatre; but he had imbibed the dangerous poison—he had learned to look upon an actor's life as a life of poetry. The seed was sown!

About this time my cousin William went to the Leipsic university, and became the fellow-student and companion of Franz. From him I learned most of these details. William was by no means a model of select virtue—in fact, was what, in the jargon of the day, is called “rather a fast man;” and he led Franz into many a debauch which would have driven Schoenlein wild, had he known it; but he could not persuade him to go to the theatre.

Franz was ready enough at a duel, and had spoiled the beauty of some half-dozen faces by the dexterous sword-cut which draws a line over the nose, and lays open the cheek. He was ready enough, too, with his beer—few youths of his age had more promising talents that way: and as to patriotic songs, energetically demanding of the universe where the German's fatherland might be, or the probability of tyrants long crushing free hearts beneath their heels, together with frantic calls upon the sword, responded to by the clatter of beer-jugs—in these Franz was distinguished.

At last he did brush away his scruples, and accompanied William to the theatre. They played Schiller's *Don Carlos*. Conceive his rapture at this first taste of the long-coveted forbidden fruit! He thought the Marquis of Posa a demigod. But words cannot express his adoration of the Princess Eboli, that night played by Madame Clara Kritisch. She was to him the “vision of loveliness and light,” which an actress always is to an impassioned youth, the first time he sees one. Her large voluptuous eyes, her open brow, her delicate nostrils, her full and not ungraceful figure, together with the dazzling beauty of her (theatrical)

complexion, made a powerful impression on him. Her acting seemed to him the acting of an angel.

He left the theatre madly in love with her.

We all know what it is to be in love with an actress. We have all of us, in the halcyon days of boyhood, offered up the incense of our young hearts to some painted, plain, conventional, and perfectly stupid actress, round whose head we have thrown the halo and the splendour of our imaginations. We have had our Juliets, our Desdemonas, our Imogens, our Rosalinds, our Violas, our Cordelias, who, though in the flesh-and-blood reality they were good, honest, middle-aged women, mothers of families or disreputable demireps, to us were impersonations of the ideal—fairy visions, to whom we have written verses, whose portraits have hung over our beds!

Therefore, having known a touch of this “exquisite fooling,” we can sympathise with Franz. Never having seen an actress before, any hag painted for the heroine of the night would have charmed him. But Clara was by no means a hag: in fact, his passion was excusable, for on the stage she was charming.

Franz went again and again, only to return home more in love than before. He fancied she had remarked him in the pit; he fancied the smile on her ruddy lips was a smile of encouragement addressed to him. He wrote her a burning love-letter, which she quietly burned. He waited impatiently for an answer, and went to the theatre expecting to read it in her looks. He could read nothing there but her loveliness.

He wrote again; he wrote daily. He sent her quires of verses, and reams of “transcripts of his heart,” in the form of letters. He lived a blissful life of intense emotion. Fatherland was forgotten; the sword was no longer called upon; all tyrants were merged in the cruel one whom he adored.

At length he gained admittance behind the scenes; nay, more—he was introduced to Clara.

Alas! the shock his sense of loveliness received, when he beheld before him the fat, rouged, spangled woman,

whom he had regarded as the incarnation of beauty! Her complexion—was this its red and white? were its roses and lilies gathered by the hare's foot and the powder-puff?

He could not speak; the springs of his eloquence were frozen; the delicate compliments he had so laboriously prepared, faded away in an unmeaning stammer. The first illusion of his life was gone.

Perhaps there is nothing more striking to a young man than his first experience of the stage behind the scenes. That which, seen from the boxes, looks health and beauty, behind the scenes is weariness and paint; that which in the house is poetic, behind the scenes is horrible mechanism. What scene-painting is when looked at closely, that are actresses seen in the green-room.

Franz was staggered, but not cured. He could not divest his heart of her image, and began to see her again as he had always seen her. Growing accustomed to the reality, he again beheld it in its ideal light; and as on the stage Clara was always enchanting, she carried with her some of the enchantment when she left it. Poor fellow! how patiently he stood there, hungering for the merest word—the simplest look! He saw others—a privileged few—speaking to her boldly; jesting with her; admiring her; giving their opinions respecting her costume, as if she were an ordinary woman, while he could only stammer out some meaningless remark. What would he have given to feel himself at ease with her, to be familiar, so that he might be seen to advantage!

At last he thought of a plan for making himself better known to her. He wrote a play, in which the heroine was destined for her; and as hers was the only character in the piece which was effective, she pronounced it the finest thing which had been written since Schiller. Franz was in ecstasies. She read the play herself to the manager, and exerted all her eloquence in its behalf. But the manager saw well enough her motive,—knew that she was so delighted with the play merely because her part was the important one, and declined to produce it. The play gained its author's end however. It had established him among Clara's friends. She began to

notice his love for her, began to recognise its seriousness. She knew how to distinguish between the real homage of a heart, and the lip-homage which others offered her.

There is something inexpressibly charming in knowing yourself possessed of a heart's first love; and women—especially those who have passed the first flush of youth—are more gratified by the love of a boy, than by that of twenty men. A boy's love has something in it so intense, so absorbing, so self-forgetting! It is love, and love only, unmingled with any thoughts of responsibilities; looking forward to no future, reflected by no past. There is a bloom on first love. Its very awkwardness is better than grace; its silence or imperfect stammerings more eloquent than eloquence; there is a mute appeal in its eyes, which is worth all the protestations in the world.

Clara, who had been accustomed to the admiration of *roués*, felt the exquisite charm of this boy's love. In a few weeks he became her acknowledged lover; and excited no little envy among the *habitués* of the theatre, who could not for the life of them comprehend "what the devil she could see in that bumpkin."

But if boys love intensely, they love like tyrants, and Clara was made a slave. Jealous of every one who approached her, he forced her to give up all her friends; she gave way to every caprice; she began to idolise him.

This connexion with an actress, as may easily be foreseen, led to Franz's adopting the profession of the stage. Clara taught him in a few months that which ordinary actors take years to acquire; but this was owing to his hereditary dramatic talent more than to her instruction. His appearance on the stage, which would, he knew, profoundly hurt his father, was not the mere theatrical ambition which possesses most young men: it was stern necessity; it was the only profession open to him, for he had married Clara!

Yes! he, the boy of one-and-twenty, had married a woman of five-and-thirty! It was a mad act—the recklessness or delirium of a boy: but it was an act which has too many precedents for us to wonder at it. He had by this act separated him-

self, he feared, from his father for ever. His only hope of pardon was, as he fondly thought, dramatic success. Could his father but see him successfully following in his footsteps, he would surely forgive him. It was a proud moment—that boy's triumphant debut; proud because he had succeeded, proud because his pardon was purchased—as he thought!

Franz had only played a few weeks, and Germany was ringing with his praises. So great was his success,

that when a few critics and actors whose judgments were all *traditional*, objected that he could not be a good actor because he had not gradually worked his way upwards, they were speedily silenced by the incontestible fact that he *was* a great actor. A brilliant engagement had been offered him at Berlin; and he was about to appear on the same stage with his father, before that father had the faintest suspicion of his son's ever having entered a theatre.

CHAPTER IV.

The curtain fell. Franz had reappeared to receive the enthusiastic homage of the audience, and was now in his room undressing, when the door opened, and his father stood before him.

Instead of rushing into his arms, Franz stood confused, blushing, trembling. The haggard sternness of his father's face told but too plainly with what feelings he was regarded.

It was a moment of cruel silence.

The position was humiliating. With his clothes scattered about the room; with the paint still unwashed from his face; with his room in disorder;—swords, playbills, theatrical dresses, a wig, a rouge-pot, and washing-stand, lying about; himself in the undignified attitude of drawing on his stockings;—all combined to present the miserable and prosaic side of his profession to the angry glance of an incensed parent.

"So!" said the old man, "these are your theological studies! This is the end of all my care! you have disobeyed me. You have destroyed all my hopes, and gone upon the stage, for which you well know my detestation. I find you *thus*!"

Franz could make no answer.

"While I fondly believed you still at the university, pursuing an honourable career—a career useful to mankind and honourable to yourself—you were like a runaway apprentice taking to this odious life."

"But, sir,—I have succeeded!"

"So much the worse!"

"Is not that my excuse?"

"No; it is your condemnation."

"Surely, father, it proves that I have chosen right. It proves I have a vocation for the stage?"

"It only proves your disobedience. Vocation, indeed! Any man has a vocation for the stage: any man who has brains, and is not physically too weak to utter the thoughts of an author. Vocation! You might as well tell me you had a vocation for the highway—and if you had robbed a man, by placing a pistol to his head, and bidding him stand and deliver, that your success was your excuse!"

"Is it not enough," pursued Schoenlein, after a pause, "that there should be *one* actor in the family: one whose necessities have driven him on the stage, and who, once there, is forced to remain there?"

"But I, for my part, see nothing reprehensible in the life of an actor."

"I do."

Franz saw there was no appeal from such a decision, so he dressed himself in silence.

He was hurt, angry. He expected that his father would have been delighted with his performance, would have rejoiced in his success. To be treated like a schoolboy, to hear such tones and see such looks, irritated him.

"Come with me to my hotel," said Schoenlein, as Franz completed his dressing.

They had not taken many steps before a stout middle-aged woman, enveloped in a fur cloak, said to Franz:

"*Lieber Franz*, the carriage is waiting."

Schoenlein did not hear the whispered reply, but strode hastily onwards: his son followed.

"Who was that," he inquired, as they came out into the street, "who called you *Lieber Franz*?"

"Oh! that—an actress—one of our company—Madame Kritisch."

"Hm!" growled the old man; but he did not speak again till they reached the hotel. Arrived there, they went up into his room.

"Franz, my dear boy," said Schoenlein, with great tenderness, "you must promise me to quit this life, and I will forget that you have ever disobeyed me. Let us look on it as a boyish freak, now over."

Franz was silent.

"It is your father who speaks. Remember he is your best friend; and he earnestly implores you to quit a career which even success can only make a gilded disgrace. Will you promise me this?"

He felt very uncomfortable, and knew not what answer to make.

"You are young," pursued his father; "young and hopeful. You look as yet only to the bright side of life, and see only the pleasures of the stage. You think it glorious to be applauded, to have your name in the mouths of men, your portrait in shop windows. In a little while all this applause will fall upon your ear; all these portraits will look like so many signs of your disgrace, and caricatures of yourself. The charm will pass away, and you will feel yourself to be a mountebank, painted to amuse a gaping crowd! Then the wear and tear of the profession, its thousand petty irritations and miserable anxieties, will be as stings of wretchedness, and you will curse the day you first trod upon a stage.

"Look at me!" he said, suddenly pausing in the angry walk which he was taking up and down the room. "Have I not been successful? have I not been flattered, envied? have I not known what it is to be a great tragedian, to dictate terms to managers, to sway audiences? Have I not known all this? And yet, since you can remember me, have you ever seen me happy? Is not my life an example? Does not my whole life cry out to you, Beware! Will you not profit by the bitter lessons of my experience?"

"But, my dear father, you forget one thing: you have always looked upon the profession with disgust. I do not."

"You will learn to do so."

"I cannot believe it. You are the only actor in Germany who thinks so. Besides, I have, as it seems to me, a real vocation.—You may sneer, but a vocation is necessary in this as in all other professions. It is quite clear that I have none for theology. I must get my bread somehow."

"Your bread? Franz, listen to me. So fixed is my opinion, that if you will obey me, from this time forward you shall have the whole of my earnings. I have already saved enough to satisfy my own humble wants. I will devote every shilling to furthering and maintaining you in any profession you choose to select. You shall not say that necessity made you—as it has made *me*—an actor."

"I cannot accept such a sacrifice."

"It is none. I would sacrifice every thing rather than see you on the stage! Besides, in another year or two you may make a rich marriage. I have already agreed with our old friend Schmidt, that you should be united to his daughter Bertha, and her dowry will be very large."

A deep, deep blush overspread Franz's face, which was succeeded by a deathlike paleness, as his father mentioned marriage.

"How can I ever break my marriage to him!" was his mental exclamation.

"Will you promise me?"

"I cannot. Believe me, it distresses me thus to disobey you, but I cannot quit the stage."

"I have failed to convince you then? You misapprehend my motives. You think, perhaps"—and here an affected laugh of irony gave tenfold force to the words—"that I am jealous of you?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Franz.

But his father's words and tone had, as in a flash of light, suddenly revealed the real feeling in his heart: he was jealous, and his son perceived it.

Do not, however, suppose that the old man was aware of this feeling; he would have shuddered at the accusation. Blinding himself with all sorts of sophistifications, he attributed his horror at Franz's adoption of the stage to his very sincere disgust to that profession; and because he really did in his own person feel an actor's life was disgraceful, even sinful, he fancied his

objection to Franz's being an actor was wholly derived from that feeling. But in the depths of his heart he was horribly jealous. He had learned to hate Franz as a rival, before he knew him to be his son. Critics had maddened him by their comparisons. Franz had been pointed out as the actor who was to eclipse him. And now that he found Franz was his son, instead of rejoicing in his success, instead of feeling proud that at any rate his rival was his son, and that the genius which dethroned him was derived from himself—instead of the consolation which another father would have received, he was assailed by the bitterest thoughts at the idea of his son being an actor! He was incensed at such disobedience, at such violation of all his wishes; and attributed to his anger all he really felt of jealousy.

There is something so painful in the idea of a father being jealous of his son, that many will be tempted to pronounce it impossible. Rare it fortunately is, but not impossible. Who has not known women jealous of their daughters: women preserving their beauty, and followed by homage, till their girls are old enough to dispute and bear away the palm from them? If this is not uncommon—and more than one instance must occur within every reader's experience—what is to prevent the same principle applying in a man's case? You have only to imagine the vanity pampered by flattery into an unhealthy condition, and then bring in a rival—no matter whom—and the thing is done. Either the father's vanity will be caressed by the reflection of the child's success, (and this, happily, is the commoner case,) or it will be irritated at the child's interference with its claims.

In Schoenlein's case must be added the strange but intense dislike with which he regarded the profession of an actor. Had there been no rivalry in the case, had Franz been only a tolerable actor, he would still have been excessively irritated. But for his son to be an actor, and for the public to prefer him as an actor to his father—this was agonising!

He grew eloquent in his exhortations. Finding it was in vain to make Franz share his religious opinions, he

endeavoured to dissuade him by painting all the dangers of the profession—its pangs, its weariness, its disappointments—painted the disagreeable ordeal he himself had been forced to undergo; and speaking, as he thought, to accomplish his son's welfare, he was eloquent.

This much is to be said for fathers who object to their sons following their own careers: the struggles by which they have won their way, the sorrows which have been forced upon them, the dangers they have escaped—these are all so vividly present to their minds, that they believe them inseparable from the career. Who shall say that another will escape these perils? All the delight, all the rapture of hope and of success are forgotten, or else weigh but as a feather in the scale against these perils. A father says:—

"It is true I escaped; but I was fortunate. Besides, I had genius,—I had rectitude,—I had strength of will. My poor boy, (and fathers are apt to look with a sort of compassion on their children: is it because the children have, from infancy upwards, looked to them for pity and protection?)—my poor boy will not be able to buffet with the world as I did! He will be led away by temptations; he will succumb beneath adversity!"

In proportion to the precariousness of the profession is the reluctance of the parent. Poets never wish their sons to be poets; certainly not to trust to poetry for their livelihood. Nor do artists desire their sons to be artists. Actors almost universally shudder at the idea of their children becoming actors.

So that Schoenlein's remonstrances would have been vehement, even had he not been tormented with jealousy. But, from the moment Franz perceived the real state of his father's mind, all compunction vanished. No arguments could have made him quit the stage; but now he felt his father's arguments to be insults.

"I hope you do not misunderstand me," said the old man. "You must know me well enough to believe that no one would more rejoice in your success—that to no one should I be so proud to transmit my laurel crown, if it were not lined with iron, which brands the forehead with disgrace. I

am growing old, and am soon about to leave the stage for ever: to whom could I so fitly leave the inheritance of my renown, did I not perceive that it would entail lasting misery upon him, as it has entailed it upon me? No, no, you must relinquish this boyish notion, — you shall marry Bertha Schmidt, and quit the stage for ever.”

“Oh, do not ask it!”

“I do more than ask it—I command!”

“Do not—dear father—do not force me to disobey you.”

“You—you will *not* leave the stage?”

“I—I cannot! It would be hypocrisy in me to pretend it. I have a passion for the stage; and whether that passion lead me to happiness or to ruin, I *must* gratify it.”

“And think you Bertha will marry an actor?”

“Perhaps not.”

“Are you indifferent to that?”

“Why—the truth is—I cannot marry her.”

“You cannot? You shall!”

“I love another!”

“You love another!” angrily exclaimed his father; and then adding, with a sneer—

“Some actress, I presume!”

Franz coloured.

“It *is* so,” said his father. “Old Clara Kritsch, I shouldn’t wonder!”

A deeper blush overspread Franz’s face, and a look of anger shot from his eyes, as his father contemptuously let fall those words.

Franz loved his wife; but he knew the disparity between them. She was not old to him, for he loved her,—was happy with her; but although to him

she was as young as a bride, he knew what others said of her—what others thought of her. For himself he felt that

“Age could not wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety;”

yet he trembled at his father’s knowing she was his wife.

Schoenlein, who had observed the blush on Franz’s countenance, walked up to him and, placing one hand upon his shoulder, said—

“Franz, Franz, beware! You are on the edge of an abyss: the worst temptations of our miserable profession beset you. Beware of that artful old woman:—do not frown, she *is* artful,—I have heard of her! She has ruined more young men than any woman now upon the stage. She has ensnared you;—do not attempt to deny it,—I see it in your countenance. She has flattered and cajoled you. She has lured you with languishing looks, and sweet low words. You are already her dupe;—beware lest you become her victim!”

“I cannot,” said Franz, rising wrathfully, “I must not, I will not, hear this language of her.”

“You must and shall hear it. Why should I hesitate to utter the contempt I feel for that *refuse* of a hundred libertines!”

Franz was purple with suppressed passion, and, with terrible calmness, said:—

“You are speaking, sir, of *my* wife!”

Schoenlein’s lower jaw fell; his eyes became glazed, and, slowly sinking on the sofa, he waved his hand for his son to withdraw.

CHAPTER V.

The following week Schoenlein was again in Berlin, and playing three nights a-week—a thing quite unprecedented with him. All his repertory was brought forward. A sort of rage possessed him. He was tormented with the idea of producing such an effect upon the public as should perfectly eclipse his rival and son.

With true actor’s ingenuity in such matters, he gave the preference to his son’s favourite parts. He hoped, by repeatedly performing them ere Franz

arrived, he should weary the public of those plays, and so prevent large audiences welcoming the new actor. He hoped, also, that by this means the public would better appreciate the difference between his finished style and the crude energy of his rival. The consequence of this procedure he expected to be,—small audiences and unfavourable criticisms. By these he hoped to disgust his son, and so wear him from the stage.

Unhappily, he was so goaded by the

desire to produce a greater effect than heretofore, as to act much worse than heretofore. He overdid every thing. He was too violent; his contrasts were too marked; the elaboration was painful. People lamented his exaggeration, and began to whisper that his day was gone.

Franz appeared. Young, handsome, ambitious, full of hope and energy—around him the charm which always belongs to novelty, and within him the inappreciable wealth of genius—how could he fail to produce a deep impression? The calculation of his rival turned out a mistake: so far from the public keeping away because they had so recently seen the pieces performed, they flocked to the house because they wished to compare the two rivals in the same parts. As in the case of all well-known plays, the attraction was in the actor, not in the piece.

Berlin never witnessed such a debut. Franz was called sixteen times before the curtain to receive their boisterous homage. The whole town was in a state of excitement. Every body talked about him; every body compared him with Schoenlein—to the general disadvantage of the latter; and the secret of the relationship soon transpired, which led to endless discussion. The actors mostly stood by Schoenlein: they do not like new favourites. But the public, undisguisedly, unequivocally preferred Franz.

Exasperated by what he called the fickleness of the public, Schoenlein went to Dresden, there to eclipse the remembrance of his son. He played to crowded houses. But if at Berlin he overacted, at Dresden he "tore the passion to tatters." Instead of crushing Franz's reputation he nearly ruined his own. One paper had the malice to recommend him to retire from the stage.

He did retire; but not till after a fearful struggle with himself, and many a bitter reflection on the world's ingratitude, and the worthlessness of his efforts. He was deeply hurt. He secluded himself from every one. In the practices of devotion, and in brooding solitude, he endeavoured to forget the world and its frivolities. He tried to find occupation in study, and solace in religion. But to the one he did

not bring a studious mind; to the other he did not bring a religious heart. Lacerated with envy and humiliation, his soul found no comfort in books. He could not forget the past; he could not shut the world from his heart. The solemn organ strains, which stirred his soul when in church, recalled to him the stage; still more so did the inflections of the preacher's voice recall it to him; he could not refrain from criticising the preacher's declamation.

He ceased to go to church, and tried the efficacy of lonely prayer. In vain! The stage was for ever present before his mind. He tried to renounce the world, but the world held possession of his heart. His renunciation was not prompted by weariness, but by rage: the world weighed not too heavily and sorely upon his spirit, making him weary, making him yearn "for the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest;" on the contrary, he was only angry at his unjust appreciation. His retreat was not misanthropy but sulking. He could not forget his defeat.

Months passed away in this unavailing struggle.

Suddenly he reappeared upon the stage. His reappearance created intense interest, and the theatre trembled with applause. The public was so glad to see its old favourite again! Schoenlein's heart bounded, as of old, responsive to that thunder of applause; but the joy was transient: his pride was soon once more to be laid low. That very public, which had welcomed him so enthusiastically, grew indifferent by the end of the week. In truth his acting had lost its former grandeur. Flashes of the old genius there still were, from time to time, but they only served to make more obvious the indifference of the whole performance. People shook their heads, and said, "He was certainly grown too old for the stage."

He never reappeared.

Meanwhile Franz continued his triumphant career. He played at almost every town in Germany; and even the old men thought him superior to the actors of "their day." The greatest triumph an actor can achieve is to make the "laudator temporis acti" forget for a moment the

illusions of his youth, and confess that, even seen through the magnifying mist which envelops and aggrandises the past, this living actor is as great as those who are no more.

But Franz, amidst his brilliant success, was far from happy. The stage was the scene of his triumphs, but home was the scene of his despair. He was in a false, a very false position. Petted and idolised by the loveliest women in Germany, he had learned to look upon his wife as what she was—a woman past her prime, faded in beauty, insignificant in mind. He began to blush for her! This is perhaps the cruellest torture a husband can know, because it affects his self-love as keenly as his love. It is a torture which generally results from such ill-assorted unions. Slowly had the conviction dawned upon him—but it had come. He struggled against it, but it would not be set aside; it pressed on and on, till at last it fairly gained admittance into his mind, and made him wretched.

For observe, it was not her faded beauty which made him blush—it was not that she was so much older—it was because this faded insignificant woman was fretful, jealous, ungovernable, and unprincipled. The perception of these faults of disposition opened his eyes to the perception of her faults of person; they raised the question in his mind—*who is this whose jealousy irritates, whose fretfulness distresses me?* He began to scrutinise her, and the scales fell from his eyes!

"My dear Clara," he said to her one day, "what in heaven's name has changed you so? You used to be cheerful—now you are unbearably peevish."

"And what has changed *you* so, Franz?"

"I am not aware of any change!"

"No!" she said ironically.

"In what, pray?"

"You used to be fond and attentive, and now you are cold and neglectful."

"If I am so, whose fault is it?"

"Lieschen Flemming's. Oh, yes! pretend astonishment; but I see clearly enough. Your tenderness on the stage with her is so well acted,

because you have so often rehearsed it in private."

"Clara! Clara! this jealousy is insupportable!"

"Yes, yes—that is the answer I always receive; but it is no answer to my accusation."

"Why, Lieschen is betrothed to Fechter!"

"What matters that? Are *you* not married to me—and does that interfere with your making love to her?"

"This is perfectly ridiculous! Last week you were jealous of Rosa Behr, because she played Juliet; now it is Lieschen Flemming, because she plays Gretchen. I presume every actress whom I have to make love to on the stage will come under your suspicions?"

"Every one to whom I see you making evident love. I know I am old. I have lost the charm I once had in your eyes."

"This is not the way to regain it," he said, as he put on his hat and angrily left the room.

He that day confessed to himself that she was old, that she had lost the charm which once had captivated him! But Franz was a man of honour; and although he found himself in this false position, he resolved to support his lot with courage. He was wedded to a woman too old for him, unsuited to him; but the wedding had been his act and desire. It had been the crown upon his hopes. He had loved her—been happy with her. He could not forget that. And although divorces are easily obtained in Germany, he could not bring himself to abandon her, to separate from her, now she was past her prime. He had offered her an independence if she wished to part from him; but she did not wish to part—she still clung to the idea of regaining his lost affection—and made home miserable as a means of regaining it!

For five years did Franz drag about with him this load of wretchedness.

To render his situation still more pitiable, he became conscious that he loved another. Madame Rückel's youngest daughter—a sweet innocent girl of eighteen—had conceived a passion for the young tragedian, which her artless nature had but ill con-

cealed. Franz read it in her eyes, in her tones, in her confusion; and reading it, he also read in his own heart that her passion was returned.

He left Berlin in two days after the discovery, with bitter curses on his youthful error, which had yoked him to a woman he could no longer

love, and which had shut him for ever from the love of another.

Then, indeed, the thought of a divorce rose constantly before him; but he wrestled with the temptation, and subdued it. He resolved to bear his fate. His only hope was that death might interpose to set him free!

CHAPTER VI.

If in these brief sentences I have indicated the misery of Franz's condition—the depth of the shadows which accompanied the lustre of his success—if I have truly presented the main outlines of his domestic history, the reader will imagine Franz's feelings when a hand as friendly as that of death did interfere to set him free.

Clara ran away with the low comedian of the troop!

She had worn away in tears and fretfulness all the affection she once had felt for Franz, and having inspired a sort of passion in the breast of this comedian, lent a willing ear to his romantic proposal of an elopement. To a woman of her age an elopement was irresistible!

She fled, and left Franz at liberty.

The very day on which Franz received this intelligence he had to perform in Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue* (our "Stranger.") He went to the theatre extremely agitated. Great as was his delight at being released from his wife, and released by no act of his own—he could not think without a shudder upon the probable fate which awaited her; and a remembrance of his former love and happiness with her returned to make him sad.

It happened that old Schoenlein had that night been seized with a sudden impulse to see his son act, and had gone privately into the *parterre*. It was the first time he saw his son

acting—for on that Dresden night he saw nothing—a mist was before his eyes. He was now sufficiently calm to be critical.

Franz played the wronged husband with such intense feeling, such depth of passion, such thrilling intonation of voice, that the old man shared the rapture of the audience, and wept tears of joy and of pride as he confessed that his son was really a great actor.

The curtain had no sooner descended than Schoenlein, hurrying out of the house, went round to the stage-door, knocked at his son's dressing-room, and in another instant had fallen on his shoulders, sobbing—"My boy! my dear, dear Franz! you have conquered me!"

"My dear father!" exclaimed Franz, pressing him convulsively to his heart.

"Franz, I retract all that I have said. I forgive you. You have a real vocation for the stage!"

This happy reconciliation was soon followed by the betrothal of Franz Schoenlein to Matilda Röckel; and the old man had not only the delight of seeing his son wedded to a woman worthy of him, but also to hear him announce his intention of retiring for ever from the stage. He had realised an independence, and the stage was connected with too many disagreeable associations for him not to quit it on this opening of a new era in his life.

THE MOSCOW RETREAT.

It is scarcely necessary," says Mr. Bellstab, in the preface to an early edition of his romance of "1812," for the author to confess how largely he has availed himself of Ségur's narrative of the Russian campaign. It will be evident to all readers that he has followed, at times almost word for word, the descriptions of that skilful historian." Without taxing Mr. Bellstab with exceeding the romance-writer's legitimate privilege in thus largely helping himself from the pages of General Count Ségur, we may congratulate him on having had as a guide, in the historical portions of his book, so admirable a work as the *Histoire de Napoleon et de la Grande Armée*. As interesting as any romance, it at the same time conveys the conviction that the author has determined to merit the character of historian, and to avoid that of the retailer of campaigning gossip and anecdotes. Indeed one often feels disappointed and almost vexed at the extreme brevity with which the Count refers to all matters not strictly essential to the history of the grand army and great chief whose history, during the brief existence of the former and the first reverses of the latter, he undertakes to portray. He dismisses in three lines many an incident of strange romance or thrilling horror, whose details one would gladly see extended over as many pages. Mr. Bellstab has cleverly availed himself of this dignified and military conciseness, improving upon hints, and filling up blanks. With a few bold dashes of his graphic pen, Count Ségur furnishes the rough sketch; this his German follower seizes, adds figures, tints, and names, and expands it into a picture. The account in "1812" of the retreat from Moscow to Wilna is, in fact, a poetical paraphrase of that given in Ségur's history; and this paraphrase Mr. Bellstab, seduced by the excellence of his text, allows somewhat to impede the progress of his plot; or rather it protracts the book after the plot has, in all essential respects, been wound up. Nevertheless, as we have already said, this paraphrase, which may be con-

sidered in some degree supplementary or parenthetical, is the best part of the work; and Mr. Bellstab displays great power of pen, and artistic skill, in his handling and adaptation of the materials furnished by his French leader. The last strictly original chapters of the romance are those composing the eleventh book, commencing immediately after Ludwig is rescued by hostile peasants from death at the hands of his own friends. Here for a while we lose sight of the fugitive army, and abide amongst the Russians.

The chief ground of apprehension with the Russian nobles, upon Napoleon's invasion of their country, was lost he should proclaim the emancipation of the serfs, and thus enlist in his behalf millions of oppressed peasants. The plan occurred, and was suggested to the French Emperor, but various considerations deterred him from attempting its realisation. He apprehended a frightful amount of license and excess amongst a barbarous people thus suddenly released from bondage. Tremendous destruction of property, and frightful massacres of the higher classes, were the almost certain results. He might succeed in raising the storm, but he could never hope to guide it. Moreover, although the child of revolution, his sympathies were not with the masses. The Russian landholders, however, did not reckon upon his forbearance, and took every means in their power to counteract any propagandist projects he might have in view. "In the first place," says Ségur, "they worked upon the minds of their unfortunate serfs, brutalised by every kind of servitude. Their priests, in whom they are accustomed to confide, misled them by deceitful discourse, persuading these peasants that we were legions of demons, commanded by Antichrist,—infernal spirits, whose aspect excited horror, and whose contact polluted. Our prisoners perceived that when they had used a dish or vessel, their captors would not touch it again, but kept it for the most unclean animals. As we advanced into the country, however, it was

natural that the clumsy fables of the priests should lose credit with their dupes. But, on our approach, the nobles recede with their serfs into the interior of the land, as from the advance of some mighty contagion. Riches, habitations, all that could delay them or serve us, are sacrificed. They place hunger, fire, the desert, between us and them; for it is as much against their serfs as against Napoleon that this great resolution is executed. It is not a mere war of kings, but a war of classes and of parties, a religious war, a national war, every kind of war united in one." Stimulated to hatred of the intruding foreigners by those they most feared and respected—by their owners, namely, and their priests—the peasant-slaves of Russia perpetrated frightful cruelties upon those unfortunate Frenchmen who fell into their hands; cruelties admitted and abundantly illustrated by Mr Rellstab, although his predilections are upon the whole rather Russian than French. It is only justice to say, however, that in all the historical portions of his romance he displays great impartiality, and puts himself above national antipathies, taking a cosmopolitan view of the causes, conduct, and progress of the great struggle.

Led away by his captors to a bivouac of armed peasants in the glades of a vast forest, Ludwig at first almost regrets having escaped the volley of the French firing-party. A colossal Russian stretches out his hand to appropriate his prisoner's foraging-cap, and, upon the imprudent resistance of the latter, raises a club to dash out his brains. Ludwig deems himself no better than a dead man, when suddenly a woman's scream is heard, and a figure clad in costly furs rescues him from the fierce savage. A veil is thrown back, and Ludwig beholds Bianca, who possesses a castle in the neighbourhood, the same which the Polish lancers had surprised upon her wedding-night. It is not quite clear what has brought her into the forest among beastly Cossacks and bloodthirsty peasants, unless it were to meet Ludwig. The sights she there meets are not all of the most agreeable kind. Whilst the enraptured Ludwig kneels before her, kissing her

hand and weeping, a horseman, whose noble steed and rich dress speaks the man of rank, dashes into the circle, and sternly inquires the reason of this strange scene between the lady and the captive dragoon. It is Count Dolgorow, who interrupts Bianca's explanation by suddenly springing from his horse, and seizing the scoundrel Beaucaire, his former secretary, whom his quick eye has distinguished in the group of prisoners. By a strange fatality, his betrayer and his rescuer are together delivered into his hands. He gratifies revenge before showing gratitude, and has the traitor precipitated into one of the huge bivouac fires that blaze around. Before this we have met with a French grenadier impaled alive in a wood, and with a party of Russians setting up their captives as targets. There is no scarcity of the horrible in Mr Rellstab's pages, but without it the retreat from Moscow could not be faithfully described. After Beaucaire has been roasted, Bianca recovered from her swoon, and Ludwig presented to the Count—who admits, but with no very good grace, his claims to gratitude and consideration—the other prisoners are sorted. The able-bodied are sent to the Count's hunting-seat, thence to be forwarded to the mines. To those unfit to work, Russia, says Dolgorow, can afford no other nourishment than two ounces of lead. One man only is put aside as too old for labour. This is St Lucas, Beaucaire's employer and Ludwig's persecutor.

"St Lucas, not having understood the Count's words, fancied that, from his appearance and fine linen, and from his clothes (of which, however, he was by this time pretty well stripped,) his captors had discovered him to belong to the higher classes. The pallid horror which had spread over his features since the terrible fate of Beaucaire, was replaced by a faint gleam of hope. He ventured to address the Count in French.

" 'I trust, sir,' he said, 'I shall be treated in conformity with those laws of war which all civilised nations respect. I am not a military man, but belong to the civil service; my rank—'

" 'You are a Frenchman,' sternly interrupted Dolgorow—'one of those

vampires who have sucked the blood and marrow out of half the nations of Europe; more contemptible and odious than the soldier, for he, at least, fights with fair and open weapons.'

" 'They would willingly,' persisted St Lucès, again trembling with apprehension, 'exchange me against Russian prisoners!'

" 'Prisoners! what prisoners have you?' cried Dolgorow with bitter scorn. 'Thousands, certainly are set down in your bulletins, but where can you show them? You do wrong to remind me of that. Think you we know not how your ruthless assassin bands have treated the few who fell into their hands? Think you we have not found them, lying with shattered skulls upon the roads in rear of your flying columns? Did we not meet with them shut up in churches, barns, and stables, dead in the pangs of famine? Away with ye! We shall find enough to exchange, when exchange we will.' "

Discoveries and surprises now tread rapidly on each other's heels. A German in the service of Count Dolgorow recognises Ludwig as the son, and St Lucès as the murderer of his former master; whereupon Ludwig generously intercedes for the Frenchman's life, but is sternly repulsed by the Count, and St Lucès is forthwith shot. Then, upon their way to Bianca's castle, Ludwig and his

mistress stumble upon Bernard, lying senseless in the road. They pick him up and take him with them, in spite of danger from wolves and of the anger of Countess Dolgorow, impatient to proceed. At the castle Bernard and Bianca discover, by the somewhat hackneyed contrivance of identical rings, that they are brother and sister, and soon afterwards the Count becomes aware of the good understanding between them, and that Bianca knows she is not his daughter. These meetings and recognitions thwarting certain deep-laid plans, he resolves to forward Ludwig and Bernard to Siberia; but before he can do so, the two young men, with Bianca and Willhofen the German servant, make their escape by the aid of some French prisoners, and take the road to Smolensko, with the intention of joining the French army and seeking refuge in Germany.

Meanwhile Rasinski, with the shattered remnant of his gallant regiment, now reduced to a feeble squadron of sixty horses, forms part of the rear-guard under the hero Ney. We will give a specimen of Mr Relstab's adaptation of *Ségur*.

" 'Rasinski!' suddenly exclaimed Jaromir, 'do you see yonder on the rising ground?'

" 'Cossacks! And I wager my head they are not alone!' replied Rasinski.

" Upon the heights appeared three

* " Upon the evening of this long day's march, the imperial column approaching Gjatzen was surprised to find upon the road the bodies of Russians quite recently slain, all with their heads cloven in the same manner, and with their brains scattered around. It was known that two thousand prisoners preceded the column, escorted by Spaniards, Portuguese, and Poles. Various opinions were emitted; some were indignant, others approved or remained indifferent, according to the character of each. Around the Emperor these different impressions found no voice, until Caulaincourt burst out and exclaimed, 'that it was an atrocious cruelty. This, then, is the civilisation we bring to Russia! What effect would this barbarity have upon the enemy? Did we not leave him our wounded and a host of prisoners? Would he lack the opportunity of horrible reprisals?' Napoleon maintained a gloomy silence, but upon the morrow these murders had ceased. The unfortunate prisoners were allowed to die of hunger in the enclosures into which, at night, they were huddled like cattle. Doubtless it was still a barbarity; but what could be done? Exchange them? The enemy refused. Set them free? They would have hastened to proclaim our destitution, and soon they would have returned with their companions to harass our march. In this unsparing war, to have given them life would have been to sacrifice ourselves. We were cruel from necessity. The fault was, to have ever placed ourselves in so terrible an alternative.

" On the other hand, during our march into the interior of Russia, our captive soldiers were not treated more humanely, although the Russians had not imperious necessity for an excuse."—*Ségur*, vol. ii. p. 149.

horsemen, seemingly thrown forward to reconnoitre. They were soon remarked by all; and there occurred in the French ranks that restless stir and low murmur, betokening the expectation of an important event.

"Jump on your horse, Jaromir," said Rasinski, "and ride to the corner of the forest; thence you will see far over the country."

"Jaromir, now the best mounted in the regiment, sped swiftly across the snow, in obedience to the order. But he returned even more rapidly, to announce that the entire heights were covered with Cossacks, and that infantry columns were debouching from the depths of the forest.

"Just then Colonel Regnard, who by the marshal's order had also been out to reconnoitre, rode by. 'This looks like work, Rasinski,' he cried in passing; 'the ball opens just like the day before yesterday. The wood is as full of Russians as an anthill of ants.'

The drums beat. The troops stood to their arms. The disorderly groups of weaponless stragglers and invalids formed themselves into a dense mass.

"For us the fight is a pleasure," exclaimed Rasinski; "but it is hard upon Boleslaw and the other wounded. We must do our best to shield them from harm. But who comes here?"

"A Russian officer was seen descending the hill, waving a white handkerchief.

"Useless trouble, sir," said Rasinski proudly to himself, as he distinguished the Russian's object. "We shall not treat for peace so long as we can handle our arms."

"The marshal was busy placing and ordering his troops. He galloped through the ranks, showing himself every where, directing and encouraging all. Rasinski sent an orderly to report to him the approach of a flag of truce. But before the message reached him, the Russian officer reached the outposts, and, on distinguishing the Polish uniform, summoned them in their own language to surrender to overpowering forces. Rasinski sprang forward like an incensed lion. 'What!' he shouted, 'you would seduce our men, incite them to desert! That is not the duty of a flag of truce. You are my prisoner!'

"The alarmed officer would have turned his horse, but Rasinski already held the bridle, and his soldiers surrounded the Russian so quickly that resistance and flight were alike impossible.

"You will surely respect the sacred rights of a flag of truce!" cried the Russian.

"You should have waited at proper distance, till you knew if it pleased us to receive you," replied Rasinski. "It is against all usage of war to approach an enemy's army as you have done."

"Take me to your commander," said the officer, "he will listen to my well-intended offers. The bravest must yield to impossibility. You have no alternative but capitulation."

"We shall see that," answered Rasinski, well assured beforehand of the marshal's decision. "Here comes our commander, Marshal Ney. That name may suffice to convince you that you will waste your words."

"The marshal came; Rasinski rode to meet him and reported what had passed.

"You have done your duty as an officer and man of honour," replied Ney; "I should take shame to myself did I hesitate to confirm your words." And he rode forward and inquired the Russian's pleasure.

"Marshal Kutnsow sends me," began the officer. "He would not offend so renowned a warrior and general by asking him to lay down his arms, if any alternative remained open. Upon the surrounding heights stand eighty thousand men, and one hundred pieces of cannon. If you doubt my words, you are at liberty to send an officer, whom I will conduct through our ranks that he may count our strength."

"I hope to get near enough to your army to count them myself," replied the marshal with flashing eyes. "Tell Prince Kutusow that Marshal Ney has never yet surrendered, and that the world's history shall never record his having done so. Yonder is the goal which duty and honour assign me; I will break a road through your ranks, though your forests became armies."

"They will do so," replied the Russian. The words had scarce left his lips, when the thunder of artillery

echoed from the heights in front and on the left flank, and an iron hail crashed and rattled upon the icy surface of the plain.

" 'This is treachery !' cried the marshal sternly, as he looked up and beheld the hills crowned on all sides with levelled guns, and dark masses of troops. 'There is no parleying under fire ! You are my prisoner !'

"The officer, confounded at being thus sacrificed by the imprudence or recklessness of his friends, gave up his sword.

" 'Take him to the rear !' commanded the marshal. 'General Ricard, forward ! Attack the enemy with the bayonet. You shall have the honour of opening the road.'

"The general, at the head of fifteen hundred men, pressed resolutely forward."

Everybody who has read Ségur, and those who have not had better begin immediately, knows how these fifteen hundred men were swept away by Kutusow's artillery ; how Ney in person headed the next charge ; and how, after losing more than half his division, he retreated towards Smolensko, made a flank movement, again returned southwards, and at last struck the Dnieper, and crossed it with the remnant of his force, without a bridge, and on blocks of floating ice, to find, upon the further bank, Platoff and his Cossacks, with their Scythian tactics and sledge-mounted artillery, to which he had no cannon to oppose,—the six guns wherewith he had audaciously returned the fire of Kutusow's tremendous batteries having been left, of course, on the north bank of the river. But, after braving and escaping from the whole Russian army, Ney was not to be intimidated by a horde of ill-disciplined savages ; and he forced his way, fighting incessantly, to the neighbourhood of Orcha, where Eugene received him with open arms. There are only five short days' marches from Smolensko to Orcha ; but in that little section of the long and terrible retreat, Ney, whilst losing thousands of men daily, gathered enough laurels to shade the brows of half a dozen heroes. We do not envy the feelings of those, be they Russians, English, or of what country they may, who can read, without profound emo-

tion and admiration, the history of Marshal Ney during the Russian campaign, and especially during its latter and most disastrous portion. When those who previously ranked as the bravest gave in—when pride and thirst for glory were obliterated by extremity of suffering, and by the instinct of self-preservation—when the soldier's most powerful incentives, discipline, honour, and gain, were forgotten and lost sight of, and even the iron veterans of the Old Guard, no longer sustained by their Emperor's presence, renounced the contest and lay down to die—when his fellow-m Marshals, with rare exceptions, showed weariness and discouragement, and even the stern Davoust complained that the limits of human suffering were exceeded,—where was Ney, what was his aspect, what his words and actions ? In rear of the army, a musket in his hand, a smile of confidence on his lips, the fire of his great soul and of his own glory flashing from his eyes, he exposed his life each minute in the day, as solely as ever he had done when he had but life to lose, before his valour had given him riches and rank, family and fame. Surely, so long as valour is appreciated, the name of Ney will be borne in glorious remembrance. And surely those men who subsequently pronounced his sentence of death, must since have sometimes felt remorse at their share in the untimely fate of so great a warrior. "I have saved my eagles !" joyously exclaimed Napoleon, when he learned, at two leagues from Orcha, that Ney was safe, although he brought with him but the ghost of his fine division. "I would have given three hundred millions to avoid the loss of such a man." Although Napoleon, in some things the most magnificent chalatan upon record, dealt largely in speeches of this sort, we may believe that in this instance the cry came from the heart. What would the Emperor have said, had he then been told that three years later, on the 7th December 1815, the anniversary of one of those days when Ney so bravely breasted the Muscovite torrent, an execution would take place in an alley of the Luxembourg gardens, and that there, by sentence of a French chamber and the bullets of French

soldiers, a premature end would be put to the glorious career of him he had surnamed the Bravest of the Brave!

Previously to the junction of Ney and Eugene, Colonel Rasinski, whilst reconnoitring in the gray of the morning, falls in with a sledge containing three persons muffled in furs, whom he at first takes for Russians, but who prove to be Ludwig and his two companions. Upon the occasion of so happy a meeting, M. Rellstab is of course profuse in tears and embraces; Jaromir and Boleslaw are summoned to assist at the jubilee, and thenceforward the three Poles, the two Germans, Bianca, her waiting-maid Jeannette, and the faithful Willhofen, keep together as far as Wilna, save and except those amongst them whom death snatches by the way. The party is soon increased by an infant, the daughter of Colonel Regnard, and of a French actress, of which Bianca takes charge. Here again the author of "1812" has made good and effective use of an incident thus briefly recorded by Ségur.

"At the gates of the town (Smolensko) an infamous act struck all witnesses with a horror that still survives. A mother abandoned her son, a child of five years old; in spite of his cries and tears she repulsed him from her overloaded sledge, wildly exclaiming that 'he had not seen France! he would not regret it! But as to her, she knew France! she must see her country again!' Twice did Ney have the poor child replaced in its mother's arms, thrice she threw it upon the frozen snow. But amongst a thousand instances of sublime and tender devotedness, this solitary crime was not left unpunished. This unnatural parent was herself abandoned upon the snow, whence her victim was raised and confided to another mother. At the Beresina, at Wilna, and Kowno, the orphan was seen, and he finally escaped all the horrors of the retreat."

In the romance the child is first fostered by a wounded veteran, and a compassionate canteen woman, but separated from them when traversing the Dnieper, and receives the tenderest care from Bianca. On the northern bank of the Beresina we find the principal personages of

the tale assembled, at the moment when the Russian cannon pour their murderous contents into the dense mass of fugitives, and these, crowding to the bridge, fall by hundreds into the water. A round-shot suddenly shatters the front of the vehicle in which Bianca, her maid, and the child are seated. The scene that ensues is spiritedly and naturally told.

"The frightened horses reared furiously, and would have upset the carriage had not the pole and fore-axle been in splinters. Willhofen sprang forward to hold them; Ludwig and Bernard hurried to his assistance. With streaming hair, Jeannette had already leaped from the cart, and Bianca, unconscious of what she did, followed her example, still closely clasping the infant.

"Is it alive?" cried a voice, and at the same moment she felt herself seized from behind. She turned, and Regnard stood before her, his right arm in a sling: he had just made his way through the crowd of carts. "Oh! I have you then at last," he tenderly exclaimed, kissing and caressing his child as she lay in the arms of Bianca, who, stunned with terror and the recent shock, scarce thought of wondering at his unexpected appearance.

"You here, colonel?" cried Bernard. "How and whence came you?"

"From the fight yonder," replied Regnard. "Tis awful work; our fellows stand like the walls of Troy, but all must soon be overthrown, for the Russians bury us under their bullets."

"Did you see Rasinski? Is he alive? And Boleslaw and Jaromir?"

"They fight like lions, like devils, those Poles; but it's all in vain, we cannot hold out another hour. And this defile over the bridge looks about as tempting as the jaws of hell."

"You are wounded, colonel?"

"My right arm shattered. My horse was knocked over by a shell; I dragged myself as far as Studianka to seek a doctor, and found ashes and corpses, no longer of use in the fight. I thought I would have a trial to cross the bridge. I saw these carriages from above; I knew you had driven up here yesterday. If I could only find you, I thought, and get a last look at my little daughter! Laugh

at me, if you like, but the thought came like a whisper from heaven. 'Perhaps it is the last wish you will see fulfilled,' said I to myself. And as if some invisible guide had led me, I made my way to your very carriage, just as the twelve-pounder played you the trick. Only see now how hearty the child is; it grows like its mother! Ah! if I only had something for you, poor darling! Were we but in Paris, that I might give you a pocketful of bonbons!'

"And in fondling and chattering with the infant, he forgot both his crushed arm and the destruction that raged so actively around. The storm of shot had no terrors for him; twenty battles had accustomed him to it. But the sweet emotions of paternal love were new to him, and a secret voice seemed to warn him that he would not long enjoy them.

"Ludwig now came up and greeted the colonel. Bianca gave the child to Jeannette, for Regnard, with only one arm, could not hold it, and she felt that her strength was giving way amidst this complication of horrors. She leaned against the wheel of the carriage. Bernard observed her faltering, and encircling her tenderly with his arm, he kissed her pale cheek.

"See yonder woman," he said; 'take pattern ~~by~~ her; see, dearest sister! how calm she is amidst the ravages of death.'

About twenty paces off, a tall female figure sat upon a horse, a child of three years old in her arms, and gazed steadily at the tumult. A black veil was twined round her head, but left her noble and striking countenance exposed. She could but just have arrived, otherwise her appearance was too remarkable not to have attracted attention, even in that hour of confusion when few thought of any thing but their danger.

"'Calm?' said Bianca, after a long look, 'calm, say you? Petrified, you should say. See you not the tears that roll over her rigid countenance, and the despairing gaze she directs to heaven? Alas, poor woman!'

'She is the widow of Colonel Lavagnac,' said Regnard; 'her husband fell three weeks ago at Wiazma; the child in her lap is her daughter.'

"All eyes were fixed in pity on the

mourning figure, when a cannon-ball boomed through the air, and struck her and her horse to the ground. A cry of horror escaped the bystanders. The unhappy woman had disappeared. One could not see her for the throng. Bernard, Ludwig, and Regnard forced a passage through the mob of men and horses, but with all their efforts their progress was slow. Bianca followed them, led partly by pity and partly by fear of separation from her protectors.

"Silent and uncomplaining, the lady sat upon the ensanguined snow, her tall, dignified form supported against an overturned cart, her child clasped in her arms. The shot had shattered both her feet, but her infant appeared unhurt, and anxiously clasped its mother's neck with its little hands. None thought of succouring the poor creatures; all were too engrossed with their own selfish misery, and few vouchsafed her more than a passing glance as they struggled onwards. She would hardly have escaped being trampled under foot, had not her wounded horse, lashing out convulsively in the agonies of death, cleared a space around her. Whilst Bernard supported his trembling sister, Ludwig and Regnard attempted to climb over the cart which intervened between them and the wounded lady. But at that moment the noble sufferer took a strong hair-chain from her neck, twisted it, before any could stay her hand, around her infant's throat, and with a sudden exertion of strength drew it tight. The little creature drooped its head and fell strangled on its mother's knees. In a last frantic convulsion, the unhappy parent clasped her child to her bosom, gave an agonised sigh, a glance to heaven, and fell back, dead. At that moment Ludwig and Regnard reached her, but it was too late. Bianca hid her face in her brother's bosom."

A fragment of a shell knocks over the faithful Willhofen. The fire from the Russian batteries becomes more terrible than ever, the crowd more agitated and frantic.

"Let us keep together!" cried Regnard—"once separated, we shall never meet again." And he stretched out his hand to grasp that of Ludwig, when a ball passed between them, overthrowing the colonel.

"'Regnard!' cried Ludwig, springing to his assistance, 'are you badly hit?'"

"Bernard raised the wounded man by the shoulders, and bent over him.

"'I have got my allowance,' said Regnard, faintly. 'Where is my little daughter?'"

"Shuddering, but with resolute step, Bianca came forward, the child in her arms. She kneeled beside the dying soldier and held it out to him. Regnard looked mournfully at the little creature so soon to be an orphan.

"'Farewell!' he said, kissing it for the last time. 'You have no longer a father—but a mother—has she not?'" added he, imploringly to Bianca. 'Greetings to Rasinski, if he still lives to receive them. Long live the Emperor!'"

"Upon this last exclamation, uttered in a hoarse soldier-like tone, the final breath of the dying man was expended. The next instant his soul had fled."

From the heights of Studianka the beaten French now pour down, and Bianca loses her female attendant, who perishes miserably, crushed by a gun-carriage. It will be seen that there is a considerable accumulation of horrors at this part of the romance; but tender-hearted persons, whom narratives of human suffering too painfully affect, will naturally avoid a book founded on such a campaign as that of 1812. The passage of the Beresina has been too often described to be worth dwelling upon here; and the more so as Mr Rellstab very judiciously has not attempted to alter or improve upon the reality, of itself sufficiently extraordinary and harrowing. He makes Rasinski execute the famous feat of Jacqueminot, Oudinot's aide-de-camp, who, after swimming the Beresina in spite of the piercing cold and of the floating blocks of ice that bruised and cut his horse's chest and flanks, galloped after the stragglers from Tchaplitz's retreating column, caught one, disarmed him, put him before him on his horse and swam back with him to Napoleon, who had expressed a wish for a prisoner from whom to get information.

Hopeless of crossing the crowded bridge, where a fearful struggle for precedence now goes on amongst the

mob of desperate fugitives, Bianca and her two companions take their course up stream, still bearing with them Regnard's orphan daughter, and hoping to find rest and shelter by passing themselves off as Russians. At last, seeing no signs of house or village, they sit down in despair upon the snow and await their fate; when, in accordance with Mr Rellstab's practice of bringing about opportune meetings, Rasinski and his handful of lancers ride up to them, and after the due amount of kisses and tears, a Lithuanian peasant guides them to a ford, and they get through the river in safety. At Zembin they procure a small sledge, and Bernard and Ludwig urge Bianca to hurry forward to Wilna. Neither of them offer to accompany her, which they might with great propriety have done, seeing that they are dismounted and useless, but propose confiding her to a wounded dragoon, a proposal which she naturally enough declines, and declares she will stick to the ship—in other words to the regiment—and rough it with the rest. After which plucky decision there is no more talk of parting company till they reach Wilna. Before getting there, however, there is much to be gone through. For winter sets in, and the tortures of cutting cold are added to those previously endured, slaying the sick and wounded by hundreds of a night. Overpowered by the fatigues of the day, they lie down to sleep beside their watchfires, and in the morning are stiff and cold. The north-west wind suddenly surrounds the harassed Frenchmen with the terrible atmosphere of the north pole, the air is filled with an icy dust, lips and cheeks crack and blister, the eyes are inflamed by the glittering whiteness of the snow. The horses die from extreme cold, and it is just as well for their riders, who would otherwise be frozen in their saddles. Thus Rasinski and his comrades find themselves dismounted, and Bianca's sledge becomes useless. They pursue their way on foot, amidst scenes of inconceivable suffering and woe. Few of those around them show fortitude in this extremity of misery. In some instances despair and madness lead to violence and shameful excesses.

Bianca, whose courage rises with the necessity for exertion, is walking supported by Ludwig's arm, and Bernard follows at a short distance, carrying the infant, who, unconscious of the danger, smiles cheerily in his face, when the following incident occurs.

"At this moment a hoarse firm voice was heard in rear of Bernard.

"*'Stop, dog!'* it exclaimed. *'Your cloak, or I shoot you dead!'*

"Bernard stopped and looked round. A soldier, scantily attired in wretched rags, his features distorted, his beard long and tangled, his face black with earth and smoke, his eyes, frightfully inflamed, rolling wildly in their orbits, stood before him and covered him with his musket.

"*'What would you, wretched man?'* cried Bernard, horror-struck and stepping backwards. The child screamed with terror, clasped its arms around him, and hid its little head in his breast.

"*'Your warm cloak, or I shoot you down!'* shouted the frantic soldier. *'No more comrades here; I've as good a right to save myself as you.'*

"Bernard saw himself almost alone with the assassin; although thousands were within hail, the bullet would be quicker than their aid, supposing even that one amongst them had sufficient pity for another's peril to turn aside for a moment, and thus lengthen his journey and sufferings by a few painful paces. There was nothing for it but to yield to the menace and give up his warm wrapper, although he well knew that with it he gave up his life.

"*'You would murder a comrade to prolong your own life?'* said Bernard, in a tone of dignified determination; *'be it so, but you will profit little by the deed. Your hour will overtake you the sooner.'*

"*'Quick, death gripes me already!'* cried the madman, his musket still levelled and his bloodshot eyes wildly rolling.

"Bernard stooped to put down the child, which impeded him in pulling off his coat; as he did so, he heard a loud cry, and turning, he beheld Bianca, who threw herself weeping at the feet of the furious soldier.

"*'Take this gold, these jewels!'* she exclaimed; *'this warm cloak is*

yours, but let my brother live!' And, with the quickness of thought, she tore the rich chain from her neck and the furs from her shoulders, leaving her arms and delicate frame exposed with slight covering to the rigour of that horrible climate. The soldier gazed at her for a moment with fixed and straining eyes, then his arms slowly sank; letting the musket fall to the ground, he pressed both hands to his face, and broke out in loud weeping and whimpering. By this time Ludwig came up, and he and Bernard lifted up Bianca, who was still kneeling on the frozen ground, and extending her arms with the proffered gifts.

"*'Wild beast that I am!'* suddenly exclaimed the stranger; *'no, I cannot survive this shame. Forgive me; you knew me once a better man, before suffering drove me mad! But no matter; I know my duty.'*

"He stooped to pick up his musket. Bernard kept his eyes fixed upon him, and racked his memory for the features, which, wild and distorted though they now were, still seemed familiar to him.

"*'Where have I known you?'* he asked, as the man resumed his erect position.

"*'I don't wonder you've forgotten me,'* was the gloomy reply; *'I have forgotten myself. Alive, I am no longer worthy of the Order!'* cried he wildly, tearing from his rags the ribbon of the Legion of Honour and throwing it upon the snow. *'I will try to earn it again, that you may lay it upon my body. I am my own judge, and I show no favour.'*

"Setting the butt of his musket firmly on the earth, he pressed his breast against the muzzle and touched the trigger with his foot. The piece went off, and its unfortunate owner fell heavily to the ground.

"*'Gracious God!'* exclaimed Bianca, sinking senseless into Ludwig's arms.

"Bernard was at the side of the fallen man, supporting his head. A last spark of life still remained. *'If you get to France,'* gasped the suicide, *'a word to my wife and children—Sergeant Ferrand—of Laon,'* and the spirit departed. As he closed his eyes, Bernard remembered him. It was the same Sergeant Ferrand whose humanity saved him and Ludwig from perishing during their imprisonment

at Smolensko. Military honour was the condition of the veteran's existence; he thought himself degraded beyond redemption by the murderous aggression to which misery, pain, and despair, had driven him; a woman had surpassed him in courage, and that was more than he could bear. A rigorous judge, he had pronounced his own doom, and executed it with his own hand.

"Deeply moved, Bernard knelt beside the body; he gathered up the scrap of tarnished ribbon which the departed soldier had prized above all earthly goods, and laid it upon the breast of the corpse.

"Who shall deprive you of it?" he said. "May it adorn you beyond the grave, amidst the throng of the valiant who have preceded you!"

"And they continued their journey, for the times admitted not of delay."

That night they have to fight for their quarters in the village of Malodeczno, and use their artillery for the last time, being compelled to abandon it for the want of horses. Boleslaw is killed in the action. Soon afterwards, the Emperor leaves the army, and his departure dispirits even those who admit its propriety. Things get worse and worse. Often, after a fatiguing day's march, no shelter is obtainable, and Bianca and her tender charge are fain to brave the inclemency of the bivouac, whilst the men watch by turns to keep off wolves and marauders. One night, when performing this duty, Jaromir is startled by a loud laugh, sounding strangely horrible in that scene of misery and desolation.

"From out of the surrounding darkness a grim figure stalked into the circle of fire-light. It was a gigantic cuirassier, wrapped in a tattered cloak, a bloody cloth bound round his head beneath his helmet. In his hand he carried a young fir tree, as a staff to support his steps.

"Good evening," he said, in a hollow voice to Jaromir. "Good evening, comrade. You seem merry here."

"What seek you?" demanded Jaromir, amazed at this hideous apparition! "There is no place for you here. Begone!"

"The cuirassier stared at him with his hollow eyes, twisted his mouth

into a frightful grin, and gnashed his teeth like some infuriated beast.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, or rather yelled; "Sleep you then so sound, ye idlers?" And as he spoke he stamped with his foot on a frozen corpse upon which he stood. "Awake, awake!" he cried, "and come with me!"

"For a moment he stood as if listening to some distant sound, then tottered painfully forward to the fire.

"Back!" cried Jaromir, "Back, or I shoot you on the spot!" And he drew a pistol; but his hand, trembling with fever, had not strength to level it.

"The lunatic stared at him with stupified indifference, his sunken features varying in their expression from a ghastly smile to the deepest misery. Jaromir gazed at him in silent horror. The huge figure stretched its lean arms out from under the cloak, and made strange and unintelligible gestures.

"Ho! I am frozen!" howled the human spectre at last, and shook himself. Then he clutched at the flames with his fingers, like an infant, and staggered nearer and nearer till he stood close to the circle of sleepers, far within which he extended his arms. For the first time he now seemed to feel the warmth of the fire. A low whining noise escaped him, then he suddenly exclaimed, in tones between laughing and crying, "To bed! to my warm bed!" tossed his fir-tree staff far from him, stumbled forwards over the sleeping soldiers, and threw himself, in his raging madness, into the centre of the glowing pile.

"Help, help!" cried Jaromir, his hair crect with horror, and seizing Rasinski, he shook him with all his remaining strength.

"What is it?" cried Rasinski, raising himself.

"There, there!" stammered his friend, pointing to the flames, in which the unhappy cuirassier lay writhing and bellowing with agony. Rather conjecturing than comprehending what had occurred, Rasinski started up to rescue the sufferer. But it was too late. The heat had already stifled him; he lay motionless, the flame licking greedily round his limbs, and

a thick nauseous smoke ascending in clouds from his funeral faggots. Rasinski stepped shudderingly backward, and turned away his face to conceal his emotion; then he observed that all around him lay buried in a deathlike sleep. Not one had been aroused by the terrible catastrophe that had occurred in the midst of so many living men."

After those long days of hunger and fatigue, the bonds of slumber were of iron strength, and difficult to loosen. And it was even more dangerous than difficult to rob the survivors of the Grand Army of that brief repose, often their sole solace and refreshment during the twenty-four hours. In his turn overtaken by delirium, Jaromir's cries and complaints at last awoke the whole party round the fire. A low murmur arose amongst the soldiers, and rapidly increased. Soon they cast ominous and threatening glances at the young Pole, and at last their discontent found a voice.

"'Who is the madman, and what ails him?' savagely exclaimed a bearded grenadier. 'He robs us of our precious sleep! Thrust him from the fire—let him freeze if he cannot be still!'

"'Ay, thrust him out!' was the universal cry; and several sprang to accomplish the barbarous deed. Bianca uttered a cry of terror; Ludwig caught her in his right arm, and with his left kept off the assailants. Rasinski, who at once saw the greatness of the peril, left Jaromir in Bernard's care, and leaped with flashing eyes into the midst of the circle. Ever prompt and decided, he snatched a half consumed branch from the fire, waved it above his head, and shouted with that lion's voice so often heard above the thunder of the battle, 'Back, knaves! The first step forward costs one of yon his life.'

"The angry soldiers hesitated and hung back, yielding to Rasinski's moral ascendancy as much as to his threat of punishment. But then the grenadier drew his sabre and furiously exclaimed:—

"'What, dastards, are ye all afraid of one man? Forward! Down with the Polish dogs!'

"'Down thyself, inhuman ruffian!' thundered Rasinski, and sprang to

meet his foe. Adroitly seizing the soldier by the wrist of his uplifted arm, so that he could not use his weapon, he struck him over the head with the burning branch so violently, that the charred wood shivered, and a cloud of sparks flew out. But the blow, heavy as it was, was deadened by the thick bearskin cap, and served only to convert the angry determination of the grenadier into foaming fury. Of herculean build, and at least half the head taller than his opponent, he let his sabre fall, and grappled Rasinski with the intention of throwing him into the flames. The struggle lasted but for a moment before Rasinski tottered and fell upon his knees. To all appearance his doom was sealed, the hero succumbed before the overpowering strength of the brute, when Ludwig flew to his assistance, dragged the soldier backwards, and fell with him to the ground. Rasinski picked up the sabre, with his left hand dashed the bearskin from the head of the fallen grenadier, and with the right dealt him a blow that clove his skull in twain. Then, erecting his princely form, he advanced, with the calm dignity that characterised him, into the midst of the astounded bystanders. 'Throw the corpse into the snow,' commanded he: 'lie down again and sleep. It matters no more than if I knocked a wolf upon the head.'

"As if he had no longer occasion for it, he threw the sabre contemptuously from him. None dared to murmur, but two soldiers obediently raised the bloody corpse of the fallen man, carried it a few paces, and threw it upon the snow-covered ground."

The following evening the little band of friends reached Wilna, but without Jaromir, who had expired on the road. Wilna, the first inhabited town the French army had seen since their entrance into Russia, had been looked forward to by the fugitives who escaped from the terrible passage of the Berezina, as a refuge and a resting-place. There they fondly expected shelter from the cold, food for the famishing, bandages and medicine for the wounded and the sick. But their arrival took the Lithuanian capital by surprise. The inhabitants were still without any certain accounts

of the disasters of the French, when suddenly they beheld their streets invaded by forty thousand ragged wretches, in whom it was impossible to recognise the remains of those magnificent troops which had passed through with Napoleon in the previous month of July. The very impatience of the men to get into the comfortable quarters they had promised themselves (but which few of them found, for the inhabitants shut their doors, and the commissaries, although their stores were crammed with bread and meat, refused to serve out those much needed provisions without a host of formalities rendered impossible by the general disorganisation) was the destruction of thousands. They all rushed in at one entrance,—the narrow suburb became blocked up with men, horses, and vehicles, and numbers perished of cold and of suffocation. When the survivors got through, their despair was terrible on finding themselves every where repulsed, from hospital and barracks, from the provision-store and the private dwelling. The hospitals and barracks, where there were neither beds or straw, were converted into charnel-houses, heaped with human bodies. "At last," says Ségur, "the exertions of certain chiefs, such as Eugene and Davoust, the pity of the Lithuanians and the avarice of the Jews, opened places of refuge. Then it was strange to behold the astonishment of these unfortunates on finding themselves at last in inhabited houses. What delicious food a loaf of bread appeared, what inexpressible pleasure did they find in eating it seated, and with what admiration were they struck by the sight of a single weak battalion, still armed and uniformly clothed. They seemed to return from the extremity of the world, so completely had the violence and duration of their sufferings detached them from all their former habits."

Bianca, her brother and friends, skirt the town to avoid the throng, and get in by an unencumbered entrance. In the streets, however, Rasinski is separated from his three companions, who find shelter in the house of a former servant of Bianca, and there meet with Ludwig's sister Marie, and the Countess Micielska, a

widowed sister of Rasinski, whom we have not had occasion previously to mention, although she is a fine enthusiastic character, and plays no unimportant part in the earlier scenes of the book. On learning, by letters from their brothers, the burning of Moscow and probability of retreat, the two ladies braved the severity of a Lithuanian winter, and left Warsaw for Wilna, where their arrival coincides with that of Napoleon's disordered cohorts. Their joy at meeting Ludwig and Bernard is greatly overcast by the loss of Jaromir and Bogeslaw, and by the absence of Rasinski, whom the two young Germans vainly seek in the crowded town, until at last, overcome with weariness, they retire to rest, dissembling, for his sister's sake, their uneasiness touching his fate. Scarcely in bed, however, they are aroused by Paul, their host, who calls their attention to groans and lamentations in the street without. Arming themselves, they hurry forth to investigate the cause.

"Paul, bearing a lantern, preceded them to the spot whence the piteous sounds proceeded. It was a narrow lane, running parallel to the city wall, and inhabited entirely by Jews. Just as they turned into it they were challenged by a manly and well-known voice in their rear. 'Who goes there? What is this disturbance?'

"'Rasinski!' exclaimed Ludwig. Paul turned, and, as the light fell upon the face of the new comer, the features of the noble Pole were revealed to his friends.

"'Rasinski! you here, and alive!' cried Ludwig, throwing himself into the Count's arms."

Here follows, of course, *more Rellstab*, half a page of tender embraces and gratulations. Then, the groans and lamentations continuing, the friends again move forward.

"The lane was narrow and crooked, so that they could not see far before them. On passing an abrupt bend, they distinguished several figures, which fled noiselessly before them, like night-birds frightened by the sudden light, keeping close in the shadow of the wall.

"'Who goes there?' cried Rasinski in Russian. 'Stand, or I fire!'

"But the shadows flew onwards,

grazing the wall, and sliding over the snow. Rasinski rushed after them, stumbled over an object in his path, fell, and, in his fall, his pistol went off. Ludwig and Bernard, close at his heels, would have stopped to help him up—

"Forward, forward!" he cried: "follow and catch them."

"They hurried on, but only one figure was now visible. They called to him to stop; he heeded them not. A shot fired by Bernard missed its mark, but the whistle of the bullet discomposed the fugitive, who, in stooping his head, slipped and fell. Ludwig was upon him in an instant, inquiring who he was, and why he fled. The stranger, who wore a sort of long black caftan, replied in piteous and terrified tones.

"God of my fathers!" he cried: "have compassion, gracious sir! Why persecute the poor Jew, who does harm to no one?"

"Paul, a light!" cried Bernard, who just then came up. "Let us see who it is that is in such haste to crave mercy. His conscience seems none of the best."

"Paul lifted the lantern, casting the light full on the Jew's visage.

"The devil!" cried Bernard. "I should know that face. Where have I seen the accursed mask? To be sure, those red-bearded Lithuanians are all as like each other as bullets. But I greatly err, Jew, or you are the spy with whom we have an account to settle, that has stood over for the last five months."

"A shout from Rasinski interrupted the speaker.

"Hither, friends!" he cried; "your help here!" The three hastily obeyed the summons, dragging the Jew with them in spite of his struggles and cries.

"There has been the most villanous crime the world ever witnessed!" exclaimed Rasinski, pale with horror and indignation, as his friends joined him. "Behold our comrades, driven out naked in this deadly cold, plundered, strangled, hurled from the windows! Inhuman monster!" he cried in a terrible voice to the trembling Jew, "if you have shared in this work, I will have you torn by dogs. See! here they lie. Horrible, horrible!"

"In a nook formed by the recession of a house from the line of street, lay eight human bodies, half naked, some with only a shirt or a few miserable rags to cover them. Over one of these unfortunates, who was still alive, Rasinski had thrown his furred cloak, to protect him from the piercing cold. Ludwig and Bernard shuddered at this lamentable spectacle.

"God of Abraham!" cried the Jew, "to thee I lift up my right hand, and swear that I am innocent of this deed. May I be accursed with my children and my grandchildren if I know aught of it! May the ravens pick out my eyes, and the flesh of my hand wither, if I speak not the truth."

"He was amongst the murderers," the wounded man faintly gasped out: "he was about to cut my throat, when the fall from the window did not kill me, and because I called for help. Only your arrival saved me."

"Fiend, inhuman fiend! the unspeakable misery that might draw tears from a demon could not touch you." Thus spoke Rasinski between his set teeth, and raised his sabre to split the skull of the Jew. In convulsions of terror the miserable wretch embraced his knees, and prayed for pity.

"God—Jehovah—mercy, noble Count, mercy!"

"Ludwig held back Rasinski's arm. 'Sully not your good blade with the monster's blood,' he said, earnestly and solemnly. 'Leave him to the justice of an omnipotent Avenger.'

"You are right," replied Rasinski, quickly resuming his habitual composure. "Think you I have forgotten?" said he, with an expression of the deepest loathing, to the Jew, who still clasped his feet in agony of fear. "I know you well for the base and double traitor who once already escaped well-merited death. Nothing could save you now, were it not that even a villain like yourself may be made useful. Begone, and warn your fellow-assassins, that if to-morrow I find a single dead body, a single mark of violence in one of their houses, I lay the whole quarter in ashes,—men, women, and habitations; and I myself will be the first to hurl the sucking-babe into the devouring flames! Away,

dog! Yet will I mark thee, that thou mayest not escape."

"And raising his foot, he stamped thrice upon the face of the prostrate Jew, who bellowed like a wild beast, whilst his blood reddened the snow. Nevertheless, the murderer managed to scramble to his feet, and reach an adjacent house door, where he stood knocking and calling upon his fellow Israelites for help and compassion."

Count Ségur tells us, that the Jews enticed the unfortunate wounded into their houses to despoil them, and afterwards, in sight of the Russians, threw them, naked and dying, out of the doors and windows, leaving them to perish of cold.

We approach the final chapters of Mr Rellstab's romance. Bianca, whose quality of a Russian noble suffices to protect her and her attendants, remains with Ludwig, Marie, and her brother at Wilna, after the French leave it. They then post to Germany without further adventure. Their last sight of Rasinski is when, mounted on a Cossack horse, by the side of Marshal Ney, he heads a scanty but determined band, covering the retreat of the French. He subsequently falls at Leipzig, fighting with his wonted gallantry under the orders of his countryman Poniatowski.

From the glimpses of the plot and numerous extracts we have given, the reader will have small difficulty in

forming his own estimate of the faults and merits of "1812." We have already commented upon both: upon the spirit and power often conspicuous in the dialogue and description, as well as upon the excess of forced coincidences, and upon the occasional long-windedness and super-sentimentality. However the interest may here and there, by reason of prolixity, be found to flag, the book, when once begun, is not likely to be laid aside unfinished. This alone is saying much for a historical romance in four very long volumes. There are not many German writers, in that style, of whose works we would venture the like prediction. And just at present Mr Rellstab need not apprehend fresh rivals. The year 1848 is unfavourable to German literature. The country is far too busy revolutionising to care about belles-lettres. Fictions are ousted by realities, novels by newspapers, trim octavos by uncouth twopenny pamphlets, polemical and satirical, attacking and defending, supporting and tearing to pieces, the numerous schemes afoot for the regeneration of Fatherland. In due time it will be seen whether the literature of the country is to share the general improvement so sanguinely anticipated from the recent changes in a system, under which Germany undeniably has long enjoyed a very large share of tranquillity and happiness.

WHAT WOULD REVOLUTIONISING GERMANY BE AT?

MANY a confirmed wanderer upon Continental highways and byways may have been long since wearied by the conceitedly-vulgar airs in which old Father Rhine has indulged himself in latter years, and heartily tired of his bald vineyards, his melodramatic old ruins, and the make-believe majesty of his so-called mountains. But still there remained a sort of spurious halo about his very name; some kindly reminiscence of the time when, as an enthusiastic youth just escaped from the supposed commonplace of England, one gazed for the first time upon this famed show-stream of the Continent, and wondered, and admired, and poetised in spite of one's-self, may have cast a charm of early memory upon its overrated allurements; and, of a surety, there must have been brought a comfortable glow of pleasure to the heart of any one, except that nearly-exploded animal, the exclusive exquisite, either male or female, in witnessing the happy gaping faces of the touristic hordes, who paddled up and down the well-known old banks—a feeling of ease, comfort, and even homeishness, in the modern luxuries of the hundred palace-hotels of the Rhenish towns and villages, in the contented aspect of the thriving landlord, welcoming the guests who brought him wealth, and in the ready alertness of the active and obsequious waiters. Well, Germany has taken into its head to follow in the lead which distracted France gave, when it madly beckoned with frantic finger to all the Continent to follow in its wild dance. Germany has caught the St Vitus of revolution, and danced off, if not as distractedly, at all events in less connected step, and less defined figure, than its neighbour: and in this revolutionary frenzy Germany has assumed so ungenial an aspect—a manner so doubtful, so unpromising, so uncertain, as regards the next step it may be inclined to take in the jerkings of its abrupt and unregulated dance—that the gentle tourist-seekers of ease and pleasure have turned away in disgust from this heavy Meg Merrieces, who has forgotten even her scraps of song, and her long-pretended

spirit of romance, and declined to visit her until she shall have somewhat recovered from her drunken fit of revolution, and become more decently behaved. The Rhine, then, has lost the last charm of foreign bustle and movement, with which he decked his old head, as with a crown of wild flowers, not unbecoming his gray hairs. He looks sad, sober, discontented, disappointed, mourning his lost old joys, and his lost glories, of which young Germany, in its revolutionary excitement, has despoiled him. His hotels are empty; landlords, too, have a forlorn air, and take to rattling their last *groschen* in their pockets; and unhappy waiters get fat upon their inactivity, but, at the same time, pale with ill-humour at their diminished *trinkgelder*, and apprehension of losing their places altogether. 'Travellers' visits have grown, like those of angels, "few and far between;" and as angels do the poor scanty tourists appear to be regarded—as munificent beings, in fact, from whom too much cannot be demanded and expected; for the Rhenish hotel-keepers, in pursuance of the system adopted by Parisian shopkeepers, in these days of revolutionary scarcity and destitution, seem determined to make those unhappy beings, who fall into their clutches, redeem the debt they appear to consider due to them from those absent tourists, who have not come to enjoy all the splendours prepared for them. Since Germany, with its newborn cry for imperial unity, has appeared inclined to turn back again, in new revolutionary spirit, to old feudal times, the Rhenish hotel-keepers seem to think that they ought to appear in the characters of the old robber-knights. This consideration, perfectly personal to a poor tourist, who has lately paid his *löse-geld* at many a modern robber's stronghold on the Rhine, brings him round, however, to the question which he has been putting to himself, at every step he has been taking in Germany—"What would revolutionising Germany be at?"

What would revolutionising Ger-

many be at? It is a question easily put, but very difficult to answer. The old joke, lately "freshed-up" to be applied to the French—namely, that "they don't know what they want, and won't be easy till they get it," may, with still deeper truth, be applied to the Germans. In spite of much inquiring conversation with all men of all ranks, and in all positions of life, it has been quite impossible for an unimaginative English understanding to discover exactly, in the midst of all the vague rhapsody, florid discourse, and poetical politics with which it has been assailed, "what they want." To judge by the fermenting spirit every where prevalent, the bombastic and unpractical dreams—for plans they are not—formed as regards the future, it would be difficult also not to suppose that "they won't be easy till they get it."

What would revolutionising Germany be at? In spite of all one sees and hears, or rather does not hear, it is impossible not to recur to the question again and again; for, after all, in Germany we are among thinking men, and, children as they may be in political life, *thinking men* they are; and, surely, thinking men must have some definite end and aim to which their thoughts, their hopes, their aspirations, and their efforts are directed. All the Utopian schemes, all the unpractical theories of all parties, who put themselves forward in the revolutionary movement, be their tendencies monarchic, constitutional, or republican, aspire, then, to the setting up of the ill-defined idol of modern German political fancies—"German unity"—"One great and powerful united Germany"—"One great united German Empire"—or whatever name, designation, or varied shade of name the idol, whose pedestal is "Union," may bear. This was the great fancied panacea for all evils, for which men clamoured, when, in imitation of that distracted city of Paris—so worthy of imitation, forsooth!—they got up revolutions, and tried their hands at building barricades. This has been, in truth, long since the watchword of the German student, when, in the recesses of his beer-cellar at the university, he collected a set of fellow *fancied* enthu-

siasts around the beer-jugs, imagined this species of club to be a wonderful conspiracy, because he designated it by the forbidden name of "*Burschenschaft*," and deemed himself a notable and formidable conspirator, because he drank off his *krug* of beer to the cry of "Perish all Princes—*es lebe hoch das Deutsche Vaterland!*" The princes, by the way, were highly complimentary to such conspirators, in considering them dangerous, and forbidding the existence of the *Burschenschaften*, which were pretty safety-valves enough to let off the exuberance of studentic steam. Whether the cry for a "United Germany" first proceeded again from the mouths of these fantastic enthusiasts, who, when they found out, to their surprise, that the parts they had been acting in their mimic dramas of the beer-cellars might be acted to the life and under the open sky of heaven, became in most parts of Germany the leaders of the mobs, or the heroes of the barricades, matters but little; nothing is more like a flock of sheep—although the term of "a pack of wolves" might often appear more applicable—than the general herd of men in moments of revolutionary excitement; whatever conclusion, however far-fetched and fantastic, any old revolutionary bell-wether may jump at, the flock is sure to follow and jump after him. It matters, then, but little how or by whom the cry of "United Germany" was first raised—the whole revolutionary flock immediately set up the same "baa!" and in each convulsion of each German State, great or small, in which a revolution may be said to have taken place, among the grievances which mobs, deputations, or delegates laid before German princes, as necessary to be forthwith amended and rectified, was the immediate and indispensable want of a "United Germany." A somewhat more decided and definite step towards the possible realisation of this tolerably vague and indefinite *desideratum*, in the amendment of people's wrongs, was taken by the call for the meeting of one united German parliament, for the purpose of considering and regulating the affairs of all Germany in this revolutionary crisis; but more especially of effecting that union in

one empire, under one head, or under one form of government, which appeared to be the great desire of those who now put themselves forward as the expression of the will of all the German nation, either as a whole, or in its parts; and which seemed to be considered as the great unknown remedy for all evils, real or imaginary. The meeting of the first illegal and self-constituted body, which, in its impatience to be ruling the destinies of the nation, assembled at Frankfort under the name of a *Vor-Parlement*, or preliminary parliament, and, although originally only emanating from a club of revolutionary spirits at Heidelberg, contrived to impose itself upon Germany and its princes, and sway the destinies of the land, in opposition to the old German Diet assembled in the same place—the proceedings of the *Ausschuss*, or select committee, which the members of this *Vor-Parlement* left behind them, to follow up their assumed authority, when they themselves dispersed,—the constitution of the present National Assembly, sanctioned by most of the German princes, and acknowledged as fully legal and supreme in its authority, its members being elected by universal suffrage,—and its meeting in time to put a stop to the wild democratic tendencies and reckless proceedings of the *Ausschuss*, are all matters of newspaper history, and need here no further detail; they are mentioned only to show what revolutionising Germany fancies and pretends it would be at, as far as any idea can be formed from its actions—and the means it would employ to arrive at its ends. We have got thus far, then, in the solution of our question. Revolutionising Germany desires, above all things, one great and powerful union of all its several parts,—the how, when, where, &c., being as yet very indefinite and unintelligible; and the General National Assembly is there to settle those important preliminaries. Let us content ourselves awhile with this very vague and uncertain answer, and return to old Father Rhine and his neighbourhood, to have some further idea of the physiognomy of the country under the present revolutionary auspices, and with the soothing hopes

of the realisation of the grand desideratum of union before the country's eyes. After taking this superficial survey of the "outward man," and judging as far as we can of his character and temper therefrom, we may then speculate, perhaps, a little upon his tendencies in his present course; and even go so far as to attempt to take his hand, and try a trick or two of palmistry in fortune-telling—not pretending, however, in true gipsy spirit, to infallibility in foretelling the future, however knowingly and mysteriously we may shake our heads in so doing.

Although the Germans cannot be said to have the capabilities of acting any new part, that they may pretend to take upon themselves, to the life—and even to the death—with all that reality and energy for which the French have such an inborn talent, yet they may be looked up to as a still more symbol-loving people than the latter; and although perhaps not quite so much "up to" correctness of costume, at least quite as fond of parading the dress of the new part upon all occasions. The first thing, consequently, that strikes the tourist, on entering the Germany of 1848, is the ostentatious display of the new-old imperial, so-called national cockade, the red, black, and gold colours of the old German empire. It is not only upon the caps of vapouring students, who begin to consider themselves more or less the masters of the world, or upon the hats of hot-headed, *soi-disant*-enthusiastic, poetico-political young men that the new cockade is now to be seen; it stares you in the face from the head and breast of almost every man you meet—gray-beard, middle-aged, or youngster. It is generally from the centre of the cap or hat, and thus just upon the forehead, that it glares upon you, like the dark, red, gleaming eye of a new race of Cyclops: almost every male individual looks like a political Polyphemus. The soldiers are, one and all, adorned with two cockades, the one of the colours of the individual country they serve, the other of those of Imperial United Germany. They have thus two staring, distorted, and unmatched eyes, one over the other, in the centre of their foreheads. With their two eyes they ought, one would

suppose, to see farther in the mist of the political storm than other people. The military, however, influenced perhaps by the example of their aristocratic young officers, have shown themselves, generally speaking, and markedly so in Prussia, where the revolutionary movement has been the most decided, recalcitrant towards the so-called progress of the day, anti-popular in their sympathies, attached only to the king and individual country they serve, disdainful of the new central power, the authority of which they do not and will not comprehend, and of its representatives, whom they regard as a herd of insolent *schwätzer*, or chatters—in fact, anti-revolutionary, or, as it is called in the pet political phrases of the day, which the Germans have, now more than ever, shown themselves so foolishly eager to borrow of the French—*retrograd* and *reactionair*.

This position of the military, which appears, generally speaking, to be the same all over the country, is, to say the best, a very ticklish and equivocal one, and promises but little for the future internal peace of United Germany. Orders, however, have been given by such authorities as still are,—and in the first instance by weak, uncertain, vacillating, and now disappointed Prussia,—that the military should do their homage to the ideas of the day, by wearing the imperial cockade, if not in lieu of, at all events in addition to, that which they had heretofore considered as their national symbol: and the double Polyphemus eye of the soldier is one of the most striking and startling evidences of the unsteady and contending spirit of the times, that meet the eye of the tourist in Germany of to-day. Even more than the students—who are still, however, sufficiently remarkable both in costume and manner in these days of unrestricted movement and opinion—you will find a certain set of men, whose physiognomy of race is so strongly marked by some indescribable peculiarity of type, whatever be their colour or form of feature, as to render them unmistakeable, and who make the most glaring display of the imperial national colours, now so strangely converted into the symbol of a revolutionary spirit, be it in

cockade, or band, or button-hole decoration. These are the Jews. They are positively lavish in their display of ribbon. Ever since the revolution has begun its dubious and unsteady course throughout Germany, it has been, invariably and everywhere, the Jews who have displayed the strongest revolutionary spirit, the most decided republican tendencies, the most acrimonious hatred against the “powers that be,” and the most virulent efforts towards the subversion of the existing state of things. What may have been the cause of the outburst of this spirit in an essentially trading and money-getting people, whose commercial advantages, in whatever branch they may lie, must be so completely compromised, if not altogether ruined, by revolutionary movements and their consequences, it would be difficult in a superficial sketch to say: it may be conjectured to have arisen simply from a spirit of revenge against the exclusive upper classes of Germany, who have so long treated their sect, proud of its wealth, and seeking influence from its power, with cutting repulsion and contempt. The fact, however, is as stated; the most active revolutionary spirits engaged in the task of pulling down and destroying, as far as was possible, have been every where the Jews; the avowed republicans may chiefly be found among men of their persuasion; the clamour, the attack, and the denunciation, chiefly still proceed from Jewish mouths and Jewish pens. Those who now march forward, then, the most boldly, hand in hand in strange conjunction, along the precipitous path of revolutionary movement, are the students and the Jews. If you unwisely allow one of the latter to lay hold of an unlucky button of your coat in a steamboat, he will be sure to endeavour, with his peculiar twang, to insinuate into you all the wildest ultra-revolutionary doctrines: the former will keep more apart from you, and herd in knots; but, when they get drunk, instead of vapouring vague, incomprehensible, *soi-disant* Kantian philosophy, as of yore, they will bellow still more vague and incomprehensible political theories about United Germany. It is these two classes of beings, then, who make the

most ostentatious parade of the national cockades that flash across our eyesight.

The fate of this cockade has been a very strange one, by the way, in latter years. The red, black, and gold combination was long formally proscribed in universities, as deleterious and dangerous, and typical of the forbidden *Burschenschaften*: it was worn only in secret and by stealth, by recalcitrant would-be revolutionary students. All on a sudden it has been raised on high in flag and banner, waving not only in revolutionary procession, but from palace walls, and tops of public buildings. The cockade has not only been authorised, but enjoined; and in a late reactionary movement in Berlin, —when, out of jealousy and spite towards a central power, that had chosen its executive head from southern and not northern Germany, a considerable public feeling was exhibited against the imperial national flag, and in favour of the Prussian colours exclusively—the government, or rather the king himself, was obliged, for fear of an outbreak of the students, to command the resumption of those colours in flag and cockade, which, but a little while ago, he himself had proscribed. The pride of the young *soi-disant* heroes at being openly able to parade that symbol which they cherished only heretofore as fancied conspirators, may be easily conceived: and, now these boy-men find that they can dictate to the princes of the earth, not only upon the matter of flags and cockades, but upon matters of far graver note, there is no knowing to what height of presumption this pride may not still further lead them.

If, now, we look around us to note the general physiognomy of the people, we shall find many other little traits, that mark these revolutionary times in Germany. The common people, more especially upon the Rhine, and in many parts of the duchy of Baden—the common people, formerly so smiling, so ready, so civil, perhaps only too obsequious in their signs of respect, have grown insolent and rude: ask them a question, and they will scarcely deign to bestow upon you an answer: in many instances they will shrug their shoulders, laugh in your face, and then

turn their back upon you. On the contrary the public officials, the government *beamten*, have considerably lowered that arrogance of tone for which they formerly possessed a not unmerited evil repute, and will answer your inquiries with civil words and smiling faces. Such, however, is the natural see-saw movement of manners in revolutionary times, in the lower and lower-middle classes; and as far as regards the latter effect of revolutionary movement, no tourist in Germany will be disposed to complain of the change.

Over the middle and upper classes, at the same time, there has fallen a very visible gloom. That uncertainty of the future, which is proverbially far more difficult for moral strength to bear than any certain evil, has had the very evident effect, to the least observant eye, of depressing the spirits of “all manner of men.” The *hope* appears to exist only in the theoretical fancies of the excited liberal politician, —the *enthusiasm* only in the wild dreams of the declaiming student. The prevailing impression is one of all the dulness of doubt and the stupor of apprehension. Talk to people of the state of the country, and they will either shake their heads with a grunt, or openly express their fears about the future: and those fears are none the less active because they are so vague —none the less depressing because they wear the mysterious, visionary, and consequently awful form which the dim distance of complete uncertainty imparts.

Another change, again, in the manners of the people, is in the politicising spirit, so uncongential in times gone by to the Germans, which, in most great towns, seems now to have so completely absorbed them. It is to be found not only in the low clubs, and in the insensate pothouse debates, but in the eagerness to crowd round the revolutionary addresses, which are posted by ultra-liberals at street corners, in the anxiety to read the last revolutionary disquisition of the new radical journal, in all its glory of large sheet and full columns, which has taken the place of the innocent and patriarchal little *Volks-blatt*, that was before the study and delight of the humble burgher; and in the mali-

cious enjoyment with which the political caricature, railing at prince or men in power, is studied at the shop window, and the feverish importance that is attached to it.

All these characteristic signs and changes will meet the eye of the tourist if he even go no farther than the confines of the Rhine, and the old city of Cologne. There at once is that depression visible to which allusion has already been made. It is visible in the aspect of the fallen half-ruined shopkeeper, of the disconsolate master of the hotel, and, above all, of the anxious labourer upon the progress of that mighty work, the completion of which evil times seem again to render an impossible task—the Cologne cathedral. Funds for the further progress of the great undertaking already begin to fail; and these are not times to seek them from the munificence either of states or private individuals. The *Daumeister*, who has spent the greater part of a life upon the wonderful task of working out the completion of this miracle of Gothic art,—whose whole soul has been concentrated upon this one object,—the breath of whose very existence seems to depend upon the growth of this foster-child of his fancy, for which alone he has lived,—now shakes his head, like the consumptive man whose presentiments tell him that his last hour is nigh, and who despairs of escaping his doom. The revolutionary wind has blown like the plague-blast over the land: he feels that his hand must soon fall powerless before the neglect, or even ill-will of the new-born age of revolutionary liberty, and that he must disperse abroad that band of artist-workmen whom he has fashioned and educated to the noble work, and whom, in their completeness of artistic intelligence, none perhaps, in future years, may be able again to collect together. The cathedral, however, has proceeded to a certain point, at which the whole interior may be enclosed; and there, in all probability, the progress of the works will be checked for the present. The consecration of the new part of the building, in this state, has already taken place; but, even in these ceremonies, the revolutionary modern spirit of Germany has not forgotten to assert its influence: the deputation

sent to them by the Prussian Assembly refused to join to itself a Catholic ecclesiastic; and yet it was seriously proposed at the same time, by the arrangers of the ceremonial *programme*, that the monarchs who were expected to be present upon the occasion should mount upon the roof of the cathedral, and there take an oath to preserve the unity of Germany, which oath was to be blessed and ratified by the Pope, who was to be invited to come over to Cologne for the purpose. The Pope has had other deeds and other revolutionary tendencies to bless or to ban in his own dominions; but this little trait, culled from the first *programme* of the consecration of the Cologne cathedral, may be taken, at the same time, as a slight specimen of the wild poetico-political freaks of theoretically revolutionising Germany.

Let us wend our way a little farther. Without attempting to take any precise survey of Prussia and Austria, the continued fermenting and agitated state of which countries is the topic of every-day newspaper notice, and consequently without venturing upon any description of the poisonous and ulcerating sores continually breaking out upon the face of the fair and once healthy cities of Berlin and Vienna, the ignorant tumult of the parliamentary meetings assembled in them, the noisy fermentation of the ultra-revolutionary and republican clubs, the symbolical but dangerous demonstrations of hot-headed students and other unripe and unquiet spirits, the continual struggle and clash of parties accusing each other reciprocally of utterly subversive or counter-revolutionary and reactionary tendencies, and the constantly threatened danger of fresh convulsions, with further ruin to trade, and consequently to the well-being of the country at large—without, then, painting to ourselves a well-known and notorious picture, let us cast our eyes over the outward aspect of some of the smaller states.

• Nothing, in the first place, can be more uneasy and disquieting than the appearance of the Duchy of Baden. In Heidelberg, ultra-revolutionary students have come to a total schism with their moderately and vaguely revolutionary professors; and it is at present difficult to see how any understanding is to be effected between

teacher and scholar, so as to render the university a seat of learning of any other kind than that of subversive principles. In this part of Germany the revolutionary fermentation appears far more active, and is far more visible in the manner, attitude, and language of the lower classes, than even in those hotbeds of revolutionary movement, Austria and Prussia. To this state of things the confinity with agitated France, and consequently a more active affinity with its ideas, caught like a fever from a next-door neighbour's house, the agency of the emissaries from the ultra-republican Parisian clubs, who find an easier access across the frontiers—not without the cognisance, and, it would now seem, as was long suspected, with the aid also of certain influential members of the Provisional Government of France—and the fact also that the unhappy duchy has been, if not the native country, at least the scene of action of the republican insurgents Hecker and Struve—have all combined to contribute. It is impossible to enter the duchy and converse with the peasant population, formerly and proverbially so peacefully disposed in patriarchal Germany, without finding the poison of these various influences gathering and festering in all their ideas, words, and actions. The prostration of spirit, generally speaking, among the middle and trading classes, the discouragement, the uncertain fear, are even still more apparent here than on the lower Rhine; and the gloom appears the greater, from all we see and hear, the higher we mount upon the social ladder. The proud and exclusive German nobility, who have so long slept cradled in the pride and exclusiveness of their courtly prerogatives and privileges, now waken to see an abyss before and behind them, a precipice at every step. How far they may have merited the terrors of utter ruin to their fortunes as well as their position, by their long contemptuous exclusion from their intercourse and society of all who had not the magic key to secure admission to them, in the shape of the privileged particle denoting nobility, whatever was the talent and the worth of the despised unprivileged—and to this state of things, even up to the present day,

there have been very few exceptions at German courts, and much less in German high society—how far they have themselves prepared the way for their present position, by their wilful blindness to the progress of ideas in the world, are not questions to be discussed here. Their present apprehension and consternation are very apparent in every word and action, however much the younger generation, and especially those of it who may be military men, may bluster and talk big, and defy: they fly away to their country houses, if they have them, economise, retrench, and pinch, in preparation for that change in circumstances and position which seems to be approaching them like a spectre. The little capitals of Carlsruhe and Stuttgart, with their small ducal and royal courts, certainly never exhibited any picture of great animation or bustle even in their most flourishing times; but the gloom that now hangs over them is assuredly very different from the peaceful, although somewhat torpid quietude in which they heretofore reposed: their dulness has become utter dreariness; their lady-like old-maidish decent listlessness a sort of melancholy bordering upon despair. Princes and people look askance at one another: people suffer; and princes think right to retrench. The theatres of these little capitals are about to be closed, because they are considered to be too expensive popular luxuries in the present state of things, and onerous appendages to court charges. Sovereigns cut down their households and their studs; and queens shut themselves close up in their summer residences, declaring themselves too poor to visit German watering-places, and support the expenses of *regal toilette*. In Stuttgart these symptoms are all peculiarly visible. Spite of the long-acquired popularity of the King of Wurtemberg, as a liberal, well-judging, and rightly-minded monarch towards his subjects, the wind of revolution, that has blown in such heavy gusts in other parts of Germany, has not wholly spared that kingdom; and before accomplishing the intention attributed to him of retiring, in order to avoid those revolutionary demands which, in spite of his best intentions, he de-

clares himself unable conscientiously to meet, the present king puts in practice those measures of retrenching economy, which add to the gloom of his capital and the disconsolate look of the court-attached and commercial portion of his subjects. It is scarcely possible, however, to suppose that the King of Wurtemberg can seriously think of abdicating in favour of a son whose youthful actions have always rendered him highly unpopular, all the more so as he is married to a Russian arch-duchess, whose birth must render her *suspecte* to the liberals of the day. Another cause, which contributes to the melancholy and deserted air of these capitals of the smaller German courts, is the retirement of the ambassadors and diplomatic agents of the other German courts, who, if not already recalled from their posts, will probably shortly be so, to meet the views of German unity, which needs but one representative in common. This unhappy look of the little German capitals is one of the most melancholy signs of the times in these smaller states. In Hanover and Brunswick the apparent resolution of their present rulers, to resist the power of the new Central Government of would-be united Germany, occasions agitation, uncertainty, and fear, which make themselves as fully apparent in outward symptoms as elsewhere. Bavaria alone appears to preserve an exceptional position. Bavaria also has had her revolution, to be sure; but, strange to say, the revolution was occasioned by the manœuvres of the anti-liberal, or, in that country, Jesuitical party, against the liberal tendencies of a wild woman's influence over the mind of the king; and, singular as was the nature and cause of this revolution, singular has remained the situation of Bavaria, quiet, unagitated, and seemingly contented, in the midst of the convulsive hurly-burly passing every where around it.

After this cursory survey of the outward aspect of a great part of Germany, let us turn our eyes to Frankfort, the present central point of all interest and attention; for there sits the General National Assembly; there is to be brewed, by whatever recipe, or in whatever manner it may be, that fancied panacea for all evils, the

Union of Germany: there, then, we may probably best learn what revolutionising Germany would be at, or, at all events, best see the means employed to arrive at something like a consummation. Let us first look at the cooks at their work; and then taste the nature of the brew, as far as their political culinary efforts have gone to "make the medley slab and good."

Let us enter, then, that plain, dry, and harsh-looking circular building, which is the Lutheran Church of St Paul; it is there the Assembly holds its sittings. The interior arrangement has been fashioned entirely upon the plan of the French Chambers. The President's tribune, the lower tribune of the orator before it, the gradually rising and diverging amphitheatre of seats for the members, are all entirely French in their plan. Completely French also, and with similar designation, is the political shading of the members according to their seats; the *Droit*, the *Centre* in its variety of progressing *nuances*, and the *Gauche* and *Extreme Gauche* have the same signification in the German Assembly as in the French. Nor does the resemblance cease here; the constitution of the Assembly, in its various elements, has a strong affinity to that of the present French National Assembly. The majority of the members are evidently concentrated in the different shades of the *Centre*. The old conservatives of the right have but little influence, except as a make-weight against the ultra-liberals. The centre consists chiefly of the old liberals, and opposition leaders in the different chambers of such of the German states as possessed constitutions of one modification or another—men who have now, in turn, in their position towards the ultra-revolutionary spirits, that tendency which may be called liberal conservative: they are the men of progress, who, in the present hurricane of revolutionary ideas, endeavour to guide the helm so as to avoid the very rocks they have had so great a hand in raising, and to restrain the very waves which their own breath has so greatly contributed to lash into fury! They are the Odillon Barrots, and suchlike old liberals of Germany. They find that the task before them is

one of far ruder difficulty than in their theoretical fancies they had first imagined; and many of them there may be, who cannot but acknowledge to themselves, however little they may be inclined to acknowledge it to the world, that the business of a vast nation is not to be conducted by inexperienced heads, however talented, however well they may have conducted the business of a counting-house, or taught theories from a professor's chair—in fact, that theory and practice will not walk hand in hand without a long process of amalgamating experience. The left is occupied by the men of revolutionary utopics and crude subversive opinions; and in its extreme by the ardent republicans and tribunes of the people, whom the revolution has caused to spring out of the political soil like mushrooms. These are the men who complain, in speech or in journal, that the Assembly is wasting its time in vain vapid disputations—an accusation, by the way, by no means unfounded—and yet themselves, when ever they mount into the tribune, indulge more than any others, in declamatory would-be poetical phrases, “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing,” and containing not one practical idea, or feasible proposal. They seem to think that, by ringing the changes upon certain pet words, such as “patriotism” and “nationality,” they have said great things and done great deeds for the good of the country; and, as far as such clap-trap efforts to gain popular applause go, they may fairly be said to obtain their ends. In this again they have a strong “cousin-german” resemblance with the French ultras in a similar position—and no less so in their endeavours to overawe and browbeat the majority of the Assembly by noisy exclamations, and even uproarious riot. The German ultras, however, have succeeded, to a great extent, in a manœuvre in which their French brethren have failed, although supported in it, at first, by a certain reckless member of the Provisional Government—that is to say, in packing the public galleries with acolytes, said to be paid, who, while they applaud all ultra-revolutionary speeches “to the echo,” endeavour to put down the conservative orators by tumult, or violent

hissings, and are of course vaunted forth in the ultra-liberal journals as “the expression of the will of the nation.” Be it said, at the same time, *en passant*, that this manner of applauding by the clapping of hands, and expressing disapproval by hissing, has been borrowed from a habit of the members of the Assembly themselves, which has certainly a very unparliamentary appearance and sound to English eyes and ears. This use of the public galleries, which, in spite of the regulations of the Assembly, it has been found impossible altogether to put down, has assuredly a certain influence in overawing and intimidating some of the members of the majority. Two causes, however, have contributed to preserve the Assembly from utter anarchy and confusion. The first of these, a negative one, consists in the fact that Frankfort is not a great noisy stirring capital of a great country, where a mob is always at hand to be used as a tyrannical influence by the leaders of the people, and that there are no suburbs filled with a working population, whence, as in Paris, an insurgent army may be suddenly recruited to work mischief, when it may have no other work to do. The second, a direct and active one, arises from the personality of the President of the Assembly; and certainly it is in the personal qualities and physical advantages of the Herr von Gagern, as much as in his position, and from the esteem in which he is held, that his power to dominate, control, and will to order, very greatly consists.

The President Gagern, long known as the most talented and leading opposition member of the Darmstadt Chamber, has passed his life in his energetic attempts to further those constitutional liberties, which he would now check with powerful hand, that they may not go too far. Disappointed and disgusted with his fruitless efforts to promote what he considered the interests of his country, the Herr von Gagern had retired, for some time past, into private life, when, upon the breaking forth of the revolutionary storm, he was called upon by his prince to take the helm of affairs, and, as minister, to steer the bark along the current by which he might avoid the Scylla of

ultra-democracy as much as the Charibdis of resistance to the progress of the age. In this new character he again appeared upon the stage of the political world; and he has only retired from his post, as he has since refused to accept office as minister of the new central executive power of all Germany, in order to maintain the position, to which he was raised by acclamation, as the controlling head of that Assembly which was to decide the destinies of the country, and from the councils of which he himself had fondly hoped to see emanate the welfare of united Germany.

Tall and stout, with a face which possesses a decision and firmness of character, much aided by a pair of very broad black brows, Herr von Gagern has, at the same time, a bold dignity of manner and gesture, which is well calculated to rule an Assembly, and a powerful voice, which knows how to make itself heard in a storm: a ready and simple eloquence, and a clear good sense, which fastens upon the right point at the right moment, are combined with these advantages of exterior appearance; and as he rises, in cases of emergency, to display a vigour of energy, rather than that system of conciliation so fatally used in France, and so impracticable amidst all the clashing party opinions of a revolutionary Assembly, he shows himself to be the man of the moment, and of the place. He may be said to be the saviour of the German National Assembly, inasmuch as his personal influence may be considered to have rescued it from that state of anarchy and confusion which now disgraces the French chamber, and into which the German Assembly, with its conflicting elements, and its still greater inexperience, seemed at first about to fall.

As it is, the German National Assembly can by no means be looked upon as a model of parliamentary order: it is still noisy, ill-regulated, and uncertain in its movements. It cannot be denied, at the same time, that sufficient individual talent may be found among its members. Among the rising men of the day, the orators of Prussia and the smaller northern states, (for Southern Germany has as yet produced but little striking

talent,)—along with those young, ardent, and energetic men who, the conspirators and insurgents of a few months ago, have gone over to the liberal conservative majority, and the people's orators, who aim at being the O'Connells of Germany, as their phraseology goes, and who, in spite of the impracticable nature of their tenets, and the frequently vapid nature of their declamation, have a certain rude ready eloquence, that strives to be poetical—there are also a few practised statesmen, a few wary old men of action, and several well-known authors and poets, such as old Uhland, whose democratic ardour still keeps him upon the benches of the left, and the Count Auersperg, well known under the name of Anastatius Grün, whom disappointments in his position in society are supposed also to have driven into the ultra-democratic ranks. But there seems to be an utter want of purpose in most of the speeches which emanate from the lips of these men of talent. Proverbially vague in their philosophical theories, even when they make most pretensions to clearness, the Germans show themselves still more so in their political views. The speeches not only of the ultra-liberals, but of the would-be statesmen of the centre, appear mere compilations of "words, words, words," without any tangible argument or practical proposal: it is rarely that it is possible to sift from the readily flowing, but generally most muddy stream, a sand of gold, that may be used as one of sterling worth in the crown of unity which the hands of the Assembly would be forging. In all that emanates from the Assembly, either in debate or in decree, there is generally a lamentable want of correctly defined purpose: and, in fact, to return to the point from which we have started, it is as difficult to discover from the vague, wavering, boggling proceedings of the Assembly, as from any other quarter, or from any other movement, precisely what revolutionising Germany would be at. Up to the present time, like the Provisional Government of France, it has rather attempted to rule aristocratically itself, than to prepare the way, as was its object, for the future definitive constitution of Germany. The only

definite step it has yet taken towards that vague *desideratum*, a "United Germany," has been in the appointment of a Provisional Executive Head, and of a cabinet of ministers at its direction.

Except in as far as regards the jealousy of Prussia, disappointed in its hopes of itself giving the head to the Imperial government, and inclined in consequence to quarrel with the dictates of that central power, for which it clamoured, and which it at least accepted not ungraciously, as long as it thought, with true Prussian conceit, that the head must necessarily emanate from itself—a jealousy to which reference will be made further on—the choice of the Austrian Archduke John, as Administrator or Protector of the Government of United Germany, whatever his charge may be called, (for the German term "*Reichs Verweser*" expresses in itself both these attributive designations,) cannot be looked upon as one of any political weight. As a prince, enjoying for many years past a certain popularity, more perhaps from a feeling of opposition, because he was considered as living upon ill terms with the Imperial court of Austria, than from any personal attachment to himself, the Archduke John may be considered to be well selected as a popular and generally accepted head of Germany: whether he possesses either the talent or the energy to fill so strange and awfully responsible a post in the present disturbed state of Germany is another question, which only those who have known him in the retirement of private life can answer. The political writer who designated him as the Duke of Sussex of Austria, made a happy hit in this classifying him. The Archduke John has rendered himself popular by his patronage and furtherance of scientific institutions: but he has been too little known, otherwise than as the discarded and disgraced of the Imperial family, to be called in any way "the man of the people." The marriage, which was the cause of his disgrace, was thus, likewise, the cause of his popularity, such as it was: the union of an Imperial prince with a girl of comparatively humble birth—a union about the origin of

which so many absurdly fabulous tales have been told—flattered the instincts of the middle and lower classes. The Archduchess, however, who now finds herself elevated still more, to a pinnacle to which her wildest dreams could scarcely have led her, and who is now flattered, caressed, and done homage to, as she was before set aside, is said to reveal nothing of any humble origin, and to be as lady-like as sensible in manner. Upon the whole, then, it is not in the wholly provisional and most unstable appointment of the Archduke John as "*Reichs Verweser*" that we shall find any solution to the inquiry as to the more certain revolutionary tendencies of Germany.

Assuredly more ought to be gathered from the appointment of the new central cabinet, and more especially of its Minister for Foreign Affairs and leading member, Prince Leiningen: and naturally we look to the recent manifesto of the prince as a document from which we may best learn "what revolutionising Germany would be at." Sensible and clear, or at all events as little confused as is possible in the present confused state of all theories, plans, and reasonings in Germany, the manifesto, in doing no more than pointing out two methods towards effecting the reconstruction of Germany, leaves every thing as regards the future in as vague and uncertain a state as before. It only states a dilemma—it does not attempt to resolve it. It puts Germany in a cleft stick, or rather, at the division of two paths, the greater merit or practicability of either of which it does not attempt to show very decisively, by its concluding words, "*Entweder, Oder! choose!*" In fact, it does no more than ask with ourselves, "What would revolutionising Germany be at?"

It may be surmised, certainly, from the manifesto of Prince Leiningen, that he himself is really inclined towards the going forward in the uncertain course of doing *something* towards the effectuation of the desired union, although he by no means pretends to recommend *how* this is to be done. He seems—and his acceptance of office would in itself appear to confirm the fact—a partisan of what he defines somewhat confusedly as "an

actual union of all the component parts of the whole, in such a manner as to avert the possibility of any dispute between the whole and the parts;" for he adds, "If any other course be pursued, not singleness or unity, but discord and separation will be established." But in the alternative which he places before Germany, of either returning to the past, or of realising the uncertain and as yet undefined desideratum of a great union for the future, it would seem, whatever be the prince's own meaning, or whatever may be supposed to be the means used by the Assembly to produce a united whole, that he only places before it at the same time the alternative of a civil war, at which he himself hints, or a republican constitution, which must appear to be the result of the progress in its present sense, of revolutionising Germany.

When we hear that "to retrograde to a confederation of states, or to establish a weak federal state, by a powerfully impressed independence of the individual states, would only be to create a mournful period of transition to fresh catastrophes and new revolutions;" that from such a course of proceeding would result the danger "of harbouring in Germany revolutionary movements, or perchance civil war, for a series of years;" that the nation would arrive at "the most undesirable consummation of rendering itself ridiculous for ever by trumpeting to the world German unity and German power, and presenting in reality a spectacle the very reverse"—when we hear that "no dynastic interests can be taken into consideration if the nation wills unity;" that "to construct a new empire, and at the same time to permit an organisation tending to an inevitable contest for the supreme sovereignty between the individual states, would be to sow disunion instead of unity, to create weakness instead of power;" and that, consequently, "the imperial power must, in a degree, absorb in itself the sovereignty of the individual states, abolish the diplomatic intercourse of the individual states at home and abroad, and concentrate it in its own hands, appropriate to itself the unconditional disposal of the national forces, and not allow governments or their constitu-

ent State Assemblies to occupy themselves with affairs appertaining to the National Assembly alone, since a perfectly established central state, in which other perfectly established states are encased, would be virtually a monstrosity,"—when we hear all these things, and weigh the tendency of their views, we can see in them no other result than the abasement of the individual sovereigns, an absorption of their power, which would leave them no more than useless and ridiculous puppets, and, consequently, their inevitable overthrow in the course of time, and the establishment of republican institutions, whatever the name given to the new form of republic, whatever the title bestowed upon its head, be it even Emperor, or *Reichsverweser*, Regent, Protector, Administrator, or President.

On the other hand, when we are told—although "jealousies between individual states, and revilings of the northern by the southern parts of the empire" are stigmatised as "criminal absurdities"—that, "if the many collateral and coexistent interests are too preponderant to be sacrificed to German unity, if the old spirit of discord and separation is still too powerfully at work, if the jealousy between race and race, between north and south, is still too strongly felt, the nation must convince itself of the fact, and return to the old federal system," already hinted at as *impossible* without fresh revolutions or long civil wars; and when we know, at the same time, that these jealousies between state and state not only *do* exist, but continue to increase and ferment still more in the present state of things,—that in fact, the old spirit of discord and separation is still more powerfully at work than ever,—what can we look forward to? Only the other alternative to which we have alluded—those civil wars which the manifesto of Prince Leiningen itself hints at so cautiously.

Since, from the very first commencement of the revolution in Germany, the jealous spirit between the northern and southern states broke out in a decided form, it has only increased instead of diminishing. When the vacillating but ambitious King of Prussia, desirous of coming forward as the "man of Germany" of the day, but

"infirm of purpose," attempted to direct the revolutionary movement in his own states by accepting the call for a United German Empire, and by placing himself, although unavowedly, at its head, the Austrian *Official Gazette* immediately fulminated a severe, damning, and, under the circumstances, almost cruel manifesto against the ambitious Prussian monarch; in Bavaria, the young men of the upper classes burnt his majesty in effigy in the public market-place of Munich; at Stuttgart, the picture of the offending sovereign was as publicly hung by the neck to a gallows. Southern Germany was indignant at the thought that an upstart King of Prussia should attempt to lead the movement for a new United Empire of Germany, and presume even to dream of being its future emperor. But when, in the course of events, the provisional head of the newly constituted central power was chosen by the assembly from among the princes of Southern Germany, it was the turn of Prussia to exhibit its spite and anger: its jealousy was not to be concealed. The result of the disappointed ambition of Prussia was exhibited, as already alluded to, in a reactionary feeling against that central power, which it would have accepted probably with acclamation, and been the first to applaud and support, had it emanated from its own country. The exhibition of this feeling in some violent outbreak was so much dreaded upon the occasion of the military homage appointed to be shown to the *Reichs Verweser* at Berlin, that the ceremony, as is well known, was obliged to be countermanded. The feeling is now still continuing to be shown in a constant exhibition of mistrust on the part of Prussia towards the National Assembly, and as well as in the counter-accusation of that new and vaguely defined political crime "reaction," laid by the journals of the moderate party, as well as by the ultra-liberals, to the charge of Prussia. With all these conflicting elements at work between the various parts of Germany, and again between these various parts and the central power, placed in the hands of the Assembly, it is very difficult to look clearly as yet

towards any possible constitution of that unity which would appear to be the most vague end and aim of the revolution in Germany. To those who attempt to look into the mist of the future, and see visions, and dream dreams—for, in the present state of the cloudy and wavering political horizon, it would seem that all political foresight can pretend to no better name than that—the nearer of the two alternatives to be deduced from Prince Leiningen's manifesto, would appear to be the disunion, the total rupture, the civil war.

The other alternative, however, seems not without its chances; for, although the old liberals of republican tendencies, the suspected and imprisoned, have now been brought round, for the most part, into the ranks of the moderately progressive party, in the natural course of revolutionary changes, or even been called to the councils of the kings and princes who rejected and persecuted them; yet, on the other hand, the exertions of the moderate party, in spite of the clog that they would now put upon the too rapid course of ultra-democracy, appear to tend, in the efforts made, and the views entertained respecting the unity of Germany, towards the very republican institutions which they disavow, and suppose themselves endeavouring to avoid. The real republicans, at the same time, although without any present weight among the political spirits of the day, are yet composed, as elsewhere, of the young, hot-headed, reckless, active, stirring elements of the time, and are always ready to make up, by violence and headlong precipitation, for what they want in importance and experience. They are aided also in their views by a certain party of the liberal press, which is always preaching the imitation of French institutions and the conduct of the present leading men in France,—as if France and the French did not hold up a lesson and a warning instead of models for imitation—and, consoling Germany with the idea, that although it does not possess such enviable men or measures, the men must shortly rise upon the political surface, and that the measures will follow behind them. By a great por-

tion of the press, even that of the moderate party also, a continual irritation of suspicion and mistrust is being kept up against the still reigning sovereigns of Germany; and the cry of that very vague accusation "reaction," the name of which alone, however, is considered sufficiently damning, is constantly raised upon every movement, of whatever nature it may be, which those sovereigns may make. The moderate party may be acquitted of republican tendencies in their hearts; but they seem to ignore the old proverb, "give a dog a bad name," and the consequences; and they will make "sad dogs" out of the sovereigns, until at last the consequences will threaten more and more nearly.

Between these two alternatives, however, Germany seems to think

that it may find a middle course, and establish its theoretical and vaunted unity without exciting civil dissension, or plunging into the depths of republicanism. May it prove right in its as yet uncertain hopes; but certainly the means by which this desired consummation is to be arrived at, are not in the least degree visible: it remains as yet the vaguest of vague fancies—the how, the where, the when, and even the why, are as yet matters of doubt: not only deeds but principles, not only principles but plans, to this intent, are as yet utterly absent. In fact our question, after all, remains unanswered; and, beyond the main point of "unity," to be effected somehow or other, revolutionising Germany seems utterly unable to tell us, as we vainly endeavour to find out definitively, "what it would be at?"

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CHAPTER XXVI.

SAITH Dr Luther, "When I saw Dr Godo begin to tell his puddings hanging in the chimney, I told him he would not live long!"

I wish I had copied that passage from "The Table Talk" in large round hand, and set it before my father at breakfast, the morn preceding that fatal eve in which Uncle Jack persuaded him to tell his puddings.

Yet, now I think of it, Uncle Jack hung the puddings in the chimney,—but he did not persuade my father to tell them.

Beyond a vague surmise that half the suspended "tomacula" would furnish a breakfast to Uncle Jack, and that the youthful appetite of Pisistratus would despatch the rest, my father did not give a thought to the nutritious properties of the puddings,—in other words, to the two thousand pounds which, thanks to Mr Tibbets, dangled down the chimney. So far as the great work was concerned, my father only cared for its publication, not its profits. I will not say that he might not hunger for praise, but I am quite sure that he did not care a button for pudding. Nevertheless, it was an infaust and sinister augury for Augustine Caxton, the very appearance, the very suspension and danglement of any puddings whatsoever, right over his ingle-nook, when those puddings were made by the sleek hands of Uncle Jack! None of the puddings which he, poor man, had all his life been stringing, whether from his own chimneys, or the chimneys of

other people, had turned out to be real puddings,—they had always been the *idola*, the *erscheinungen*, the phantoms and semblances of puddings. I question if Uncle Jack knew much about Democritus of Abdera. But he was certainly tainted with the philosophy of that fanciful sage. He peopled the air with images of colossal stature, which impressed all his dreams and divinations, and from whose influences came his very sensations and thoughts. His whole being, asleep or waking, was thus but the reflection of great phantom puddings!

As soon as Mr Tibbets had possessed himself of the two volumes of the "History of Human Error," he had necessarily established that hold upon my father which hitherto those lubricate hands of his had failed to effect. He had found what he had so long sighed for in vain, his *point d'appui*, wherein to fix the Archimedean screw. He fixed it tight in the "History of Human Error," and moved the Caxtonian world.

A day or two after the conversation recorded in my last chapter, I saw Uncle Jack coming out of the mahogany doors of my father's banker; and, from that time, there seemed no reason why Mr Tibbets should not visit his relations on week-days as well as Sundays. Not a day, indeed, passed but what he held long conversations with my father. He had much to report of his interviews with the publishers. In these conversations he naturally recurred to that grand idea of the "Literary Times"

which had so dazzled my poor father's imagination; and having heated the iron, Uncle Jack was too knowing a man not to strike while it was hot.

When I think of the simplicity my wise father exhibited in this crisis of his life, I must own that I am less moved by pity than admiration for that poor great-hearted student. We have seen that out of the learned indolence of twenty years, the ambition which is the instinct of a man of genius had emerged; the serious preparation of the great book for the perusal of the world, had insensibly restored the charms of that noisy world on the silent individual. And therewith came a noble remorse that he had hitherto done so little for his species. Was it enough to write quartos upon the past history of Human Error? Was it not his duty, when the occasion was fairly presented, to enter upon that present, daily, hourly, war with Error—which is the sworn chivalry of Knowledge? St George did not dissect dead dragons, he fought the live one. And London, with that magnetic atmosphere which in great capitals fills the breath of life with stimulating particles, had its share in quickening the slow pulse of the student. In the country, he read but his old authors, and lived with them through the gone ages. In the city, my father, during the intervals of repose from the great book, and still more now that the great book had come to a pause,—inspected the literature of his own time. It had a prodigious effect upon him. He was unlike the ordinary run of scholars, and indeed, of readers for that matter—who, in their superstitious homage to the dead, are always willing enough to sacrifice the living. He did justice to the marvellous fertility of intellect which characterises the authorship of the present age. By the present age, I do not only mean the present day, I commence with the century. "What," said my father one day in dispute with Trevanion—"what characterises the literature of our time is—its *human interest*. It is true that we do not see scholars addressing scholars, but men addressing men,—not that scholars are fewer, but that the reading public is more large. Authors in all ages address themselves

to what interests their readers; the same things do not interest a vast community which interested half a score of monks or bookworms. The literary *polis* was once an oligarchy, it is now a republic. It is the general brilliancy of the atmosphere which prevents your noticing the size of any particular star. Do you not see, that with the cultivation of the masses has awakened the Literature of the Affections? Every sentiment finds an expositor, every feeling an oracle. Like Epimenides, I have been sleeping in a cave; and, waking, I see those whom I left children are bearded men; and towns have sprung up in the landscapes which I left as solitary wastes."

Thence, the reader may perceive the causes of the change which had come over my father. As Robert Hall says, I think, of Dr Kippis, "he had laid so many books at the top of his head, that the brains could not move." But the electricity had now penetrated the heart, and the quickened vigour of that noble organ enabled the brain to stir. Meanwhile, I leave my father to these influences, and to the continuous conversations of Uncle Jack, and proceed with the thread of my own egotism.

Thanks to Mr Trevanion, my habits were not those which favour friendships with the idle; but I formed some acquaintances amongst young men a few years older than myself, who held subordinate situations in the public offices, or were keeping their terms for the bar. There was no want of ability amongst these gentlemen; but they had not yet settled into the stern prose of life. Their busy hours only made them more disposed to enjoy the hours of relaxation. And when we got together, a very gay, light-hearted set we were! We had neither money enough to be very extravagant, nor leisure enough to be very dissipated; but we amused ourselves notwithstanding. My new friends were wonderfully crude in all matters connected with the theatres. From an opera to a ballet, from Hamlet to the last farce from the French, they had the literature of the stage at the finger-ends of their straw-coloured gloves. They had a pretty large acquaintance with actors and actresses, and were perfect *Walpoli*

in the minor scandals of the day. To do them justice, however, they were not indifferent to the more masculine knowledge necessary in "this wrong world." They talked as familiarly of the real actors of life as of the sham ones. They could adjust to a hair the rival pretensions of contending statesmen. They did not profess to be deep in the mysteries of foreign cabinets, (with the exception of one young gentleman connected with the Foreign Office, who prided himself on knowing exactly what the Russians meant to do with India—when they got it!); but to make amends, the majority of them had penetrated the closest secrets of our own. It is true that, according to a proper subdivision of labour, each took some particular member of the government for his special observation; just as the most skilful surgeons, however profoundly versed in the general structure of our frame, rest their anatomical fame on the light they throw on particular parts of it,—one man taking the brain, another the duodenum, a third the spinal cord, while a fourth, perhaps, is a master of all the symptoms indicated by a pensile finger. Accordingly, one of my friends appropriated to himself the Home Department; another the Colonies; and a third, whom we all regarded as a future Talleyrand, (or a de Retz at least,) had devoted himself to the special study of Sir Robert Peel, and knew, by the way in which that profound and inscrutable statesman threw open his coat, every thought that was passing in his breast! Whether lawyers or officials, they all had a great idea of themselves—high notions of what they were to *be*, rather than what they were to *do*, some day. As the king of modern fine gentlemen said of himself, in paraphrase of Voltaire, "they had letters in their pockets addressed to Posterity,—which the chances were, however, that they might forget to deliver." Something "priggish" there might be about some of them; but, on the whole, they were far more interesting than mere idle men of pleasure. There was about them, as features of a general family likeness, a redundant activity of life—a gay exuberance of ambition—a light-hearted earnestness when at

work—a schoolboy's enjoyment of the hours of play.

A great contrast to these young men was Sir Sedley Beandesert, who was pointedly kind to me, and whose bachelor's house was always open to me after noon; Sir Sedley was visible to no one, but his valet, before that hour. A perfect bachelor's house it was, too—with its windows opening on the Park, and sofas niched into the windows, on which you might loiter at your ease, like the philosopher in Lucretius,—

"Despicere ualde quæss alios, passimque videre,
Errare,"—

And see the gay crowds ride to and fro Rotten Row—without the fatigue of joining them, especially if the wind was in the east.

There was no affectation of costliness, or what the French and the upholsterers call *recherché*, about the rooms, but a wonderful accumulation of comfort. Every patent chair that proffered a variety in the art of lounging, found its place there; and near every chair a little table, on which you might deposit your book or your coffee-cup, without the trouble of moving more than your hand. In winter, nothing warmer than the quilted curtains and Axminster carpets can be conceived. In summer, nothing airier and cooler than the muslin draperies and the Indian matings. And I defy a man to know to what perfection dinner may be brought, unless he had dined with Sir Sedley Beandesert. Certainly, if that distinguished personage had but been an egotist, he had been the happiest of men. But, unfortunately for him, he was singularly amiable and kind-hearted. He had the *bonne digestion*, but not the other requisite for worldly felicity—the *mauvais cœur*. He felt a sincere pity for every one else who lived in rooms without patent chairs and little coffee tables—whose windows did not look on the Park, with sofas niched into their recesses. As Henry IV. wished every man to have his *pot au feu*, so Sir Sedley Beandesert, if he could have had his way, would have every man served with an early cucumber for his fish, and a caraffe of iced water by the side of his bread and cheese. He thus evinced on politics a naïve simplicity, which

delightfully-contrasted his acuteness on matters of taste. I remember his saying, in a discussion on the Beer Bill, "The poor ought not to be allowed to drink beer, it is so particularly rheumatic! The best drink in hard work is dry champagne—(not *mousseux*.) I found that out when I used to shoot on the moors."

Indolent as Sir Sedley was, he had contrived to open an extraordinary number of drains on his great wealth.

First, as a landed proprietor, there was no end to applications from distressed farmers, aged poor, benefit societies, and poachers he had thrown out of employment by giving up his preserves to please his tenants.

Next, as a man of pleasure, the whole race of womankind had legitimate demands on him. From a distressed duchess, whose picture lay *perdu* under a secret spring of his snuff-box, to a decayed laundress, to whom he might have paid a compliment on the perfect involutions of a frill, it was quite sufficient to be a daughter of Eve to establish a just claim on Sir Sedley's inheritance from Adam.

Again, as an amateur of art, and a respectful servant of every muse, all whom the public had failed to patronise—painter, actor, poet, musician—turned, like dying sun-flowers to the sun, towards the pitying smile of Sir Sedley Beaudesert. Add to these the general miscellaneous multitude, who had heard of Sir Sedley's high character for benevolence, and one may well suppose what a very costly reputation he had set up. In fact, though Sir Sedley could not spend on what might fairly be called "himself," a fifth part of his princely income, I have no doubt that he found it difficult to make both ends meet at the close of the year. That he did so, he owed perhaps to two rules which his philosophy had peremptorily adopted. He never made debts, and he never gambled. For both these admirable aberrations from the ordinary routine of fine gentlemen, I believe he was indebted to the softness of his disposition. He had a great compassion for a wretch who was dunned. "Poor fellow!" he would say, "it must be so painful to him to pass his life in saying No." So little did he know about that class of

promisers,—as if a man dunned ever said No! As Beau Brummell, when asked if he was fond of vegetables, owned that he had once eat a pea, so Sir Sedley Beaudesert owned that he had once played high at piquet. "I was so unlucky as to win," said he, referring to that indiscretion, "and I shall never forget the anguish on the face of the man who paid me. Unless I could always lose, it would be a perfect purgatory to play."

Now nothing could be more different in their kinds of benevolence than Sir Sedley and Mr Trevanion. Mr Trevanion had a great contempt for individual charity. He rarely put his hand into his purse—he drew a great cheque on his bankers. Was a congregation without a church, or a village without a school, or a river without a bridge, Mr Trevanion set to work on calculations, found out the exact sum required by an algebraic $x-y$, and paid it as he would have paid his butcher. It must be owned that the distress of a man, whom he allowed to be deserving, did not appeal to him in vain. But it is astonishing how little he spent in that way. For it was hard, indeed, to convince Mr Trevanion that a deserving man ever was in such distress as to want charity.

That Trevanion, nevertheless, did infinitely more real good than Sir Sedley, I believe; but he did it as a mental operation—by no means as an impulse from the heart. I am sorry to say that the main difference was this,—distress always seemed to accumulate round Sir Sedley, and vanish from the presence of Trevanion. Where the last came, with his busy, active, searching mind, energy woke, improvement sprang up. Where the first came, with his warm kind heart, a kind of torpor spread under its rays; people lay down and basked in the liberal sunshine. Nature in one broke forth like a brisk sturdy winter, in the other like a lazy Italian summer. Winter is an excellent invigorator, no doubt, but we all love summer better.

Now, it is a proof how loveable Sir Sedley was, that I loved him, and yet was jealous of him. Of all the satellites round my fair Cynthia, Fanny Trevanion, I dreaded most this amiable luminary. It was in vain for me

to say with the insolence of youth that Sir Sedley Beaudesert was of the same age as Fanny's father;—to see them together he might have passed for Trevanion's son. No one amongst the younger generation was half so handsome as Sir Sedley Beaudesert. He might be eclipsed at first sight by the showy effect of more redundant locks and more brilliant bloom. But he had but to speak, to smile, in order to throw a whole cohort of dandies into the shade. It was the expression of his countenance that was so bewitching; there was something so kindly in its easy candour, its benign good-nature. And he understood women so well! He flattered their foibles so insensibly; he commanded their affection with so gracious a dignity. Above all, what with his accomplishments, his peculiar reputation, his long celibacy, and the soft melancholy of his sentiments, he always contrived to *interest* them. There was not a charming woman by whom this charming man did not seem just on the point of being caught! It was like the sight of a splendid trout in a transparent stream, sailing pensively to and fro your fly, in a will and a won't sort of way. Such a trout! it would be a thousand pities to leave him, when evidently so well disposed! That trout, fair maid, or gentle widow, would have kept you—whipping the stream and dragging the fly—from morn to dewy eve. Certainly I don't wish worse to my bitterest foe of five-and-twenty than such a rival as Sedley Beaudesert at seven-and-forty.

Fanny, indeed, perplexed me horribly. Sometimes I fancied she liked me; but the fancy scarce thrilled me with delight before it vanished in the frost of a careless look, or the cold beam of a sarcastic laugh. Spoiled darling of the world as she was, she seemed so innocent in her exuberant happiness, that one forgot all her faults in that atmosphere of joy which she diffused around her. And despite her pretty insolence, she had so kind a woman's heart below the surface! When she once saw that she had pained you, she was so soft, so winning, so humble, till she had healed the wound. But *then*, if she saw she

had pleased you too much, the little witch was never easy till she had plagued you again. As heiress to so rich a father, or rather, perhaps, mother, (for the fortune came from Lady Ellinor,) she was naturally surrounded with admirers not wholly disinterested. She did right to plague *them*—but *me*! Poor boy that I was, why should I seem more disinterested than others! how should she perceive all that lay hid in my young deep heart? Was I not in all worldly pretensions the least worthy of her suitors, and might I not seem, therefore, the most mercenary? I who never thought of her fortune, or, if that thought did come across me, it was to make me start and turn pale! And then it vanished at her first glance, as a ghost from the dawn. How hard it is to convince youth, that sees all the world of the future before it, and covers that future with golden palaces, of the inequalities of life! In my fantastic and sublime romance, I looked out into that Great Beyond, saw myself orator, statesman, minister, ambassador—Heaven knows what; laying laurels, which I mistook for rent-rolls, at Fanny's feet.

Whatever Fanny might have discovered as to the state of my heart, it seemed an abyss not worth prying into by either Trevanion or Lady Ellinor. The first, indeed, as may be supposed, was too busy to think of such trifles. And Lady Ellinor treated me as a mere boy—almost like a boy of her own, she was so kind to me. But she did not notice much the things that lay immediately around her. In brilliant conversation with poets, wits, and statesmen—in sympathy with the toils of her husband—or proud schemes for his aggrandisement, Lady Ellinor lived a life of excitement. Those large eager shining eyes of hers, bright with some feverish discontent, looked far abroad as if for new worlds to conquer—the world at her feet escaped from her vision. She loved her daughter, she was proud of her, trusted in her with a superb repose—she did not watch over her. Lady Ellinor stood alone on a mountain, and amidst a cloud.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One day the Trevanions had all gone into the country, on a visit to a retired minister, distantly related to Lady Killnor, and who was one of the few persons Trevanion himself condescended to consult. I had almost a holiday. I went to call on Sir Sedley Beaudesert. I had always longed to sound him on one subject, and had never dared. This time I resolved to pluck up courage.

"Ah, my young friend!" said he, rising from the contemplation of a villanous picture by a young artist, which he had just benevolently purchased, "I was thinking of you this morning—Wait a moment, Summers, (this to the valet.) Be so good as to take this picture, let it be packed up, and go down into the country. It is a sort of picture," he added, turning to me, "that requires a large house. I have an old gallery with little casements that let in no light. It is astonishing how convenient I have found it!" As soon as the picture was gone, Sir Sedley drew a long breath as if relieved; and resumed more gaily—

"Yes, I was thinking of you; and if you will forgive any interference in your affairs—from your father's old friend—I should be greatly honoured by your permission to ask Trevanion what he supposes is to be the ultimate benefit of the horrible labours he inflicts upon you—"

"But, my dear Sir Sedley, I like the labours; I am perfectly contented—"

"Not to remain always secretary to one who, if there were no business to be done among men, would set about teaching the ants to build hills upon better architectural principles! My dear sir, Trevanion is an awful man—a stupendous man, one catches fatigue if one is in the same room with him three minutes! At your age, an age that ought to be so happy," continued Sir Sedley, with a compassion perfectly angelic, "it is sad to see so little enjoyment!"

"But, Sir Sedley, I assure you that you are mistaken. I thoroughly enjoy myself; and have I not heard even you confess that one may be idle and not happy?"

"I did not confess that till I was on the wrong side of forty," said Sir Sedley, with a slight shade on his brow.

"Nobody would ever think you were on the wrong side of forty!" said I with artful flattery, winding into my subject. "Miss Trevanion for instance—"

I paused—Sir Sedley looked hard at me, from his bright dark blue eyes. "Well, Miss Trevanion for instance?"

"Miss Trevanion, who has all the best-looking fellows in London round her, evidently prefers you to any of them." I said this with a great gulp. I was obstinately bent on plumbing the depth of my own fears.

Sir Sedley rose; he laid his hand kindly on mine and said, "Do not let Fanny Trevanion torment you even more than her father does!"

"I don't understand you, Sir Sedley!"

"But if I understand you, that is more to the purpose. A girl like Miss Trevanion is cruel till she discovers she has a heart. It is not safe to risk one's own with any woman till she has ceased to be a coquette. My dear young friend, if you took life less in earnest, I should spare you the pain of these hints. Some men sow flowers, some plant trees—you are planting a tree under which you will soon find that no flower will grow. Well and good, if the tree could last to bear fruit and give shade; but beware lest you have to tear it up one day or other, for then—what then? why, you will find your whole life plucked away with its roots!"

Sir Sedley said these last words with so serious an emphasis, that I was startled from the confusion I had felt at the former part of his address. He paused long, tapped his snuff-box, inhaled a pinch slowly, and continued with his more accustomed sprightliness.

"Go as much as you can into the world—again I say 'enjoy yourself.' And again I ask, what is all this labour to do for you? On some men, far less eminent than Trevanion, it would impose a duty to aid you in a

practical career, to secure you a public employment—not so on him. He would not mortgage an inch of his independence by asking a favour from a minister. He so thinks occupation the delight of life, that he occupies you out of pure affection. He does not trouble his head about your future. He supposes your father will provide for *that*, and does not consider that meanwhile your work leads to nothing! Think over all this. I have now bored you enough.”

I was bewildered—I was dumb: these practical men of the world, how they take us by surprise! Here had I come to *sound* Sir Sedley, and here was I plumbed, gauged, measured, turned inside out, without having got an inch beyond the surface of that smiling, *debonnair*, unruffled ease. Yet with his invariable delicacy, in spite of all this horrible frankness, Sir Sedley had not said a word to wound what he might think the more sensitive part of my *amour propre*—not a word as to the inadequacy of my pretensions to think seriously of Fanny Trevanion. Had we been the Celadon and Chloe of a country village, he could not have regarded us as more equal, so far as the world went. And for the rest, he rather insinuated that poor Fanny, the great heiress, was not worthy of me, than that I was not worthy of Fanny.

I felt that there was no wisdom in stammering and blushing out denials and equivocations; so I stretched my hand to Sir Sedley, took up my hat,—and went. Instinctively I bent my way to my father's house. I had not been there for many days. Not only had I had a great deal to do in the way of business, but I am ashamed to say that pleasure itself had so entangled my leisure hours, and Miss Trevanion especially so absorbed them, that, without even uneasy foreboding, I had left my father fluttering his wings more feebly and feebly in the web of Uncle Jack. When I arrived in Russell Street, I found the fly and the spider cheek by jowl together. Uncle Jack sprang up at my entrance, and cried, “Congratulate your father, congratulate *him*. No; congratulate the world!”

“What, Uncle!” said I, with a dismal effort at sympathising liveliness,

“is the ‘Literary Times’ launched at last?”

“Oh, that is all settled—settled long since. Here's a specimen of the type we have chosen for the leaders.” And Uncle Jack, whose pocket was never without a wet sheet of some kind or other, drew forth a steaming papyral monster, which in point of size was to the political “Times” as a mammoth may be to an elephant. “That is all settled. We are only preparing our contributors, and shall put out our programme next week or the week after. No, Pisistratus, I mean the Great Work.”

“My dear father, I am so glad. What! it is really sold then?”

“Hum!” said my father.

“Sold!” burst forth Uncle Jack.

“Sold—no, sir, we would not sell it! No; if all the booksellers fell down on their knees to us, as they will some day, that book should not be sold! Sir, that book is a revolution—it is an era—it is the emancipator of genius from mercenary thralldom;—*THAT BOOK!*—”

I looked inquiringly from uncle to father, and mentally retracted my congratulations. Then Mr Caxton, slightly blushing, and shyly rubbing his spectacles, said, “You see, Pisistratus, that though poor Jack has devoted uncommon pains to induce the publishers to recognise the merit he has discovered in the ‘History of Human Error,’ he has failed to do so.”

“Not a bit of it; they all acknowledge its miraculous learning—its—”

“Very true; but they don't think it will sell, and therefore most selfishly refuse to buy it. One bookseller, indeed, offered to treat for it if I would leave out all about the Hottentots and Caffres, the Greek philosophers and Egyptian priests, and, confining myself solely to polite society, entitle the work ‘Anecdotes of the Courts of Europe, ancient and modern.’”

“The wretch!” groaned Uncle Jack.

“Another thought it might be cut up into little essays, leaving out the quotations, entitled ‘Men and Manners.’”

“A third was kind enough to observe, that though this particular work was quite unsaleable, yet as I

appeared to have some historical information, he should be happy to undertake a historical romance from 'my graphic pen'—that was the phrase, was it not, Jack?"

Jack was too full to speak.

—"Provided I would introduce a proper love-plot, and make it into three volumes post octavo, twenty-three lines in a page, neither more nor less. One honest fellow at last was found, who seemed to me a very respectable and indeed enterprising person. And after going through a list of calculations, which showed that no possible profit could arise, he generously offered to give me half of those no-profits, provided I would guarantee half the very visible expenses. I was just meditating the prudence of accepting this proposal, when your uncle was seized with a sublime idea, which has whisked up my book in a whirlwind of expectation."

"And that idea?" said I despondently.

"That idea," quoth Uncle Jack, recovering himself, "is simply and shortly this. From time immemorial authors have been the prey of the publishers. Sir, authors have lived in garrets, nay, have been choked in the street by an unexpected crumb of bread, like the man who wrote the play, poor fellow!"

"Otway," said my father. "The story is not true—no matter."

"Milton, sir, as every body knows, sold *Paradise Lost* for ten pounds—ten pounds, sir! In short, instances of a like nature are too numerous to quote. But the booksellers, sir,—they are leviathans—they roll in seas of gold. They subsist upon authors as vampires upon little children. But at last endurance has reached its limit—the fiat has gone forth—the tocsin of liberty has resounded—authors have burst their fetters. And we have just inaugurated the institution of 'THE GRAND ANTI-PUBLISHER CONFEDERATE AUTHORS' SOCIETY,' by which, Pisistratus—by which, mark you, every author is to be his own publisher; that is, every author who joins the Society. No more submission of immortal works to mercenary calculators, to sordid tastes—no more hard bargains and broken hearts!—no more crumbs of bread choking

great tragic poets in the streets—no more *Paradises Lost* sold at £10 a-piece! The author brings his book to a select committee appointed for the purpose; men of delicacy, education, and refinement—authors themselves—they read it, the Society publish; and after a modest commission towards the funds of the Society, the treasurer hands over the profits to the author."

"So that in fact, Uncle, every author who can't find a publisher any where else, will of course come to the Society. The fraternity will be numerous!"

"It will indeed."

"And the speculation—ruinous?"

"Ruinous, why?"

"Because in all mercantile negotiations it is ruinous to invest capital in supplies which fail of demand. You undertake to publish books that booksellers will not publish. Why? because booksellers can't sell them! It is just probable that you'll not sell them any better than the booksellers. Ergo, the more your business the larger your deficit. And the more numerous your society, the more disastrous your condition. Q.E.D."

"Pooh! The select committee will decide what books are to be published."

"Then where the deuce is the advantage to the authors? I would as lief submit my work to a publisher as I would to a select committee of authors. At all events, the publisher is not my rival; and I suspect he is the best judge, after all, of a book—as an accoucheur ought to be of a baby."

"Upon my word, nephew, you pay a bad compliment to your father's great work, which the booksellers will have nothing to do with."

That was artfully said, and I was poked; when Mr Caxton observed, with an apologetic smile—

"The fact is, my dear Pisistratus, that I want my book published without diminishing the little fortune I keep for you some day. Uncle Jack starts a society so to publish it.—Health and long life to Uncle Jack's society! One can't look a gift-horse in the mouth."

Here my mother entered, rosy from a shopping expedition with Mrs Primmins; and in her joy at hearing that

I could stay dinner, all else was forgotten. By a wonder, which I did not regret, Uncle Jack really was engaged to dine out. He had other irons in the fire besides the "Literary Times" and the "Confederate Authors' Society;" he was deep in a

scheme for making house-tops of felt, (which, under other hands, has, I believe, since succeeded;) and he had found a rich man (I suppose a hatter) who seemed well inclined to the project, and had actually asked him to dine and expound his views!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Here we three are seated round the open window—after dinner—familiar as in the old happy time—and my mother is talking low that she may not disturb my father, who seems in thought.—

Cr-cr-crrr-cr-cr! I feel it—I have it.—Where! What! Where! Knock it down—brush it off! For Heaven's sake, see to it!—Crrrr-crrrr—there—here—in my hair—in my sleeve—in my ear.—Cr-cr.

I say solemnly, and on the word of a Christian, that, as I sat down to begin this chapter, being somewhat in a brown study, the pen insensibly slipped from my hand, and, leaning back in my chair, I fell to gazing into the fire. It is the end of June, and a remarkably cold evening—even for that time of year. And while I was so gazing, I felt something crawling, just by the nape of the neck, ma'am. Instinctively and mechanically, and still musing, I put my hand there, and drew forth—What? That *what* it is which perplexes me. It was a thing—a dark thing—a much bigger thing than I had expected. And the sight took me so by surprise that I gave my hand a violent shake, and the thing went—where I know not. The what and the where are the knotty points in the whole question! No sooner had it gone than I was seized with repentance not to have examined it more closely—not to have ascertained what the creature was. It might have been an earwig—a very large motherly earwig—an earwig far gone in that way in which earwigs wish to be who love their lords. I have a profound horror of earwigs—I firmly believe that they do get into the ear. That is a subject on which it is useless to argue with me upon philosophical grounds. I have a vivid recollection of a story told me by Mrs Primmins—How a lady for many years suffered under

the most excruciating headaches; how, as the tombstones say, "physicians were in vain;" how she died; how her head was opened, and how such a nest of earwigs—ma'am—such a nest!—Earwigs are the prolifickest things, and so fond of their offspring! They sit on their eggs like hens—and the young, as soon as they are born, creep under them for protection—quite touchingly! Imagine such an establishment domesticated at one's tympanum!

But the creature was certainly larger than an earwig. It might have been one of that genus in the family of *Forficulidae*, called *Labidoura*—monsters whose antennae have thirty joints! There is a species of this creature in England, but, to the great grief of naturalists, and to the great honour of Providence, very rarely found, infinitely larger than the common earwig or *Forficulida auriculana*. Could it have been an early hornet? It had certainly a black head, and great feelers. I have a greater horror of hornets, if possible, than I have of earwigs. Two hornets will kill a man, and three a carriage-horse sixteen hands high. However, the creature was gone.—Yes, but where? Where had I so rashly thrown it? It might have got into a fold of my dressing-gown—or into my slippers—or, in short, any where, in the various recesses for earwigs and hornets which a gentleman's habiliments afford. I satisfy myself at last, as far as I can, seeing that I am not alone in the room—that it is not upon me. I look upon the carpet—the rug—the chair—under the fender. It is *non inventus*. I barbarously hope it is frizzling behind that great black coal in the grate. I pluck up courage—I prudently remove to the other end of the room. I take up my pen—I begin my chapter—very nicely, too, I think upon the whole. I

am just getting into my subject, when—
 cr-cr-cr-cr-cr—crawl—crawl—crawl
 —creep—creep—creep. Exactly, my
 dear ma'am, in the same place it was
 before! Oh, by the Powers! I forgot
 all my scientific regrets at not having
 scrutinised its genus before, whether
Forficulida or *Labidoura*. I made a
 desperate lunge with both hands,
 something between thrust and cut,
 ma'am. The beast is gone. Yes, but
 again where? I say that that where
 is a very horrible question. Having
 come twice, in spite of all my precau-
 tions—and exactly on the same spot,
 too—it shows a confirmed disposition
 to habituate itself to its quarters—to
 effect a parochial settlement upon me;
 there is something awful and preter-
 natural in it. I assure you that there
 is not a part of me that has not gone
 cr-cr-cr!—that has not crept, crawled,
 and forniculated ever since; and I just
 put it to you what sort of a chapter I
 can make after such a—My good
 little girl, will you just take the candle,
 and look carefully under the table?—
 that's a dear! Yes, my love, very
 black indeed, with two horns, and in-
 clined to be corpulent. Gentlemen

and ladies who have cultivated an ac-
 quaintance with the Phœnician lan-
 guage, are aware that Belzebub, ex-
 amined etymologically and entomolo-
 gically, is nothing more nor less than
 Baal-zebub—"the Jupiter-Fly"—
 an emblem of the Destroying Attri-
 bute, which attribute, indeed, is found
 in all the insect tribes, more or less.
 Wherefore, as Mr Payne Knight, in
 his *Inquiry into Symbolical Languages*,
 hath observed—the Egyptian priests
 shaved their whole bodies, even to
 their eyebrows, lest unaware they
 should harbour any of the minor
 Zebubs of the great Baal. If I were
 the least bit more persuaded that that
 black cr-cr were about me still, and
 that the sacrifice of my eyebrows
 would deprive him of shelter, by the
 souls of the Ptolemies! I would,—and
 I will, too. Ring the bell, my little
 dear! John,—my—my cigar-box!
 There is not a cr in the world that
 can abide the fumes of the Havannah!
 Pshaw, sir, I am not the only man
 who lets his first thoughts upon cold
 steel end, like this chapter, in—Pff—
 pff—pff—!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Every thing in this world is of use,
 even a black thing crawling over the
 nape of one's neck! Grim unknown,
 I shall make of thee—a simile!

I think, ma'am, you will allow that
 if an incident such as I have described
 had befallen yourself, and you had a
 proper and ladylike horror of earwigs
 (however motherly and fond of their
 offspring,) and also of early hornets,
 —and indeed of all unknown things
 of the insect tribe with black heads
 and two great horns, or feelers or for-
 cepts, just by your ear—I think, ma'am,
 you will allow that you would find it
 difficult to settle back to your former
 placidity of mood and innocent stitch-
 work. You would feel a something
 that grated on your nerves—and
 cr'd-cr'd "all over you like," as
 the children say. And the worst is,
 that you would be ashamed to say it.
 You would feel obliged to look
 pleased and join in the conversation,
 and not fidget too much, nor always
 be shaking your flounces, and looking

into a dark corner of your apron.
 Thus it is with many other things in
 life besides black insects. One has
 a secret cure—an abstraction—a
 something between the memory and
 the feeling, of a dark crawling cr,
 which one has never dared to ana-
 lyse. So I sat by my mother, trying
 to smile and talk as in the old time,
 —but longing to move about and look
 around, and escape to my own soli-
 tude, and take the clothes off my mind,
 and see what it was that had so
 troubled and terrified me—for trou-
 ble and terror were upon me. And
 my mother, who was always (heaven
 bless her!) inquisitive enough in all
 that concerned her darling Anachron-
 ism, was especially inquisitive that
 evening. She made me say where I
 had been, and what I had done, and
 how I had spent my time,—and
 Fanny Trevanion, (whom she had
 seen, by the way, three or four times,
 and whom she thought the prettiest
 person in the world)—oh, she must

know exactly what I thought of Fanny Trevanion!

And all this while my father seemed in thought; and so, with my arm over my mother's chair, and my hand in hers—I answered my mother's questions, sometimes by a stammer, sometimes by a violent effort at volubility, when, at some interrogatory that went tingling right to my heart, I turned uneasily, and there were my father's eyes fixed on mine. Fixed, as they had been—when, and none knew why, I pined and languished, and my father said “he must go to school.” Fixed, with quiet watchful tenderness. Ah no!—his thought had not been on the great work—he had been deep in the pages of that less worthy one for which he had yet more an author's paternal care. I met those eyes, and yearned to throw myself on his heart—and tell him all. Tell him what? Ma'am, I no more knew what to tell him, than I know what that black thing was which has so worried me all this blessed evening!

“Pisistratus,” said my father softly, “I fear you have forgotten the saffron bag.”

“No, indeed, sir,” said I smiling.

“He,” resumed my father—“he who wears the saffron bag has more cheerful, settled spirits than you seem to have, my poor boy.”

“My dear Austin, his spirits are very good, I think,” said my mother anxiously.

My father shook his head—then he took two or three turns about the room.

“Shall I ring for candles, sir, it is getting dark: you will wish to read?”

“No, Pisistratus, it is you who shall read, and this hour of twilight best suits the book I am about to open to you.”

So saying, he drew a chair between me and my mother, and seated himself gravely, looking down a long time in silence—then turning his eyes to each of us alternately.

“My dear wife,” said he at length, almost solemnly, “I am going to speak of myself as I was before I knew you.”

Even in the twilight I saw that my mother's countenance changed.

“You have respected my secrets, Katherine, tenderly—honestly. Now the time is come when I can tell them to you and to our son.”

CHAPTER XXX.

MY FATHER'S FIRST LOVE.

“I lost my mother early; my father, (a good man, but who was so indolent that he rarely stirred from his chair, and who often passed whole days without speaking, like an Indian dervish,) left Roland and myself to educate ourselves much according to our own tastes. Roland shot, and hunted, and fished,—read all the poetry and books of chivalry to be found in my father's collection, which was rich in such matters, and made a great many copies of the old pedigree;—the only thing in which my father ever evinced much of the vital principle. Early in life I conceived a passion for graver studies, and by good luck I found a tutor in Mr Tibbets, who, but for his modesty, Kitty, would have rivalled Porson. He was a second Budæus for industry, and, by the way, he said exactly the same

thing that Budæus did, viz. ‘that the only lost day in his life was that in which he was married; for on that day he had only had six hours for reading!’ Under such a master I could not fail to be a scholar. I came from the university with such distinction as led me to look sanguinely on my career in the world.

“I returned to my father's quiet rectory to pause and look about me, and consider what path I should take to fame. The rectory was just at the foot of the hill, on the brow of which were the ruins of the castle Roland has since purchased. And though I did not feel for the ruins the same romantic veneration as my dear brother, (for my day-dreams were more coloured by classic than feudal recollections,) I yet loved to climb the hill, book in hand, and build my castles in

the air amidst the wrecks of that which time had shattered on the earth.

"One day, entering the old weed-grown court, I saw a lady, seated on my favourite spot, sketching the ruins. The lady was young—more beautiful than any woman I had yet seen, at least to my eyes. In a word, I was fascinated, and, as the trite phrase goes, 'spell-bound.' I seated myself at a little distance, and contemplated her without desiring to speak. By-and-by, from another part of the ruins, which were then uninhabited, came a tall, imposing, elderly gentleman, with a benignant aspect; and a little dog. The dog ran up to me, barking. This drew the attention of both lady and gentleman to me. The gentleman approached, called off the dog, and apologised with much politeness. Surveying me somewhat curiously, he then began to ask questions about the old place and the family it had belonged to, with the name and antecedents of which he was well acquainted. By degrees it came out that I was the descendant of that family, and the younger son of the humble rector who was now its representative. The gentleman then introduced himself to me as the Earl of Rainsforth, the principal proprietor in the neighbourhood, but who had so rarely visited the county during my childhood and earlier youth, that I had never before seen him. His only son, however, a young man of great promise, had been at the same college with me in my first year at the university. The young lord was a reading man and a scholar; and we had become slightly acquainted when he left for his travels.

"Now, on hearing my name, Lord Rainsforth took my hand cordially, and leading me to his daughter, said, 'Think, Ellinor, how fortunate; this is the Mr Caxton whom your brother so often spoke of.'

"In short, my dear Pisistratus, the ice was broken, the acquaintance made, and Lord Rainsforth, saying he was come to atone for his long absence from the county, and to reside at Compton the greater part of the year, pressed me to visit him. I did so. Lord Rainsforth's liking to me increased: I went there often."

My father paused, and seeing my mother had fixed her eyes upon him with a sort of mournful earnestness, and had pressed her hands very tightly together, he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"There is no cause, my child!" said he. It is the only time I ever heard him call my mother by that paternal name. But then, I never heard him before so grave and solemn—not a quotation, too—it was incredible: it was not my father speaking—it was another man. "Yes, I went there often. Lord Rainsforth was a remarkable person. Shyness, that was wholly without pride, (which is rare,) and a love for quiet literary pursuits, had prevented his taking that personal part in public life for which he was richly qualified; but his reputation for sense and honour, and his personal popularity, had given him no inconsiderable influence even, I believe, in the formation of cabinets, and he had once been prevailed upon to fill a high diplomatic situation abroad, in which I have no doubt that he was as miserable as a good man can be under any infliction. He was now pleased to retire from the world, and look at it through the loopholes of retreat. Lord Rainsforth had a great respect for talent, and a warm interest in such of the young as seemed to him to possess it. By talent, indeed, his family had risen, and were strikingly characterised. His ancestor, the first peer, had been a distinguished lawyer; his father had been celebrated for scientific attainments; his children, Ellinor and Lord Pendarvis, were highly accomplished. Thus, the family identified themselves with the aristocracy of intellect, and seemed unconscious of their claims to the lower aristocracy of rank. You must bear this in mind throughout my story.

"Lady Ellinor shared her father's tastes and habits of thought—(she was not then an heiress.) Lord Rainsforth talked to me of my career. It was a time when the French Revolution had made statesmen look round with some anxiety to strengthen the existing order of things, by alliance with all in the rising generation who evinced such ability as might influence their contemporaries.

"University distinction is, or was

formerly, among the popular passports to public life. By degrees Lord Rainsforth liked me so well, as to suggest to me a seat in the House of Commons. A member of Parliament might rise to any thing, and Lord Rainsforth had sufficient influence to effect my return. Dazzling prospect this to a young scholar fresh from Thucydides, and with Demosthenes fresh at his tongue's end. My dear boy, I was not then, you see, quite what I am now ; in a word, I loved Ellinor Compton, and therefore I was ambitious. You know how ambitious she is still. But I could not mould my ambition to hers. I could not contemplate entering the senate of my country as a dependant on a party or a patron—as a man who must make his fortune there—as a man who, in every vote, must consider how much nearer he advanced himself to emolument. I was not even certain that Lord Rainsforth's views on politics were the same as mine would be. How could the politics of an experienced man of the world be those of an ardent young student? But had they been identical, I felt that I could not so creep into equality with a patron's daughter. No ! I was ready to abandon my own more scholastic predilections—to strain every energy at the bar—to carve or force my own way to fortune—and, if I arrived at independence, then—what then? why, the right to speak of love, and aim at power. This was not the view of Ellinor Compton. The law seemed to her a tedious, needless drudgery : there was nothing in it to captivate her imagination. She listened to me with that charm which she yet retains, and by which she seems to identify herself with those who speak to her. She would turn to me with a pleading look when her father dilated on the brilliant prospects of a parliamentary success ; for he (not having gained it, yet having lived with those who had,) overvalued it, and seemed ever to wish to enjoy it through some other. But when I, in turn, spoke of independence, of the bar, Ellinor's face grew overcast. The world—the world was with her, and the ambition of the world, which is always for power or effect ! A part of the house lay exposed to the east wind, 'Plant half way down the hill,' said I one day.

'Plant !' cried Lady Emily—'it will be twenty years before the trees grow up. No, my dear father, build a wall, and cover it with creepers !' That was an illustration of her whole character. She could not wait till trees had time to grow up ; a dead wall would be so much more quickly thrown up, and parasite creepers would give it a prettier effect. Nevertheless, she was a grand and noble creature. And I—in love ! Not so discouraged as you may suppose ; for Lord Rainsforth often hinted encouragement, which even I could scarcely misconstrue. Not caring for rank, and not wishing for fortune beyond competence for his daughter, he saw in me all he required,—a gentleman of ancient birth, and one in whom his own active mind could prosecute that kind of mental ambition which overflowed in him, and yet had never had its vent. And Ellinor !—heaven forbid I should say she loved me,—but something made me think she could do so. Under these notions, suppressing all my hopes, I made a bold effort to master the influences round me, and to adopt that career I thought worthiest of us all. I went to London to read for the bar."

"The bar ! is it possible ?" cried I. My father smiled sadly.

"Every thing seemed possible to me then. I read some months. I began to see my way even in that short time ; began to comprehend what would be the difficulties before me, and to feel there was that within me which could master them. I took a holiday and returned to Cumberland. I found Roland there on my return. Always of a roving adventurous temper, though he had not then entered the army, he had, for more than two years, been wandering over the Continent on foot. It was a young knight-errant whom I embraced, and who overwhelmed me with reproaches that I should be reading for the law. There had never been a lawyer in the family ! It was about that time, I think, that I petrified him with the discovery of the printer ! I knew not exactly wherefore, whether from jealousy, fear, foreboding—but it certainly was a pain that seized me—when I learned from Roland that he had become intimate at Compton Hall. Roland and Lord Rainsforth had met at the house of a

neighbouring gentleman, and Lord Rainsforth had welcomed his acquaintance, at first perhaps for my sake, afterwards for his own.

"I could not for the life of me," continued my father, "ask Roland if he admired Ellinor; but, when I found that he did not put that question to me, I trembled!"

"We went to Compton together, speaking little by the way. We stayed there some days."

My father here thrust his hand into

his waistcoat—all men have their little ways, which denote much; and when my father thrust his hand into his waistcoat, it was always a sign of some mental effort—he was going to prove, or to argue, to moralise, or to preach. Therefore, though I was listening before with all my ears, I believe I had, speaking magnetically and mesmerically, an extra pair of ears, a new sense supplied to me, when my father put his hand into his waistcoat.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEREIN MY FATHER CONTINUES HIS STORY.

"There is not a mystical creation, type, symbol, or poetical invention for meanings abstruse, recondite, and incomprehensible, which is not represented by the female gender," said my father, having his hand quite buried in his waistcoat. "There is the Sphinx, and the Enigma, and the Chimera, and Isis, whose veil no man had ever lifted: they are all ladies, Kitty, every one of them! And so was Persephone, who must be always either in heaven or hell—and Hecate, who was one thing by night and another by day. The Sibyls were females; and so were the Gorgons, the Harpies, the Furies, the Fates, and the Teutonic Valkyrs, Nornies, and Hela herself: in short, all representations of ideas, obscure, inscrutable, and portentous, are nouns feminine."

Heaven bless my father! Augustine Caxton was himself again! I began to fear that the story had slipped away from him, lost in that labyrinth of learning. But, luckily, as he paused for breath, his look fell on those limpid blue eyes of my mother's, and that honest open brow of hers, which had certainly nothing in common with Sphynxes, Chimeras, Fates, Furies, or Valkyrs; and, whether his heart smote him, or his reason made him own that he had fallen into a very disingenuous and unsound train of assertion, I know not, but his front relaxed, and with a smile he resumed—"Ellinor was the last person in the world to deceive any one willingly. Did she deceive me and Roland that we both, though not conceited men, fancied that, if we had dared to speak

openly of love, we had not so dared in vain? or do you think, Kitty, that a woman really can love (not much, perhaps, but somewhat) two or three, or half a dozen at a time?"

"Impossible," cried my mother. "And as for this Lady Ellinor, I am shocked at her—I don't know what to call it!"

"Nor I either, my dear!" said my father, slowly taking his hand from his waistcoat, as if the effort were too much for him, and the problem were insoluble. "But this, begging your pardon, I do think, that before a young woman does really, truly, and cordially centre her affections on one object, she suffers fancy, imagination, the desire of power, curiosity, or heaven knows what, to simulate, even to her own mind, pale reflexions of the luminary not yet risen—parhelia that precede the sun. Don't judge of Roland as you see him now, Pisis-tratus—grim, and gray, and formal; imagine a nature soaring high amongst daring thoughts, or exuberant with the nameless poetry of youthful life—with a frame matchless for bounding elasticity—an eye bright with laughing fire—a heart from which noble sentiments sprang like sparks from an anvil. Lady Ellinor had an ardent, inquisitive imagination. This bold fiery nature must have moved her interest. On the other hand, she had an instructed, full, and eager mind. Am I vain if I say, now at the lapse of so many years, that in my mind her intellect felt companionship? When a woman loves, and marries, and settles, why then she becomes—a one

whole, a completed being. But a girl like Ellinor has in her many women. Various herself, all varieties please her. I do believe that, if either of us had spoken the word boldly, Lady Ellinor would have shrunk back to her own heart—examined it, tasked it, and given a frank and generous answer. And he who had spoken first might have had the better chance not to receive a 'No.' But neither of us spoke. And perhaps she was rather curious to know if she had made an impression, than anxious to create it. It was not that she willingly deceived us, but her whole atmosphere was delusion. Mists come before the sunrise. However this be, Roland and I were not long in detecting each other. And hence arose, first coldness, then jealousy, then quarrels."

"Oh, my father, your love must have been indeed powerful, to have made a breach between the hearts of two such brothers!"

"Yes," said my father; "it was amidst the old ruins of the castle, there, where I had first seen Ellinor—that, winding my arm round Roland's neck, as I found him seated amongst the weeds and stones, his face buried in his hands—it was there that I said—'Brother, we both love this woman! My nature is the calmer of the two, I shall feel the loss less. Brother, shake hands, and God speed you, for I go!'"

"Austin," murmured my mother, sinking her head on my father's breast.

"And therewith we quarrelled. For it was Roland who insisted, while the tears rolled down his eyes, and he stamped his foot on the ground, that he was the intruder, the interloper—that he had no hope—that he had been a fool and a madman—and that it was for him to go! Now, while we were disputing, and words began to run high, my father's old servant entered the desolate place, with a note from Lady Ellinor to me, asking for the loan of some book I had praised. Roland saw the hand-writing, and while I turned the note over and over irresolutely, before I broke the seal, he vanished.

"He did not return to my father's house. We did not know what had become of him. But I, thinking

over that impulsive volcanic nature, took quick alarm. And I went in search of him; came on his track at last; and, after many days, found him in a miserable cottage amongst the most dreary of the dreary wastes which form so large a part of Cumberland. He was so altered I scarcely knew him. To be brief, we came at last to a compromise. We would go back to Compton. This suspense was intolerable. One of us at least should take courage and learn his fate. But who should speak first? We drew lots, and the lot fell on me.

"And now that I was really to pass the Rubicon, now that I was to impart that secret hope which had animated me so long—been to me a new life—what were my sensations? My dear boy, depend on it that that age is the happiest, when such feelings as I felt then can agitate us no more. They are mistakes in the serene order of that majestic life which heaven meant for thoughtful man. Our souls should be as stars on earth, not as meteors and tortured comets. What could I offer to Ellinor—to her father? What but a future of patient labour? And in either answer, what alternative of misery!—my own existence shattered, or Roland's noble heart!"

"Well, we went to Compton. In our former visits we had been almost the only guests. Lord Rainsforth did not much affect the intercourse of country squires, less educated then than now. And in excuse for Ellinor and for us, we were almost the only men of her own age she saw when in that large dull house. But now the London season had broken up, the house was filled; there was no longer that familiar and constant approach to the mistress of the Hall, which had made us like one family. Great ladies, fine people, were round her; a look, a smile, a passing word, were as much as I had a right to expect. And the talk, too, how different! Before, I could speak on books,—I was at home there! Roland could pour forth his dreams, his chivalrous love for the past, his bold defiance of the unknown future. And Ellinor, cultivated and fanciful, could sympathise with both. And her father, scholar and gentleman, could sympathise too. But now—"

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEREIN MY FATHER BRINGS ABOUT HIS DEVOUEMENT.

"It is no use in the world," said my father, "to know all the languages expounded in grammars and splintered up into lexicons, if we don't learn the language of the world. It is a talk apart, Kitty," cried my father warming up. "It is an ANAGLYPH—a spoken anaglyph, my dear! If all the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians had been A B C to you, still if you did not know the anaglyph, you would know nothing of the true mysteries of the priests.*

"Neither Roland nor I knew one symbol-letter of the anaglyph. Talk, talk—talk on persons we never heard of, things we never cared for. All we thought of importance, puerile or pedantic trifles—all we thought so trite and childish, the grand momentous business of life! If you found a little schoolboy, on his half holiday, fishing for minnows with a crooked pin, and you began to tell him of all the wonders of the deep, the laws of the tides, and the antediluvian relics of iguanodon and Ichthyosaurus—nay, if you spoke but of pearl fisheries, and coral banks, or water-kelpies and naiads, would not the little boy cry out peevishly, 'Don't tease me with all that nonsense! let me fish in peace for my minnows.' I think the little boy is right after his own way—it was to fish for minnows that he came out, poor child, not to hear about iguanodons and water-kelpies!

"So the company fished for minnows, and not a word could we say about our pearl fisheries and coral banks! And as for fishing for minnows ourselves, my dear boy, we should have been less bewildered if you had asked us to fish for a mermaid! Do you see, now, one reason why I have let you go thus early into the world? Well, but amongst these minnow-fishers, there was one who fished with an air that made the minnows look larger than salmon.

"Trevanion had been at Cambridge with me. We were even intimate. He was a young man like myself, with his way to make in the world. Poor as I—of a family upon a par with mine—old enough but decayed. There was, however, this difference between us. He had connexions in the great world—I had none. Like me his chief pecuniary resource was a college fellowship. Now, Trevanion had established a high reputation at the university; but less as a scholar, though a pretty fair one, than as a man to rise in life. Every faculty he had was an energy. He aimed at every thing—lost some things, gained others. He was a great speaker in a debating society, a member of some politico-economical club. He was an eternal talker—brilliant, various, paradoxical, florid—different from what he is now. For, dreading fancy, his career since has been an effort to curb it. But all his mind attached itself to something that we Englishmen call solid; it was a large mind—not, my dear Kitty, like a fine whale sailing through knowledge from the pleasure of sailing—but like a polypus, that puts forth all its feelers for the purpose of catching hold of something. Trevanion had gone at once to London from the university: his reputation and his talk dazzled his connexions, not unjustly. They made an effort—they got him into parliament: he had spoken, he had succeeded. He came to Compton with the flush of his virgin fame. I cannot convey to you, who know him now—with his care-worn face, and abrupt dry manner,—reduced by perpetual gladiatorship to the skin and bone of his former self—what that man was when he first stepped into the arena of life.

"You see, my listeners, that you have to recollect that we middle-aged folks were young then—that is to say, we were as different from what we are

* The anaglyph was peculiar to the Egyptian priests—the hieroglyph generally known to the well educated.

now, as the green bough of summer is from the dry wood, out of which we make a ship or a gate-post. Neither man nor wood comes to the uses of life till the green leaves are stripped and the sap gone. And then the uses of life transform us into strange things with other names: the tree is a tree no more—it is a gate or a ship; the youth is a youth no more, but a one-legged soldier; a hollow-eyed statesman; a scholar spectacled and slippered! When Micyllus—(here the hand slides into the waistcoat again!)—when Micyllus,” said my father, “asked the cock that had once been Pythagoras,* if the affair of Troy was really as Homer told it, the cock replied scornfully, ‘How could Homer know any thing about it?—at that time he was a camel in Bactria.’ Pisistratus, according to the doctrine of metempsychosis, you might have been a Bactrian camel—when that which to my life was the siege of Troy saw Roland and Trevanion before the walls.

“Handsone you can see that Trevanion has been; but the beauty of his countenance then was in its perpetual play, its intellectual eagerness; and his conversation was so discursive, so various, so animated, and, above all, so full of the things of the day! If he had been a priest of Serapis for fifty years, he could not have known the Anaglyph better! Therefore he filled up every crevice and pore of that hollow society with his broken, inquisitive, petulant light. Therefore he was admired, talked of, listened to; and everybody said, ‘Trevanion is a rising man.’

“Yet I did not do him then the justice I have done since—for we students and abstract thinkers are apt too much, in our first youth, to look to the *depth* of a man’s mind or knowledge, and not enough to the *surface* it may cover. There may be more water in a flowing stream, only four feet deep, and certainly more force and more health, than in a sullen pool, thirty yards to the bottom! I did not do Trevanion justice. I did not see how naturally he realised Lady Ellinor’s ideal. I have said that she was like many women in one. Trevanion was a thousand men in one.

He had learning to please her mind, eloquence to dazzle her fancy, beauty to please her eye, reputation precisely of the kind to allure her vanity, honour and conscientious purpose to satisfy her judgment. And, above all, he was ambitious. Ambitious not as ~~he~~—not as Roland was, but ambitious as Ellinor was: ambitious, not to realise some grand ideal in the silent heart,* but to grasp the practical positive substances that lay without.

“Ellinor was a child of the great world, and so was he. I saw not all this, nor did Roland; and Trevanion seemed to pay no particular court to Ellinor.

“But the time approached when I ought to speak. The house began to thin. Lord Rainsforth had leisure to resume his easy conferences with me; And one day walking in his garden he gave me the opportunity. For I need not say, Pisistratus,” said my father, looking at me earnestly, “that before any man of honour, especially if of inferior worldly pretensions, will open his heart seriously to the daughter, it is his duty to speak first to the parent, whose confidence has imposed that trust.” I bowed my head and coloured.

“I know not how it was,” continued my father, “but Lord Rainsforth turned the conversation on Ellinor. After speaking of his expectations from his son, who was returning home, he said ‘But he will of course enter public life,—will, I trust, soon marry, have a separate establishment, and I shall see but little of him. My Ellinor!—I cannot bear the thought of parting wholly with her. And that, to say the selfish truth, is one reason why I have never wished her to marry a rich man, and so leave me for ever.’ I could hope that she will give herself to one who may be contented to reside at least great part of the year with me—who may bless me with another son, not steal from me a daughter. I do not mean that he should waste his life in the country; his occupations would probably lead him to London. I care not where my house is, all I want is to keep my home. You know’ (he added, with

* LUCIAN, *The Dream of Micyllus*.

a smile that I thought meaning,) 'how often I have implied to you that I have no vulgar ambition for Ellinor. Her portion must be very small, for my estate is strictly entailed, and I have lived too much up to my income all my life to hope to save much now. But her tastes do not require expense; and while I live, at least, there need be no change. She can only prefer a man whose talents, congenial to hers, will win their own career, and ere I die that career may be made.' Lord Rainsforth paused, and then—how, in what words I know not,—but out all burst!—my long-suppressed, timid, anxious, doubtful, fearful love. The strange energy it had given to a nature till then so retiring and calm! My recent devotion to the law,—my confidence that, with such a prize, I could succeed,—it was but a transfer of labour from one study to another. Labour could conquer all things, and custom sweeten them in the conquest. The bar was a less brilliant career than the senate. But the first aim of the poor man should be independence. In short, Pisistratus, wretched egotist that I was, I forgot Roland in that moment; and I spoke as one who felt his life was in his words.

"Lord Rainsforth looked at me, when I had done, with a countenance full of affection—but it was not cheerful.

"My dear Caxton," said he, tremulously, 'I own that I once wished this—wished it from the hour I knew you; but why did you so long—I never suspected that—nor I am sure did Ellinor.' He stopped short, and added quickly—"However, go and speak, as you have spoken to me, to Ellinor. Go, it may not yet be too late. And yet—but go."

"Too late—what meant those words? Lord Rainsforth had turned hastily down another walk, and left me alone, to ponder over an answer which concealed a riddle. Slowly I took my way towards the house, and sought Lady Ellinor, half hoping, half dreading to find her alone. There was a little room communicating with a conservatory, where she usually sat in the morning. Thither I took my course.

"That room, I see it still!—the walls covered with pictures from her own

hand, many were sketches of the haunts we had visited together—the simple ornaments, womanly but not effeminate—the very books on the table that had been made familiar by dear associations. Yes, there the *Tasso* in which we had read together the episode of *Clorinda*—there the *Æschylus* in which I translated to her the *Prometheus*. Pedantries these might seem to some: pedantries, perhaps, they were; but they were proofs of that congeniality which had knit the man of books to the daughter of the world. That room—it was the home of my heart! Such, in my vanity of spirit, methought would be the air round a home to come. I looked about me, troubled and confused, and, halting timidly, I saw Ellinor before me, leaning her face on her hand, her cheek more flushed than usual, and tears in her eyes. I approached in silence, and as I drew my chair to the table, my eye fell on a glove on the floor. It was a man's glove. Do you know," said my father, "that once, when I was very young, I saw a Dutch picture called *The Glove*, and the subject was of murder. There was a weed-grown marshy pool, a desolate dismal landscape, that of itself inspired thoughts of ill deeds and terror. And two men, as if walking by chance, came to this pool, the finger of one pointed to a blood-stained glove, and the eyes of both were fixed on each other, as if there were no need of words. That glove told its tale! The picture had long haunted me in my boyhood, but it never gave me so uneasy and fearful a feeling as did that real glove upon the floor. Why? My dear Pisistratus, the theory of forebodings involves one of those questions on which we may ask 'why' for ever. More chilled than I had been in speaking to her father, I took heart at last and spoke to Ellinor"—

My father stopped short; the moon had risen, and was shining full into the room and on his face. And by that light the face was changed; young emotions had brought back youth—my father looked a young man. But what pain was there! If the memory alone could raise what, after all, was but the ghost of suffering, what had been its living reality! Involuntarily I seized his hand: my father pressed

it convulsively, and said, with a deep breath, "It was too late; Trevanion was Lady Ellinor's accepted, plighted,

happy lover. My dear Katherine, I do not envy him now; look up, sweet wife, look up!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Ellinor (let me do her justice) was shocked at my silent emotion. No human lip could utter more tender sympathy, more noble self-reproach; but that was no balm to my wound. So I left the house—so I never returned to the law—so all impetus, all motive for exertion, seemed taken from my being—so I went back into books. And so, a moping, despondent, worthless mourner might I have been to the end of my days, but that heaven, in its mercy, sent thy mother, Pisis-tratus, across my path; and day and night I bless God and her, for I have been, and am—oh, indeed, I am, a happy man!"

My mother threw herself on my father's breast, sobbing violently, and then turned from the room without a word,—my father's eye, swimming in tears, followed her; and then, after pacing the room for some moments in silence, he came up to me, and leaning his arm on my shoulder, whispered, "Can you guess why I have now told you all this, my son?"

"Yes, partly: thank you, father," I faltered, and sat down, for I felt faint.

"Some sons," said my father, seating himself beside me, "would find in their father's follies and errors an excuse for their own: not so will you, Pisis-tratus."

"I see no folly, no error, sir—only nature and sorrow."

"Pause, ere you thus think," said

my father. "Great was the folly, and great the error of indulging imagination that had no basis—of linking the whole usefulness of my life to the will of a human creature like myself. Heaven did not design the passion of love to be this tyrant; nor is it so with the mass and multitude of human life. We dreamers, solitary students like me, or half-poets like poor Roland, make our own disease. How many years, even after I had regained serenity, as your mother gave me a home long not appreciated, have I wasted. The main-spring of my existence was snapped—I took no note of time. And therefore now, you see, late in life the Nemesis wakes. I look back with regret at powers neglected, opportunities gone. Galvanically I brace up energies half palsied by disuse, and you see me, rather than rest quiet and good for nothing, talked into what, I dare say, are sad follies, by an Uncle Jack! And now I behold Ellinor again; and I say, in wonder, All this—all this—all this agony, all this torpor for that haggard face, that worldly spirit! So is it ever in life. Mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.

"Ah!" continued my father, with a sigh, "it would not have been so, if at your age I had found out the secret of the saffron bag!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"And Roland, sir," said I; "how did he take it?"

"With all the indignation of a proud unreasonable man. More indignant, poor fellow, for me than himself. And so did he wound and gall me by what he said of Ellinor,—and so did he rage against me because I would not share his rage,—that again we quarrelled. We parted, and did not meet for many

years. We came into sudden possession of our little fortunes. His he devoted (as you may know) to the purchase of the old ruins, and the commission in the army, which had always been his dream—and so went his way, wrathful. My share gave me an excuse for indolence,—it satisfied all my wants; and when my old tutor died, and his young child became my ward, and, somehow or other, from my ward

my wife, it allowed me to resign my fellowship, and live amongst my books—still as a book myself. One comfort, long before my marriage, I had conceived; and that, too, Roland has since said was comfort to him. Ellinor became an heiress—her poor brother died; and all of the estate that did not pass in the male line devolved on her. That fortune made a gulf between us almost as wide as her marriage. For Ellinor, poor and portionless, in spite of her rank, I could have worked, striven, slaved. But Ellinor rich! it would have crushed me. This was a comfort. But still, still the past—that perpetual aching sense of something that had seemed the essential of life withdrawn from life, evermore, evermore. What was left was not sorrow, it was a void. Had I lived more with men, and less with dreams and books, I should have made my nature large enough to bear the loss of a single passion. But in solitude we shrink up. No plant so much as man needs the sun and the air. I comprehend now why most of our best and wisest men have lived in capitals; and therefore again I say,

that one scholar in a family is enough. Confiding in your sound heart and strong honour, I turn you thus sometimes on the world. Have I done wrong? Prove that I have not, my child. Do you know what a very good man has said—Listen and follow my precept, not example.

“The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that every thing seems to say aloud to every man, ‘Do something—do it—do it!’” * I was profoundly touched, and I rose refreshed and hopeful, when suddenly the door opened, and who or what in the world should come in; but certainly he, she, it, or they, shall not come into this chapter!—On that point I am resolved. No, my dear young lady, I am extremely flattered;—I feel for your curiosity; but really not a peep—not one! And yet—well then, if you will have it, and look so coaxingly—who, or what I say, should come in abrupt, unexpected—taking away one’s breath, not giving one time to say, “By your leave, or with your leave,” but making one’s mouth stand open with surprise, and one’s eyes fix in a big round stupid stare, but—

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

* *Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil*, p. 349.

POLITICAL ECONOMY, BY J. S. MILL.

In the old feud between the man of experience and the man of theory, it sometimes happens that the former obtains a triumph by the mere activity of the latter. Cases have been known where the theorist, in the clarifying and perfecting his own theory, has argued himself round to those very truths which his empirical antagonist had held to with a firm though less reasoning faith. He stood to his post; the stream of knowledge seemed to be flowing past him, and those who floated on it laughed at his stationary figure as they left him behind. Nevertheless he stood still; and by-and-by this meandering stream, with the busy crew that navigated it, after many a turn and many a curve, have returned to the very spot where he had made his obstinate halt.

This has been illustrated, and we venture to say will be illustrated still further, in the progress of the science of political economy. The man of experience has been taunted for his obstinacy and blindness in adhering to something which he called common sense and matter of fact; and behold! the scientific economist, in the course of his own theorising, is returning to those very positions from which he has been endeavouring to drive his opponent. The present work of Mr J. S. Mill, the latest and most complete exposition of the most advanced doctrines of the political economists, manifests, on more than one occasion, this *retrograde progress*,—demolishing, on the ground of still more scientific principles—the value of which time, however, must test—those arguments by which his scientific predecessors had attempted to mislead the man of experience or of empirical knowledge.

When, moreover, we consider, that the errors of the political economist are not allowed to remain mere errors of theory, but are pushed forward into practice, thrust immediately into the vital interests of the community, we must admit that never was the man

of experience and common sense more fully justified in holding back and looking long before he yielded assent to his new teachers. Stranger paradoxes were never broached than some that have lived their day in this science; and paradoxes as they were, they claimed immediately their share of influence in our legislative measures. A learned professor, a luminary of the science, demonstrated that absenteeism could have nothing whatever to do with the poverty of Ireland. So the Greek sophist demonstrated that Achilles could never catch the tortoise. But the Greek was the more reasonable of the two: he required of no one to stake his fortune on the issue of the race. The professor of political economy not only teaches his sophism—he would have us *back his tortoise*.

Although it has been our irksome task to oppose the application to practice of half-formed theories, ill made up, and most dangerously incomplete, yet we surely need not say that we take a genuine interest in the approximation to a sound and trustworthy state of the science of political economy. That, notwithstanding its obliquities, the new science has rendered a substantial service to mankind, and is calculated, when thoroughly understood, to render still greater service—that it embraces topics of the widest and most permanent interest, and that intellects of the highest order have been worthily occupied in their investigation—this, let no strain of observation in which from time to time we have indulged, be thought to deny or contravert. To explain the complicate machinery of a modern commercial state, is assuredly one of the most useful tasks, and by no means the most easy, to which a reflective mind could address itself. When Adam Smith, leaving the arena of metaphysical inquiry, in which he had honourably distinguished himself, turned his analytic powers to the examination of the common-place yet

intricate affairs of that commercial community in which he lived, he acted in the same enlightened spirit which led Bacon to demand of philosophy, that she should leave listening to the echoes of the school-room, and walk abroad into nature, amongst things and realities. The author of *The Wealth of Nations*, like him of the *Novum Organum*, struck out a new path of wisely utilitarian thinking. If the one led philosophy into the real world of nature and her daily phenomena, the other conducted her into a world still more novel to her footsteps—the world of commerce, of buying and selling, of manufacture and exchange. It may, indeed, be said of both these men, that in their leading and most valuable tenets, they were but announcing the claims of common sense; and that, in doing this, they had from time to time, and in utterances more or less distinct, been anticipated by others. But the cause of common sense is, after all, the very last which obtains a fair and potent advocacy; and the philosophy of one age is always destined, if it be true, to become the common sense of succeeding ages; and it detracts very little from the merit of an eminent writer who has been the means of impressing any great truth upon the minds of men, either at home or abroad, that others had obtained a view of it also, and given to it an imperfect and less effective enunciation. Let due honour, therefore, be paid to our countryman Adam Smith, the founder, on this side of the Channel at least, of the science of political economy—honour to him who turned a most keen intellect, sharpened by those metaphysical studies for which his fragmentary Essays, as well as and still more than his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, prove him to have been eminently qualified—turned it from these captivating subtleties to inquiries into the causes, actually in operation, of the prosperity of a commercial people. He left these regions of mazy labyrinthine thought, which, if not as beautiful as the enchanted gardens in which Tasso imprisoned his knight, are, to a certain order of spirits, quite as ensnaring, to look into the mystery of bills of exchange, of systems of banking, customs, and the currency.

Be it admitted at once, and ungrudgingly, that Adam Smith and some of his successors have done a substantial service in assisting to explain the machinery of society—the organisation, so to speak, of a commercial body. Until this is done, and done thoroughly, no proposed measure of legislation, and no course of conduct voluntarily adopted by the people, can be seen in all its bearings; the true causes of the most immediate and pressing evils can never be certainly known, and, of course, the efficient remedies can never be applied. Our main quarrel—though we have many—with the political economists is on this ground—that, having constructed a theory explanatory of the *wealth* of nations, they have wished to enforce this upon our legislature, as if it had embraced all the causes which conspire to the *wellbeing* of nations; as if wealth and wellbeing were synonymous. Having determined the state of things best fitted to procure, in general, the greatest aggregate amount of riches, they have proceeded to deal with a people as if it were a corporate body, whose sole object was to increase the total amount of its possessions. They have overlooked the equally vital questions concerning the distribution of these possessions, and of the *various employments* of mankind. Full of their leading idea, and accustomed to abstractions and generalities, they forget the *individual*, and appear to treat their subject as if the aggregate wealth of a community were to be enjoyed in some aggregate manner, and a sum-total of possessions would represent the comforts and enjoyments of its several members. To know what measures tend to increase the national wealth is undoubtedly of great importance, but it is not *all*; the theory of riches, or of commerce, is not the theory of society.

As political economy arose with a metaphysician, and has been prosecuted by men of the same abstract turn of mind, it very soon aspired to the philosophical character of a science. It laid down its *laws*. But it has not always been seen that the harmonious and systematic form it has been able to assume was owing to an arbitrary division of social topics, which in their nature, and in

their operation on human welfare, are inextricably combined. They laid down laws, which could only be considered such by obstinately refusing to look beyond a certain number of isolated facts; and they persisted in governing mankind according to laws obtained by this imperfect generalisation.

With regard to the main doctrine of the political economists, that of free-trade—their advocacy of unfettered industry, whether working for the home or foreign market—one sees plainly that there is a truth here. Looking at the matter abstractedly from other considerations, what doctrine could be more reasonable or more benign than that which instructs the separate communities of mankind to throw aside all commercial jealousies, all unnecessary heartburnings—to throw down their barriers, their custom-houses, their preventive stations—to let the commerce and industry of the world be free, so that the peace of the world, as well as the wealth of nations, would be secured and advanced? What better doctrine could be taught than this? Did not Fénelon, mildest and best of archbishops, reasoning from the dictates of his own Christian conscience, arrive at the same conclusion as the philosophical economist? What better, we repeat, could be taught than a doctrine which tends to make all nations as one people, and the most wealthy people possible? But hold a while. Take the microscope, and deign to look somewhat closer at the little interests of the many little men that constitute a nation. Condescend to inquire, before you change the currents of wealth and industry, (though to increase both,) into what hands the wealth is to flow, and what the class of labourers you diminish or multiply. Industry free! Good. But is the capitalist to be permitted, at all times, to gather round him and his machinery what multitudes of workmen he pleases—workmen who are to breed up families dependent for their subsistence on the success of some gigantic and hazardous enterprise? Is he to be allowed, under all circumstances, to do this, and give the state no guarantee for the lives of these men and women and children,

but what it obtains from his perhaps too sanguine calculations of his own profit and loss? Is it any consolation that he bankrupts himself in ruining others, and adding immensely to a pauper population? Commerce free! Good. It will increase your imports, and multiply by an advantageous exchange the products of your industry. But what if your measure to promote this freedom of commerce foster a mode of industry at home essentially of a precarious nature, and attended with fearful political and social dangers, at the expense of other modes of industry of a more permanent, stable, peaceful character—must nothing still be heard of but free commerce? Must the utmost amount of products, at all hazard, be obtained, whatever the mode of industry that earn it, or the fate of those called into existence by the overgrown manufacture you encourage? Is it no matter how won, or who enjoys? Is the only question that the wealth be there? What if England, by carrying out, without pause or exception, the doctrine of free-trade, should aggravate the most alarming symptoms of her present social condition—must this *law* of the political economist be still, with unmitigated strictness, urged upon her? She pleads for exception, for delay; but the political economist will not see the grounds of her plea—will not recognise her reasons for exception: full of his partial science, which has been made to occupy too large a portion of his field of vision, he *cannot* see them.

England, by a series of well-known mechanical inventions, extended in a surprising manner her manufacture of cotton, and with it her foreign commerce in this article. It is unnecessary to repeat figures that we have given before, or which may be found in any statistical tables. Enough that her operations here have been on a quite gigantic scale. Recollect that *this* is the channel into which must run the industry and capital which your measures of free-trade may drive from their old accustomed course. Look for a moment at the nature of this species of industry, and ask whether it would be wise to foster and augment it at the expense of other

more ordinary and less precarious modes of earning a subsistence. An enormous population is brought together, educated, so far as their industrial habits are concerned, in no independent labour, but taught merely to perform a part in the great machinery of a cotton-mill, themselves a part of that machinery, and trusting, they and their families, for their necessary bread, to the successful sale of the great stock of goods, the annual amount of which they are annually increasing. Although the home market may absorb the greatest portion of these goods, yet the foreign market takes so considerable a share, that any derangement of the external commerce throws a large number of this densely-congregated multitude out of employment. Is there nothing peculiarly hazardous in this condition of things? Granted that nothing can, or ought to be done to restrain the enterprising capitalist from speculating too freely with the lives of men, is it a state of things to be aggravated? Now, at this juncture comes the apostle of free-trade, and demands (for illustration's sake) that French boots and shoes be admitted duty-free. He employs the well-known, and, to its own legitimate extent, unanswerable argument of the political economist. He tells us that, by so doing, we shall purchase better and cheaper boots and shoes, and sell more of our cotton; that, in short, by manufacturing more cotton goods, in which we marvellously excel, we shall procure better boots and shoes than by the old process of making them ourselves. We are evidently the gainers. Let us see the gain. The gentleman pays something less for his shoes, and is somewhat more luxuriously shod. The owner of the cotton-mill, too, finds that trade is *looking up*. To balance this, we have so many shoemakers driven from their employment—the very steady one of making shoes for their own countrymen—and added to the number of men working at cotton-mills for the foreign market,—a mode of industry which we know, by painful experience, to be precarious in the extreme. We describe the superfluous shoemaker as going over directly to the artisans of the factory: we say nothing of the

miseries of the *middle passage*; though in truth this transition is accomplished with pain and difficulty, and after much struggle, and is rather done in the second generation than the first, it being rather the children of the shoemaker that are added to the population of the factory than the shoemaker himself.

We see here that the mere calculation of profit and loss, such as it might figure in a debtor and creditor account, would justify the extreme advocate of free-trade. But there are, surely, other considerations which may properly rank a little higher than such a tradesman's balance of profit and loss; we are surely allowed to follow our inquiries a little further, and ask who is enriched, and how? and what branch of industry is promoted, and what destroyed or curtailed? It is not our object here to contend against what is called the factory system—we accept it with its evil and its good; we are not calling for measures directly hostile to it; but we certainly should exclaim against the sacrifice of a branch of household, stable, permanent industry, to be compensated by an increase in this already enormous system of factory labour, which, together with much good, brings with it so dreadfully precarious a condition of thousands and tens of thousands of men. The political economist has proved that free-trade is the condition under which the industry of man, so far as the amount of its products is concerned, can be exercised with the greatest advantage: he has established this principle; it is an important one, and we thank him for its lucid exposition; but he shall be no legislator of ours until he has learned to submit his principle to wise exceptions, until he has learned to estimate the first necessity of steady and well-remunerated employment to the labourer, until he is prepared, in short, to give their due weight to other considerations besides that of multiplying the gross products of human industry.

We have been viewing the question of free-trade from the position of an opulent manufacturing people—from the position of England, in short—and we see that there may be ground even here for exception. But the case is much stronger, and the claim

for exception still plainer, which might be made out by a less opulent nation, desirous of fostering its own rising manufactures. These wisely refuse a reciprocity of free-trade measures. Even on the mere ground of the increase of national wealth, and without considering the advantage derived from a variety of employments, and a *due* admixture of a manufacturing population, they are fully justified in their protective policy. The economist will tell them that they deprive themselves of the opportunity of purchasing cheaper and better goods than they can produce. We admit that, for a season, they must forego an advantage of this description; but at the end of a few years how will the account stand? If the protective duty has fostered a home manufactory that would not otherwise have existed, (and this is an assumption which the political economist himself is compelled to admit,) then is there in that country a new industry—then amongst that people is there more *labour* and less idleness, and therefore more of the fruits of labour. It has created for itself what it otherwise would have had to purchase with its corn and oil.

The political economists love an extreme case. In order to test the universality of the principle of free-trade, we give them the following:—There is a little island somewhere in the Pacific, and it grows corn, and grapes, and the cotton plant. Two or three great ships come annually to this island, bringing a store of Manchester goods, and taking away a portion of the corn and the wine. But the wise men of the island meet and say, Let us learn to make our own cotton into stuff for raiment; so shall we have clothes without parting with our corn and wine. Would the people of the island be very foolish if they consented to wear, for a time, a much coarser raiment, in order that they might practise this new industry, and thus provide themselves with raiment, and keep their provender? We suppose that the same unequal distribution of property is found in our island as in the rest of the world—that there are rich and poor. Now, when a people exchanges its articles of food for articles of clothing, it rarely, if ever, parts

with what, *to the whole of the people*, is a superfluous quantity of food. Those who own large portions of the land have a superfluity of produce, which they exchange for other articles either at home or abroad; but probably no people ever grew a greater quantity of corn, or other grain for food, than it could very willingly have consumed itself, could we conceive it distributed amongst all who had mouths to consume, and half-filled stomachs to stow it away in. Judge, therefore, whether our little island would not, in a few years, be much better off for refusing the visit of the great ships, and setting to work to weave its own cotton into garments. The political economists always talk of so much labour diverted from one employment to another; they seem to have forgotten that there is such a thing as so much idleness converted into so much labour.

In the work of John Stuart Mill, to which we have now to call the attention of our readers, the science of political economy has received its latest and most complete exposition. Nor, as the title itself will inform us, is the work limited to a formal enunciation of abstract principles, (as was the case with the brief compendium of Mr Mill, senior,) but it proceeds to apply those principles to the discussion of some of the most vital and momentous questions with which public opinion is at present occupied. There are things in these volumes, as may easily be conceived, in which we do not concur—views are supported, on some subjects, to which we have been long and notoriously opposed; but there is, in the exposition of its tenets, so accurate a statement, so severe and lucid a reasoning, and, withal, so genuine and manly an interest in the great cause of humanity, that we cannot hesitate a moment in awarding to it a high rank amongst the sterling literature of our country. This magazine has never been slow—it has been second to none—in its hearty recognition of great talent and ability, from whatever quarter of the political horizon these have made their appearance. We were amongst the first to give notice to all whom it concerned of the addition to the students' shelf of the profound and elaborate work, *The*

System of Logic, by the same author. The present is a work of more general interest, yet it has the same severe character. In this, as in his logic, the author has sacrificed nothing deemed by him essential to his task, to the desire of being popular, or the fear of being pronounced *dry*—the word of most complete condemnation in the present day. Dry, however, no person who takes an interest in the actual condition and prospects of society, can possibly find the greater portion of this work. For, as we have already intimated, that which honourably distinguishes it from other professed treatises of political economy is the perpetual, earnest, never-forgotten interest, which accompanies the writer throughout, in the great questions at present mooted with respect to the social condition of man. Mr Mill very wisely refused to limit himself to the mere abstract principles of his science; he descends from them, sometimes as from a vantage ground, into the discussions which most concern and agitate the public mind at the present day; and, if his conclusions are not always, or even generally, such as we can wholly coincide with, there is so penetrating an intelligence in his remarks, and so grave and serious a philanthropy pervading his book, that it would be impossible for the most complete opponent of the work not to rise a gainer from its perusal. From what else can we gain, if not from intercourse with a keen, and full, and sincere mind, whether we have to struggle with it, or to acquiesce in its guidance? There are passages in this work, didactic as its style generally is, which have had on us all the effect of the most thrilling eloquence, from the fine admixture of severe reasoning and earnestness of feeling.

For instance—to give at once an idea of the more elevated tone this utilitarian science has assumed in the work of Mr Mill—it is no little novelty to hear a political economist speak in the following manner of the mere elements of national wealth. The author has been discoursing on that stationary state to which all opulent nations are supposed to tend, wherein, by the diminution of profits, there is little means and no temptation to further accumulation of capital:—

“I cannot,” he says, “regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the old school. I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other’s heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of humankind, or any thing but one of the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. The northern and middle states of America are a specimen of this stage of civilisation in very favourable circumstances; having apparently got rid of all social injustices and inequalities that affect persons of Caucasian race and of the male sex, while the proportion of population to capital and land is such as to insure abundance to every able-bodied member of the community who does not forfeit it by misconduct. They have the six points of Chartism, and no poverty; and all that these advantages do for them is, that the life of the whole of one sex is devoted to dollar-hunting, and of the other to breeding dollar-hunters. This is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising. . . .

“That the energies of mankind should be kept in employment by the struggle for riches, as they were formerly by the struggle of war, until the better minds succeed in educating the others into better things, is undoubtedly more desirable than that they should rust and stagnate. While minds are coarse, they require coarse stimuli, and let them have them. In the mean time, those who do not accept the present very early stage of human improvement as its ultimate type, may be excused for being comparatively indifferent to the kind of economical progress which usually excites the congratulations of politicians—the mere increase of production and accumulation. For the safety of national independence, it is essential that a country should not fall much behind its neighbours in these things. But in themselves they are of little importance, so long as either the increase of population, or any thing else, prevents the mass of the people from reaping any part of the benefit of them. I know not why it should be matter of congratulation, that persons who are already richer than any one needs to be,

should have doubled their means of consuming things which give little or no pleasure, except as representative of wealth; or that numbers of individuals should pass over every year from the middle classes into a richer class, or from the class of the occupied rich to that of the unoccupied. It is only in the backward countries of the world that increased production is still an important object; in those most advanced, what is economically needed is a better distribution, of which an indispensable means is a stricter restraint on population. Levelling institutions, either of a just or an unjust kind, cannot alone accomplish it; they may lower the heights of society, but they cannot raise the depths."—(Vol. ii. p. 308.)

It will be already seen, from even this brief extract, that the too rapid increase of population presents itself to Mr Mill as the chief, or one of the chief obstacles to human improvement. Without attempting to repeat all that we have at different times urged upon this head, we may at once say here that, in the first place, we never denied, or dreamt of denying, that it was one of the first and most imperative duties of every human being, to be assured that he could provide for a family before he called one into existence. This has been at all times a plain, unquestionable duty, though it has not at all times been clearly understood as such. But, in the second place, we have combated the Malthusian alarm, precisely because we believe that the moral checks to population will be found a sufficient balance to the physical law of increase. We have repudiated the idea that there is, in the shape of the law of population, a constant enemy to human improvement, convinced that this law will be found to be in perfect harmony with all other laws that regulate the destiny of man. A certain pressure of population on the means of subsistence has been always recognised as an element necessary to the progress of society—especially at that early stage when bare subsistence is the sole motive for industry. When not only to live, but to live well, becomes the ruling motive of men, then come into play the various moral checks arising from prudence, vanity, and duty. But the mere thinness of population will not, in the first place,

induce a high standard of comfortable subsistence. It is a delusion to suppose that the low standard of comfort and enjoyment prevailing amongst the multitude is the result of excessive population. If Neapolitan *lazzaroni* are contented with macaroni and sunshine, it matters not whether their numbers are five hundred or five thousand, they will labour for nothing beyond their macaroni. We would challenge the political economist to prove that in England, at this present time, or in any country of Europe, the prevailing standard of comfort amongst the working classes has been permanently determined by the amount of population. This standard is slowly rising, from better education, mechanical inventions, and other causes, and it will ultimately control the increase of population. That wages occasionally suffer a lamentable depression, owing to the numbers of any one class of workmen, is a fact which does not touch the point at issue. We say that, whether a population be dense or rare, you must first excite, by education and the example of a higher class, a certain taste for comfort, for a cleanly and orderly mode of life, amongst the mass of labouring men; that until this taste is called forth, it would be in vain to offer high wages, for men would only work one half the week, and spend the other half in idleness and coarse intemperance; and that, this taste once called forth, there will be no fear of the class of men who possess it being permanently degraded by over-population, unless the excess of population were derived from some neighbouring country, unhappily far behind it in the race of civilisation.

We now continue our quotation.

"There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for an immense increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving and capital to increase. But, although it may be innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has, in all the more populous countries, been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be

kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude, in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur, is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world, with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature—with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings—every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up—all quadrupeds or birds, which are not domesticated for man's use, exterminated as his rivals for food—every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a shrub or flower could grow, without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary long before necessity compels them to it.

"It is scarcely necessary to remark, that a stationary condition of capital and population implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture, and moral and social progress; as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on. Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference—that, instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, that of abridging labour. Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the daily toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make large fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes; but they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish. Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind

shall be under the deliberate guidance of a judicious foresight, can the conquests made from the powers of nature, by the intellect and energy of scientific discoverers, become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and elevating the universal lot."—(Vol. ii. p. 311.)

These are not the times when truth is to be withheld because it is disagreeable. There is a morality connected with wealth, its uses and abuses, not enough taught, certainly not enough understood. The rich man, who will not learn that there is a *duty* inseparable from his riches, is no better fitted for the times that are coming down upon us, than the poor man who has not learned that patience is a duty peculiarly imposed upon him, and that the ruin of others, and the general panic which his violence may create, will inevitably add to the hardships and privations he already has to endure. If society demands of the poor man that he endure these evils of his lot, rather than desperately bring down ruin upon all, himself included; surely society must also demand of the rich man that he make the best use possible of his wealth, so that his weaker brother be not driven to madness and despair. It demands of him that he exert himself manfully for that safety of the whole in which he has so much more evident an interest. For, be it known—prescribe whatever remedies you will, political, moral, or religious—that it is by securing a certain indispensable amount of well-being to the multitude of mankind that the only security can be found for the social fabric, for life, and property, and civilisation. If men are allowed to sink into a wretchedness that savours of despair, it is in vain that you show them the ruins of the nation, and themselves involved in those ruins. What interest have they any longer in the preservation of your boasted state of civilisation? What to them how soon it be all a ruin? You have lost all hold of them as reasonable beings. As well preach to the winds as to men thoroughly and bitterly discontented. Those, therefore, to whom wealth, or station, or intelligence, has given power of any kind, must do their utmost to prevent large masses of mankind from sinking into this condition. If they

will not learn this duty from the Christian teaching of their church, they must learn it from the stern exposition of the economist and the politician.

Political economists have some of them wasted much time, and produced no little ennui, by unprofitable discussions on the definition of terms. These Mr Mill wisely spares us: an accurate writer, by a cautious use of ordinary expressions, will make his meaning more evident and precise than he will be able to do by any laboured definitions, or the introduction of purely technical terms. Such have been the discussions on the strict limits of the science of political economy, and the propriety of the title it has so long borne; whether intellectual efforts shall be classed amongst productive or unproductive labour, and the precise and invariable meaning to be given to such terms as *wealth*, *value*, and the like. These will generally be found to be unprofitable controversies, tending more to confusion of ideas than to precision of language. Let a writer think steadily and clearly upon his subject, and ordinary language will be faithful to him; distinctions between the several meanings of the same term will be made as they are wanted. He who *begins* by making such distinctions is only laying a snare for his own feet; he will hamper himself and perplex his reader. And with regard especially to the range of topics which an author thinks fit to embrace in his treatise upon this science, surely he may permit himself some liberty of choice, without resolving to mete out new boundaries to which all who follow him are to conform. If M. Dunoyer, for instance, in his able and, in many respects, valuable work, *De la Liberté du Travail*, chooses to write a treatise which embraces in fact the whole of human life, all the energies and activities of man, mental as well as physical, he could surely have done this without assailing old distinctions and old titles with so needless a

violence. Of what avail to call in the etymologist at this time of day, to determine the meaning, or criticise the application of so familiar a term as political economy?*

But there is another class of discussions which, although to the general reader, who is mostly an impatient one, they will appear at first sight to be of a purely technical character, must not be so hastily dismissed. These will be often found to have a direct bearing on the most important questions that can occupy the mind of the statesman. They are in fact explanatory of that great machine, a commercial society, upon which he has to practise—which he has to keep in order, or to learn to leave alone—and therefore as necessary a branch of knowledge to him as anatomy or physiology to one who undertakes to medicine the body. Such are some of the intricate discussions which concern the nature of *capital*—a subject to which we shall in the first place and at once turn our attention. It is a subject which Mr Mill has treated throughout in a most masterly manner. We may safely say, that there is now no other work to which a student could be properly directed for obtaining a complete insight into all the intricacies of this great branch of political economy. The exposition lies scattered, indeed, through the two volumes; he must read the entire work to obtain it. This scattering of the several parts of a subject is inevitable in treating such a science as political economy, where every topic has to be discussed in relation to every other topic. We do not think that Mr Mill has been particularly happy in his arrangement of topics, but, aware as we are of the extreme difficulty, under such circumstances, of making *any arrangement at all*, we forbear from any criticism. A man must write himself out the best way he can; and the reader, after obtaining all the materials put at his disposition, may pack them up in what

* "Mais d'abord va-t-on désigner cet ordre particulier d'investigations par le nom d'économie politique? Quoi donc! Economie politique, économie de la société,—c'est à dire—production, distribution, consommation des richesses? Mais c'est se moquer; on ne traduit pas avec une liberté pareille. Il ne faut qu'ouvrir le premier dictionnaire venu pour voir," &c.—DUNOYER, *De la Liberté du Travail*.

bundles may best suit his own convenience.

We must premise that on this subject—the nature and employment of capital—there appears to be in one part of Mr Mill's exposition—not an error—but a temporary forgetfulness of an old and familiar truth, which ought to have found its place there. Its very familiarity has occasioned it to be overlooked, in the keen inquiry after truth of a more recondite nature. The part which the economists call “unproductive consumption,” the self-indulgent luxurious expenditure of the rich—the part this plays in a system of society based on individual effort and individual possession, is not fully stated.

He who spends his money, and lives to do little else, however idle he may be himself, has always had the consolation that he was, at least, setting other people to work. Mr Mill *seems* to deny him utterly this species of consolation; for in contending against a statement, made by political economists as well as others, that unproductive consumption is necessary, in a strictly *economical* sense, to the employment of the workmen, and as the indispensable relative to productive consumption, or capital spent in industrial pursuits, he has overlooked that *moral* necessity there is, in the present system of things, that there should be those who spend to enjoy, as well as those who lay out their money for profit. “What supports and employs productive labour,” says Mr Mill, (vol. i. p. 97,) “is the capital expended in setting it to work, and not the demand of purchases for the produce of the labour when completed. Demand for commodities is not demand for labour. The demand for commodities determines in what particular branch of production the labour and capital shall be employed; it determines the *direction* of the labour, but not the more or less of the labour itself, or of the maintenance and payment of the labour. That depends on the amount of the capital, or other funds directly devoted to the sustenance and remuneration of labour.” Now, without a doubt, the man who purchases an article of luxury when it is manufactured, does not employ labour in the same sense

as the manufacturer, who spends his wealth in supporting the artisan, and finding him the requisites of his art, and who, after selling the products of this industry, continues to spend the capital returned to him, together with the profit he has made, in the further sustenance of workmen. But it has been always understood, and the truth appears to be almost too trite to insist on, that unless the unproductive consumer were there to purchase, the capitalist would have had no motive to employ his wealth in this manner; and, what is of equal importance to bear in mind, unless the capitalist also calculated on being, some future day, an unproductive consumer himself, he would have no motive, by saving and toiling, to increase his wealth.

The necessity for a certain amount of unproductive consumption is not a necessity in the nature of things. All men might, if they chose, be saving, might spend upon themselves only what is needful for comfort, and set apart the residue of their funds for the employment of labour, not, of course, in the production of articles of luxury, for which there would be no purchasers, but for such articles as the labourers themselves, now paid from such ample stores, might be consumers of. The social machine might still *go on* under such a regime, and much to the benefit of the labourer. The capitalists would find their profits diminishing, it is true—they would be more rapidly approaching that *minimum* of profit, that stationary state, of which we shall by-and-by have to speak; but this diminution of profits must, at all events, sooner or later, take place, and depends ultimately, as we shall have occasion to show, on higher laws, over which man has no control. Men might, if they chose, be all saving, and all convert superfluous wealth into capital; but need we add, men would never choose any such thing. There is no necessity in the nature of things, but there is a necessity in the moral nature of man for a certain portion of this unproductive consumption. The good of others is not a motive sufficiently strong to stimulate a man to any of the steady pursuits of industry. When, therefore, his real wants are satisfied, it

must be the gratification of fictitious wants that induces him to toil and accumulate, or to part with any thing he has, by way of barter or exchange. From the time when the rude possessor of the soil consents to surrender a portion of his surplus produce for some trinket or piece of gaudy apparel, to the present epoch, when men consent to live frugally and toil hard during the first period of life, in order that they or their children may afterwards live idly, luxuriously, and ostentatiously, this same unproductive expenditure has performed the part of essential stimulant to human industry. It is not enough, therefore, to say, that it gives the *direction* to a certain portion of labour: it affords the stimulant that converts idleness into industry, and saving into capital. A very much more dignified being would man undoubtedly be, if desire for the general good could replace, as a motive of industry, a selfish desire, which is often no better than what we ridicule in the savage when he manifests a most disproportionate anxiety, as it seems to us, for the possession of glass beads, or a piece of painted calico. But to this point in the cultivation of human reason we have, at all events, not yet arrived. And let this be always borne in mind—in order that the class of society designated as unproductive consumers may not fall into unmerited odium—that others, who are using their wealth in the direct and profitable employment of labour, are themselves desirous, above all things, of taking their place in the class of unproductive consumers, and are working for that very end.

"Every one can see," writes Mr Mill, "that if a benevolent government possessed all the food, and all the implements and materials of the community, it could exact productive labour from all to whom it allowed a share in the food, and could be in no danger of wanting a field for the employment of this productive labour, since, as long as there was a single want unsaturated (which material objects could supply) of any one individual, the labour of the community could be turned to the production of something capable of satisfying that want. Now, the individual possessors of capital, when they add to it

by fresh accumulations, are doing precisely the same thing which we suppose to be done by our benevolent government."—(Vol. i. p. 83.) Certainly the individual capitalists could do the same as the benevolent government, if they had its benevolence. If there are any political economists who teach otherwise, we hold them in error. We wish only to add to the statement the old moral truth long ago recognised, before political economy had a distinct place or name in the world, that as man is constituted, or rather, as he has hitherto demeaned himself, (for who knows what moral as well as other reformation may take place?—the civilised man, such as we have him at this day, postponing habitually the present enjoyment to the future, is a creature of cultivation; and who can tell but that advanced cultivation may make of man a being habitually acting for the general good, in which general good he finds his own particular interest sufficiently represented and provided for?)—that, as man has hitherto acted, this same unproductive selfish expenditure is indispensable as the motive to set that industry to work, which ultimately distributes the real necessities and rational comforts of life to so many thousands.

Having, in justice to the class of unproductive consumers, brought out this homely truth, which, in the scientific exposition of Mr Mill, seemed in danger of being overlooked, we proceed to a branch of the subject which, if it appears at first of a very technical and abstruse description, is yet capable of very important applications. One of the most striking facts relating to the nature of capital is the tendency of profits, in wealthy and populous countries, to diminish as the amount of capital increases—a tendency to arrive at a certain *minimum* beyond which there would be no motive for saving, and little possibility of accumulating. This tendency Mr Mill explains as being the result, not of what has been somewhat vaguely called the competition of capital, over-production, or general glut in the market, but, in reality, of the physical laws of nature—of the simple fact that the products of the soil cannot be indefinitely multiplied. Manufacturing in-

dustry must be ultimately limited by the supply of the raw material it fashions, which is furnished by the soil, and the supply of food for the artisan, furnished also by the soil; it therefore is subjected, as well as agricultural industry, to the limits which have been set to the productiveness of the earth. Now, without seeking for any definite ratio, such as might be expressed in numbers, between the labour and ingenuity of man and the products of the soil, it may be stated as a simple fact, which admits of no dispute, that after the land has been fairly cultivated, additional labour and additional cost yield but a small proportionate return.

"The limitation to production from the properties of the soil," writes our author, "is not like the obstacle opposed by a wall, which stands immovable in one particular spot, and offers no hindrance to motion, short of stopping it entirely. We may rather compare it to a highly elastic and extensible band, which is hardly ever so violently stretched that it could not possibly be stretched any more; yet the pressure of which is felt long before the final limit is reached, and felt more severely the nearer that limit is approached.

"After a certain, and not very advanced stage in the progress of agriculture—as soon, in fact, as men have applied themselves to cultivation with any energy, and have brought to it any tolerable tools—from that time it is the law of production from the land, that, in any given state of agricultural skill and knowledge, by increasing the labour the produce is not increased in an equal degree; doubling the labour does not double the produce; or, to express the same thing in other words, every increase of produce is obtained by a more than proportional increase in the application of labour to the land.

"This general law of agricultural industry is the most important proposition in political economy. Were the law different, nearly all the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth would be other than they are. The most fundamental errors, which still prevail on our subject, result from not perceiving this law at work underneath the more superficial agencies on which attention fixes itself; but mistaking these agencies for the ultimate causes of effects of which they may influence the form and mode, but of which it alone determines the essence."—(Vol. i. p. 212.)

It is to this physical law, under-

lying, as it were, the commercial and industrial energies of man, that we must finally attribute that gradual diminution of profits, observable in advanced and opulent countries. This is popularly attributed, we believe, and has been assigned, by some political economists, to over-production; to a general glut of the market, or, in other words, a preponderance of supply over demand. Over-production in this or that article may very easily, for a time, take place; but general over-production, a general over-balance in the supply, and deficiency in the demand, may be demonstrated to be impossible.

The simple but convincing argument against a general glut or over-balance between supply and demand, which we believe Mr Mill senior first originated, is this,—that as each producer produces in order to part with his produce—in order, in fact, to exchange, to purchase, he must necessarily bring into the market a demand equivalent to the supply he furnishes. "All sellers," as our present author expresses it, "are *ex vi termini* buyers. Could we suddenly double the productive powers of the country, we should double the supply of commodities in every market; but we should, by the same stroke, double the purchasing power. Every body would bring a double demand as well as supply; every body would be able to buy twice as much, because every one would have twice as much to offer in exchange."—(Vol. ii. p. 91.) Of certain articles, there may, of course, be a superfluity; of certain others a deficiency; but such a thing as a general over-balance between supply and demand cannot take place.

The argument, if it laid claim to a sort of mathematical precision, might be open to an ingenious cavil. The exchange of commodities, it might be said, is effected through the instrumentality of money; now, it is one of the peculiar advantages of money that it enables the vender to sell at one time and purchase at another; it gives him a command over future markets; it enables him to postpone indefinitely one half of the operation of barter. Men who come into a market, wishing to dispose of their commodities *now*, but not intending

to select what commodity they shall take in exchange, till some future time, postponing indefinitely the other half of the operation of barter, and seeking only for money, for that *token* which will give them or their children a claim on subsequent markets—do *not* bring with them a demand equivalent to their supply.

The answer to the objection lets us more fully into the real facts of the case. Those only who wished to sell their produce in order to *hoard*, would fall under the description of men who bring a present supply into the market, postponing indefinitely their demand. But the producer is almost always a man desirous of increasing his wealth—he does not hoard; he immediately lays out his capital in some productive manner, in the purchase of food for labourers, and of the raw materials of industry. But these articles, it happens, cannot be supplied to him with the increasing abundance he demands; and thus we fall back upon the ultimate law to which we have alluded. The manufacturer finds, that every additional demand he makes for these is supplied at a greater cost. What has limited the profits of the agricultural capitalist limits his profits also. He cannot sell his goods at the accustomed advantage. He exclaims that there is a glut in the market. What he takes for a glut is a deficiency. It is quite natural and permissible, however, that this phenomenon of the diminution of profits should be spoken of as the result of a superabundance of capital, provided only it be understood *why* the later accumulations of capital fail to bring the same return as the earlier.

A simple law of nature, therefore, is the true cause of this commercial phenomenon. Countries, after a certain progress in the career of wealth, must cease to accumulate;—the diminished profit on capital affording no longer any motive for frugality and toil;—and they arrive at what may be called the stationary state. “When a country,” says Mr Mill, “has long possessed a large production, and a large net income to make savings from, and when, therefore, the means have long existed of making a great

annual addition to capital, (the country not having, like America, a large reserve of fertile land still unused,) it is one of the characteristics of such a country, that the rate of profit is habitually within, as it were, a hand’s breadth of the minimum, and the country, therefore, on the very verge of the stationary state. By this, I do not mean that this state is likely, in any of the great countries of Europe, to be soon actually reached, or that capital does not still yield a profit considerably greater than what is barely sufficient to induce the people of these countries to save and accumulate. My meaning is, that it would require but a short time to reduce profits to the minimum, if capital continued to increase at its present rate, and no circumstances having a tendency to raise the rate of profit occurred in the mean time.”—(Vol. ii. p. 287.)

Mr Mill then states what are the counteracting circumstances which arrest this downward tendency of profits. He mentions the waste of capital in periods of over-trading and rash speculation, the expenditure of an unproductive kind, and the perpetual overflow of capital into colonies and foreign countries, to seek higher profits than can be obtained at home. This last has a twofold operation. “In the first place, it does what a fire, or an inundation, or a commercial crisis, would have done,—it carries off a part of the increase of capital from which the reduction of profits proceeds. Secondly, the capital so carried off is not lost, but is chiefly employed either in founding colonies, which become large exporters of cheap agricultural produce, or in extending, and perhaps improving, the agriculture of older communities. It is to the emigration of English capital that we have chiefly to look for keeping up a supply of cheap food and cheap materials of clothing, proportional to the increase of our population; thus enabling an increasing capital to find employment in the country, without reduction of profit, in producing manufactured articles with which to pay for this supply of raw produce. Thus, the exportation of capital is an agent of great efficacy in extending the field of

employment for that which remains ; and it may be said truly that, up to a certain point, the more capital we send away, the more we shall possess and be able to retain at home."—(Vol. ii. p. 297.)

† This last observation we have quoted is well deserving of attention. It is an instance of what we mentioned in the outset, of the science correcting as it advances its own errors. What follows is a still more striking instance, and still more worthy of attention. It occurs in the chapter entitled,—*Consequences of the tendency of profits to a minimum*. To such observations we have wished to draw the especial attention of our readers, but could not do so till the previous exposition had been gone through.

"The theory of the effect of accumulation on profits, laid down in the preceding chapter, materially alters many of the practical conclusions which might otherwise be supposed to follow from the general principles of political economy, and which were, indeed, long admitted as true by the highest authorities on the subject.

"It must greatly abate, or, rather, altogether destroy, in countries where profits are low, the immense importance which used to be attached, by political economists, to the effects which an event or a measure of government might have in adding to, or subtracting from, the capital of the country. We have now seen that the lowness of profits is a proof that the spirit of accumulation is so active, and that the increase of capital has proceeded at so rapid a rate, as to outstrip the two counter agencies, improvements in production, and increased supply of cheap necessaries from abroad: and that unless a considerable portion of the annual increase of capital were either periodically destroyed, or exported for foreign investment, the country would speedily attain the point at which further accumulation would cease, or at least spontaneously slacken, so as no longer to overpass the march of invention in the arts which produce the necessities of life. In such a state of things as this, a sudden addition to the capital of the country, unaccompanied by any increase of productive power, would be but of transitory duration; since, by depressing profits and interest, it would rather diminish, by a corresponding amount, the savings which would be made from income in the year or two following, or it would cause an equivalent amount to be sent abroad, or

to be wasted in rash speculations. Neither, on the other hand, would a sudden abstraction of capital, unless of inordinate amount, have any real effect in improving the country. After a few months or years there would exist in the country just as much capital as if none had been taken away. The abstraction, by raising profits and interest, would give a fresh stimulus to the accumulative principle, which would speedily fill up the vacuum. Probably, indeed, the only effect that would ensue, would be that, for some time afterwards, less capital would be exported, and less thrown away in hazardous speculation.

"In the first place, then, this view of things greatly weakens, in a wealthy and industrious country, the force of the economical argument against the expenditure of public money for really valuable, even though industrially unproductive purposes. *If for any great object of justice or philanthropic policy, such as the industrial regeneration of Ireland, or a comprehensive measure of colonisation or of public education, it were proposed to raise a large sum by way of loan, politicians need not demur to the abstraction of so much capital, as leading to dry up the permanent sources of the country's wealth, and diminish the fund which supplies the subsistence of the labouring population.* The utmost expense which could be requisite for any of these purposes, would not, in all probability, deprive one labourer of employment, or diminish the next year's production by one ell of cloth or one bushel of grain. In poor countries the capital of the country requires the legislator's sedulous care; he is bound to be most cautious in encroaching upon it, and should favour to the utmost its accumulation at home, and its introduction from abroad. But in rich, populous, and highly cultivated countries, it is not capital which is the deficient element, but fertile land; and what the legislator should desire and promote, is not a greater aggregate saving, but a greater return to saving, either by improving cultivation, or by access to the produce of more fertile lands in other parts of the globe. In such countries, the government may take any moderate portion of the capital of the country and convert it into revenue, without affecting the national wealth; the whole being rather drawn from that portion of the annual saving which would otherwise be sent abroad, or being subtracted from the unproductive expenditure of individuals for the next year or two, since every million sent makes room for another million to be saved, before reaching the overflowing point. When the object in view is worth

the sacrifice of such an amount of the expenditure that furnishes the daily enjoyment of the people, the only well grounded economical objection against taking the necessary funds directly from the capital, consists of the inconveniences attending the process of raising a revenue, by taxation, to pay the interest of a debt.

"The same considerations enable us to throw aside, as unworthy of regard, one of the common arguments against emigration as a means of relief for the labouring class. Emigration, it is said, can do no good to the labourers, if, in order to defray the cost, as much must be taken away from the capital of the country as from its population. That any thing like this proportion could require to be abstracted from capital for the purpose even of the most extensive colonisation, few, I should think, would now assert; but even on that untenable supposition, it is an error to suppose that no benefit could be conferred on the labouring class. If one-tenth of the labouring people of England were transferred to the colonies, and along with them one-tenth of the circulating capital of the country, either wages, or profits, or both, would be greatly benefited by the diminished pressure of capital and population upon the fertility of the land. There would be a reduced demand for food; the inferior arable lands would be thrown out of cultivation, and would become pasture; the superior would be cultivated less highly, but with a greater proportional return; food would be lowered in price, and, though money wages would not rise, every labourer would be considerably improved in circumstances—an improvement which, if no increased stimulus to population and fall of wages ensued, would be permanent; while, if there did, profits would rise, and accumulation start forward so as to repair the loss of capital. The landlords alone would sustain some loss of income; and even they, only if colonisation went to the length of actually diminishing capital and population, but not merely carried off the annual increase."—(Vol. ii. p. 999.)

Does not all this place the condition of England in a very striking

aspect before us? We have a country here so wealthy, so nearly approaching that state where its accessions of capital can no longer be profitably employed, that it wastes its funds in ruinous speculations, building perhaps useless factories—and, if useless, how mischievous!—that it sends its money abroad to construct foreign railways, or throws it away upon South American republics. Yet the people of this country is degraded and brutalised for want of education, and it is threatened with political convulsions for want of a good system of emigration; and you call for education, and you call for colonisation, and the only obstacle that is opposed to you is—the want of money! Shame upon England, if this be so! With all her knowledge and civilisation, she will go down to ruin, rather than give, in the shape of taxes, for the most necessary as well as philanthropic purposes, that wealth which she can fling abroad or waste at home with the most reckless prodigality.

Of late the Irish landlord has been very justly held up to public reproof for the hard, unthinking, extortionate manner in which he has been in the habit of dealing with the soil—or allowing certain middlemen to deal with it—taking a famine-price for the land—permitting the miserable cottiers to bid against each other, instead of fixing an equitable rent, such as would finally have secured to himself better and more profitable tenants. For his thoughtlessness or cupidity, whichever it may be, both he and the country at large are paying a severe penalty. But the Irish landlords are not the only class that are to blame. That indiscriminate recoil from all taxation, whatever be its object, which characterises the upper and middling classes of society in England, is a sad blot in their escutcheon.*

Before quitting this subject of capi-

* The discussions upon the income tax reveal a lamentable state of public feeling on this subject. That this tax might have been more equitably adjusted, every one but a Chancellor of the Exchequer will admit. Those who have to insure their lives, or otherwise save a fund out of their income for survivors, ought not to pay the same tax as those who can enjoy the whole of their income. But no such modification as this would have pacified discontent. One often heard it said, that the tax should fall exclusively on realised property. The prosperous tradesman, with his income of some thousands a-year, was to pay nothing; the poor widow, who draws her sixty pounds per annum from her property in the funds, she was to pay the tax.

tal, we must quote a passage which occurs at an earlier part of the work, but which is in perfect harmony with the strain of observations we have been calling attention to. It serves to show and explain the elastic power there is in every thoroughly industrious country to revive from any temporary loss, or sacrifice, or calamity. Let but the people with their knowledge and habits, the soil and a little food, remain, and there is no effort, and no ruin or desolation from which it would not speedily recover. Moreover, it is a passage of a certain popular interest, and we are glad of the opportunity to relieve our pages by its quotation.

"Every thing which is produced is consumed ; both what is saved and what is said to be spent ; and the former quite as rapidly as the latter. All the ordinary forms of language tend to disguise this. When men talk of the ancient wealth of a country, of riches inherited from ancestors, and similar expressions, the idea suggested is, that the riches so transmitted were produced long ago, at the time when they are said to have been first acquired, and that no portion of the capital of the country was produced this year, except so much as may have been this year added to the total amount. The fact is far otherwise. The greater part, in value, of the wealth now existing in England, has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months. A very small proportion indeed of that large aggregate was in existence ten years ago ;—of the present productive capital of the country, scarcely any part except farm-houses and factories, and a few ships and machines ; and even these would not in most cases have survived so long, if fresh labour had not been employed within that period in putting them in repair. The land subsists, and the land is almost the only thing that subsists. Every thing which is produced

perishes, and most things very quickly. Most kinds of capital are not fitted by their nature to be long preserved. There are a few, and but a few productions, capable of a very prolonged existence. Westminster Abbey has lasted many centuries, with occasional repairs ; some ancient sculptures have existed above two thousand years ; the Pyramids perhaps double or treble that time. But these were objects devoted to unproductive use. If we except bridges and aqueducts, (to which may sometimes be added tanks and embankments,) there are few instances of any edifice applied to industrial purposes which has been of great duration : such buildings do nothold out against wear and tear, nor is it good economy to construct them of the solidity necessary for permanency. Capital is kept in existence from age to age, not by preservation, but by perpetual reproduction : every part of it is used and destroyed, generally very soon after it has been produced ; but those who consume it are employed meanwhile in producing more. The growth of capital is similar to the growth of population. Every individual who is born, dies, but in each year the number born exceeds the number who die ; the population, therefore, always increases, although not one person of those comprising it was alive until a very recent date.

"This perpetual consumption and reproduction of capital affords the explanation of what has so often excited wonder—the great rapidity with which countries recover from a state of devastation ; the disappearance in a short time of all traces of the mischief done by earthquakes, of floods, hurricanes, and the ravages of war. An enemy lays waste a country by fire and sword, and destroys or carries away nearly all the movable wealth existing in it : all the inhabitants are ruined ; yet in a few years after, every thing is much as it was before. This *cis medicatrix nature* has been a subject of sterile astonishment, and has been cited to exemplify the wonder-

Mr Mill, in noticing this very equitable proposition, says—"Except the proposal of applying a sponge to the national debt, no such palpable violation of common honesty has found sufficient support in this country during the present generation to be regarded within the domain of discussion. It has not the palliation of a graduated property-tax, that of laying the burthen on those best able to bear it ; for 'realised property' includes almost every provision made for those who are unable to work, and consists, in great part, of extremely small fractions. I can hardly conceive a more shameless pretension than that the major part of the property of the country, that of merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and shopkeepers, should be exempted from its share of taxation ; that these classes should only begin to pay their proportion after retiring from business, and if they never retire, should be excused from it altogether."—(Vol. ii. p. 355.)

ful strength of the principle of saving, which can repair such enormous losses in so brief an interval. There is nothing at all wonderful in the matter. What the enemy have destroyed would have been destroyed in a little time by the inhabitants themselves; the wealth which they so rapidly reproduce would have needed to be produced, and would have been reproduced in any case, and probably in as short an interval."—(Vol. i. p. 91.)

One of the most interesting portions of the work is that devoted to questions touching the cultivation of the land—as whether large or small farms are most advisable. Mr Mill appears to advocate the latter, and enlarges much on the industry universally displayed by the peasants of those countries who either cultivate land of their own, or in which they have a certain and permanent interest. Additional value is given to these chapters, from the bearing they are made to have on the vexed questions of the causes and the remedies of the lamentable state of that unhappy country, Ireland.

We remember well the impression made upon us on reading, some time ago, these passages in Sismondi's work which Mr Mill quotes on this occasion, where the habits and life of the peasant proprietors of Switzerland are so minutely, and apparently so faithfully described. Coupling his description with what our own hasty observation had taught us of this country, we were disposed to believe that nowhere, and under no circumstances, does human life wear a more enviable aspect than amongst these small proprietors, this rustic aristocracy of Switzerland. But we regarded it, as we still do, as one of those instances of *compensation* so general in the moral world. All the wealth of England could not purchase this sort of pastoral happiness. At all events, only here and there such a primitive state of things could exist. It was not necessary for our Norman ancestors to have added manor to manor: a wealthy commercial state, which gives origin to great fortunes, must inevitably give origin to large properties. The same wealth which decides for us that the land shall be cultivated in large farms, would also decide that it should be divided amongst large proprietors. It is well to keep in mind that

neither of these facts is, to any material extent, owing to any peculiarity in the history or the laws of England, but to its commercial opulence.

Meanwhile we may be permitted to admire "the picture of unwearied industry, and what may be called affectionate interest in the land;" the patience, frugality, and prudence in entering into marriage, that almost always characterise the class of small proprietors cultivating their own soil. Our own yeomen, at that distant and almost fabulous epoch when our country obtained the name of "merry England," were of this description of men. We wish we had space to transfer to our pages some of the extracts which our author has drawn together from French, and German, and English writers, all showing the hearty, incessant, and, as one author calls it, the "superhuman" industry of the peasant proprietor.

A great number of such properties England cannot be expected to have; there may, too, be reasons for not desiring their existence; but one fact is placed beyond all controversy, both by the testimony of travellers, and the known operations of the common feelings of our nature, that they are the most indefatigable of all labourers. If you wish to convert an idle and improvident man into an industrious and frugal one, give him a piece of land of his own: the recipe *may* fail; but if this does not reform him, nothing else will.

It is on the condition of Ireland, as we have intimated, that this description of the peasant proprietor is made particularly to bear. To substitute for the wretched cottier system, so no system under which the Irish peasant, having a substantial interest in the improvement of the soil, would be placed under strong motives to industry and providence, is the great remedy which Mr Mill proposes for the unhappy state of that country.

The evils of the cottier system are notorious. A peasantry who have no resource but the potato field, and who are multiplying as only utter poverty can multiply, bid against each other for the possession of the land. They promise rents they cannot possibly pay. They are immediately and con-

tinually in debt ; but being there upon the soil, they can first feed themselves ; this they do, and the rest, whatever it may be, is for the landlord.

"In such a condition," writes Mr Mill, "what can a tenant gain by any amount of industry or prudence, and what lose by any recklessness ? If the landlord at any time exerted his full legal rights, the cottier would not be able even to live. If by extra exertion he doubled the produce of his bit of land, or if he prudently abstained from producing mouths to eat it up, his only gain would be to have more left to pay to his landlord, while, if he had twenty children, they would still be fed first, and the landlord would only take what was left. Almost alone among mankind, the Irish cottier is in this condition,—that he can scarcely be either better or worse off by any act of his own. If he was industrious or prudent, nobody but his landlord would gain ; if he is lazy or intemperate, it is at his landlord's expense. A situation more devoid of motives to either labour or self-command, imagination itself cannot conceive. The inducements of free human beings are taken away, and those of a slave not substituted. He has nothing to hope and nothing to fear, except being dispossessed of his holding ; and against this he protects himself by the *ultima ratio* of a civil war."—(Vol. i. p. 374.)

That this system must be got rid of is admitted by all—but how ? It is often proposed to convert the cottiers into hired labourers ; but without entering upon (either to admit or controvert) the other objections which Mr Mill makes to this plan, it is enough to say that it is, at present, impracticable. "The conversion of cottiers into hired labourers," he justly observes, "implies the introduction all over Ireland of capitalist farmers, in lieu of the present small tenants. These farmers, or their capital at least, must come from England. But to induce capital to come in, the cottier population must first be peaceably got rid of : in other words, that must be already accomplished, which English capital is proposed as the means of accomplishing." Besides which, it is the characteristic of the English system of farming, that it employs the fewest number of labourers. "Taking the number of Irish peasants in the square mile, and the number of hired labourers in an equal space in

the model counties of Scotland or England, the former number is commonly computed to be about three times the latter. Two-thirds, therefore, of the Irish peasantry would be absolutely dispensed with. What is to be done with them ? . . . The people are there ; and the problem is, not how to improve the country, but how it can be improved by and for its present inhabitants."

To wait till the English system of farming can be introduced into Ireland is tantamount to resigning all attempt to improve the condition of the people of that country. Something must be done to prepare the way for the introduction of that system. There are several schemes allotted for giving or extending a certain *tenant-right* to the peasantry. Into these we have not space to enter—for it would take some time to explain the several significations attached to this term *tenant-right*. It is sufficient to say, that, whenever the term has any really important signification, and under it any effective remedy is proposed, it means this,—that the legislature should interfere between the landlord and tenant, and assign an equitable rent, and an equitable duration of the tenancy. Such an act of the legislature might be perfectly justifiable, and might be found to be as advantageous to the landlord as the tenant ; for the former as much needs to be protected from his own indolence or thoughtless cupidity, as the latter from the desperate pressure of want. But we should, of course, infinitely prefer that such an equitable arrangement between these parties should be arrived at without the intervention of the legislature ; and we think it would be an indirect result of the scheme which Mr Mill proposes, or rather advocates. He would begin the work of reformation by forming a body of peasant proprietors on the waste lands of Ireland. Carried out with due consideration to the rights of property, we confess we can detect no objections to this plan. Some differences of opinion, we believe, exist amongst the best judges as to the nature of the soil in question, and its capability of being reclaimed ; and on this point we cannot profess to give an opinion : but, so far as principles of legislation,

or the objects in view are concerned, we cordially approve of the scheme, though we cannot say that we entertain the same sanguine view of it as the author before us. It deserves a trial, in conjunction with other measures of relief, when the temper of that misguided people shall admit of the application, with any probability of success, of this class of remedial measures.

We shall give the project as it is stated in the work before us. After observing that it is not necessary that peasant properties should be universal, in order to be useful, nor, indeed, desirable that they should be universal, he thus proceeds :—

“ It is enough, if there be land available on which to locate so great a portion of the population, that the remaining area of the country shall not be required to maintain greater numbers than are compatible with large farming and hired labour. For this purpose there is an obvious resource in the waste lands, which are happily so extensive, and a large portion of them so improvable, as to afford a means by which, without making the present tenants proprietors, nearly the whole surplus population might be converted into peasant proprietors elsewhere. This plan has been strongly pressed upon the public by several writers ; but the first to bring it prominently forward in England, was Mr William Thornton.*

“ The detailed estimate of an irrefragable authority, Mr Griffith, annexed to the Report of Lord Devon’s Commission, shows nearly a million and a half of acres reclaimable for the spade or plough, some of them with the promise of great fertility, and about two millions and a half more reclaimable for pasture ; the greater part being in most convenient proximity to the principal masses of destitute population. Besides these four millions of acres, there are above two millions and a half, pronounced by Mr Griffith to be unimprovable ; but he is only speaking of reclamation for profit : it is doubtful if there be any land, in a temperate climate, which cannot be reclaimed and rendered productive by labourers themselves under the inducement of a permanent property. Confining ourselves to the one and a half millions of arable first mentioned, it would furnish properties averaging five acres each to three hun-

dred thousand persons, which, at the rate of five persons to a family—a rather low rate for Ireland—answers to a population of fifteen hundred thousand. Suppose such a number drafted off to a state of independence and comfort, together with any moderate additional relief of emigration, and the introduction of English capital and farming over the remaining surface of Ireland would cease to be chimerical.

“ ‘ The improvement of waste,’ Mr Thornton observes, ‘ may perhaps be thought to require a good deal of capital ; but capital is principally useful for its command of labour, and the Irish peasantry have quite labour enough at their own disposal. Their misfortune is that they have so much. Their labour would not be worse applied because they worked for themselves instead of for a paymaster. So far is large capital from being indispensable for the cultivation of barren tracts, that schemes of this kind, which could only bring loss to a real speculator, are successfully achieved by his penniless rival. A capitalist must have a certain return for the money he lays out, but the poor man expends nothing but his own superabundant labour, which would be valueless if not so employed ; so that his returns, however small, are all clear profit. No man in his senses would ever have thought of wasting money upon the original sand of the Pays de Waes ; but the hard-working boors who settled there two hundred years ago, without any other stock than their industry, contrived to enrich both themselves and the land, and indeed to make the latter the richest in Europe.’

“ ‘ The profit of reclaiming waste land,’ says the Digest of Evidence to Lord Devon’s Commission, ‘ will be best understood from a practice not uncommon in Ireland, to which farmers sometimes resort. This consists in giving the use of a small portion of it to a poor cottier or herdsman for the first three crops, after which this improved portion is given up to the farmer, and a fresh piece of the waste land is taken on the same terms by the cottier.’ Well may the compiler say, ‘ Here we have the example of the very poorest class in Ireland obtaining a livelihood by the cultivation of waste land under the most discouraging and the least remunerative circumstances that can well be imagined.’

“ It is quite worthy of the spirit which pervades the wretched attempts as yet made to do good to Ireland, that this

spectacle of the poorest of mankind making the land valuable by their labour for the profit of other people who have done nothing to assist them, does not at once strike Lord Devon and his Commission as a thing which ought not to be. Mr Thornton strongly urges the claims of common justice and common sense.

"The colonists ought to be allowed to retain permanent possession of the spots reclaimed by them. To employ them as labourers in bringing the land into a remunerative condition, (see Report of Land Occupation Commissioners,) in order that it may then be let to some one else, while they are sent to shift for themselves where they can, may be an excellent mode of enriching the landlord, but must eventually aggravate the sufferings of the poor. It is probably because this plan has been generally practised, that the reclamation of waste land has hitherto done nothing for the benefit of the Irish peasantry. If the latter are to derive any advantage from it, such of them as may be located on the waste should receive perpetual leases of their respective allotments—should be made freeholders in fact, or at least perpetual tenants at a quit-rent. Such an appropriation of waste land would, of course, require that compensation should be made to all who previously possessed any interest in it. But the value of a legal interest in land which cannot be enclosed or cultivated without permission of the legislature, can only be proportionate to the actual yearly produce; and as land in a natural state yields little or nothing, all legal claims upon it might be bought up at a trifling expense, or might be commuted for a very small annual payment to be made by the settlers. Of the perfect competence of parliament to direct some arrangement of this kind there can be no question. An authority which compels individuals to part with their most valued property on the slightest pretext of public convenience, and permits railway projectors to throw down family mansions and cut up favourite pleasure-grounds, need not be very scrupulous about forcing the sale of boggy meadows or mountain pastures, in order to obtain the means of curing the destitution and misery of an entire people."

"It would be desirable," continues Mr Mill, "and in most cases necessary, that the tracts of land should be prepared for the labours of the peasant by being drained and intersected with roads, at the expense of government; the interest of the sums so expended, and of compensation paid for the existing rights to the waste land, being charged on it, when reclaimed, as a perpetual quit-rent, re-

deemable at a moderate number of years' purchase. The state would thus incur no loss, while the advances made would give that immediate employment to the surplus labour of Ireland, which, if not given in this manner, will assuredly have to be given in some other, not only less useful, but far less likely to repay its cost. The millions lavished, during the famine, in the almost nominal execution of useless works, without any result but that of keeping the people alive, would, if employed in a great operation in the waste lands, have been quite as effectual for relieving immediate distress, and would have laid the foundation, broad and deep, for something really deserving the name of social improvement. But, as usual, it was thought better to throw away money and exertion in a beaten track, than to take the responsibility of the most advantageous investment of them in an untrodden one."—(Vol. i. p. 392.)

We make no apology for the length of the above extract; the subject is of great importance; but having stated the proposal in the words of its principal author (if Mr Thornton can claim the distinction) and its most distinguished advocate, we have nothing left but to express our own wish that some such wide and general plan will at all events meet with a fair trial, when the fitting time shall occur for making the experiment.

Any of our readers into whose hands the work of Mr Mill has already fallen, will be aware of the numerous topics on which it must excite controversy or provoke discussion. Some of these topics we had marked out for examination; but we have no space to enter upon a new subject, and shall content ourselves with closing our notice with an extract or two from what is the closing chapter of the work itself—*On the Limits of the Province of Government*. His observations upon this subject are so temperate and judicious, and conceived throughout in so liberal and enlightened a spirit, that although there must always be a *shade* of difference between such a writer and ourselves, we should have little hesitation in adopting almost the whole of the chapter. He draws a very necessary distinction between the authoritative interference of government, controlling and interdicting, and that kind of intervention where a government, "leaving individuals free to use their own

means of pursuing any object of general interest, but not trusting the object solely to their care, establishes, side by side with their arrangements, an agency of its own for a like purpose. Thus it is one thing to maintain a church establishment, and another to refuse toleration to other religions, or to persons professing no religion. It is one thing to provide schools or colleges, and another to require that no person shall act as an instructor of youth without a government license."

We like the tone of the following remark: — "Whatever theory we adopt respecting the foundation of the social union, and under whatever political institutions we live, there is a circle around every individual human being which no government, be it that of one, of a few, or of the many, ought to be permitted to overstep; there is a part of the life of every person, who has come to years of discretion, within which the individuality of that person ought to reign uncontrolled, either by any other individual or the public collectively. That there is, or ought to be, some space of human existence thus entrenched round, and sacred from authoritative intrusion, no one who professes the smallest regard to human freedom or dignity will call in question."

"Many," he continues, "in latter times have been prone to think that limitation of the powers of government is only essential when the government itself is badly constituted; when it does not represent the people, but is the organ of a class, or a coalition of classes; and that a government of a sufficiently popular constitution might be trusted with any amount of power over the nation, since its power would be only that of the nation over itself. This might be true, if the nation, in such cases, did not practically mean a mere majority of the nation, and if minorities only were capable of oppressing, but not of being oppressed. Experience, however, proves that the depositaries of power, who are mere delegates of the people—that is, of a majority—are quite as ready (when they think they can count upon popular support) as any organs of oligarchy to assume arbitrary power, and encroach unduly on the liberty of private life. The public collectively is abundantly ready to impose, not only its generally narrow views of its interests,

but its abstract opinions, and even its tastes, as laws binding upon individuals; and our present civilisation tends so strongly to make the power of persons acting in masses the only substantial power in society, that there never was more necessity for surrounding individual independence of thought, speech, and conduct with the most powerful defences, in order to maintain that originality of mind and individuality of character, which are the only source of any real progress, and of most of the qualities which make the human race much superior to any herd of animals."

It is not the error which Conservative politicians are liable to commit, to throw too large a share of the management of affairs into the hands of a central power; they would, therefore, readily coincide with Mr Mill, when he observes, that even if a government could comprehend within itself the most eminent intellectual capacity and active talent of the nation, it would not be the less desirable that the conduct of a large portion of the affairs of society should be left in the hands of the persons immediately interested in them. "The business of life," he remarks, "is an essential part of the practical education of a people; without which, book and school instruction, though most necessary and salutary, does not suffice to qualify them for conduct, and for the adaptation of means to ends.

A people among whom there is no habit of spontaneous action for a collective interest—who look habitually to their government to command or prompt them in all matters of joint concern—who expect to have every thing done for them, except what can be made an affair of mere habit and routine—have their faculties only half developed; their education is defective in one of its most important branches."

We must conclude with the following extract, which is so extremely applicable to the affairs of our neighbours, that we wish we could make it heard from the tribune of their National Assembly.

"A democratic constitution, not supported by democratic institutions in detail, but confined to the central government, not only is not political freedom, but often creates a spirit precisely the reverse, carrying down to the lowest

grade in society the desire and ambition of political domination. In some countries, the desire of the people is for not being tyrannised over, but in others, it is merely for an equal chance to every body of tyrannising. Unhappily, this last state of the desires is fully as natural to mankind as the former, and in many of the conditions even of civilised humanity, is far more largely exemplified. In proportion as the people are accustomed to manage their affairs by their own active intervention, instead of leaving them to the government, their desires will turn to the repelling tyranny, rather than to tyrannising; while, in proportion as all real initiative and direction resides in the government, and individuals perpetually feel and act as under its perpetual tutelage, popular institutions develop in them not the desire of freedom, but an unmeasured appetite for place and power; diverting the intelligence and activity of the country from its principal business to a wretched competition for the selfish prizes and the petty vanities of office." -- (Vol. ii. p. 515.)

In quitting this work, we must again repeat that our task would be endless if we entered upon every topic on which it provokes discussion.

On some of these we may take a future opportunity to express ourselves. Amongst the subjects we had designed, had space permitted, for some discussion, are certain heresies, as we think them, regarding property in land; and some views, rather hinted at than explained, on the position which the female sex ought to take in society. In the extract we first made, the reader may have remarked this singular expression. Speaking of the Americans, he says they have "apparently got rid of all social injustices and inequalities that affect persons of Caucasian race *and of the male sex*;" leaving it to be inferred, that even in America there still remain certain social injustices and inequalities affecting *the female sex*. There are many innuendos scattered throughout the book of the same description, but we nowhere gather a distinct view of the sort of reformation that is called for. In a writer of another character these expressions would be encountered only with ridicule; coming from Mr Mill, they excite our surprise, and, in some measure, our curiosity.

LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

THE Mission of San Fernando is situated on a small river called Las Animas, a branch of the Los Martires. The convent is built at the neck of a large plain, at the point of influx of the stream from the broken spurs of the sierra. The savana is covered with luxuriant grass, kept down, however, by the countless herds of cattle which pasture on it. The banks of the creek are covered with a lofty growth of oak and poplar, which near the Mission have been considerably thinned for the purpose of affording fuel and building material for the increasing settlement. The convent stands in the midst of a grove of fruit-trees, its rude tower and cross peeping above them, and contrasting picturesquely with the wildness of the surrounding scenery. Gardens and orchards lie immediately in front of the building, and a vineyard stretches away to the upland ridge of the valley. The huts of the Indians are scattered here and there, built of stone and adobe, sometimes thatched with flags and boughs, but comfortable enough. The convent itself is a substantial building, of the style of architecture characterising monastic edifices in most parts of the world. Loopholes peer from its plastered walls, and on a flat portion of the roof a comically mounted gongall or wall-piece, carrying a two-pound ball, threatens the assailant in time of war. At one end of the oblong building, a rough irregular arch of sun-burned bricks is surmounted by a rude cross, under which hangs a small but deep-toned bell—the wonder of the Indian peones, and highly venerated by the frayles themselves, who received it as a present from a certain venerable archbishop of Old Spain, and who, whilst guarding it with reverential awe, tell wondrous tales of its adventures on the road to its present abiding place.

Of late years the number of the canonical inmates of the convent has been much reduced—there being but

four priests now to do the duties of the eleven who formerly inhabited it: Fray Augustin, a Capuchin of due capacity of paunch, being at the head of the holy quartette. Augustin is the conventual name of the reverend father, who fails not to impress upon such casual visitants to that *ultima Thule* as he deems likely to appreciate the information, that, but for his humility, he might add the sonorous appellations of Ignacio Sabanal-Morales-y Fuentes—his family being of the best blood of Old Castile, and known there since the days of Ruy Gomez—el Campesador—possessing, moreover, half the "vega" of the Ebro, &c., where, had fate been propitious, he would now have been the sleek superior of a rich capuchin convent, instead of vegetating, a leather-clad frayle, in the wilds of California Alta.

Nevertheless, his lot is no bad one. With plenty of the best and fattest meat to eat, whether of beef or venison, of bear or mountain mutton; with good wine and brandy of home make, and plenty of it; fruit of all climes in great abundance; wheaten or corn bread to suit his palate; a tractable flock of natives to guide, and assisted in the task by three brother shepherds; far from the strife of politics or party—secure from hostile attack, (not quite, by-the-by,) and eating, drinking, and sleeping away his time, one would think that Fray Augustin Ignacio Sabanal-Morales-y Fuentes had little to trouble him, and had no cause to regret even the vega of Castilian Ebro, held by his family since the days of el Campesador.

One evening Fray Augustin sat upon an adobe bench, under the fig-tree shadowing the porch of the Mission. He was dressed in a goat-skin jerkin, softly and beautifully dressed, and descending to his hips, under which his only covering—tell it not in Gath!—was a long linen shirt, reaching to his knees, and lately procured from Puebla de los Angeles,

as a sacerdotal garment. Boots, stockings, or unmentionables, he had none. A cigarito, of tobacco rolled in corn shuck, was occasionally placed between his lips; whereupon huge clouds of smoke rushed in columns from his mouth and nostrils. His face was of a golden yellow colour, relieved by arched and very black eyebrows; his shaven chin was of most respectable duplicity—his corporation of orthodox dimensions. Several Indians and half-bred Mexican women were pounding Indian corn on metates near at hand; whilst sundry beef-fed urchins of whitey-brown complexion sported before the door, exhibiting, as they passed Fray Augustin, a curious resemblance to the strongly marked features of that worthy padre. They were probably his nieces and nephews—a class of relations often possessed in numbers by priests and monks.

The three remaining brothers were absent from the Mission; Fray Bernardo, hunting elk in the sierra; Fray José, gallivanting at Puebla de los Angeles, ten days' journey distant; Fray Cristoval, lassoing colts upon the plain. Augustin, thus left to his own resources, had just eaten his vespertine frijolitos and chile colorado, and was enjoying a post-cœnal smoke of fragrant pouche under the shadow of his own fig-tree.

Whilst thus employed, an Indian dressed in Mexican attire approached him hat in hand, and, making a reverential bow, asked his directions concerning domestic business of the Mission.

"Hola! friend José," cried Fray Augustin in a thick guttural voice, "pensaba yo—I was thinking that it was very nearly this time three years ago when those 'malditos Americanos' came by here and ran off with so many of our cavallada."

"True, reverend father," answered the administrador, "just three years ago, all but fifteen days: I remember it well. *Malditos sean*—curse them!"

"How many did we kill, José?"

"Quizas mōochos—a great many, I dare say. But they did not fight fairly—charged right upon us, and gave us no time to do any thing. They don't know how to fight, these *Mexicanos*; come right at you, before

you can swing a lasso, hallooing like *Indios Bravos*."

"But, José, how many did they leave dead on the field?"

"Not one."

"And we?"

"Valgame Dios! thirteen dead, and many more wounded."

"That's it! Now if these savages come again, (and the Chemeguaba, who came in yesterday, says he saw a large trail,) we must fight *adentro*—within—outside is no go; for as you very properly say, José, these Americans don't know how to fight, and kill us before—before we can kill them. *Vaya!*"

At this moment there issued from the door of the Mission Don Antonio Velez Trucba, a Gachupin—that is, a native of Old Spain—a wizened old *hidalgo* refugee, who had left the mother country on account of his political opinions, which were staunchly Carlisle, and had found his way—how, he himself scarcely knew—from Mexico to San Francisco in Upper California, where, having a most perfect contempt for every thing Mexican, and hearing that in the Mission of San Fernando, far away, were a couple of Spanish padres of "sangre regular," he had started into the wilderness to ferret them out; and having escaped all dangers on the route, (which, however, were hardly dangers to the Don, who could not realise the idea of scalp-taking savages,) had arrived with a whole skin at the Mission. There he was received with open arms by his countryman Fray Augustin, who made him welcome to all the place afforded, and there he harmlessly smoked away his time; his heart far away on the banks of the Genil and in the grape-bearing vegas of his beloved Andalusia, his withered cuerpo in the sierras of Upper California. Don Antonio was the walking essence of a Spaniard of the *ancien régime*. His family dated from the Flood, and with the exception of sundry refreshing jets of Moorish blood, injected into the Truebas during the Moorish epoch, no strange shoot was ever engrafted on their genealogical tree. The marriages of the family were ever confined to the family itself—never looking to fresh blood in a station immediately below it, which

was not *hidalguéño*; nor above, since any thing higher in rank than the Trueba y Trueba family, *no había*, there was not.

Thus, in the male and female scions of the house, were plainly visible the ill effects of breeding "in and in." The male Truebas were sadly degenerate Dons, in body as in mind—compared to their ancestors of Boabdil's day; and the señoritas of the name were all eyes, and eyes alone, and hardly of such stamp as would have tempted that amorous monarch to bestow a kingdom for a kiss, as ancient ballads tell.

* "Dueña de la negra toca,
Por un beso de tu boca,
Diera un reyno, Boabdil;
Y yo por ello, Cristiana,
Te diera de buena gana
Mil cielos, si fueran mil."

Come of such poor stock, and reared on tobacco smoke and "gazpacho," Don Antonio would not have shone, even amongst pigmy Mexicans, for physical beauty. Five feet high, a frame-work of bones covered with a skin of Andalusian tint, the Trueba stood erect and stiff in all the consciousness of his "sangre regular." His features were handsome, but entirely devoid of flesh, his upper lip was covered with a jet-black mustache mixed with gray, his chin was bearded "like the pard." Every one around him clad in deer and goat skin, our Don walked conspicuous in shining suit of black—much the worse for wear, it must be confessed—with beaver hat sadly battered, and round his body and over his shoulder an unexceptionable "capa" of the amplest dimensions. Asking, as he stepped over him, the pardon of an Indian archer who blocked the door, and bowing with punctilious politeness to the sturdy mozas who were grinding corn, Don Antonio approached our friend Augustin, who was discussing warlike matters with his administrador.

"Hola! Don Antonio, how do you find yourself, sir?"

"Perfectly well, and your very humble servant, reverend father; and

your worship also, I trust you are in good health?"

"Sin novedad—without novelty;" which, since it was one hour and a half since our friends had separated to take their siestas, was not impossible.

"Myself and the worthy José," continued Fray Augustin, "were speaking of the vile invasion of a band of North American robbers, who three years since fiercely assaulted this peaceful Mission, killing many of its inoffensive inhabitants, wounding many more, and carrying off several of our finest colts and most promising mules to their dens and caves in the Rocky Mountains. Not with impunity, however, did they effect this atrocity. José informs me that many of the assailants were killed by my brave Indians. How many said you, José?"

"Quizas mo-o-ochos," answered the Indian.

"Yes, probably a great multitude," continued the padre; "but, unwarned by such well-merited castigation, it has been reported to me by a Chemeguaba mansito, that a band of these audacious marauders are now on their road to repeat the offence, numbering many thousands, well mounted and armed; and to oppose these white barbarians it behoves us to make every preparation of defence."*

"There is no cause for alarm," answered the Andaluz. "I (tapping his breast) have served in three wars: in that glorious one 'de la Independencia,' when our glorious patriots drove the French like sheep across the Pyrenees; in that equally glorious one of 1821; and in the late magnanimous struggle for the legitimate rights of his majesty Charles V., king of Spain, (doffing his hat,) whom God preserve. With that right arm," cried the spirited Don, extending his shrivelled member, "I have supported the throne of my kings—have fought for my country, mowing down its enemies before me; and with it," vehemently exclaimed the Gachupin, working himself into a perfect frenzy, "I

* From the report to the Governor of California by the Head of the Mission, in reference to the attacks by the American mountaineers.

will slay these Norte Americanos, should they dare to show their faces in my front. Adios, Don Augustin Ignacio Sabanal-Morales-y Fuentes," he cried, doffing his hat with an earth-sweeping bow: "I go to grind my sword. Till then adieu."

"A countryman of mine!" said the frayle, admiringly, to the administrator. "With him by our side we need not to fear: neither Norte Americanos, nor the devil himself, can harm us when he is by."

Whilst the Trueba sharpens his Tizona, and the priest puffs volumes of smoke from his nose and mouth, let us introduce to the reader one of the muchachitas, who knelt grinding corn on the metate, to make tortillas for the evening meal. Juanita was a stout wench from Sonora, of Mexican blood, hardly as dark as the other women who surrounded her, and with a drop or two of the Old Spanish blood struggling with the darker Indian tint to colour her plump cheeks. An enagua (a short petticoat) of red serge was confined round her waist by a gay band ornamented with beads, and a chemisette covered the upper part of the body, permitting, however, a prodigal display of her charms. Whilst pounding sturdily at the corn, she laughed and joked with her fellow-labourers upon the anticipated American attack, which appeared to have but few terrors for her. "Que vengan," she exclaimed—"let them come; they are only men, and will not molest us women. Besides, I have seen these white men before—in my own country, and they are fine fellows, very tall, and as white as the snow on the sierras. Let them come, say I!"

"Only hear the girl!" cried another: "if these savages come, then will they kill Pedrillo, and what will Juanita say to lose her sweetheart?"

"Pedrillo!" sneered the latter; "what care I for Pedrillo? Soy Mejicana, yo—a Mexican girl am I. I'd have you know, and don't demean me to look at a wild Indian. Not I; indeed, by my salvation! What I say is, let the Norte Americanos come."

At this juncture Fray Augustin called for a glass of aguardiente,

which Juanita was despatched to bring, and, on presenting it, the churchman facetiously inquired why she wished for the Americans, adding, "Don't think they'll come here—no, no: here we are brave men, and have Don Antonio with us, a noble fellow, well used to arms." As the words were on his lips, the clattering of a horse's hoofs was heard rattling across the loose stones and pebbles in the bed of the river, and presently an Indian herder galloped up to the door of the Mission, his horse covered with foam, and its sides bleeding from spur-wounds.

"Oh, padre mio!" he cried, as soon as he caught sight of his reverence, "vienen los Americanos—the Americans, the Americans are upon us. Ave Maria purissima—more than ten thousand are at my heels!"

Upstarted the priest and shouted for the Don.

That hidalgo presently appeared, armed with the sword that had graced his thigh in so many glorious encounters, the sword with which he had mowed down the enemies of his country, and by whose aid he now proposed to annihilate the American savages should they dare to appear before him.

The alarm was instantly given; peones, vagueros hurried from the plains; and milpas, warned by the deep-toned bell, which soon rung out its sonorous alarm. A score of mounted Indians, armed with gun and lasso, dashed off to bring intelligence of the enemy. The old ginchall on the roof was crammed with powder and bullets to the very muzzle, by the frayle's own hand. Arms were brought and piled in the sala, ready for use. The padre exhorted, the women screamed, the men grew pale and nervous, and thronged within the walls. Don Antonio, the fiery Andaluz, alone remained outside, flourishing his whetted sabre, and roaring to the padre, who stood on the roof with lighted match, by the side of his formidable cannon, not to be affrighted. "That he, the Trueba, was there, with his Tizona, ready to defeat the devil himself should he come on."

He was deaf to the entreaties of the priest to enter.

"Siempre en el frente—Ever in

the van," he said, "was the war-cry of the Truebas.

But now a cloud of dust was seen approaching from the plain, and presently a score of horsemen dashed headlong towards the Mission. "El enemigo," shouted Fray Augustin; and, without waiting to aim, he clapped his match to the touch-hole of the gun, harmlessly pointed to the sky, and crying out "in el nombre de Dios"—in God's name—as he did so, was instantly knocked over and over by the recoil of the piece, then was as instantly seized by some of the Indian garrison, and forced through the trap-door into the building; whilst the horsemen (who were his own scouts) galloped up with the intelligence that the enemy was at hand, and in overwhelming force.

Thereupon the men were all mounted, and formed in a body before the building, to the amount of more than fifty, well armed with guns or bows and arrows. Here the gallant Don harangued them, and infusing into their hearts a little of his own courage, they eagerly demanded to be led against the enemy. Fray Augustin re-appeared on the roof, gave them his blessing, advised them to give no quarter, and, with slight misgivings, saw them ride off to the conflict.

About a mile from the Mission, the plain gradually ascended to a ridge of moderate elevation, on which was a growth of dwarf oak and ilex. To this point the eyes of the remaining inmates of the convent were earnestly directed, as at this point the enemy was first expected to make his appearance. Presently a few figures were seen to crown the ridge, clearly defined against the clear evening sky. Not more than a dozen mounted men composed this party, which all imagined must be doubtless the vanguard of the thousand invaders. On the summit of the ridge they halted a few minutes, as if to reconnoitre; and by this time the Californian horsemen were halted in the plain, midway between the Mission and the ridge, and distant from the former less than half-a-mile, so that all the operations were clearly visible to the lookers-on.

The enemy wound slowly, in Indian file, down the broken ground of the

descent; but when the plain was reached, they formed into something like a line, and trotted fearlessly towards the Californians. These began to sit uneasily in their saddles; nevertheless they made a forward movement, and even broke into a gallop, but soon halted, and again huddled together. Then the mountaineers quickened their pace, and their loud shout was heard as they dashed into the middle of the faltering troop. The sharp cracks of the rifles were heard, and the duller reports of the smooth-bored pieces of the Californians; a cloud of smoke and dust arose from the plain, and immediately half-a-dozen horses, with empty saddles, broke from it, followed quickly by the Californians, flying like mad across the level. The little steady line of the mountaineers advanced, and puffs of smoke arose, as they loaded and discharged their rifles at the flying horsemen. As the Americans came on, however, one was seen to totter in his saddle, the rifle fell from his grasp, and he tumbled headlong to the ground. For an instant his companions surrounded the fallen man, but again forming, dashed towards the Mission, shouting fierce war-whoops, and brandishing aloft their long and heavy rifles. Of the defeated Californians some jumped off their horses at the door of the Mission, and sought shelter within; others galloped off towards the sierra in panic-stricken plight. Before the gate, however, still paced valiantly the proud hidalgo, encumbered with his cloak, and waving with difficulty his sword above his head. To the priest and women, who implored him to enter, he replied with cries of defiance, of "Viva Carlos Quinto," and "Death or glory." He shouted in vain to the flying crowd to halt; but, seeing their panic was beyond hope, he clutched his weapon more firmly as the Americans dashed at him, closed his teeth and his eyes, thought once of the vega of his beloved Genil, and of Granada la Florida, and gave himself up for lost. Those inside the Mission, when they observed the flight of their cavalry, gave up the defence as hopeless; and already the charging mountaineers were almost under the walls when they observed the curious

figure of the little Don making demonstrations of hostility.

"Wagh!" exclaimed the leading hunter, (no other than our friend La Bonté,) "here's a little crittur as means to do all the fighting;" and seizing his rifle by the barrel, he poked at the Don with the butt-end, who parried the blow, and with such a sturdy stroke, as nearly severed the stock in two. Another mountaineer rode up, and, swinging his lasso overhead, threw the noose dexterously over the Spaniard's head, and as it fell over his shoulders, drew it taut, thus securing the arms of the pugnacious Don as in a vice.

"Quartel!" cried the latter; "por Dios, quartel!"

"Quartel be d——!" exclaimed one of the whites, who understood Spanish; "who's agoin' to hurt you, you little crittur?"

By this time Fray Augustin was waving a white flag from the roof, in token of surrender; and soon after he appeared trembling at the door, beseeching the victors to be merciful and to spare the lives of the vanquished, when all and every thing in the Mission would be freely placed at their disposal.

"What does the niggur say?" asked old Walker, the leader of the mountaineers, of the interpreter.

"Well, he talks so queer, this hos can't rightly make it out."

"Tell the old coon then to quit that, and make them darned greasers clear out of the lodge, and pock some corn and shucks here for the animals, for they're nigh give out."

This being conveyed to him in mountain Spanish, which fear alone made him understand, the padre gave orders to the men to leave the Mission, advising them, moreover, not to recommence hostilities, as himself was kept as hostage, and if a finger was lifted against the mountaineers, he would be killed at once, and the Mission burned to the ground. Once inside, the hunters had no fear of attack, they could have kept the building against all California; so, leaving a guard of two outside the gate, and first seeing their worn-out animals supplied with piles of corn and shucks, they made themselves at home, and soon were paying attention to the hot tortillas, meat, and chile colorado

which were quickly placed before them, washing down the hot-spiced viands with deep draughts of wine and brandy. It would have been amusing to have seen the faces of these rough fellows as they gravely pledged each other in the grateful liquor, and looked askance at the piles of fruit served by the attendant Hebes. These came in for no little share of attention, it may be imagined; but the utmost respect was paid to them, for your mountaineer, rough and bear-like though he be, never, by word or deed, offends the modesty of a woman, although sometimes obliged to use a compulsory wooing, when time is not allowed for regular courtship, and not unfrequently known to jerk a New Mexican or Californian beauty behind his saddle, should the obdurate parents refuse consent to their immediate union. It tickled the Americans not a little to have all their wants supplied, and to be thus waited upon, by what they considered the horrors of paradise; and after their long journey, and the many hardships and privations they had suffered, their present luxurious situation seemed scarcely real.

The Hidalgo, released from the durance vile of the lasso, assisted at the entertainment; his sense of what was due to the "sangre regular" which ran in his veins being appeased by the fact, that he sat *above* the wild uncouth mountaineers, these preferring to squat crosslegged on the floor in their own fashion, to the uncomfortable and novel luxury of a chair. Killbuck, indeed, seemed to have quite forgotten the use of such pieces of furniture. On Fray Augustin offering him one, and begging him, with many protestations, to be seated, that old mountain worthy looked at it, and then at the padre, turned it round, and at length comprehending the intention, essayed to sit. This he effected at last, and sat grimly for some moments, when, seizing the chair by the back, he hurled it out of the open door, exclaiming,—"Wagh! this coon aint hamshot anyhow, and don't want such fixins, he don't;" and gathering his legs under his body, reclined in the manner customary to him. There was a prodigious quantity of liquor consumed that night, the

hunters making up for their many banyans; but as it was the pure juice of the grape, it had little or no effect upon their hard heads. They had not much to fear from attacks on the part of the Californians; but, to provide against all emergencies, the padre and the Gachupin were "hobbled," and confined in an inner room, to which there was no ingress nor egress save through the door which opened into the apartment where the mountaineers lay sleeping, two of the number keeping watch. A fandango with the Indian girls had been proposed by some of them, but Walker placed a decided veto on this. He said "they had need of sleep now, for there was no knowing what to-morrow might bring forth; that they had a long journey before them, and winter was coming on; they would have to 'streak' it night and day, and sleep when their journey was over, which would not be until Pike's Peak was left behind them. It was now October, and the way they'd have to hump it back to the mountains would take the gristle off a painter's tail."

Young Ned Wooton was not to the fore when the roll was called. He was courting the Sonora wench Juanita, and to some purpose, for we may at once observe, that the maiden accompanied the mountaineer to his distant home, and at the present moment is sharing his lodge on Hard-scrabble creek of the upper Arkansa, having been duly and legally married by Fray Augustin before their departure.

But now the snow on the ridge of the Sierra Madre, and the nightly frosts; the angular flights of geese and ducks constantly passing overhead; the sober tints of the foliage, and the dead leaves that strew the ground; the withering grass on the plain, and the cold gusts, sometimes laden with snow and sleet, that sweep from the distant snow-clad mountains;—all these signs warn us to linger no longer in the tempting valley of San Fernando, but at once to pack our mules to cross the dreary and desert plains and inhospitable sierras; and to seek with our booty one of the sheltered bayons of the Rocky Mountains.

On the third day after their arrival, behold our mountaineers again upon

the march, driving before them—with the assistance of half-a-dozen Indians, impressed for the first few days of the journey until the cavallada get accustomed to travel without confusion—a band of four hundred head of mules and horses, themselves mounted on the strongest and fleetest they could select from at least a thousand.

Fray Augustin and the Hidalgo, from the house-top, watched them depart: the former glad to get rid of such unscrupulous guests at any cost, the latter rather loath to part with his boon companions, with whom he had quaffed many a quartillo of Californian wine. Great was the grief, and violent the sobbing, when all the girls in the Mission surrounded Juanita to bid her adieu; as she, seated *en cavalier* on an easy pacing mule, bequeathed her late companions to the keeping of every saint in the calendar, and particularly to the great St Ferdinand himself, under whose especial tutelage all those in the Mission were supposed to live. Pedrillo, poor forsaken Pedrillo, a sullen sulky half-breed, was overcome, not with grief, but with anger at the slight put upon him, and vowed revenge. He of the "sangre regular," having not a particle of enmity in his heart, waved his arm—that arm with which he had mowed down the enemies of Carlos Quinto—and requested the mountaineers, if ever fate should carry them to Spain, not to fail to visit his quinta in the vega of Genil, which, with all in it, he placed at their worship's disposal—con muchissima franqueza.

Fat Fray Augustin likewise waved his arm, but groaned in spirit as he beheld the noble band of mules and horses, throwing back clouds of dust on the plain where they had been bred. One noble roan stallion seemed averse to leave his accustomed pasture, and again and again broke away from the band. Luckily old Walker had taken the precaution to secure the "*bell mare*" of the herd, and mounted on her rode a-head, the animals all following their well-known leader. As the roan galloped back, the padre was in ecstasy. It was a favourite steed, and one he would have gladly ransomed at any price.

"Ya viene, ya viene!" he cried out,

"now, now it's coming! hurra for the roan!" but, under the rifle of a mountaineer, one of the Californians dashed at it, a lasso whirling round his head, and turning and twisting like a doubling hare, as the horse tried to avoid him, at last threw the open coil over the animal's head, and led him back in triumph to the band.

"Maldito sea aquel Indio—curse that Indian!" quoth the padre, and turned away.

And now our sturdy band—less two who had gone under—were fairly on their way. They passed the body of their comrade who had been killed in the fight before the Mission; the wolves, or Indian dogs, had picked it to the bones; but a mound near by, surrounded by a rude cross, showed where the Californians (seven of whom were killed) had been interred—the pile of stones at the foot of the cross testifying that many an *ave maria* had already been said by the poor Indians, to save the souls of their slaughtered companions from the pangs of purgatory.

For the first few days progress was slow and tedious. The confusion attendant upon driving so large a number of animals over a country without trail or track of any description, was sufficient to prevent speedy travelling; and the mountaineers, desirous of improving the pace, resolved to pursue a course more easterly, and to endeavour to strike the great SPANISH TRAIL, which is the route followed by the New Mexicans in their journeys to and from the towns of Puebla de los Angeles and Santa Fé. This road, however, crosses a long stretch of desert country, destitute alike of grass and water, save at a few points, the regular halting-places of the caravans; and as but little pasture is to be found at these places at any time, there was great reason to doubt, if the Santa Fé traders had passed this season, that there would not be sufficient grass to support the numerous cavallada, after the herbage had been laid under contribution by the traders' animals. However, a great saving of time would be effected by taking this trail, although it wound a considerable distance out of the way to avoid the impassable chain of the Sierra Nevada—the gap in those

mountains through which the Americans had come being far to the southward, and at this late season probably obstructed by the snow.

Urged by threats and bribes, one of the Indians agreed to guide the cavallade to the trail, which he declared was not more than five days' distant. As they advanced, the country became wilder and more sterile,—the valleys, through which several small streams coursed, being alone capable of supporting so large a number of animals. No time was lost in hunting for game; the poorest of the mules and horses were killed for provisions, and the diet was improved by a little venison when a deer casually presented itself near the camping ground. Of Indians they had seen not one; but they now approached the country of the Diggers, who infest the district through which the Spanish trail passes, laying contributions on the caravans of traders, and who have been, not inaptly, termed the "Arabs of the American desert." The Californian guide now earnestly entreated permission to return, saying, that he should lose his life if he attempted to pass the Digger country alone on his return. He pointed to a snow-covered peak, at the foot of which the trail passed; and leave being accorded, he turned his horse's head towards the Mission of San Fernando.

Although the cavallada travelled, by this time, with much less confusion than at first, still, from the want of a track to follow, great trouble and exertion were required to keep the proper direction. The bell-mare led the van, carrying Walker, who was better acquainted with the country than the others; another hunter, of considerable distinction in the band, on a large mule, rode by his side. Then followed the cavallada, jumping and frisking with each other, stopping whenever a blade of grass showed, and constantly endeavouring to break away to green patches which sometimes presented themselves in the plains. Behind the troop, urging them on by dint of loud cries and oburgations, rode six mountaineers, keeping as much as possible in a line. Two others were on each flank to repress all attempts to wander, and

keep the herd in a compact body. In this order the caravan had been crossing a broken country, up and down ridges, all day, the animals giving infinite trouble to their drivers, when a loud shout from the advanced guard put them all upon the *qui-vive*. Old Walker was seen to brandish the rifle over his head and point before him, and presently the cry of "The trail! the trail!" gladdened all hearts with the anticipation of a respite from the harassing labour of mule-driving. Descending a broken ridge, they at once struck into a distinct and tolerably well-worn track, into which the cavallada turned as easily and instinctively as if they had all their lives been accustomed to travel on beaten roads. Along this they travelled merrily—their delight being, however, alloyed by frequent indications that hunger and thirst had done their work on the mules and horses of the caravans which had preceded them on the trail. They happened to strike it in the centre of a long stretch of desert, extending sixty miles without either water or pasture; and many animals had perished here, leaving their bones to bleach upon the plain. The soil was sandy, but rocks and stones covered the surface, disabling the feet of many of the young horses and mules; several of which, at this early stage of the journey, were already abandoned. Traces of the wretched Diggers became very frequent; these abject creatures resorting to the sandy plains for the purpose of feeding upon the lizards which there abound. As yet they did not show; only at night they prowled around the camp, waiting a favourable opportunity to run the animals. In the present instance, however, many of the horses having been left on the road, the Diggers found so plentiful a supply of meat as to render unnecessary any attack upon the formidable mountaineers.

One evening the Americans had encamped, earlier than usual, on a creek well-timbered with willow and quaking-ash, and affording tolerable pasture; and although it was still rather early, they determined to stop here, and give the animals an opportunity to fill themselves. Several

deer had jumped out of the bottom as they entered it; and La Bonté and Killbuck had sallied from the camp with their rifles, to hunt and endeavour to procure some venison for supper. Along the river banks, herds of deer were feeding in every direction, within shot of the belt of timber; and the two hunters had no difficulty in approaching and knocking over two fine bucks within a few paces of the thicket. They were engaged in butchering the animals, when La Bonté, looking up from his work, saw half-a-dozen Indians dodging among the trees, within a few yards of himself and Killbuck. At the same instant two arrows *thudded* into the carcass of the deer over which he knelt, passing but a few inches from his head. Following to his companion, La Bonté immediately seized the deer, and, lifting it with main strength, held it as a shield before him, but not before an arrow had struck him in the shoulder. Rising from the ground he retreated, behind cover, yelling loudly to alarm the camp, which was not five hundred yards' distant on the other side of the stream. Killbuck, when apprised of the danger, ran boldly into the plain, and, keeping out of shot of the timber, joined La Bonté, who now, out of arrow-shot, threw down his shield of venison and fired his rifle at the assailants. The Indians appeared at first afraid to leave the cover; but three or four more joining them, one a chief, they advanced into the plain, with drawn bows, scattering wide apart, and running swiftly towards the whites, in a zigzag course, in order not to present a steady mark to their unerring rifles. The latter were too cautious to discharge their pieces, but kept a steady front, with rifle at shoulder. The Indians evidently disliked to approach nearer; but the chief, an old grizzled man, incited them by word and gesture,—running in advance and calling upon the others to follow him.

"Ho, boy!" exclaimed Killbuck to his companion, "that old coon must go under, or we'll get rubbed out by these darned critturs."

La Bonté understood him. Squatting on the ground, he planted his wiping-stick firmly at the extent

of his left arm, and resting the long barrel of his rifle on his left hand, which was supported by the stick, he took a steady aim and fired. The Indian, throwing out his arms, staggered and let fall his bow,—tried hard to recover himself, and then fell forward on his face. The others, seeing the death of their chief, turned and made again for the cover. "You darned critturs," roared Killbuck, "take that!" and fired his rifle at the last one, tumbling him over as dead as a stone. The camp had also been alarmed. Five of them waded across the creek and took the Indians in rear; their rifles cracked within the timber, several more Indians fell, and the rest quickly beat a retreat. The venison, however, was not forgotten; the two deer were packed into camp, and did the duty of mule-meat that night.

This lesson had a seasonable effect upon the Diggers, who made no attempt on the cavallada that night or the next; for the camp remained two days to recruit the animals.

We will not follow the party through all the difficulties and perils of the desert route, nor detail the various devilies of the Diggers, who constantly sought opportunities to stampede the animals, or, approaching them in the night as they grazed, fired their arrows indiscriminately at the herd, trusting that dead or disabled ones would be left behind, and afford them a good supply of meat. In the month of December, the mountaineers crossed the great dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains, making their way through the snowy barrier with the utmost difficulty, and losing many mules and horses in the attempt. On passing the ridge, they at once struck the head-springs of the Arkansa river, and turned into the Bayou Salade. Here they found a village of Arapahós, and were in no little fear of leaving their cavallada with these dexterous horse-thieves. Fortunately the chief in command was friendly to the whites, and restrained his young men; and a present of three horses insured his good offices. Still, the near neighbourhood of these Indians being hardly desirable, after a few days' halt, the Americans were again on their way, and halted finally

at the juncture of the Fontaine-qui-bout with the Arkansa, where they determined to construct a winter camp. They now considered themselves at home, and at once set about building a log-shanty capable of containing them all, and a large corral for securing the animals at night, or in case of Indian alarms. This they effected by felling several large cottonwoods, and throwing them in the form of a horse-shoe: the entrance, however, being narrower than in that figure, and secured by up-right logs, between which poles were fixed to be withdrawn at pleasure. The house, or "fort"—as any thing in the shape of a house is called in these parts, where, indeed, every man must make his house a castle—was loop-holed on all sides, and boasted a turf chimney of rather primitive construction; but which answered the purpose of drawing the smoke from the interior. Game was plentiful all around;—bands of buffalo were constantly passing the Arkansa; and there were always deer and antelope within sight of the fort. The pasture, too, was good and abundant,—being the rich grama or buffalo grass, which, although rather dry at this season, still retains its fattening qualities; and the animals soon began to improve wonderfully in condition and strength.

Of the four hundred head of mules and horses with which they had started from California, but one-half reached the Arkansa. Many had been killed for food, (indeed they had furnished the only provisions during the journey,) many had been stolen by the Indians, or shot by them at night; and many had strayed off and not been recovered. We have omitted to mention that the Sonora girl, Juanita, and her spouse, Ned Wooton, remained behind at Roubideau's fort and rendezvous on the Uintah, which our band had passed on the other side of the mountains, whence they proceeded with a party to Taos in New Mexico, and resided there for some years, blessed with a fine family, &c. &c. &c., as the novels end.

As soon as the animals were fat and strong, they were taken down the Arkansa to Bent's Indian trading fort, about sixty miles below the mouth of Fontaine-qui-bout. Here a ready

sale was found for them, mules being at that time in great demand on the frontier of the United States, and every season the Bents carried across the plains to Independence a considerable number collected in the Indian country, and in the upper settlements of New Mexico. As the mountaineers descended the Arkansa, a little incident occurred, and some of the party very unexpectedly encountered an old friend. Killbuck and La Bonté, who were generally compañeros, were riding some distance a head of the cavallada, passing at the time the mouth of the Huerfano or Orphan Creek, when, at a long distance before them, they saw the figure of a horseman, followed by two loose animals, descending the bluff into the timbered bottom of the river. Judging the stranger to be Indian, they spurred their horses and galloped in pursuit, but the figure ahead suddenly disappeared. However, they quickly followed the track, which was plain enough in the sandy bottom, that of a horse and two mules. Killbuck scrutinised the "sign," and puzzled over it a considerable time; and at last exclaimed—"Wagh! this sign 's as plain as mon beaver to me; look at that hos-track, boy; did ye ever see that afore?"

"Well, I have!" answered La Bonté, peering down at it: "that ar shuffle-toe seems handy to me now, I tell you."

"The man as used to ride that hos is long gone under, but the hos, darn the old crittur, is old Bill Williams's, I'll swar by hook."

"Well, it aint nothin else," continued La Bonté, satisfying himself by a long look; "it's the old boy's hos as shure as shootin: and them Rapahos has rubbed him out at last, and raised his animals. Ho, boy! let's lift their hair."

"Agreed," answered Killbuck; and away they started in pursuit, determined to avenge the death of their old comrade.

They followed the track through the bottom and into the stream, which it crossed, and, passing a few yards up the bank, entered the water again, when they could see nothing more of it. Puzzled at this, they sought on each side the river, but in vain; and,

not wishing to lose more time in the search, they proceeded through the timber on the banks to find a good camping-place for the night, which had been their object in riding in advance of the cavallada. On the left bank, a short distance before them, was a heavy growth of timber, and the river ran in one place close to a high bluff, between which and the water was an almost impervious thicket of plum and cherry trees. The grove of timber ended before it reached this point, and but few scattered trees grew in the little glade which intervened, and which was covered with tolerable grass. This being fixed upon as an excellent camp, the two mountaineers rode into the glade, and dismounted close to the plum and cherry thicket, which formed almost a wall before them, and an excellent shelter from the wind. Jumping off their horses, they were in the act of removing the saddles from their backs, when a shrill neigh burst from the thicket not two yards behind them; a rustling in the bushes followed, and presently a man dressed in buck-skin, and rifle in hand, burst out of the tangled brush, exclaiming in an angry voice—

"Do'ee hy'ar now? I was nigh upon gut-shootin some of c'e—I was now; thought c'e was darned Rapahos, I did, and c'ached right off."

"Ho, Bill! what, old hos! not gone under yet?" cried both the hunters. "Give us your paw."

"Do'ee now, if hy'ar ar'nt them boys as was rubbed out on Lodge Pole (creek) a time ago. Do'ee hy're? if this aint 'some' now, I wouldn't say so."

Leaving old Bill Williams and our two friends to exchange their rough but hearty greetings, we will glance at that old worthy's history since the time when we left him c'aching in the fire and smoke on the Indian battle-ground in the Rocky Mountains. He had escaped fire and smoke, or he would not have been here on Arkansa with his old grizzled Nez-percé steed. On that occasion, the veteran mountaineer had lost his two pack-animals and all his beaver. He was not the man, however, to want a horse or mule as long as an

Indian village was near at hand. Skulking, therefore, by day in cañons and deep gorges of the mountains, and travelling by night, he followed closely on the trail of the victorious savages, bided his time, struck his "coup," and recovered a pair of pack-horses, which was all he required. Eversince, he had been trapping alone in all parts of the mountains; had visited the rendezvous but twice for short periods, and then with full packs of beaver; and was now on his way to Bent's Fort, to dispose of his present loads of peltry, enjoy one good carouse on Taos whisky, and then return to some hole or corner in the mountains which he knew of, to follow in the spring his solitary avocation. He too had had his share of troubles, and had many Indian scrapes, but passed safely through all, and scarcely cared to talk of what he had done, so matter-of-fact to him were the most extraordinary of his perilous adventures.

Arrived at Bent's Fort, the party disposed of their cavallada, and then—respect for the pardonable weaknesses of our mountain friends prompts us to draw a veil over the furious orgies that ensued. A number of hunters and trappers were "in" from their hunting-grounds, and a village of Shians and some lodges of Kioways were camped round the fort. As long as the liquor lasted, and there was good store of alcohol as well as of Taos whisky, the Arkansa resounded with furious mirth—not unmixed with graver scenes; for your mountaineer, ever quarrelsome in his cups, is quick to give and take offence, when rifles alone can settle the difference, and much blood is spilt upon the prairie in his wild and frequent quarrels.

Bent's Fort is situated on the left or northern bank of the river Arkansa, about one hundred miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains—on a low and level bluff of the prairie which here slopes gradually to the water's-edge. The walls are built entirely of adobes—or sun-burned bricks—in the form of a hollow square, at two corners of which are circular

flanking towers of the same material. The entrance is by a large gateway into the square, round which are the rooms occupied by the traders and employés of the host. These are small in size, with walls coloured by a white-wash made of clay found in the prairie. Their flat roofs are defended along the exterior by parapets of adobe, to serve as a cover to marksmen firing from the top; and along the coping grow plants of cactus of all the varieties common in the plains. In the centre of the square is the press for packing the furs; and there are three large rooms, one used as a store and magazine, another as a council-room, where the Indians assemble for their "talks," whilst the third is the common dining-hall, where the traders, trappers, and hunters, and all employés, feast upon the best provender the game-covered country affords. Over the culinary department presided of late years a fair lady of colour, Charlotte by name, who was, as she loved to say, "de onlee lady in de dam Injun country," and who moreover was celebrated from Long's Peak to the Cumbres Espanolas for slap-jacks and pumpkin pies.

Here congregate at certain seasons the merchants of the plains and mountains, with their stocks of peltry. Chiefs of the Shian, the Kioway, and Arapahó, sit in solemn conclave with the head traders, and smoke the "calumet" over their real and imaginary grievances. Now O-cun-no-whurst, the Yellow Wolf, grand chief of the Shian, complains of certain grave offences against the dignity of his nation! A trader from the "big lodge" (the fort) has been in his village, and before the trade was opened, in laying the customary chief's gift "on the prairie" has not "opened his hand," but "squeezed out his present between his fingers" grudgingly and with too sparing measure. This was hard to bear, but the Yellow Wolf would say no more!

Tah-kai-buhl or, "he who jumps," is deputed from the Kioway to warn the white traders not to proceed to the Canadian to trade with the

Comanche. That nation is mad—a "heap mad" with the whites, and has "dug up the hatchet" to "rub out" all who enter its country. The Kioway loves the paleface, and gives him warning, (and "he who jumps" looks as if he deserves something "on the prairie" for his information.)

Shawh-noh-quamish, "the peeled lodge-pole," is there to excuse his Arapahó braves, who lately made free with a band of horses belonging to the fort. He promises the like shall never happen again, and he, Shawh-noh-quamish, speaks with a "single tongue." Over clouds of tobacco and kinnik-kinnik, these grave affairs are settled and terms arranged.

In the corral, groups of leather-clad mountaineers, with "decks" of "euker" and "seven up," gamble away their hard-earned peltries. The employes—mostly St Louis Frenchmen and Canadian voyageurs—are pressing packs of buffalo skins, beating robes, or engaged in other duties of a trading fort. Indian squaws, the wives of mountaineers, strut about in all the pride of beads and faufaron, jingling with bells and bugles, and happy as paint can make them. Hunters drop in with animals packed with deer or buffalo meat to supply the fort; Indian dogs look anxiously in at the gateway, fearing to enter and encounter the enmity of their natural enemies, the whites: and outside the fort, at any hour of the day or night, one may safely wager to see a dozen coyotes or prairie wolves loping round, or seated on their haunches, and looking gravely on, waiting patiently for some chance offer to be cast outside. Against the walls, groups of Indians, too proud to enter without an invitation, lean, wrapped in their buffalo robes, sulky and evidently ill at ease to be so near the whites without a chance of fingering their scalp-locks; their white lodges shining in the sun, at a little distance from the riverbanks; their horses feeding in the plain beyond.

The appearance of the fort is very striking, standing as it does hundreds of miles from any settlement, on the vast and lifeless prairie, surrounded by hordes of hostile Indians,

and far out of reach of intercourse with civilised man; its mud-built walls inclosing a little garrison of a dozen hardy men, sufficient to hold in check the numerous tribes of savages ever thirsting for their blood. Yet the solitary stranger passing this lone fort, feels proudly secure when he comes within sight of the "stars and stripes" which float above the walls.

Again we must take a jump with La Bonté over a space of several months; when we find him, in company of half a dozen trappers, amongst them his inseparable compañero Kill-buck, camped on the Greenhorn creek, *en route* to the settlements of New Mexico. They have a few mules packed with beaver for the Taos market; but this expedition has been planned more for pleasure than profit—a journey to Taos valley being the only civilised relaxation coveted by the mountaineers. Not a few of the present band are bound thither with matrimonial intentions; the belles of Nuevo Mejico being to them the *ne plus ultra* of female perfection, uniting most conspicuous personal charms (although coated with cosmetic *alegría*—an herb, with the juice of which the women of Mexico hideously bedaub their faces) with all the hard-working industry of Indian squaws. The ladies, on their part, do not hesitate to leave the paternal abodes, and eternal tortilla-making, to share the perils and privations of the American mountaineers in the distant wilderness. Utterly despising their own countrymen, whom they are used to contrast with the dashing white hunters who swagger in all the pride of fringe and leather through their towns—they, as is but natural, gladly accept husbands from the latter class; preferring the stranger, who possesses the heart and strong right arm to defend them, to the miserable, cowardly "pelados," who hold what little they have on sufferance of savage Indians, but one degree superior to themselves.

Certainly no band of hunters that ever appeared in the vale of Taos, numbered in its ranks a properer lot of lads than those now camped on Greenhorn, intent on matrimonial foray into the settlements of New

Mexico. There was young Dick Wooton, who was "some" for his inches, being six feet six; and as straight and strong as the barrel of his long rifle. Shoulder to shoulder with this "boy," stood Rube Herring, and not a hair's-breadth difference in height or size between them. Killbuck, though mountain winters had sprinkled a few snow-flakes on his head, *looked up* to neither; and La Bonté held his own with any mountaineer who ever set a trap in sight of Long's Peak or the Snowy Range. Marcelline—who, though a Mexican, despised his people and abjured his blood, having been all his life in the mountains with the white hunters—looked down easily upon six feet and odd inches. In form a Hercules, he had the symmetry of an Apollo; with strikingly handsome features, and masses of long black hair hanging from his slouching beaver over the shoulders of his buck-skin hunting shirt. He, as he was wont to say, was "no dam Spaniard, but 'mountainee man,' wagh!" Chabonard, a half-breed, was not lost in the crowd;—and, the last in height, but the first in every quality which constitutes excellence in a mountaineer, whether of indomitable courage, or perfect indifference to death or danger; with an iron frame capable of withstanding hunger, thirst, heat, cold, fatigue and hardships of every kind; of wonderful presence of mind, and endless resource in time of great peril; with the instinct of an animal, and the moral courage of a *man*,—who was "taller" for his inches than KIT CARSON, paragon of mountaineers? * Small in stature, and slenderly limbed, but with muscles of wire, with a fair complexion and quiet intelligent features, to look at Kit none would suppose that the mild-looking being before him was an incarnate devil in Indian fight, and had raised more hair from head of Redskins than any two men in the western country; and yet, thirty winters had scarcely planted a line or furrow

on his clean-shaven face. No name, however, was better known in the mountains—from Yellow Stone to Spanish Peaks, from Missouri to Columbia River,—than that of Kit Carson, "raised" in Boonlick, county of Missouri State, and a credit to the diggings that gave him birth.

On Huerfano or Orphan Creek, so called from an isolated *hutte* which stands on a prairie near the stream, our party fell in with a village of Yutah Indians, at that time hostile to the whites. Both parties were preparing for battle, when Killbuck, who spoke the language, went forward with signs of peace, and after a talk with several chiefs, entered into an armistice, each party agreeing not to molest the other. After trading for a few deer-skins which the Yutahs are celebrated for dressing delicately fine, the trappers moved hastily on out of such dangerous company, and camped under the mountain on Oak Creek, where they forted in a strong position, and constructed a corral in which to secure their animals at night. At this point is a tolerable pass through the mountains, where a break occurs in the range, whence they gradually decrease in magnitude until they meet the sierras of Mexico, which connect the two mighty chains of the Andes and the Rocky Mountains. From the summit of the dividing ridge, to the eastward, a view is had of the vast sea of prairie which stretches away from the base of the mountains, in dreary barrenness, for nearly a thousand miles, until it meets the fertile valley of the great Missouri. Over this boundless expanse, nothing breaks the uninterrupted solitude of the view. Not a tree or atom of foliage relieves the eye; for the lines of scattered timber which belt the streams running from the mountains, are lost in the shadow of their stupendous height, and beyond this nothing is seen but the bare surface of the rolling prairie. In no other part of the chain are the grand character-

* Since the time of which we speak, Kit Carson has distinguished himself in guiding the several U. S. exploring expeditions, under Frémont, across the Rocky Mountains, and to all parts of Oregon and California; and for his services, the President of the United States presented the gallant mountaineer with the commission of lieutenant in a newly raised regiment of mounted riflemen, of which his old leader Frémont is appointed colonel.

istics of the Far West more strikingly displayed than from this pass. The mountains here rise, on the eastern side, abruptly from the plain, and the view over the great prairies is not therefore obstructed by intervening ridges. To the westward the eye sweeps over the broken spurs which stretch from the main range in every direction; whilst distant peaks, for the most part snow-covered, are seen at intervals rising isolated above the range. On all sides the scene is wild and dismal.

Crossing by this pass, the trappers followed the Utah trail over a plain, skirting a pine-covered ridge, in which countless herds of antelope, tame as sheep, were pasturing. Numerous creeks intersect it, well timbered with oak, pine, and cedar, and well stocked with game of all kinds. On the eleventh day from leaving the Huerfano, they struck the Taos valley settlement on Arroyo Hondo, and pushed on at once to the village of Fernandez—sometimes, but improperly, called Taos. As the dashing band clattered through the village, the dark eyes of the reboso-wrapped muchachos peered from the doors of the adobe houses, each mouth armed

with cigarito, which was at intervals removed to allow utterance to the salutation to each hunter as he trotted past of *Adios, Americanos*,—"Welcome to Fernandez!" and then they hurried off to prepare for the fandango, which invariably followed the advent of the mountaineers. The men, however, seemed scarcely so well pleased; but leaned sulkily against the walls, their sarapes turned over the left shoulder, and concealing the lower part of the face, the hand appearing from its upper folds only to remove the eternal cigarro from their lips. They, from under their broad-brimmed sombreros, scowled with little affection upon the stalwart hunters, who clattered past them, scarcely deigning to glance at the sullen *Pelados*, but paying incomprehensible compliments to the buxom wenches who smiled at them from the doors. Thus exchanging salutations, they rode up to the house of an old mountaineer, who had long been settled here with a New Mexican wife, and who was the recognised entertainer of the hunters when they visited Taos valley, receiving in exchange such peltry as they brought with them.

A LEGEND FROM ANTWERP.

I SCARCELY know why, upon my last passage through Antwerp, I took up my quarters at the Park Hotel, instead of alighting, according to my previous custom, at the sign of the blessed Saint Anthony. The change was perhaps owing to my hackney coachman, who, seeing me fagged and bewildered by a weary jolting on the worst of European railroads, affected to mistake my directions—a misunderstanding that possibly resulted from his good understanding with mine host of the "Park." Be that as it may, my baggage, before I could say nay, was in the embraces of a cloud of waiters, who forthwith disappeared in the recesses of the inn, whither I was fain to follow. It was a bright May day, and I felt no way dissatisfied with the change of hostelry when, on looking from the window of my exquisitely clean Flemish bedroom, I saw the cheerful boulevard crowded with comely damsels and uniformed idlers, and the spring foliage of the lime-trees fluttering freshly in the sunshine. And having picked up the commencement of a furious appetite during my rickety ride from Herbesthal, I replied by a particularly willing affirmative to the inquiry of a spruce waiter, whether *Monsieur* would be pleased to dine at the *table-d'hôte*, at the early hour of three o'clock.

The excellent dinner of the Park Hotel was served up that day to unusually few guests; so at least it appeared to one accustomed to the numerous daily congregations at the public tables of France and Germany. Twelve persons surrounded the board, or, I should rather say, took post in two opposite rows at one extremity of the long dresser-like table, whose capacity of accommodating six times the number was tacit evidence that the inn was not wont to reckon its diners by the single dozen. Of these twelve guests, three or four were of the class *communis-voyageur*—*Anglicé*, bagmen—whose talk, being as usual confined to the rail and the road, their grisettes and their samples, I did my best not to hear. There was a French singer, then starring at the Antwerp

theatre; a plump, taciturn, respectable-looking man, in blue spectacles and a loose coat, whom I had difficulty in recognising that evening when I saw him trip the boards in the character of the gay Count Almaviva. Next to the man of notes sat a thin, sunburned, middle-aged German, who informed us, in the course of conversation, that after spending twenty years on a cochineal farm in Mexico, he was on his way back to his native land, to pass the latter portion of his life in the tranquil enjoyment of pipe, beer, and competency, in the shadow of his village steeple, and possibly—although of this he said nothing—in the peaceful companionship of a placid, stocking-knitting, child-bearing *Frau*. There was another German at table, a coarse, big-headed baron from Swabia, who ate like a pig, used his fork as a toothpick, and indulged, to a most disgusting extent, in the baronial and peculiarly Teutonic amusement of *hawking*. These persons were all foreigners; but the remainder of the party, myself excepted, consisted of natives, belonging to the better class of Antwerp burghers. With one of these, next to whom I sat, I got into conversation; and finding him courteous, intelligent, and good-humoured, I was glad to detain him after dinner over the best bottle of Bordeaux the "Park" cellars could produce. This opened his heart, and he volunteered to act as my cicerone through Antwerp. Although I had seen, upon former visits, all the "lions" of the place, it had been under the guidance of those odious animals called *valets-de-place*; and I now gladly availed myself of my new friend's offer, and walked out to the citadel. He had lived in Antwerp all his life; consequently had been there during the siege, in reminiscences of whose incidents and episodes he abounded—so much so, that the invalid soldier who exhibits the fortress was kind enough to spare us his monotonous elucidations, and, whilst opening gates, to keep his mouth closed. I lingered willingly on the scene of that unjust aggression and gallant defence, and saw every thing

worth seeing, including the identical arm-chair in which, as the story goes, old Chassé, gouty as he was brave, sat and smoked and gave his orders, unruffled by the thunder of French batteries and the storm of French shot. Daylight began to fade as we re-entered the town, and passed, at my request, through some of its older portions, where I begged my Antwerper to point out to me any houses of particular antiquity, or notable as the residence of remarkable persons. He showed me the dwellings of more than one of those great artists of whom Flanders is so justly proud; also several mansions of Spanish grandees, dating from the days of Alva's rule, and built in Spanish style, with abundant and massive balconies, and the *patio*, or inner court. At last I thought of returning to my hotel, and was meditating an invitation to supper to my obliging acquaintance, when, as we passed through a narrow and sequestered street, he suddenly stood still.

"See there!" he said; "that house, although of great age, has apparently little to distinguish it from others, equally ancient, scattered through Antwerp; nevertheless, to us Flemings it possesses powerful and peculiar interest. And truly no residence of painter or grandee could tell stranger tales, were its walls to speak all that has passed within them."

I looked curiously at the house, but could see nothing remarkable about it, except that it was visibly very old—to all appearance one of the oldest in the town. It was of moderate dimensions, built of mingled stone and brick, to which time and damp had given one general tint of dingy greenish black. Its door was low, and of unusual strength; its windows were narrow, and defended here and there by iron bars. Formerly these bars had been much more numerous, but many had been sawn off close to the stone-work, in which their extremities still remained deeply set. A shallow niche in the wall contained one of those rudely-carved images of the Virgin and Child, once deemed an indispensable appendage to Antwerp houses as a protection against evil spirits, and especially against one,—a sort of municipal brownie, the scare-

crow of the honest and credulous burghesses. The features of the images, never very delicately chiselled, were obtuse and scarcely distinguishable with age and dirt, but vestiges of blue and crimson were still discernible on the Virgin's garments. I observed that the house had the appearance of having once stood alone—perhaps in the middle of a garden, or, more probably, of a paved court—for it receded some yards from the line of street, and the open plot in its front was paved with blocks of stone, worn, here and there, by frequent treading, whilst on either hand a house of modern architecture filled up a space originally left between the centre building and another of corresponding date. There being nothing else out of the common in the exterior of the house, I concluded that whatever singularity pertained to it was to be sought in its interior or its inmates, and I looked to my companion for an explanation.

"That house," he said, replying to my mute inquiry, "was for centuries the dwelling of the Antwerp executioner."

I started at the word. The strange customs, laws, and traditions connected with the last minister of the law, during the less civilised ages of the Christian era, had always exercised upon my mind a peculiar fascination. With fresh and strong interest I gazed at the building, and for a minute I almost fancied its front became transparent, disclosing to me the horrid instruments of death and torture, the grisly rack, the keen broad axe and glittering sword, the halter and the thongs; whilst in another compartment the headsman and his aids, sad, sullen men, in hose and jerkins of a blood-red hue, sat moodily at their evening meal. The momentary hallucination was quickly dispelled. The door opened, and a tall and comely damsel, whose dark eyes, and skin of a slightly olive hue, hinted at the possible partiality of some gay ancestress for a Spanish cavalier, issued forth, pitcher on head, and carolling a lively air, to fetch water from the fountain. The smiling, cheerful reality incontinently chased away the dismal vision.

"Evidently," said I, "it is now no hangman's abode. Such fresh flowers

bloom not in the shade of the gallows-tree: the walls of the doomster's dwelling would refuse to echo ditties so joyous."

"Perhaps," said my companion, with a smile. "And yet a tale is told that would partly refute one of your propositions."

"A tale!" cried I, catching at the word—"about what?"

"About some former occupants of the house. A wild old story, but a true one, as I believe."

"My dear sir!" I exclaimed, "did I not fear encroaching on your kindness, I would beg you to grant me the evening, as you have already given me the afternoon, and, after supping with me at the 'Park,' to relate the tradition in question."

"Willingly," said the Antwerper, good-humouredly, "were I not pledged to the theatre to-night. We do not often catch such a nightingale as this Frenchman, and when we do, we make the most of him. But the legend is in print; I have the book, and will lend it you with pleasure."

"A thousand thanks," said I, rather cooled, however, on the subject, by the discovery that the tale of wonder I anticipated was written instead of oral.

"By the bye," said my companion, when we had walked a few yards in silence, "are you acquainted with Flemish?"

"The patois of the country?" said I, smiling, perhaps a little contemptuously—"Perfectly unacquainted."

"Then you cannot read the legend, for it is printed in that language?"

"In what language?"

"In Flemish."

If he had said in Laputan, I should hardly have been more surprised.

"I thought the patois was spoken only by the lower orders, and that to the reading-classes it was as unintelligible as myself."

"It is not a *patois*, but a language," replied the Fleming, gravely. "The general use of French is a modern innovation in our country, and no good one either. Flemish is the original language of the land; and not only is it much more widely known than you imagine, but several very eminent writers, both of prose and poetry, compose in no other tongue,

preferring it far before the French, on account of its greater sweetness and power."

I began to feel as much ashamed of my non-acquaintance with the Flemish school of literature, as if I had been convicted of profound ignorance of a Flemish school of painting. Of course, I made allowance for a little patriotic exaggeration, when accepting my friend's account of this host of poets and prosaists, who pass their lives in writing a language which scarce any besides themselves understand. But after all, thought I, why should there not be Flemish writers, just as writers are found in other tongues, equally unknown to the world at large? Did I not myself, when in Southern France, get shaved, clipped, and trimmed, in the prune-producing town of Agen, by a literary barber, hight Jessamine, who had written volume upon volume of poems in that Gascon dialect which, according to M. Alexandre Dumas, and other of the highest French literary authorities, is entirely comprised in the words *Cadedis, Mordious, Caydedious, Parfandious*, and eight or ten other expletives, equally profane and energetic,—just as, according to some funny Frenchman, the essence of the English tongue resides in a favourite anti-ocular malediction? At any rate, it was neither civil nor grateful to let my kind companion suspect contempt on my part for what he chose to consider his national tongue. So I bowed humbly, and expressed my deep regret that a defective education left it out of my power to read the legend with which I had desired to become acquainted. The contrite tone of this confession fully regained me any ground I had lost in my Fleming's good opinion. He mused for a minute before again breaking silence.

"Are you bent upon leaving Antwerp to-morrow?"

"It is my present intention."

"Change it. Come to the opera to-night, breakfast with me in the morning, and I will read you the tale between coffee and *chasse*."

"I have already had the painful honour of informing you that my godfathers, reckless of baptismal promises, have suffered me to attain my present

mature age in profound ignorance of the Flemish tongue."

The Fleming looked at me with the half-pleased half-angry air of a dog pelted with marrow-bones, and as if he smoked I was roasting him. I loaded my countenance with a double charge of gravity.

"It is fortunate," he said, "that my sponsors have been less negligent towards me with respect to French, in which language, if you will take patience with slow reading, I doubt not of conveying to you the substance, and in some degree the style of the tale. Nay, no thanks," added he, forestalling my acknowledgments. "My motives are more selfish than you think. I want to convince you that if the Flemish tongue is little known, there are Flemish writers well worth the knowing."

There was no resisting such amiable pertinacity. I put off my journey,

breakfasted with my Fleming, and after breakfast—none of your tea and toast business, but a real good *déjeuner-à-la-fourchette*, a dinner less the soup—he produced his Flemish volume, and read me in French the promised story. Seemingly unused to this off-hand style of translation, and patriotically anxious to do full justice to the original, he read so slowly that I had time to put down the narrative nearly verbatim. As it is more than probable that none of the readers of *Maga*, numberless though they be as the pebbles upon ocean's strand, are acquainted with the Flemish, I might have arrogated to myself, with every chance of impunity, the invention of the tale I now place before them. But it would go against conscience thus to rob the poor; and therefore have I taken the trouble to write these few pages, to explain the source whence I derive the veracious legend of

THE DOOMSTER'S FIRSTBORN.

CHAP. I.—THE TAVERN.

The eve of Whitsuntide, in the year of grace 1507, was unusually dark and dismal in the good city of Antwerp, over which a dense and impenetrable canopy of cloud had spread and settled down. It was owing, doubtless, to this unpleasant aspect of the weather that at nine o'clock, an hour at which few of the inhabitants were in bed, profound silence reigned in the streets, broken only by the occasional dull clang of a church bell, and by the melancholy dripping of the water which a small dense noiseless rain made to stream from the eaves and gutters. Heedless of the rain and of the raw fog from the Scheldt, a man stood motionless and absorbed in thought upon one of the deserted squares. His back was against a tree, his arms were folded on his breast, his eyes were wide open; although evidently awake, he had the appearance of one in a dream. From time to time unintelligible but energetic words escaped his lips, and his features assumed an expression of extraordinary wildness; then a deep and painful sigh burst from his breast, or a sound, half groan, half gasping, like that with which an over-

burthened porter throws down his load. At times, too, a smile passed across his face—no sign of joy, or laugh extorted by jovial or pleasant thoughts, but the bitter smile of agony and despair, more afflicting to behold than a flood of tears. He smiled, certainly, but whilst his countenance yet wore the deceitful sign of joy, he bit his lips till they bled, and his hand, thrust within his doublet, dug its nails into his breast. Thrice wretched was this unhappy man: for him the pains of purgatory had no new terrors, for already, during twenty years, he had felt its direst torments in his heart. To him the pleasant earth had been a valley of tears, an abode of bitter sorrow. When his mother bore him, and his first cry broke upon her ear, she pressed no kiss of welcome on his cheek. It was no gush of tenderness and maternal joy that brought tears to her eyes, when she knew it was a man-child she had brought forth. His father felt no pride in the growth and beauty of his first and only son; often he wept over him and prayed for his death, as though the child had been the offspring of some foul and accursed sin.

And when the infant grew—although fed with his mother's tears rather than with her milk—into a comely boy, and ventured forth to mingle in the sports of others of his age, he was scoffed, tormented, and despised, as though his face were the face of a devil. Yet was he so patient and gentle, that none ever saw frown on his brow, or the flush of anger on his features; only his father knew what bitter melancholy lurked in the heart of his son.

Now the child had become a man. Despite his sufferings, his body had grown into strength and vigour. He felt a craving after society, a burning desire for the sympathy and respect of his fellows. But the hatred and persecution that had made his youth wretched, clave to him in manhood,—scoff and scorn were his portion whosoever he showed himself; and if he failed instantly to retire, with servile mien and prayer for pity, he was driven forth, like a dog, with kick and cuff. For him there was no justice in the wide world,—submission was his lot, God his only comforter.

Such had been the life of the man who now leaned against the poplar tree, a prey to the tortures of despair. Yet that man's heart was formed for tenderness and love, his mind was intelligent, his countenance not without nobility, his gait proud and manly, his voice earnest and persuasive. At this moment he lifted it up to heaven, towards which he passionately extended his arms.

"Great God!" he cried, "since thy holy will created me to suffer, grant me also strength to endure my tortures! My heart burns! my senses leave me! Protect me, O Lord, from despair and madness! Preserve to me the consolatory belief in thy goodness and justice; for my heart is rent with the agonies of doubt!"

His voice grew weaker and subsided into an inarticulate murmur. Suddenly raising his head and starting from his leaning posture, he hurried across the square and through two or three streets, as though endeavouring to escape reflection by rapidity of motion. Then his pace slackened and grew irregular, and he occasionally stood still, like one who, absorbed in weighty thoughts, unconsciously

pauses, the better to indulge them. On a sudden a shrill harsh sound broke from his lips; they were parched with thirst and fever.

"I must drink," he cried; "I am choked by this burning thirst."

There were many taverns in that street, and he approached the windows of several, from the crevices of whose shutters a bright light streamed; but he entered not, and still passed on, for in every house he heard men's voices, and that sufficed to drive him away. In St Jan's Street he paused somewhat longer before a public-house, and listened attentively at all the windows. A transient gleam of satisfaction lighted up his countenance.

"Ha!" he said to himself, "no one is there. I can drink then!"

And lifting the latch, he entered. Hearing nothing, he expected to find no one; but how great was his disappointment, when he saw a number of persons sitting at a long table with bottles and beer-cans before them. The silence that had deceived him was caused by the profound attention given to one of the party, who enacted the juggler for his companions' amusement, and who was busied, when the stranger listened at the window, in certain mysterious preparations for a new trick. All eyes were fixed upon his fingers, in a vain endeavour to detect the legerdemain.

The thirsty youth started at the sight of all these men, and took a step backwards as if to leave the house, but observing several heads turned towards him with curious looks, and fearing such sudden departure might prove a signal for his pursuit and persecution, he approached the bar and asked the landlady for a can of beer. The woman cast a suspicious look at her new customer, and sought to distinguish his features beneath the broad slouched brim of his hat; but, observing this, he sank his head still more upon his breast to escape her observation. But whilst she descended the cellar stairs to fetch him the beer, the whole of the guests fixed their eyes upon him with no friendly expression. Then they laid their heads together and whispered, and made indignant gestures, and one of them in particular appeared inflamed

with anger, and looked furiously at the stranger, as though he would fain have fallen foul of him. The stranger, his face averted, waited silently for his beer; but he trembled with anxiety and apprehension. The landlady made unusual haste, and handed the full can to the object of her curiosity, who drank with hurried eagerness, and half-emptied the vessel at a draught; then, placing it upon the bar, he gave a small coin in payment. But whilst the woman sought for change, one of the guests strode across the room, took up the can, and threw the remaining beer in the young man's face.

"Accursed gallows'-bird!" he cried, "how dare you drink in our company? What can you urge that I should not break your bones here upon the spot? Thank heaven, thou wretched outcast, that I will not befoul my hand by contact with thy vile carcase!"

The unfortunate being to whom this cruel and outrageous speech was addressed, was the only son of the Antwerp executioner: his name was Gerard, and he was little more than twenty years old. His parentage sufficiently explains why he shunned the sight of men, from whom hatred and persecution were the best he had to expect. What now befell him always took place when a headsman ventured into the society of other burghers.

Patiently bowing his head, the unhappy Gerard gazed vacantly at the beer-stains upon his garments, without daring by word or deed to resent the brutality of his enemy, who, continuing to overwhelm him with abuse and maledictions, at last directed part of his indignation against the hostess:

"You will draw no more beer for us, woman!" he said. "To-morrow night I and my friends meet at Sebastian's. You would be giving us our liquor in the hangman's can!"

"See, there it lies!" exclaimed the hostess, terrified for the loss of custom, and dashing upon the ground the stone pot, which broke in pieces. "Is it fault of mine if the hangman's bastard sneaks into an honest house? Out with you!" cried she furiously to Gerard; "out of my doors, dealer in dead men, torturer of living bodies! Will'st not be gone, base panderer to

the rack? Away to thy bed beneath the scaffold!"

The youth, who had borne at first with silence and resignation the abuse heaped upon him, was roused at last by these coarse invectives to a sense of what manly dignity persecution had left him. Instead of flying from the woman's execrations, he raised his head and answered coldly and calmly.

"Woman, I go! Although a hangman's son, I would show more compassion to my fellow-creatures than they show me. My father tortures men, because the law and man compel him; but *men* torture *me* without necessity, and without provocation. Remember that you sin against God by treating me, his creature, like a dog."

So gentle and touching were the tones of the young man's voice, that the hostess wondered, and could not understand how one so sorely ill-treated could speak thus mildly. For a moment the woman got the better of the trader, and, with something like a tear glistening in her eye, she took up the coin Gerard had given her, and threw it over to him.

"There," she said; "I want not thy money; take it, and go in peace."

The man who had thrown the beer in Gerard's face picked the coin from the floor, looked at it, and threw it upon a table with a gesture of disgust.

"See!" he cried, "there is blood upon it—human blood!"

His companions crowded round the table, and started back in horror, as from a fresh and bleeding corpse. A murmur of loathing and aversion assailed the ears of Gerard, who well knew the charge was false, for he had taken the piece of money in change that very evening, from a woman who let out praying-chairs in the church. The injustice of his foes so irritated him, that his face turned white with passion, as a linen cloth. Pressing his hat more firmly upon his head, he sprang forward to the table, and confronted his enemies with the fierce bold brow of an exasperated lion.

"Scoundrels!" he shouted, "what speak you of blood? See you not that the metal is alloyed, and looks red, like all other coins of the kind? But no, you are blinded by hate, and know not justice. You say I am the hang-

man's son. 'Tis true,—God so willed it. But yet are ye more despicable than I am; and proud am I to resemble neither in name nor deed such base and heartless men!"

The words were scarcely uttered when from all sides blows and kicks rained upon the imprudent speaker. Manfully did he defend himself, and brought more than one assailant to the ground; but the numbers were too great for his strength. Oaths and abuse resounded through the apart-

ment, tables and benches were upset, jugs and glasses broken; the hostess screamed for help. But the strife and tumult were brief; and Gerard suddenly found himself in the street, stunned and bruised by the blows he had received. Settling his cloak, and smoothing his crushed hat, he went his way, scarce bestowing another thought upon the scuffle; for things far weightier, far more painful and engrossing, crowded upon his excited mind.

CHAP. II.—THE LOVERS.

Whilst the above occurred in the beer-house, a fair young girl waited Gerard's coming, her heart beating fast from apprehension that some evil had befallen him. To the headsman's son she was the angel of hope and consolation; she alone loved him,—partly, perhaps, because she knew that the world hated and despised him. Her love had braved her mother's censure, her neighbours' reproaches, her companions' sneers. Nay, more than this,—when they shouted after her, by way of scoff, the office of Gerard's father, or called her the headsman's bride, and the like, she rejoiced and was glad; for then she felt her love was noble and pure, and acceptable in the sight of God. For was she not, in loving Gerard, doing as she would be done by, comforting and supporting him whom all men oppressed and persecuted?

This poor girl, whose name was Lina, lived in a small apartment in the Vlier Street, with her old mother and her brother Franz, a good-hearted, hard-handed fellow, who worked like a slave for five days out of the seven, spent half a day in church, and a day and a half in the beer-house, where he drank and sang to his heart's content, and which he seldom left without a black eye. During the five days allotted to labour, there was not in Antwerp a more clever and indefatigable carpenter; and punctually each Saturday night he brought his mother a round sum from his earnings, wherefore the old woman had him in particular affection.

On the night of Gerard's ill-timed visit to the tavern, Lina sat opposite to her mother in their humble chim-

ney-corner, a single slender candle burning between them,—their fingers busily engaged in lace-making. On the other side of the room stood a joiner's bench, at which Franz was hard at work. The room itself was clean and neat, and strewn with white sand; a crucifix and a few pictures of saints decorated the walls; but otherwise it contained little beyond the most necessary furniture, for, labour as they would, its inmates' combined efforts could earn but a scanty pittance.

Eight o'clock was the usual hour of Gerard's visit, and hitherto he had never come later without warning Lina beforehand of the probable delay; but now it was ten, and there were no signs of his appearance. The maiden knew not what to think of this irregularity, and was so uneasy and absent that she neither heard nor answered a question put to her by her mother.

"Now then, child," cried the old woman, "your wits are surely wool-gathering. What's the use of fretting? If he come not to-day, he will to-morrow. There are days enough in the year."

"True, mother; but I fear some harm has happened to him, that he misses coming. People are so ill-minded towards him!"

"Ay, that are they; but then he is the headsman's son, and hatred is the portion of his tribe. Did not the mob murder Headsman Hansken with stones, and drown Headsman Harmen, hard by the Kroonenburg tower?"

"And what had they done, mother?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. Nothing, I

believe. But it so happens, because the executioners hang many innocent people."

"Surely, mother, the headsman must do what the judge bids him. Why not drown the judge, sooner than his servant?"

"Ay, ay, Lina, but it has always been so. Mind the proverb—'In a kennel of dogs, the smallest gets fewest bits and most bites.'"

"That is a stupid proverb, mother."

And the two women gossiped on, till the old one got weary of watching, and said to her daughter—

"Leave off work, child, and let us to bed. The night grows late."

The young girl was ill-pleased with the order, for she had not yet given up hopes of Gerard's coming; but she could think of no pretext to keep her mother from her bed. After brief reflection—

"Mother," she said, "wait a little longer; three more flowers and my lace is done."

"Make haste then, dear child, or I shall sleep on my chair."

"I am not yet for bed," cried Franz from his bench. "I must finish this sewing-cushion for the landlady at Peerdeken; she is to fetch it early to-morrow."

"Boy, boy!" said his mother, smiling and shaking her head, "for a certainty you drank more last Sunday at Peerdeken than your pocket could pay for, and now you are working out your debt. Well, well!—good-night; and forget not your prayers before laying your heads to bed."

And with this pious injunction, the good woman got up and entered a small adjacent closet, serving as sleeping chamber for herself and her daughter. She could have been but a few minutes in bed when Gerard knocked at the door, and Franz let him in.

The young man's face was pale and gloomy, but Lina wondered not at this, for seldom had she the happiness of seeing her lover's brow otherwise than care-laden. Slowly approaching her, Gerard took her hand and pressed it sadly and silently to his breast. This was his usual greeting. Of words he was habitually frugal, but

his eyes expressed heartfelt gratitude and ardent love.

"Gerard!" cried Lina, "what is wrong? Your hand is cold as ice! Heavens! there is blood upon your throat!"

"'Tis nothing, Lina; I knocked myself in the dark. Happy for me, were my sufferings only of the body!"

The words were followed by a deep sigh, and by a look of profound dejection, that filled Lina with alarm. Gerard's eyes had assumed a fixed hard look, in which she read the announcement of some terrible novelty. With the tenderest care she cleansed his neck from the blood, which flowed from a trifling wound: and taking her lover's hand, clasped it in both of hers, with a glance of affectionate encouragement. But he continued to regard her with the same unvarying gaze, until at last, unable longer to endure the suspense and his seeming coldness, she sank into a chair.

"Oh, Gerard!" she exclaimed, "look not thus, if you would not kill me with your glance!"

The young man cast his eyes upon the ground, then raised them again to Lina's face, but this time with an expression of ineffable sadness, and took a seat by her side.

"Lina," he said, in a tone betraying the deepest emotion, "give me patient hearing, for I have much to say. We meet for the last time."

And without attending to poor Lina's increasing agitation, he continued—

"When children," he said, "we played together, mutually attracted by a feeling we could not understand, and which has since grown into love. You knew not, sweet Lina, what it is to be the headsmen's firstborn. You knew not that he who hangs and racks and brands, is laden with more ignominy than the criminal who suffers at his hands. Later you learned it, but your pure soul refused to become accomplice of man's injustice, and you loved me the more, when you found how much I needed love to save me from despair. And truly, without thee my sufferings had long since been ended in the grave; for I no longer

had faith in any thing save in the justice of God, and that He reserved me compensation in a better world. Men persecute me like one accursed; the blood you have just now wiped was shed by their hatred. But I care little for pain of body; blest with thy love, my Lina, I would bear uncomplaining the worst tortures they could inflict. The pain, the martyrdom is here." He paused, and pressed his hand upon his temples. "Lina, we have ever indulged a fond dream that some unexpected event would free me from the headsman's terrible duties. In this expectation you have sacrificed yourself, and I, blinded by love, have hoped where hope there was none. Beloved! the illusion has fled, the dream is past. To-morrow I am no longer the headsman's son, but the headsman himself! My father lies upon a bed of sickness whence he can never rise. To-morrow there is an execution, and his odious duties devolve on me! But think not, Lina, that I will basely claim the pledges given in hopes of a brighter future. Think not I will expose you to the disgrace of being pointed at as the headsman's mistress—the headsman's wife! No, Lina, I come to release you from all promises; from this moment you are free!"

Whilst Gerard spoke, a gradual but visible change came over the young girl's countenance, and when he paused, it wore an expression of joyful pride—a pride that flashed out of her eyes, and smiled in the dimples of her cheeks. She felt that exhilaration of the heart, the consequence and reward of generous and noble resolves.

"I understand your meaning, Gerard," she said, "and could quarrel with you for thinking me less devoted than yourself, or less ready with a sacrifice. O my beloved! thine I am, and thine will I remain, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever—here or on the scaffold. Gerard, the path of duty is plain before me; as thy wife, I will console thee for the cruelty of men, and shed over thy life the soothing balm of love!"

"Never, Lina, never! What! thou the doomster's wife! A double curse would be upon me, did I consent to such profanation. Dare I drag you down into the pit of igno-

miny and contempt? Never, oh never!"

"And never," said the maiden, in accents of solemn determination, "will I abandon thee, Gerard, or annul the pledges by which we are mutually bound. Whithersoever thou goest, thither will I go; and all thy efforts shall not detach me from thee. Our lives are indissolubly united. Think you I would desert you on your solitary path? Friend, did you but know how proud and happy I feel! With humble confidence shall I approach the table of the Lord, for my heart tells me the good and just God approves and blesses my resolve."

Gerard gazed in wondering and rapturous admiration on the pure and beautiful countenance of his mistress, now flushed with the enthusiasm of her generous love. There was something divine in the affection that thus courted shame and opprobrium for the sake of the loved one. For a moment his brow beamed with heartfelt joy, and a sigh, but not of sorrow, escaped his lightened breast.

"Forgive me, O Lord," he exclaimed, raising his eyes to heaven, "forgive me that I murmured! In thy great mercy thou has sent an angel to console me!"

Whilst this affecting dialogue took place, Franz had continued his work, without attending to the discourse of Gerard and his sister. Now, however, having finished the cushion, he put by his tools, took up his lamp, and approached the lovers.

"Come, Lina," said he, "I am dead with sleep, and in haste for bed. You must bid Gerard come earlier to-morrow."

Although Gerard had still much to say to his mistress, he could not but take the hint thus plainly but kindly given.

"Franz," said he, gloomily, to his future brother-in-law, "to-morrow I must strike off a man's head upon the scaffold."

"Have a care, then, Gerard!" replied Franz coolly: "if you miss your stroke they will stone you, as they did Headsman Hansken. However, in case of mishap, there is one man at least will stand by you to the last."

The young headsman looked mournfully at Lina, and approached the

door, a tear trembling on his eyelid. But Lina threw herself passionately on his neck.

"To-morrow," she cried, "I will be near the scaffold. Observe me well."

And she listened, with clasped hands and tearful cheeks, to her lover's footsteps, as they grew fainter and more faint, and finally died away in the distance.

CHAPTER III.—FATHER AND SON.

The house of the Antwerp executioner stood hard by the fortifications, and was surrounded by a high stone wall, over whose solid portal a red flag, denoting the occupation of the tenant, was displayed during the day. The grim ensign had been some hours removed when Gerard knocked for admission.

"Has the judge been here, Jan?" inquired the young man of the varlet who opened.

"Yes, he has but just left. Your father desires to speak to you."

Gerard ascended the stairs, and entered the room where his sick father lay stretched upon his bed.

The old headsman was ashy pale, and worn to the very bone; the ravages of a terrible malady were legible in his hollow cheeks and sunken glassy eyes. But, although sick and weak of body, his mind was still active and vigorous as that of one in health. With a quick glance he noted his son's entrance; but he uttered no greeting. Gerard took a chair beside his father's pillow, sought under the bed-clothes for his thin and feeble hand, and pressed it anxiously and affectionately.

"Father!" he cried in an unsteady voice, "tell me my doom! The judge has been here! Say, must I assume the headsman's office?"

"My son," replied the old man, mournfully, "I have done my utmost, but in vain. The judge will not hear of my varlet's doing the duty. Neither gold nor entreaties softened him. My unhappy son, there is no alternative. Headsman you must become!"

Although Gerard had foreseen his fate, this confirmation, destroying the last ray of hope, was a terrible shock. A cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and he convulsively squeezed his father's hand. But the emotion was of brief duration, and

he relapsed into his habitual calm dejection.

"To-morrow!" he exclaimed, after a short pause—"Father, to-morrow destroys my last hope of a future happier than the past. To-morrow I must dip my hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. To-morrow is the first day of a life of agony. Thenceforward I am a hired murderer!"

"My son!" said the old headsman anxiously but firmly, "what must be must, and against destiny 'tis vain to strive. It were sin to deceive you. Be prepared for a joyless and weary existence. But there is a God above, who takes account of human suffering, to repay it in His own good time."

Gerard heard but the bitter portion of his father's speech—the concluding words of comfort escaped his ear. He replied as if he had heard nothing.

"I can conceive," he said, "my fellow-citizens' hatred of me. May I not be called upon, any day and every day, to strike off the head of one of them, and he perhaps innocent? They think the headsman takes pleasure in bloodshed, that he gloats over his victim; and yet, if he shrinks at sight of the sufferer's naked throat, if his trembling hands refuse to wield the sword, then, indeed, they slay him with stones, because he is no true headsman, but suffers himself to be touched by pity!"

"Often, my son, has this inexplicable contradiction struck me."

"Methinks, father, 'tis not hard to interpret. In every society of men a hypocrite is needed, on whom to pour the superabundant hate and malice of the human heart, to serve as a ready butt for the brutal, a safe laughing-stock for cowards. But, father!—is there no possible outlet, no means of escape, unthought of or untried?"

Is my fate inevitable—*must* I steep myself in blood?"

"My son!" said the headsman, "there is no remedy. See yonder book, left me by the judge. It is open at the page that seals thy doom."

Gerard read; then dashed the book violently to the ground.

"Accursed be the unjust law," he cried, "that sentenced me, whilst yet in my mother's womb, to a life of infamy and blood! Thrice accursed, I say, be the law and its makers! What! whilst I lay in my cradle, smiling at life and at God's glorious works, in happy ignorance of the future, men had already doomed me to live loathed and detested of all, like the venomous reptile against which every hand is lifted? Oh, shame, shame!"

"Despair carries you too far, Gerard," replied his father, with a sigh. "I appreciate your sufferings—too long have I endured the like; but, remember that the headsman's is a necessary office, and must be filled. God has allotted it to thee, and submission to His will is the Christian's duty. In resignation and humility wilt thou find peace."

"Peace!—have you found it, my father? Is it resignation that has laid you thus prematurely upon the bed of sickness? Were they from the springs of peace and contentment, those tears that during twenty long years you shed upon your son's head? You have had courage thus long to bear it; but I feel not such strength. Oh, that our souls might depart together, to find mercy and peace before the judgment-seat of the Most High! But no; I am young and healthy, and grief does not kill,—at least not as fast as I would have it. But, praise be to heaven! the man who fears not death is ever master of his destiny!"

The headsman raised himself in his bed, and drawing his son towards him, embraced him tenderly, whilst a flood of bitter tears coursed over his cheeks, worn and wrinkled by sorrow, rather than by years.

"O Gerard!" he said, "my beloved son, can you cherish thoughts of suicide, and delight in the sinful project? What! would you precede me to the tomb, leaving me to drag

out in solitude my few remaining days of misery? Is this kind, Gerard?—is it generous, unselfish? Think of Him who for our sakes bore a cross, compared to which thine is of feather's weight. Bear it, in imitation of Him, patiently and humbly. So all we meet hereafter in that bright and blessed world where persecutors are not, and where the weary find rest!"

These touching and pious words made a deep impression upon Gerard. He reproached himself for his egotism, and his whole feelings underwent a sudden and total change. All that day and evening he had nursed thoughts of self-destruction, which he looked upon as an enviable lot compared to the long career of blood prescribed to him by the cruel laws of his country. And now, out of love to his dying father, he must abandon the idea, and cling to an existence he viewed with deepest loathing! It cost a severe effort, but generosity and filial duty finally prevailed, and he made up his mind to the sacrifice.

"Father!" he exclaimed, "forgive my senseless words—heedlessly and cruelly spoken. I forget not my duty to you; and, since such is your desire, I will ascend the scaffold and do my office firmly, horrible though it be. Let shame and scandal fall on those who force me to a work so repugnant to my nature. Fear not, my father, but that I will strike the blow with a veteran's coolness, and bathe my hands in my brother's blood, as calmly as ever butcher in that of unresisting lamb. I have said it; the sin is not mine, but theirs who compel me. Weep no more, father! thy son will become headsman; ay, and with a headsman's heart!"

Those who, hearing this bold speech, should have discerned in it a strong and sudden resolution, to be afterwards borne out by the deeds of the speaker, would have deceived themselves, even as Gerard deceived both himself and his father. It was but one of those fleeting flashes of determination, which persons wavering in an alternative of terrible evils sometimes exhibit. The resolution was dissipated with the sound of the words it dictated. These, however, answered their chief purpose, by carry-

ing joy and consolation to the old man's heart.

"I am weary, my son," he said, "yet will I give thee brief word of advice, the fruit of long experience. To-morrow, when you mount the scaffold, look not at the mob; the ocean of eyes will confuse you, and make you falter. Fancy you are alone with the condemned man, and deal your blow steadily and carefully. If the head falls not at the first stroke, a thousand voices will cry haro on the bungling headsman: a thousand arms will be uplifted against him, and I shall never again behold thee alive. I will pray to God that He mercifully strengthen thee for the terrible task. Go, my son, and His blessing be upon thee."

Whilst the old man thus spoke, with a coolness resulting from long

habit, all Gerard's apprehensions returned with redoubled violence, and he longed to throw himself on his knees before his father, to declare his inability to carry out his instructions, and to recall his promise of supporting the burthen of existence. But affection for his sole surviving parent, and fear of accelerating the fatal termination of his malady, stimulated him to self-restraint; and, after a last embrace, and a murmured "good-night," he retired to his chamber. There, however, he neither sought his bed nor found repose. The rays of the morning sun shone upon the unhappy youth sitting in the same place, almost in the very same posture, he had taken on entering his room—as mute, as motionless, and nearly as pale, as statue of whitest marble.

CHAP. IV.—THE EXECUTION.

The execution of Hendrik the Mariner was fixed for six in the evening. Long before the appointed hour, crowds of people, eager to see the horrible spectacle, thronged through the St George's Gate, in the direction of the place of punishment. Nothing was more seductive to the populace of that day than the sight of a grisly head rolling upon the scaffold, and reddening the boards with its blood. The Antwerp burghers were not exempt from this horrible curiosity; and Headsman's Acre, as the field was called in which capital punishments then took place, was crowded with spectators of all ages and classes, including women, many of them with their children in their arms, urchins of tender age, and old men who, already on the brink of the grave, tottered from their easy chair and chimney corner to behold a fellow-creature expiate, by a premature death, his sin against society. Noisy and merry was the mob collected round the tall black gallows and the grim rusty wheel.

In the crowd, close to the scaffold, stood Lina, her heart beating quickly and anxiously; her tears restrained from flowing only by the reflection that she was there to give Gerard courage, and that weeping was the worst way to do it. Her brother Franz stood beside her, in holiday

suit, his broad-leafed Spanish hat upon his head, and his brown cloak over his shoulder, according to the fashion of the time. Lina had represented to him, in lively colours, the frightful danger incurred by Gerard; and he, with his usual rough good-heartedness, swore to break the neck of the first man who threw a stone at the new headsman.

It was late, and the shades of evening fell upon the earth, before the executioner's varlets completed the necessary arrangements on the scaffold. At the moment these terminated, a cart pierced the throng amidst general stir and hum of curiosity. The criminal, attired in a black linen gown, sat with a priest in the hinder part of the vehicle. Gerard was on the foremost bench, his broad bright sword in his hand, and one of his assistants beside him. None could divine, from his countenance, what passed in his mind; his features were fixed and rigid; his eyes, bent upon the ground, avoided the people's gaze; and but for the weapon he bore, none could have told which of the two, he or Hendrik, was the condemned man. Unconscious of his own movements, he ascended the scaffold, so confused in spirit that he saw nothing, not even Lina, although Franz several times made signs to catch his attention.

And now the varlets would have removed the prisoner from the cart to the scaffold; but he pretended he had not finished his confession, which he wished now, for the first time, to make full and complete, seeing all chance of pardon gone. Perhaps he nourished a vague hope of escape in the darkness; for heavy clouds drifted across the sky, and night approached so rapidly that already those upon the outskirts of the crowd could scarcely distinguish what passed upon the scaffold. So that the people, fearing the increasing darkness would deprive them altogether of the show they coveted, began to clamour loudly for the execution of the sentence. The culprit, still resisting, and claiming delay, was brought upon the scaffold by force, and made to kneel down. The headsman's assistant bared the condemned wretch's neck, and pointed to it with a significant look, as if to say, "Master, strike."

At sight of the naked flesh into which he was to cut, Gerard started as from a heavy sleep, and his limbs trembled till the scaffold shook under him, and the broad-bladed sword fell from his hand. The varlet picked up the weapon and gave it back to his master, who clutched it convulsively, whilst the red rod of the superintending official gave the signal to strike. But Gerard neither saw the rod nor heard the voice of its bearer. Already a murmur arose amongst the crowd. "Quick, master! quick!" said the varlet, whose ear caught the ill-omened sound.

Summoning all the strength and courage his recent sufferings had left him, Gerard raised the sword, with the fixed determination to strike a bold and steady blow, when at that moment the victim turned his head, and at sight of the impending steel, uttered a lamentable yell. No more was wanting to upset Gerard's resolution and presence of mind. They left him on the instant: his arms lost their strength, and he let the sword fall on Hendrik's shoulder, but so feebly that it did not even wound him.

At the chill touch of the blade, the criminal's whole frame quivered with agony; but the next instant, feeling himself unhurt, and perceiving the advantage to be derived from his exe-

cutioner's irresolution, he sprang to his feet, and stretching out his fettered arms to the people, implored help and pity, for that he was wilfully tortured.

At this appeal the fury of the mob burst forth with uncontrollable vehemence.

"Strike him dead!" was the universal cry; "strike the torturer dead!"

And stones flew about Gerard's head, but in no great number, since, fortunately for him, they were not plentiful on the field. The unhappy youth stood for a moment stunned by the uproar; then, folding his arms, he stepped forward to the edge of the scaffold with the air of one for whom death has no terrors.

"Wolves!" he exclaimed;—"wolves in the garb of men! ye came for blood—take mine, and slake your fiendish thirst!"

This rash defiance excited to madness the fury of the rabble. Women, children, and men of the better classes, fled in all haste from the field, leaving it occupied by the very dregs and refuse of Antwerp, who pressed fiercely forward to the scaffold, making violent efforts to seize the headsman, in spite of the resistance of the police and officials. The uproar and confusion were tremendous. Around Gerard a number of officers of justice assembled—less, however, for his protection, than to prevent the escape of the culprit, who made furious efforts to get rid of his manacles, and continued to appeal to the people and shout for assistance. At this moment of confusion, when scarcely any one knew what his neighbour did, a man ascended the scaffold, and approached the executioner. It was Franz.

"Gerard," he said, "Lina conjures you, in God's name, and by your love for her, to speak to her for one moment. She is below; follow me!" And he leaped from the scaffold, on the side where the mob was thinnest. Gerard obeyed the charm of Lina's name. How gladly, he thought, would he bid his beloved one more farewell before encountering the death he deemed inevitable. In another second he stood by her side. At the same instant Franz, stripping off his cloak, muffled Gerard in its folds,

pressed his broad hat over his eyes, and placing Lina's arm in that of the bewildered headsmen, drew them gently from the spot.

"Go quietly and fearlessly through the crowd," he said, "and wait for me in the copse beyond the farthest gibbet."

And seeing that Lina obeyed his directions and led away Gerard, who followed passively as a child, Franz ran round to the other side of the scaffold, and set up such a shouting, that the mob, thinking he had seized the delinquent headsmen, rushed furiously in that direction, leaving a free passage to the lovers. Franz continued to shout with all his might, and to affect the most violent indignation.

"Strike him dead!" he cried; "strike him dead! Down with the base torturer! Throw his carcass to the ravens!"

And he hurled stones at the scaffold, headed a charge on the police, and behaved altogether like a madman let loose. Favoured by this attracting of the attention from them, and under cover of the darkness, Lina succeeded in getting her lover away unrecognised, for Franz's cloak and hat completely concealed the headsmen's well-known costume. But before they reached the thicket, the mob got possession of the scaffold, released the prisoner, and began ill-treating the officials, to compel them to confess what had become of the executioner. On finding that this latter personage, the cause of the whole tumult, had disappeared, a man, one of the lowest of the people, who had seen Franz throw his cloak over Gerard's shoulders, and who had watched the direction taken by Lina and her disguised companion, guessed that the fugitive was no other than the headsmen himself, and immediately started in pursuit. Before he could overtake them, Lina and Gerard disappeared amongst the trees. His suspicions confirmed by this mysterious conduct, the ruffian, blaspheming with exultation and fury, rushed upon the lovers; and, tearing off Gerard's cloak, beheld the headsmen's livery. Thereupon, without word or question, he lifted a heavy cudgel, and struck the poor fellow violently upon the head. Gerard fell senseless to the

ground. The murderer would have repeated his blow, but Lina, with the courage of a lioness defending her young, grappled him vigorously, and clasping her arms around his, impeded his further movements. The sight of her lover, stunned and bleeding at her feet, seemed to give her superhuman strength; and bethinking her that it was better to have one enemy to contend with than a hundred, she abstained from calling out, lest her cries should bring foes instead of friends. Fortunately the uproar of the mob drowned the imprecations of Gerard's assailant, who vociferated horrible curses as he strove, with brutal violence, to shake off the heroic girl. At the very moment when, her last strength exhausted, she was about to succumb, Franz entered the copse, and, seeing Gerard motionless on the ground and his sister struggling with a stranger, immediately guessed what had occurred. A cry of rage burst from his lips, and before Lina remarked his presence, his powerful hands were upon the shoulders of her antagonist, who lay, the next instant, upon the grass at his feet.

"Lina!" cried Franz, seizing the fallen man and dragging him in the direction of the scaffold, "hide Gerard in the bushes; if he still lives, he is rescued from all he most dreads. Quick! I will return."

With these words he hurried from the copse, dragging his prisoner after him so rapidly, that the prostrate man, his legs in Franz's iron grasp, his head trailing in the dust, and striking violently against each stock and stone, could make no effectual resistance. As soon as Franz was within earshot of the mob, he shouted, more loudly than ever—

"The headsmen! here I have him—the headsmen!"

"Death to the villain!" was echoed on all sides; and from all four corners of the field the mob, who had dispersed to seek the object of their hate, rushed towards Franz. When Lina's brother saw himself the centre of a dense crowd, howling and frantic for blood, he hurled amongst them the man whom he dragged by the feet, with the words—

"There is the headsmen!"

"Death to him!" hoarsely repeated

a hundred voices, and as many blows descended upon the shrieking wretch, whose expostulations and prayers for mercy were unheard in the mighty tumult, and whom the mob, blinded by fury, easily mistook in the darkness for the delinquent executioner. His cries were soon silenced by the cruel treatment he received; in a few minutes he was dead, his clothes were torn from his body, and his face was disfigured and mutilated so as to be wholly unrecognisable.

Leaving the mob to their bloody work, Franz returned to his sister; and found her weeping and praying beside the body of her lover, whom she believed dead. On examination, however, he found Gerard's pulse still beating. The violent blow he had received had stunned but not slain him. Fresh water thrown upon his face and chest restored him to consciousness, and to the caresses of his dear Lina, speechless and almost beside herself with joy at his recovery. When his strength returned, the trio crept stealthily from the copse, and safely reached the town, where Gerard concealed himself during the evening in the house of his mistress. When midnight came, and the streets of Antwerp were deserted, he betook himself, accompanied by Franz, to his own dwelling, and made his unexpected appearance in his father's chamber.

The old headsman, who lay broad awake upon his bed of sickness, weeping bitterly, and deploring the death of his unhappy son, deemed himself the sport of a deceitful vision when he saw the dead man approach his couch. But when convinced, by Gerard's voice and affectionate embrace, that he indeed beheld his child in solid flesh

and bone, his joy knew no bounds, and for a moment inspired the young man with fears of his immediate dissolution.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "you know not half your good fortune. Not only have you miraculously escaped a cruel death, but you are also delivered from the horrible employment which has been mine, and was to be yours. The accursed obligation that weighed upon our race ceases with life, and you, my son, are *dead*!"

"And pure from the stain of blood!" joyfully exclaimed Gerard.

"Begone," continued the old man, "and dwell far from thine unjust brethren. Quit Antwerp, marry thy good Lina, be faithful and kind to her, and heaven bless thee in thy posterity! Thy sons will not be born to wield the axe, nor wilt thou weep over them, as I have wept over thee. The savings of thine ancestors and mine insure thee for ever from poverty; make good use of them and be happy!"

His voice grew weak with emotion, and died away in inarticulate benedictions. Gerard hung upon his father's neck, and stammered forth his thanks. The events of the day appeared to him like a dream. He could not realise the sudden transition from the depths of despair to the utmost height of happiness.

For many years after these incidents there lived at Brussels, under an assumed name, the son of the Antwerp headsman, and his beautiful wife Lina. The old man's blessing was heard, and when Gerard's turn came to quit a world of cares for a brighter and better abode, brave sons and fair daughters wept around the dying bed of the DOOMSTER'S FIRSTBORN.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT NOVELS—A DIALOGUE, IN A LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

DEAR EUSEBIUS,—Whether it be a fable or not that the Lydians invented chess, to relieve themselves from pain and trouble, and were content to eat one day and play another, unquestionably amusement is a most salutary medicine to heal the “mind diseased,” and even to mitigate hunger itself.

The utilitarian ant would not have had the best of the argument with the grasshopper,—“dance now,”—if the latter had not insisted on dancing too long—a whole summer. Even hunger would do its dire work in double-quick time, if left to fret incessantly on the mind as well as the fast failing substance. Avert the thought of it, and half a loaf will keep alive longer than a whole one, eaten together with cankering care. “Post equitem sedet atra Cura,” said the most amiable of satirists; but Care, the real “gentleman in black,” won’t always be contented to sit behind, but is apt to assume an opposite seat at the table, and, grinning horribly, to take away your appetite “quite and entirely.” You may try, Eusebius, to run away from him, and bribe the stoker to seventy or eighty miles an hour, but Care will telegraph you, and thus electrify you on your arrival, when you thought him a hundred miles or so off. I have ascertained a fact, Eusebius, that Care is not out of one, but *in* one, and has a lodging somewhere in the stomach, where he sets up a diabolical laboratory, and sends his vile fumes up, up—and so all over the brain; and from that conjuration what blue devils do not arise, as he smokes at leisure his infernal cigar below! Charge me not, Eusebius, with being poetical—this is sober prose to the indescribable reality. Your friend has been hypochondriacal. It is a shameful truth; but confession is the demon’s triumph, and so the sufferer is punished—mocked, scoffed at, unpitied, and uncured. The Lady Dorothea Dowsewell had proposed a seventy-fifth remedy. My lady, I am in despair: I have not as yet completed the fifty-sixth prescription; the fifty-fifth has left me worse. The Curate, who happened to be present,

laughed at me, as all do, and said, “No wonder—you are like the man who complained of inveterate deafness, had applied every recipe, and was cured by the most simple one—a cork-screw. Do set aside all your nostrums, and spend a week or two at the curacy, and I’ll take care to pack in half-a-dozen novels, and you will soon forget your own in other folks’ woes.”

“I will go,” I replied; “but I protest against any woes whatsoever. When young as you, Mr Curate, I could bear them, and sit out a tragedy stoically; but shaken nerves and increasing years won’t bear the tragic phantasmagoria now. Sentimental comedy is too much, and I positively, with shame, cry over a child’s book.”

“I fear,” quoth the Curate, “it is a sure sign your heart is hardening. The sympathy that should soften it is too easily and too quickly drawn off by the fancy to waste, and leaves the interior dry. Come to us, and alternate your feelings between fancy and active realities; between reading imaginary histories and entering practically and interestingly into the true histories of the many homes I must visit, and you will soon be fresh in spirit and sound again.”

Let me, Eusebius, use the dialogue form, as in some former letters: suffice it only to tell you previously, that I took the Curate’s advice and invitation, and for a time did my best to throw off every ailment, and refresh myself by country-air exercise, in the society of the happy Curate and his wife, at the vicarage of —, which you know well by description. And here we read novels. Even at the Curate’s house did we read novels—those “Satan’s books,” as a large body of Puritans call them, whilst they read them privately; or, if seen, ostensibly that they may point out the wickedness in them, and thus forbid the use of them; as an elder of the demure sect excused himself when detected at a theatre, that he “came to see if any of their young folk were there.” How often people do what is right, and defend it as if it was a

wrong, and apologise for what gives them no shame! Thus the Curate commenced the defence of novel-reading:—

CURATE.—What is the meaning of the absurd cry against works of fiction? If it be true that “the proper study of mankind is man,” is it not wise to foresee, as it were, life under all its possible contingencies? Are we not armed for coming events by knowing something of their nature beforehand? Who learns only from the world amid which he walks, learns from a master that conceals too much; and the greater portion of the lesson, after all, must come out of the learner’s own mind, and it is a weary while before he has learnt by experience the requisite shrewdness. Life is too short to learn by a process so slow, that the pupil begins to decay before he has learnt one truth. The preparatory education is not amiss. The early tears that tales of fiction bid to flow scald not like the bitter ones of real sorrow and they, as it were by charm of inoculation, prepare the cheek for the after tears, that they burn not and furrow too deeply. I cannot conceive how people came to take it into their heads that plays and novels are wicked things necessarily. Your Lady Prudence will take infinite pains that her young people shall not contaminate even their fingers with the half-binding—and perhaps fail too—and for honest simplicity induce a practice of duplicity, for fiction will be read. It is the proper food to natural curiosity—an instinct given us to learn; and I dare to say that letters were invented by Cadmus purposely for that literature.

AQUILUS.—Say nothing of Cadmus, or the serpent’s teeth will be thrown against your argument. Their sowing was not unlike the setting up a press; and your literary men are as fierce combatants as ever sprang from the dragon’s teeth, and have as strong a propensity to slaughter each other.

CURATE.—Yes, and even in works of fiction we have had the conflict of authors. They write now as much against each other as formerly. Fielding proposed to himself to write down Richardson; and religious novelists of our days take the field against real or imaginary opponents.

Richardson, able as he was, very cunningly set about his work—his *Clarissa*. By an assumed gravity, and well-managed affectation of morality, he contrived to render popular among pruders a most indecent work. The book was actually put into the hands of young people as an antidote to novels in general. This appeared to Fielding abominable hypocrisy, corrupting under disguise. And to this honest indignation are we indebted to him for his *Joseph Andrews*, the antidote to the very questionable morality, and unquestionable moral, of the virtue-rewarded *Pamela*.

AQUILUS.—I was told the other day by a lady, that there are few kitchens in which *Pamela* is not to be found. She detected her own maid reading it, and was obliged to part with her, for setting her cap at her son, a youth just entered at College. The girl defended her conduct as a laudable and virtuous ambition, which the good author encouraged,—was not the title *Virtue Rewarded*? So much for *Pamela*. You will not, however, surely defend the novel-writing system of nearly half a century ago—the sickly sentimentalities of the *All for Love* school—that restless progeny not allowed to rest on circulating library shelves till their rest was final—whose tendency was to make young persons of either sex nothing but fools.

CURATE.—And whose authors had the fool’s mark set upon them, not unhappily, by Jenner, in his *Town Eclogues*:—

“Thrice-happy authors, who with little skill
In two short weeks can two short volumes fill!
Who take some miss, of Christian name inviting,
And plunge her deep in love and letter-writing,
Perplex her well with jealous parents’ cares,
Expose her virtue to a lover’s snares,
Give her false friends and perjured swains by dozens,
With all the episodes of aunts and cousins;
Make parents thwart her, and her lover scorn her,
And some mishap spring up at every corner;
Make her lament her fate with sighs and ohs,
And tell some dear Miss Willis all her woes,
Whilst now with love and now with grief she rages;
Till, having brought her through two hundred pages,
Finding at length her father’s heart obdurate,
Will make her take the squire, and leave the curate;
She scales the garden-wall, or fords a river,
Elopes, gets married, and her friends forgive her.”

AQUILUS.—And was it not whimsical enough that, in the presumption of their vanity, upstarted the Puritan

school, who had ever declaimed against novels and dramas, to counteract the mischievous tendency of these silly love-tales, and wrote themselves much sillier, and quite as mischievous?

CURATE.—Are you then audacious enough to pass censure upon *Catebs*, and suchlike?

AQUILIUS.—“Great is Diana of Ephesus!” I abominate every thing Hannah More wrote—vain, clever, idolised, spoiled woman as she was—her style all riddle-ma-ree. Read her lauded *What is Prayer?* and you are reading a conundrum. An affected woman, she wrote affectedly, with a kind of unwomanly dishonesty. There was good natural stuff in her too, but it was sadly spoilt in the making up.

CURATE.—You will shock the good, or rather the goody folk, who will insist upon the religious and moral purpose of all her works.

AQUILIUS.—They may insist, for they are an obstinate race. What moral, or what religion, is inculcated in this—“A brute of a husband”—selfish, a tyrant, a gourmandiser—ill-treats an amiable wife. He scorns patient virtue, and is an infidel. He must be *converted*—that is the religious object. He must be metamorphosed, not after Ovid’s fashion—there is the moral object. How is it done, do you remember? If not, you will never guess. By what latent virtue is he to be reclaimed? Virtue, indeed! would the indignant Puritan proclaim—what virtue is in poor human rags? He shall be reclaimed through his vice! Indeed, Madam Puritan, that is a novelty. So, however, it is. The man is a glutton. On his conversion-day he is gifted with an extraordinary appetite and discriminating taste. It is a pie—yes, a pie, that converts him to piety.

CURATE.—Oh, oh, oh! you are mocking surely. A pie!

AQUILIUS.—Yes, a pie. It is remarkably good—quite delicious. It puts the brute in good humour with himself and every body, and he grunts applause, and promises his favour to the cook. At this stage—this incipient stage of his conversion—a pathetic butler bursts into tears, and affectionately sobs out the beautiful truth. The cook for the occasion was his mistress—the ill-treated wife. He

becomes a perfect Christian on the instant; and with the conversion comes the moral metamorphosis, and the “brute of a husband” is, on a sudden, the best and most religious of men. Now, in what respect, Mr Curate, would you bid any of your flock to go and do likewise? Setting aside as worthless, then, to say the best of it, the moral, the set-up-primeness of the whole affair is so odious, that you long even for a little wickedness to set nature upon nature’s legs, that we may at least acknowledge the presence of humanity.

CURATE.—We must ask Lydia to defend the writers of her sex. You are severe upon poor Hannah, who would have been good enough in spite of her extreme vanity, if the clique had let her alone. Her *Catebs* was to be the novel *par excellence*, the model tale,—and with no little contempt for all others.

AQUILIUS.—Your Lydia has too much good sense, and too much plain honesty, to defend any thing wrong because it is found in woman. The utmost you can expect from her is not to object to the saintly Hannah, as was the charity of the Wolverhampton audience, when her play was acted there. Master Betty was hissed, and this impromptu was uttered, during a lull, from the gallery—

“The age of childhood now is o’er,
Of folly and of whim—
We don’t object to Hannah More,
But we’ll ha-na-more of him.”

CURATE.—Yet she is supposed to have done some good by her minor tales for the poor. Possibly she did—the object was at all events good.

AQUILIUS.—And here she was the precursor to a worse set, so bad that it can hardly be said of them that they are “*datus progeuium vitiosiorum*.”

CURATE.—Yes, even wickedly religious. The scheme was, that the poor should teach the rich, and the infant the man. I remember reading some of these tales of Mrs Sherwood’s. Is there not one where a little urchin, not long after he is able to run alone, is sent out on an errand,—an unconverted child,—commits the very natural sin of idleness, loiters by the way, and lies under a tree. There, you will suppose, sleep comes upon him—no,

but grace. He rises a converted man-child, an infant apostle, goes home and converts his wicked grandfather, or great-grandfather. "Ex uno disce omnes." Great was the outcry against Maria Edgeworth's children's tales, because they did not inculcate religious dogmas. This was a great compliment to her genius, for it showed that every sect would have wished her theirs. She wisely left the catechism to fathers, mothers, and nurses, and preferred leaving to the parson of each parish the prerogative of sermonising.

AQUILUS.—Some of you take your prerogative as a sanitary prescription, and sweeten your own tempers by throwing off their acerbities, *ad libitum*, one day in the week; abusing in very unmeasured terms all mankind, and their own congregation in particular—indeed, often in language that, used on week days, and by any other people, would be looked upon as nearly akin to what is called "cursing and swearing." So do extremes sometimes meet. A little thunder clears the air wonderfully; the lightning may not always be evident.

CURATE.—All writers, especially novelists and reviewers, assume this privilege of bitterness, without the restriction to one day out of seven; hence, to say nothing of the better motives in the other case, they are more practised in acerbity than amiability. Your medicine becomes the habit, not the cure. We must have civil tongues the greater part of our lives. Your literary satirist uses the drunkard's remonstrance—

"Which is the properest day to drink—

Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Each is the properest day, I think;

Why should you name but one day?"

AQUILUS.—But to return to our subject. Novels are not objected to as they were; now that every sect in politics and religion have found their efficacy as a means, the form is adopted by all. And with a more vigorous health do each embody their principle. The sickly-sentimentality school is sponged out—or nearly so. The novel now really represents the mind of a country in all its phases, and, if not the only, is nearly the best of its litera-

ture. It assumes to teach as well as to amuse. I could wish that, in their course down the stream of time, it had not taken the drama by the neck, and held it under water to the drowning.

CURATE.—You are wrong. The novel has not drowned the drama. It is the goody, the Puritan school, has done the work, and will, not drown, but suffocate, the noble art that gave us Shakspeare, by stopping up all avenues and entrance to the theatres—having first filled the inside with brimstone, or at least cautioned the world that the smell of brimstone will never quit those who enter. In discussing the subject, however, I would class the play and the novel together, under "works of fiction." Why, by the way, did the self-styled religious world that set up a crusade against novelists—and "fiction-mongers"—show such peculiar favour to John Bunyan, and his *Pilgrim's Progress*—the most daring fiction? I believe that very imaginative, nay, very powerful work, has gone through more editions than any other in our language: a proof at least that there is something innate in us all,—a natural power of curiosity to see and hear more than actual life presents to us—that sends all, from infancy to age, in every stage of life, either openly or secretly, to the reading tales of fiction. We all like to see Nature herself with a difference; and, loving "to hold the mirror up to nature," we prefer that the glass should be coloured, or at least a shade deeper, and love the image more than the thing.

AQUILUS.—Yes; and we indulge in a double and seeming contrary propensity—excitement and repose. We are safe in the storm—look out "from our loopholes of retreat," as Cowper calls them, on the busy world—and in our search after that equally evasive philosopher's stone, the "*πῶσις σκαυ-
ρον*," like to squint at our deformities in private, and, by seeing them in other folks, we learn our faults by deputy.

CURATE.—And what a wonderful and wisely-given instinct is there in us all, that we may learn to the utmost in one short life—an instinct by which we recognise as nature, as belonging strictly to ourselves, what we have never seen or experienced, and

have only portrayed to us in works of fiction. All people speak of the extensive range of Shakspeare's genius—that he appears to have been conversant with every mode of life, with the sentiments and language appropriate to each—that he is at once king, courtier, citizen, and clown; yet what do those who so admire him for this universality know themselves, but through him, of all these phases of life? We recognise them by an instinct, that enters readily into the possibilities of all nature which is akin to us; and if this be so, the busiest man who is no reader, may, in his walk through life, see much more of mankind than the reader, but know far less. Who teaches to read puts but the key of knowledge into the scholar's hand. It was well said by Aristophanes, "Masters for children, poets for men."

AQUILUS.—True; and if all literary fiction could be withdrawn and forgotten, and its renovation prohibited, the greater part of us would be dolts, and, what is worse, unfeeling, ungenerous, and under the debasing dominion of the selfishness of simple reason. It has always appeared to me that those who cautiously keep novels from young people mistake the nature of mind, thinking it only intellect, and would cultivate the understanding alone. Imagination they look upon as an *ignis fatuus*, to be extinguished if possible—an *ignis fatuus* arising out of a quagmire, and leading astray into one. There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. The inventive faculty is compound, in which imagination does the most work; the intellectual portion selects and decides, but collects not the materials. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of that mind—or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates, and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will, in this respect, teach nothing wrong. If they create a world somewhat unlike the daily visible, they create another, which is a reality to the possessor, to the romantic, from which he can extract much that is practical, though it may seem not so; for from hence

may spring noble impulses, generosity and fortitude. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind: I firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, and fits it for every action, by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. Who ever read a romance that inculcated listless, shapeless idleness? It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. I have noted much the different effects troubles have upon different persons, and have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them. They have more resources in themselves, and are not bowed down to one thought nor limited to one feeling: in fact, they are higher beings.

CURATE.—The caution I professes mainly to protect women; yet, among all the young women whom I have been acquainted with, I should say that the novel-readers are not only the best informed, but of the best nature, and some capable of setting examples of a sublime fortitude—the more sublime because shown in a secret and all-enduring patience. Who are they that will sit by the bedside of the sick day and night, suffer privation, poverty, even undeserved disgrace, and shrink not from the self-imposed duty, but those very young women in whom the understanding and imagination have been equally cultivated, so as to render the feelings acute and impulsive?—and these are novel-readers. Love, it is said, is the only subject all novels are constructed upon; and such reading encourages extravagant thoughts, and gives rise to dangerous feelings. And why dangerous? And why should not such thoughts and feelings be encouraged? Are they bad? Are they not such as are requisite for wife and mother to hold, and best for the destiny of woman—best in every view—best if her lot be a happy one, and far best if her lot be an ill one? For the great mark of such an education is endurance—a power to create a high duty, and energy and patience where both are wanted. Women never sink under any calamity but blighted affection; and we love them not less, we admire them not less, that they do

sink then, for their heroism is in the patience that brings and that awaits death.

AQUILIUS.—I have heard Eusebius say that he has made it a point, wherever he goes, to recommend earnestly to all young mothers to select no nurse for their children but such as have a good stock of nursery tales. He has often purposed to write an essay on the subject of the requisite education for nurses, asserting that there ought to be colleges for training to that one purpose alone; for, as the nurse gives the first education, the first impression, she gives the most important. The child that is not sung to, and whose ear has not been attentive to nursery tales, he would say, would be brought up to turn his father and mother out of doors, and deserve, if he did not come, to be hanged; and if such unfortunate child be a daughter, she would live to be a slut, a slattern, a fool, and a disgrace. He had no doubt, he said, believing that all Shakspeare's creations were realities, that Regan and Goneril were ill nursed, and no readers; and that Cordelia was in infancy well sung to, and being the youngest, was set to read romances to her old and wayward father,—

"Methinks that lady is my child Cordelia!"

How full are these few words of the old father's feeling, and reminiscent of the nursery, of songs, of tales, wherein he had seen the growth of his "child Cordelia!" Eusebius would be eloquent upon this subject: I cannot tell you half of what he thought and vigorously expressed. He used to delight in getting children together and telling them stories, and invariably began with "once upon a time," which, he used to say, had, if any words could have, a magical charm.

CURATE.—Bad, indeed, was the change when story reading and telling ceased to be a part of education: and what was put in its place?—stuff that no child could understand or care about. The good old method once abandoned, there was no end to the absurdities that followed; and they who wrote them knew nothing about children, or what would amuse, and, by interesting, improve them. The false system of cramming them with

knowledge, which it was impossible for them to digest, really stopped their intellectual growth, and checked the natural spring of their feelings. Wisdom-mongering went on upon the "rational plan," till the wise-heads, full-grown infant pumpkins, satiated, empty of anything solid or digestible; and so they grew, and grew from night to morn, and morn to night, stolid boobies, lulled into a melancholy sleep by the monotonous hum of "Hymns in Prose."

AQUILIUS.—"Hymns in Prose!" Is not that one of Mrs Barbauld's books for children, I have often heard mothers say, "that is so very good?"

CURATE.—Oh yes! Here it is in Lydia's library.

AQUILIUS.—Open it—any where.

CURATE.—Well, now, I do not think the information given to the child here is quite correct in its order, for I think the parent of the mother must be the child's grandmother. "The mother loveth her little child; she bringeth it up on her knees; she nourisheth its body with food."

AQUILIUS.—A very unnatural parent if she did not. It is very new information for a child. Well, go on.

CURATE.—"She feedeth its mind with knowledge. If it is sick, she nurseth it with tender love; she watcheth over it when asleep; she forgetteth it not for a moment."

AQUILIUS.—A most exemplary and extraordinary mother—not a moment! Go on.

CURATE.—"She teacheth it how to be good; she rejoiceth daily in its growth." I do not see the connexion between the "teaching to be good" and the growth. "But who is the parent of the mother? Who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her to guard her from harm?"

AQUILIUS.—Stay a moment—whose arms? Why, the husband's to be sure; which the child may have seen, and need not have been told as a lesson.

CURATE.—"And if she is sick, who shall heal her?" Now, you would say, the apothecary, and so would the child naturally answer; but that would not be according to the "ra-

tional plan." The riddle is to have a religious solution—"God is the parent of the mother; he is the parent of all, for he created all."

AQUILIUS.—Shut the book! shut the book! or rather put it in the fire, or one of these days one of your own babes will be so spoon-fed. So these are hymns for children! Why, the children brought up on this "rational plan" have set up themselves for teachers, and in a line, too, sometimes quite beyond Mrs Barbauld's intention. I took up a book of prayers off a goody-table the other day, written by a boy of six years old, with a preface by himself, to the purport that his object was to improve the thoughtless world. At the end were some verses—all such cherub children love to "lisp in numbers." As well as I can remember, they ran thus—they are lines on the occasion of its father's breaking his leg, or having some accidental sickness—

"O Lord! in mercy do look down,
And heal my dear papa;
Or if it please thee not to cure,
Do comfort dear mama!"

CURATE.—Well, I don't think there is a pin to choose between the hymn in prose and the hymn in verse, excepting that the infant versifier is rather more intelligible. I saw the little book a month or two ago at —. I must have called after you; for I suspect some lines in pencil at the end were your work. Did you write these?—

"Defend me from such wretched stuff
As children write and parents puff!
Put the small hypocrites to bed,
And whip the big ones in their stead!"

AQUILIUS.—At least I will write them in Lydia's, to protect the future. The child would have been better employed in reading Jack the Giant-killer. But what think you of Bible stories, adopted for those of somewhat more advanced childhood—a religious novel made out of the history of Joseph, price eighteenpence? I picked it up at the same house, and had permission to put it in my pocket. It is a curious story to choose, as the writer says, "to entertain my young reader without vitiating his mind." I mean not the genuine story, but such as the writer promises it to be; for he says in his preface, "I am not

at all aware of having at all departed from the spirit of the text, nor from the rules of probability. I have, indeed, ventured upon a few conjectures and fictitious possibilities, which some very grave reader may perhaps be offended with." The author professes his object to be, to make the Bible popular; so what the conjectures and fictitious possibilities that may offend very grave people may be, we must guess by the object—to make it fashionable. But the recommendation to the young on the score of love, and the "*letting down*" the Bible to the capacities of the young, must be given in the author's own words: "The sacred volume is fertile of subjects calculated both to please and instruct, when let down, by proper elucidation, within the reach of young capacities. And rather than one class of readers should want entertainment, let me tell them, that the Bible contains many histories of love affairs; perhaps this may tend more to recommend it to attention than all besides which I could say." You will not, however, conclude that I object to religious novels. It is a legitimate mode of enforcing doctrines by lives, and showing the pernicious effects of what is false, and the natural result of the good.

CURATE.—And will not the authority of parables justify the adoption? There may, it is true, be mischievous novels of the kind; but what is there that may not be perverted to a bad use? We had at one time irreligious and basely immoral novels; and there have been too many such recently from the Parisian press—blasphemous, immoral, seditious. The existence of such demands the antidote. You have, of course, read Miss Hamilton's "*Modern Philosophers*?" That work was well timed, and did its work well, so cleverly were the very passages from Godwin and others of that school brought in juxtaposition with their necessary results. It is a melancholy tale.

AQUILIUS.—Yes; but this quiet woman, whom, as I am told, if you had met her in society, you would never have suspected of power and shrewd observation, by her little pen scattered the philosophers right and left, and their works with them. I

read the other day Godwin's "St Leon"—a most tiresome, objectless novel; the repetitions, varying with no little ingenuity of language, of the expression of the feelings of St Leon, are tiresome to a degree. In his *Caleb Williams* the same thing is done; but there it agrees well with the nature of the tale, and well represents the movements of the persecuting Erinnys in the mind of the victim. I read it at a great disadvantage, it must be owned, for I had just laid down that tale of singular interest, the "Kreutzner" of Mrs H. Lee. There is a slight resemblance in some points to Godwin's style, especially to this expression of the feelings of the victim; but they are exactly timed to suspend the narrative just where it ought to stay. Too rapid a succession of events would have been out of keeping with that incessant persecution, which tracks more perfectly, because more surely and slowly. The true bloodhound is not fleet. Cassandra stayed her prophetic speech; but the pause was the scent of blood, and awful was the burst that followed. Know you the *Canterbury Tales*?

CURATE.—Oh yes; and well remember that strangely interesting and most powerful one of "Kreutzner." I have admired how, in every tale, the style is various and characteristic. I see, then, that you have taken to "light reading" of late.

AQUILIUS.—It is not very easy to say what light-reading is. I once heard a very grave person accused of light-reading, because he was detected with the "History of a Foundling" in his hand. He replied, "You may call it light-reading, but to me there is more solid matter in it than in most books. I find it all substance,—full weight in the scale of sense, common or uncommon, and will weigh down a library of heavy works. And yet you may pleasantly enough handle it—it fits so well, and the pressure is so convenient. You may even fancy it light too, for it imparts a vigour as you hold it. And so you can play with it for your health, as did the Greek king, in the Arabian tale; with the mallet and medicinal balls which the physician Douban gave him, with which he was lustily to exercise himself. It was all play, but the days

worked through it. There may be something sanatory even in the "History of the Foundling." There is a light-reading which is the heaviest of all reading: it comes with a deadly weight upon the eyelids, and then drops like lead from your fingers,—but then, indeed, it proves light enough in escaping." Fielding's novel is not of this kind: my grave friend always read it once a-year, and said he as often found new matter in it. Did you ever—indeed I ought not to ask the question—notice Fielding's admirable English? Our best writers have had a short vocabulary, and such was the case with Fielding; but he is the perfect master of it. The manners he portrays are gone by. Some of the characters it would be impossible now to reproduce, and yet we know at a glance that they were drawn from life.

CURATE.—Comparing that novel, and indeed those of that day, with our more modern, may we not say, that this our England is improved?

AQUILIUS.—I hope so: it is at least more refined. But there is a question, Is not the taste above the honesty? Some say, it is a better hypocrite. I do not venture an opinion, but take Dr Primrose's ingenious mode of prophecy, who, in ambiguous cases, always wished it might turn out well six months hence.

CURATE.—Now, indeed, you speak of a novel *sui generis*—that had no prototype. It stands now unapproachable and original as the *Iliad*. Yet I have often wondered by what art Goldsmith invested *such* characters with so great interest. That in every one he put something of himself, it has been well observed; hence the strong vitality, the flesh and blood life of all. I believe the great charm lies in its sirapletonianism—I coin a word; admit it. There is scarcely a character that is not more or less of the simpleton; and the more this sirapletonianism is conspicuous, the more are we delighted. Perhaps the reader, whether justified or not, all along under the conviction that he has himself more common sense than any of the company to whom he is introduced, and with whom he becomes familiar. Simplicity runs through the whole

tale—a fascinating simplicity, distinct from, and yet in happy relation with, this simpletonianism. The vicar is a simpleton in more things than his controversy, and is the worthy parent of Moses of the spectacles. The eccentricity of the baronet, the over-trust and the mis-trust of mankind, at the different periods of his life, are of the simpletonian school; and not the least so that act of injurious folly, the giving up his estate to a nephew, of whom he could have known no good. Mrs Primrose is a simpleton born and bred; and in any other hands but those of charitable Goldsmith must have turned out an odious character, for she has scarcely feeling, and certainly no sense. Simpletonianism reigns, whether at the vicarage or at Farmer Flamborough's. Yet is there not a single character in this exquisitely perfect novel that you would in any one respect wish other than as put before you. There is a great charm in this simpletonianism: the reader is in perfect sympathy with the common feelings of all, yet cognisant of a simpletonianism of which none of the *dramatis personæ* are conscious. He thus sits, as it were, in the conclave of nature's administrators, knows the secret that fixes characters in their lines; and is pleased to see the strings pulled, and the figures move according to their kind; is delighted with their perfect harmony, and looks on with complacency and self-satisfaction, believing himself all the while, though he may in reality be something of a simpleton, a person of very superior sagacity. Follies that do not offend, amuse—they are not neutral: we cheat ourselves into an idea that we are exempt from, and are so much above them, that we can afford to look down and laugh: we say to ourselves we are wiser. May not this in some measure be the cause that all, whether children of small or of bigger growth, of three feet or six, take pleasure in the jokes, verbal and practical, of the clown Mr Merryman, and pardon the wickedness of Punch when he so adroitly throws the rope round the neck of the chief-justice, who trusted himself within reach of the knave's fingers.

AQUILIUS.—Your theory is plausible; be the cause what it may, our

best authors seem to have been aware of the charm of simpletonianism. Never was there a more perfect master of it than Shakspeare. And how various the characters—what differences between Shallow, Slender, Malvolio, and indeed all his troop of simpletons! None but he would have thought of putting Falstaff in the category. But let no man boast of his wisdom; we had laughed with him, but laugh too at him when simpletonianised in the buck basket. The imitable Sterne, did he not know the value of simpletonianism, and make us love it, in the weak and in the wise, in the Shandean philosophy and the no-philosophy of the misapprehending gentle Uncle Toby, and the faithful Trim, taking to himself a portion of both masters' simpletonianism? Did not Le Sage know the value of this art?—Gil Blas retaining to the last somewhat of the simpleton, and, as if himself unconscious, so naively relating his failure with the Archbishop of Grenada. And have we not perfect examples in the delicious pages of Cervantes?—the grave, the wise, the high-minded simpletonianism of Don Quixotte; and that contrastingly low and mother-wit kind in the credulous Sancho Panza—ignorance made mad by contact with madness engendered of reading? The very Rosinante that carried madness partakes of the sweet and insane simpletonianism, and Sancho and his ass are fellows well met, well matched.

CURATE.—As he is the cleverest actor that plays the fool, so is he the wisest and ablest writer that portrays simpletonianism. I suppose it is an ingredient in human nature, and that we are none of us really exempt, but that it is kept out of sight, for the most part, and covered by the cloak of artificial manners; and so, when it does break out, the touch of human nature is irresistible; we in fact acknowledge the kinship. But the nicest painting is required; the least exaggeration turns all to caricature. Even Fielding's hand, though under the direction of consummate genius, was occasionally too unrestrained. His Parson Adams might have been a trifle more happily delineated; we see its error in the after-type, Pangloss. What a field

was there for extravagance in *Don Quixotte*! but Cervantes had a forbearing as well as free hand. How could people mistake the aim of Cervantes, and pronounce him to be the Satirist of Romance? He was himself the most exquisite romancer. His episodes are romantic in the extreme, whether of the pastoral or more real life. Though it was not right in Avelanda to take up his tale, it must be regretted that Cervantes changed the plan of his story. What would the tournament have been? Some critics have thought all the after-part inferior: without admitting so much, he certainly wrote it in pique, and possibly might not have concluded the tale at all, if it had not been thus forced upon him.

AQUILUS.—We must not omit to mention our own Addison. There is an air of simpletonianism running through all his papers, as one unconscious of his own wit, so perfect was he in his art; and as to character, the simpletonianism of Sir Roger de Coverley must ever immortalise the author—for the good eccentric Sir Roger is one of the world's characters, that can never be put by and forgotten. What nice touches constitute it!

CURATE.—Yes, great nicety; and how often the little too far injures! I confess I was never so charmed with some of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels, from this carrying too far. Even simpletonianism must not intrude, as did sometimes Monkbarrow and the Dominic: the "prodigious" and absence of mind were beyond nature. Character should never become the author's puppets: mere eccentricity and catch phraseology do not make simpletonianism. Smollet, too, fell into the caricature. He sometimes told too much, and let his figures play antics. The fool would thereby spoil his part. There must be some repose every where, into which, as into an obscure, the mind of the reader or spectator may look, and make conjecture—some quiet, in which imagination may work. The reader is never satisfied, unless he too in a certain sense is a creator; the art is, to make all his conjectures, though seemingly his own, the actual result of the writing before him. "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds." How much

does the mind accumulate at once, to fill up the history of those few words! There is no need of more—all is told; while the spectator thinks he is making out the history himself.

AQUILUS.—It is a great fault in a very popular novel writer of the day, that he will not give his readers credit for any imagination at all; every character is in extreme. To one ignorant of the world, but through books, it would appear that there is not a common middle character in life: we are to be acquainted with the minutest particulars, or rather peculiarities, of dress and manners. It is as if a painter should colour each individual in his grouping, in the most searching light. The inanimate nature must be made equally conspicuous, and every thing exaggerated. And it is often as forced in the expression as it is exaggerated in character. He has great powers, great genius, overflowing with matter, yet as a writer he wants agreeability: his satire is bitter, unnecessarily accumulated, and his choice of odious characters offers too frequently a disgusting picture of life.

CURATE.—The worst is, that, with a genius for investing his characters with interest, by the events with which he links them together, in which he has so much art, that he compels persons of most adverse tastes to read him,—he is not a good-natured writer, and he evidently, it might be almost said professedly, writes with a purpose—and that I think a very mischievous one, and one in which he is to a certain extent joined by some other writers of the day—to decry, and bring into contempt as unfeeling, the higher classes. This is a very vulgar as well as evil taste, and is quite unworthy the genius of Mr Dickens. And, what is a great error in a novelist, he gives a very false view of life as it is. There is too much of the police-office reporter in all his works. *Pombey and Son* is, however, his greatest failure, as a whole. You give him credit for a deep plot and mystery; ere you have read the first chapter, it turns out—nothing but a series of passages of wonderful power; but the spring that should have attached them has snapped, and they are, and ever

will be, admired, only as scenes. The termination is miserable—a poor conclusion, indeed, of such a beginning; every thing is promised, nothing given, in conclusion. Some things are quite out of possibility. The whole conduct of the wife is out of nature. Such a character should have a deep cause for her conduct: she has none but the having married a disagreeable man, out of pique, from whom she runs away with one still more odious to herself and every one, and assumes, not a virtue which she has not, but a vice which she scorns, and glories in the stigma, because it wounds her husband. Such a high and daring mind, and from the commencement so scorning contamination, could not so degrade itself without having a stronger purpose than the given one. The entire change of character in *Dombey* is out of all nature—it is impossible; nor does the extraordinary affliction of the daughter spring from any known principle of humanity. The very goodness of some of the accessory characters becomes wearisome, as the vice of others is disgusting.

AQUILUS.—After all, he is an uncomfortable writer: he puts you out of humour with the world, perhaps with yourself, and certainly with him as a writer. Yet let us acknowledge that he has done much good. He should be immortalised, if only for the putting down the school tyrannies, exposing and crushing school pretensions, and doubtless saving many a fair intellect from withering blight and perversion. He takes in hand fools, dolts, and knaves; but Dickens wants simpletonianism. He gave some promise that way in his *Pickwick Papers*, but it was not fulfilled. Turn we now to Mrs Trollope. What say you to her *Vicar of Wrexhill*? let it have a text, and what is it? I will not suggest a text—that is your province. I dare to say you would easily find one.

CURATE.—Why, I think Mrs Trollope was very unfairly dealt with. The narrative in that novel was a fair deduction from the creed of a sect; and if it does not always produce similar consequences, it is because men will be often better than their creeds. But that fact does not make her com-

ment unfit for the text, that it told; I should judge from the abuse that has been heaped upon it—no, not upon it, but upon the authoress. Why was it not open to her to make this answer to other works of fiction, as she thought, inculcating evil? What Miss Hamilton did with the philosophers, she did with the Antinomians.

AQUILUS.—It has been the fashion to call her a coarse writer—a vulgar writer. I see nothing of it in her best works. She takes vulgar and coarse people to expose them as warnings, and, if possible, to amend them. We cannot spare Mrs Trollope from our literature. I have been told by an eye-witness that her American “camp scene” is very far short of the truth, and that she could not give the details. He must surely be a bit of a bigot, who would hastily pronounce that even Greave’s *Spiritual Quixotte* is an irreligious work. There are too many people interested in decrying the novel of so powerful a writer as Mrs Trollope, to suffer her to be without reproach both for style and object. I should rather object to her that she writes too much—for she is capable, were she to bestow due time upon it, to write something better than has yet dropped from her pen; let her give up her fashionable novels. When I say better, yet would I except the *Vicar of Wrexhill*: for, however unpopular with some, it places her, as a writer, very high.

CURATE.—They who oppose themselves to any set of opinions must make up their minds, during the present generation at least, to receive but half their meed of praise. Was this ever proved more remarkably than in the publication of that singular novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*? It is a political satire, certainly; but not only that—it has a far wider scope; but it was sufficiently so to set all the Whigs against it. And sore enough they were. But has there been any such novel since the days of Fielding? And it exhibits a pathos, and tone of high principle and personal dignity, that were out of the reach even of Fielding. This novel, and its precursor, the *Diary of a Physician* will—must—ever live in the standard literature of the country.

AQUILUS.—And why not add *Now*

and Then? One thing I cannot but greatly admire in Mr Warren—he is ever alive to the dignity of his profession. Hating law as I do, in all its courses, ways, contacts, and consequences, and officials, from the Lord Chief-Justice to the petty constable; and having a kind of envious dislike to the arrogation to themselves, by lawyers, of the greater part of the great profits and emoluments of the country; and seeing, besides, that most men of any station and property pay, in their course of life, as much to lawyers as in taxes, the one cried-up grievance; yet I confess that Mr Warren has put the noble portraiture of the profession, in all its dignity and usefulness, and in its high moral and intellectual acquirements and actions, so vigorously before me, that I repent, and even venerate the profession—against my will, nevertheless.

CURATE.—How touching are the early struggles with his poverty, in the person of the young physician himself! with what fine taste and feeling of the gentleman and the scholar are they written! Perhaps no novel can show a more perfectly complete-in-itself character than his Gammon, in whom is the strange interweaving of the man of taste and sense—even, in some sense, better feeling—with the ryle and low habits of knavery.

AQUILUS.—The author differs from most novelists in this, that he does not make love, by which must be understood love-making or love-pursuing, the subject, but incidental to his subject. He sets up affection, rather, in the niche for his idolatry. Tenderness, and duty linked with it, and made sublime by it, is with him far more than the "passion," of love. It is life with love, rather than in the chase of it, that we see detailed in trial and in power.

CURATE.—It is so; and yet you do not, I presume, mean to blame other authors if they have made "the passion" their subject. We are only bound to the author's choice, be it what it may—love, ambition, or any other—we must have every feature of life, every notice of action, pictured.

AQUILUS.—Surely: but there is a masculine virtue, seeing that the one field has been so decidedly occupied, in making it less prominent; and where

it is thus abstinently administered, there is often a great charm in the conciseness and unexpectedness. Let me exemplify Mr Southey's *Doctor*. There may be, strictly speaking, or rather speaking after the fashion of novels, but little love-making; there are, nevertheless, two little scenes, that are the most touchingly effective I ever remember to have read. The one is a scene between cousins—dependent and in poverty, I think, at Salisbury; the other, the unexpected and brief courtship of Doctor Dove himself. It is many years since I read *The Doctor*, yet these two scenes have often been conjured up, and vividly pictured to my imagination. I doubt if Southey could have told a love-tale in any other way, and few in any way would have told one so well.

CURATE.—Those who dwell too unsparingly on such scenes, and spin out their sentimental tales, and bring the loving pair incessantly before the eye, do for the most part the very thing which the nature of the passion forbids. Its whole virtue, is in the secrecy. And though the writer often supposes a secrecy, by professing himself only the narrator and not the witness, yet the reader is not quite satisfied, seeing that he too is called in to look over the wall or behind the hedge; and the virtue he is willing to give the lovers is at some expense of his own, for he has a shrewd suspicion that both he and the writer are little better than spies.

AQUILUS.—Surely you will admit something conventional, as you would the soliloquy on the stage—words must pass for thoughts. I find a greater fault with those kind of novels; they work, as it were, too much to a point, beyond which, and out of which aim, there is no interest. These I call melodramatic novels, in which the object seems to harrow up or continually excite the feelings, to rein the hasty course of curiosity, working chiefly for the denouement, after which there is nothing left but a blank. Curiosity, satisfied, cannot go back: the threads have all been taken up that lead out of the labyrinth—they will not conduct you back again. Novels of this kind have greater power, at first, than any other; but, the effect for which they labour fully produced,

the effervescence is over; and though we remember them for the delight they have given, we do not return to them. Novels of less overstrained incident, full of a certain *naïveté* in the description of men and manners, from which the reader may make inferences and references out of his own knowledge, though they will not be read by so many, will be read oftener by the same persons. Perhaps there is more genius in the greater part of these novels, but the writers sacrifice to effect—to immediate effect—too much. Cooper's novels are somewhat of this kind; and may I venture to say that the *Waverley* novels, as they are called, assume a little more than one could wish of this character. Authors, in this respect, are like painters of effect—they strike much at first, but become even tiresome by the permanency of what is, in nature, evanescent. It is too forced for the quietness under which things are both seen and read twice. Generally, in such tales, when the parties have got well out of their troubles, we are content to leave them at the church door, and not to think of them afterwards.

CURATE.—Novelists, too, seem to think that, by their very title, they are compelled to seek novelties. I have to complain of a very bad novelty. The “lived together happy for ever after” is not only to be omitted, but these last pages of happiness are sadly slurred over; as if the author was mostly gifted with the malicious propensity for accumulating trouble upon his favourites, and with reluctance registered their escape into happiness. They do out of choice what biographers do out of necessity, the disagreeable necessity of biography, and for which—I confess the weakness—I dislike it. I do not like to come to the “*vanitas vanitatum*”—to see the last page contradict and make naught of the vitality, the energy, the pursuit, the attainment of years. It is all true enough—as it is—that old men have rheum, but, as Hamlet says, it is villainous to set it down. You have, of course, read that powerful novel *Mount Sorel*. You remember the last page—the one before had been “*voti compos*”—all were happy; and there it should have ended. Not a bit of it. Then follows

the monumental scene. You are desired to look forward, to see them, or rather to be told of their lying in their shrouds, with their feet, that recently so busily walked the flowery path of the accomplishment of their hopes, upturned and fixed in the solemn posture of death.

AQUILIUS.—Yes, I remember it well, and being rather nervous, declined reading *Emilia Wyndham*, by the same author, because I heard it was melancholy, and feared a similar conclusion. I agree with you with respect to biography: and remember, when a boy, the sickening sensation when I read at school the end of Socrates. I wish biographers would know where to stop, and save us the sad catastrophe. It is strange, that you must not read the life of a buffoon but you must see his tricks come to an end, and his whole broad farce of life suddenly drop down dead in tragedy. Whatever may be said of the biographer in his defence, I hold the novelist inexcusable.

CURATE.—I should even prefer the drop-scene of novel happiness to come quietly down before the accoucheur and the registrar of births make their appearance. Why should we be told of a nursery of brats—a whole quiverful, as Lamb says, “shot out” upon you? It is better to take these things for granted. Doubtless it is as true, that the happy couple will occasionally suffer—she from nerves, and he under dyspepsia; but we do not see such matters, nor ought they to be brought forward, although I doubt not the authors might obtain a very handsome fee from an advertising doctor for only publishing the prescriptions. If they go on, however, in this absurd way, it is to be feared they will go one step further with the biographers, and publish the will, with certificate of probate and legacy-tax duly paid.

AQUILIUS.—We are not, however, as bad as the French. If our novels do sometimes require an epitaph at the end, they do not make death at once a lewd, sentimental, frightful, and suicidal act—and that not as a warning, but as a French sublime act.

CURATE.—You have read, then, the *Juif Errant*. I am not very well acquainted with French novels, but have read some very pretty stories in

the voluminous Balzac, most of which were not of a bad tendency. Did you ever read the Greek novels. *Theagenes and Chariclea*, and the *Loves of Ismenias and Ismene*? Being curious to see how the Thessalonian archbishop, who lived in the times of Manuelis and Alexis Comnenus, about the year 760, would speak the sentiments of his age on the passion of love, I lately took up his novel, the "*Loves of Ismenias and Ismene*."

AQUILIUS.—I know it not; perhaps you will give me an outline, and select passages. I have great respect for the old Homeric commentator.

CURATE.—I remember a few tender passages, and graceful descriptions of gardens and fountains, and that he is not unmindful of his Homer, for he refers to the gardens of Alcinous as his model. I confess I am a little ashamed of the archbishop; but read with more than shame that Greek novel of Longus, written it is doubted whether in the second or fourth century, and to which, it is said, Eustathius was indebted for his novel. Longus's *Daphnis and Chloe* is a pastoral,—it would burn well. There are pleasing descriptions in both of garden scenery. Speaking of gardens and fountains reminds me of the richness of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, which I am surprised did not before come into my discussion. How strange is it that, though manners and scenes are so far from our usages and any known locality, we admit them at once within the recognised boundary of imaginative nature! They are indeed fascinating; yet have I not unfrequently met with persons who professed that they could not endure them.

AQUILIUS.—Were they young persons?—if so, they must be very scantily gifted with a conciliating imagination, though they may very possibly be the most reasonable of human beings. The charm that renders the *Arabian Nights* acceptable in all countries appears to me to arise from this—that vivid are the touches which speak of our common nature, and what is extraneous is less defined. Indeed, not unfrequently is great use made of the obscure—such obscure as Rembrandt, the master of mystery, profusely spread around the gorgeous

riches of his pencil. There is here and there, too, a sprinkling of simpletonism in a foreign shape, showing that all nations have something akin.

CURATE.—Besides, they have the charm of magic, and a magic which blends very skilfully and harmoniously with the realities of every-day life. They were evidently composed in a country where magic was a creed. Could such tales have been ever the product of this country, so different from any of our "fairy tales?" though perhaps none of ours, those that delighted us in our childhood, are of English origin. Magic of some kind or other must have been adopted in tale at a very early period. Ulysses' safety girdle, which he was directed mysteriously to throw behind him, and I believe not to look back, comes undoubtedly from some far land of fairy, from whence the genius of Homer took it with a willing hand.

AQUILIUS.—Grecian fable is steeped in the charmed fountain. The power of the Medusa's head, and the black marble prince's metamorphoses, are nearly allied. And a Circe may be discovered in many places of Arabic enchantment.

CURATE.—Time converts everything into beauty. You smile, thinking doubtless that age has something to do with ugliness. Perhaps so, though it follows not but that there may be, personally speaking, to every age its own beauty, visible to eyes not human, whilst we are under earthly beauty's fascination, at any rate with regard to fact and to fable. Time unites them, as it covers the riven rock with lichen; so the shattered and ugliest idols of remotest ages doth Time hand over to Fable, to remodel and invest with garments of beauty or deformity, to suit every desire of the imagination. Strange as it may seem, it is true that there is in most of us, weary and unsatisfied with this matter-of-fact world, a propensity to throw ourselves into dream, and let fancy build up for us a world of its own, and, for a season, fit us with an existence for it—taking with us the beautiful of this, and charming what is plain under the converting influence of fiction. Who understood this as Shakspeare did? His *Tempest*, *Midsummer's Night Dream*, his *Merchant of Venice*, are

built up out of the materials supplied by this natural propensity.

AQUILIUS.—How beautiful are impossibilities when genius sets them forth as truth! Who does not yield implicit belief to every creation of Shakspeare? I prefer the utter impossibilities to improbabilities converted into real substantial fact. Let us have *Mysteries of Udolpho* uncleared up; it is dissatisfying at the end to find you have been cheated. One would not have light let in to a mysterious obscure, and exhibit perhaps but a bare wall ten feet off. I had rather have the downright honest ghost than one, on discovery, that shall be nothing but an old stick and a few rags. The reader is put in the condition of the frogs in the fable, when they found themselves deluded into wonder and worship of an old log. I would not even clear up the darkness of ignorance respecting the Pyramids, and will believe that the hieroglyphics are the language of fables, that are better, like the mummies, under a shroud. Wherever you find a bit of the mysterious, you are sure to be under a charm. In *Corinne* of Madame de Stael, not the most romantic of authors, the destiny cloud across the moon you would not have resolved into smoke ascending from a house-top. Let the burial-place of *Edipus* be ever hid. Imagination converts ignorance into a pleasure. There is a belief beyond, and better than that of eyes and ears.

CURATE.—Not at present; at this moment I will trust both. I hear the carriage, and here is Lydia returned from —. I hope she has picked up the parcel of books which I gathered for our reading.

Now here, Eusebius, our dialogue broke off, and we greeted the Curate's wife. The box, it seems, had not reached the little town; so, with a woman's nice tact, Lydia, the Curate's Lydia, had brought us two Novels to begin with. I therefore put my letter to you by, until we had read them, and I was enabled to say something about them. You perceive, Eusebius, that I have made some mention in the dialogue of you, and your opinions upon nursery *fabulous* education. Lydia says—for to her we mentioned your whim—that you must come and

it with her; and she will, to provoke you, bring you into company with some very good people, and very much devoted to education. She tells me she has a neighbour who burnt Gay's fables, which a godfather had given to one of her children; because, said she, it taught children lying, for her children looked incredulous as one day she told them that beasts cannot speak. The Curate's wife promises herself some amusement, you perceive, when you come; you must therefore be as provoking as possible. But now, Eusebius, we have read the novels brought to us. The first, *Jane Eyre*, has been out some time: not so the other, *Madame de Malquet*, which has only now made its first appearance. I do not think it fair, though it is a common practice with critics, to give out a summary of the tales they review—for this is sure to spoil the reading. I will resume, then, the dialogue, omitting such parts as may be too searching into the story.

LYDIA.—Well, I am glad we read *Jane Eyre* first, for I should have been sorry to have ended with tears, which she has drawn so plentifully; and not from my eyes alone, though both you men, as ashamed of your better natures, have endeavoured to conceal them in vain.

AQUILIUS.—It is a very pathetic tale—very singular; and so like truth that it is difficult to avoid believing that much of the characters and incidents are taken from life, though woman is called the weaker sex. Here, in one example, is represented the strongest passion and the strongest principle, admirably supported.

CURATE.—It is an episode in this work-a-day world, most interesting, and touched at once with a daring, yet delicate hand. In spite of all novel rules, the love heroine of the tale has no personal beauty to recommend her to the deepest affection of a man of sense, of station, and who had seen much of the world, not uncontaminated by it. It seems to have been the purpose of the author to show that high and noble sentiments, and great affection, can be both made subservient, and even heightened, by the energy of practical wisdom. If the author has purposely formed a heroine without the heroine's usual accomplishments,

with a knowledge of the world, and even with a purpose to heighten that woman in our admiration, he has made no small inroad into the virtues that are usually attributed to every lover, in the construction of a novel. He, the hero, has great faults—why should we mince the word?—vice. And yet so singular is the fatality of love, that it would be impossible to find two characters so necessary to exhibit true virtues, and make the happiness of each. The execution of the painting is as perfect as the conception.

LYDIA.—I think every part of the novel perfect, though I have no doubt many will object, in some instances, both to the attachment and the conduct of Jane Eyre.

AQUILIUS.—It is not a book for Prudes—it is not a book for effeminate and tasteless men; it is for the enjoyment of a feeling heart and vigorous understanding.

LYDIA.—I never can forget her passage across the heath, and her desolate night's lodging there.

CURATE.—But you will remember it without pain, for it was at once the suffering and the triumph of woman's virtue.

AQUILIUS.—To my mind, one of the most beautiful passages is the return of Jane Eyre, when she sees in the twilight her "master" and her lover solitary, and feeling his way with his hands, baring his sightless sorrow to the chill and drizzly night.

CURATE.—But what think you of *Madame de Malquet*? In a different way, that is as unlike any other novel as *Jane Eyre*. This, too, is written to exhibit the character of woman under no ordinary circumstances.

AQUILIUS.—She reminds me of the Chevalier d'Eon, whose portrait I remember to have seen years ago in the *Wonderful Magazine*—half man, half woman. *Madame de Malquet* is perhaps an amalgamation of the Chevalier and Lady Hester Stanhope. These, after all, are not the beings to be exempt from the tender passion, but it is under the strongest vagaries. Love without courtship is the very romance of the passion; and such is there in the tale of *Madame de Malquet*. The scene is laid in a little town, and its immediate neighbourhood, in France; and

though a "Tale of 1820," carries back its interest, and much of the detail of the story, to the horrors of the first French Revolution. There is consequently a wide field for diversity of character, and for conflict of opinions, and their effects; as shown upon every grade of social life; and it is very striking that the deepest rooted prejudices, ere the conclusion, change sides, and are fitted upon characters to whom, at the commencement, they seemed but little to belong. The in-born aristocratic feelings, alike with the republican habits, meet their check; and I suppose it was the intention of the author to show the weakness of both.

CURATE.—I am not certain of that, for I think the innate is preserved even through the disguise of contrary habits. I know not which is the hero—the Buonapartean soldier or the English naval captain. There are some discussions on subjects of life interspersed, which show the author to be a man of a deeply reflecting mind, and endued with no little power of expressing what he thinks and what he feels.

AQUILIUS.—When I found fault with this wet blanket of happiness, the monumental termination of *Mount Sorel*, I did not so soon expect to meet with a repetition of this fault. I must pick a quarrel with the writer for unnecessarily putting his characters *hors-de-combat*. I think authors now-a-days need not be afraid of the fate of Cervantes—of having them taken off their hands, and made to play their parts upon any other stages than their own.

LYDIA.—You seem, both of you, to forget the real moral of the story—that a person endowed with a little more than common sense, general kindness, amiability, and energy of character, may be more useful in the world than the most accomplished hero.

CURATE.—You would have found him too a hero, if his actions had been within the sphere of heroism. I hope to meet with Mr Torrens again. He has very great powers, and his conceptions are original.

And now, Eusebius, having written you this account of our dialogue, and breathed country air, and witnessed happiness, I am, yours ever, and

"Prostipue salus, nisi cum pituita molesta est."

AQUILIUS.

CONTINENTAL REVOLUTIONS—IRISH REBELLION—ENGLISH DISTRESS.

SEVEN months have barely elapsed since the throne of Louis Philippe was overturned, by a sudden and well-concerted urban tumult; and six have not expired since the fervour of revolution invaded the Germanic empire, and Italy, torn by the innovating passions, commenced a strife with the Austrian power. How marvellous have been the changes, how vehement the action, how powerful the reaction, since those events commenced! Involved in the whirlwind of anarchy, the greater as well as the lesser states of Germany seemed to be on the verge of destruction. Austria, tormented by diversity of lineage, race, and interest, seemed to be irrevocably broken up; and amidst the rebellion in Lombardy, the severance of Venice, the insurrection in Bohemia, and the fierce demand of the Hungarians for independence, it seemed scarcely possible to hope that the house of Hapsburg could maintain its existence, or the important element of Austria in the balance of European power be preserved. Torn by contending passions, a prey to the ambition of the republicans, the dreams of the socialists, and the indignation of the loyalists, France resembled a fiery volcano in the moment of irruption, of which the throes were watched by surrounding nations with trembling anxiety for their own existence. Italy, with Sicily severed from the throne of Naples; Rome in scarcely disguised insurrection against the Papal authority; Lombardy, Tuscany, and Venice in open revolt; and Piedmont, under revolutionary guidance, commencing the usual system of external democratic aggression, scarcely presented a spot on which the eye of hope could rest. Prussia, the first to be reached by the destructive flame, seemed so strongly excited, that it was hard to say whether its national unity or monarchic institutions would first fall to pieces. England, assailed by Chartism in the one island, and the approaching insurrection of the Irish in the other; oppressed with a debt

to which its finances, under present management, seemed unequal—having borrowed £8,000,000 in a single year of general peace—seemed shaken to its foundation. The distress so generally diffused by the combined effect of free trade and a fettered currency, appeared at once to have dried up its material resources and overturned the wonted stability of the national mind: every thing seemed to be returning to chaos; and even the most sanguine advocates of human perfectibility, the most devout believers in democratic regeneration, looked on with trembling anxiety, and could hardly anticipate any other result from the disturbed passions of society, but a general and sanguinary war, terminating in the irresistible ascendancy of one victorious power, or possibly a fresh inundation, over the exhausted field of European strife, of northern barbarians.

But truth is great, and will prevail. There are limits imposed by the wisdom of nature to the madness of the people, not less than the strife of the elements. Extraordinary convulsions seldom fail to restore government, after a time, to a bearable form: the letting loose of the passions of nations ere long rouses the feelings and alarms the interests, which produce reaction, and restore the subverted equilibrium of society. Men will not be permanently ruled by brutal force. Triumph reveals the latent tyranny of the multitude; power brings to light the selfishness and rapacity of their leaders. How strikingly have those truths—so often enunciated, so little attended to—been demonstrated by the events of the last summer! Six months only have elapsed, and what years, what centuries of experience have been passed during that brief period! How many delusions has it seen dispelled, and fallacies exposed; how many pretensions levelled, and expectations blasted; how many reputations withered, and iniquities detected! How much has the peril of inflammatory language been demonstrated, and the

hollowness of revolutionary regeneration established! how quickly have words been blown into the air by deeds, and the men of eloquence supplanted by those of the sword! "Words," says Lamartine,* "set nations on fire; bayonets alone restore them to reason." Who has furnished such a commentary on these words as Lamartine himself?

Is it the doctrines of the French Revolution which were deemed seductive, its principles insinuating, its example dangerous? The Red Republicans, the insurrection of June, the slaughter of a greater number of men in a single revolt than has taken place in many a decisive battle, the withering agony of Parisian destitution, the ten thousand captives in its dungeons; the nightly transportation, for weeks together, of hundreds of deluded fanatics; the state of siege,—the prostration of freedom, a military dictatorship, rise up in grim and hideous array to dispel the illusion. Is it the *Io Pæans* of Italian regeneration which have caused the heart of the patriot to throb all over the world, and led the enthusiastic to anticipate a second era of Italian independence in the old age of its civilisation? The defeats on the Adige, the fall of Milan, the dispersion of the Lombard and Tuscan levies, tell us how miserable was the delusion on which such expectations rested, and how vain is the hope that a selfish and worn-out nation, destitute alike of civil firmness or military courage, can successfully establish its independence. Is it from Rome that this regeneration of society is expected to arise, and the reforming pope who is to be the Peter the Hermit of the new crusade in favour of the liberties of mankind? Behold him now trembling in his palace, bereft of authority, deprived of consideration; hated, despised, discredited; waiting to see which of the Transmontane powers is to send a regiment of horse to receive the keys of the Eternal City, and give a lasting ruler to the former mistress of the world.

Is it Prussia that is to take the lead in the regeneration of the world, and

from the north that a new Arminius is to issue, to assert the liberties of the great Teutonic family of mankind? Turn to Berlin, and see to what a pitiable degree of weakness revolutionary triumphs have reduced the monarchy of the Great Frederick. Behold its monarch and its army defeated by a band of students and shop-boys; its arsenal pillaged by an insurgent mob; and the power which withstood the banded strength of Europe, a century ago, and fronted Napoleon in the plenitude of his power, waging a doubtful and aggressive war with Denmark, a fifth-rate power, and paralysed by processions of apprentices, and the menaces of trades-unions, in the capital. Is it Ireland that is regarded as the sheet-anchor of the cause of revolution, and from the Emerald Isle that the bands of heroes are to issue who are to crush the tyranny of England, restore the freedom of the seas, and avenge the long quarrel of the Celt with the Saxon? It is in Boulagh Common that we must look for the exploits of the new Spartan heroes, and among the widow's cabbages we must search for the grave of a modern Leonidas! Is it in the energy, courage, and perseverance of the army of Tipperary, that we must find the realisation of the long-cherished hopes of Irish independence, and the demonstration of the solid foundation on which the much vaunted prospects of Hibernian success against British oppression is to be founded! It must augment the admiration which all the world must feel at the *gallant* conduct of the Irish, in this memorable struggle, to reflect that they owed their *success* to themselves alone; that none of their arms had been purchased, nor preparations made, with the wealth of the stranger; that they had spurned the charity of England as proudly as they had repelled its arms; and that, whatever could be cast up against them, this, at least, could not be said, that they had evinced ingratitude for recent benefits, or eat the bread of their benefactor while they were preparing to pierce him to the heart!

Memorable, indeed, has been the

* Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, i. 83.

year which has given these examples, and taught these lessons, to mankind. History will be sought in vain for a period in which, during so short a time, so many important political truths were unfolded, so many moral precepts taught, by suffering; or in which, after being for a season obscured by clouds, the polar star of religion and duty has shone forth with so bright a lustre. It is a proud thing for England to reflect on the exalted post she has occupied during this marvellous and trying time. While other nations, possessed of far greater military forces, were reeling under the shock, or prostrated by the treachery and treason of their defenders, she alone has repelled the danger by the constable's baton. She has neither augmented her army, nor increased her navy; she has not added a gun to her ships, nor a bayonet to her battalions. She has neither yielded to the violence of the Revolutionists, nor been guilty of deeds of cruelty to repress them. If her government is to blame for their conduct during the crisis, it is for having been too lenient—for having dallied too long with agitation, and winked at sedition till it grew into treason. A fault it undoubtedly has been, for it has brought matters to a crisis, and caused the ultimate outbreak to be repressed with far greater and more unavoidable severity than would have been required if the first merciful coercion had taken place. Had the Habeas Corpus Act been suspended in November, and the farce of Irish patriotism been hindered from turning into a burlesque tragedy, for one person whom it would have been necessary to imprison or transport, fifty must now undergo that punishment. Yet is this leniency or temporisation, misplaced as it was, and calamitous as it has turned out, a proud passage in England's story. It is some consolation to reflect that she conquered the revolutionary spirit, by which so many of the military monarchies of Europe had been prostrated, by moral strength alone; that scarce a shot was fired in anger by her troops, and not a drop of blood was shed on the scaffold; and that undue forbearance and lenity is the only fault which, during the crisis, can be imputed to the government

which braved the storm under which the world was reeling.

Nor is the moral lesson less striking, or less important, which France, during the same period, has read to mankind. She has not, on this occasion, been assailed by the Continental powers. No Pitt or Cobourg has stood forth to mar, by ensanguined hostility, the bright aurora of her third Revolution. No Louis Philippe has stepped in, to change its character or intercept its consequences, and reap for royalty the fruits of insurrection. No bands of Cossacks, or plumed Highlanders have again approached the capital of civilisation, to wrest from Freedom the rights she has acquired, or tear from her brows the glory she has won. Whatever she has gained, or suffered, or lost, has been owing to herself, and herself alone. Europe has looked on in anxious, it may be affrighted, neutrality. Though undermined every where by the spirit of propagandism, though openly assailed in some quarters by scarcely disguised attacks, the adjoining powers have abstained from any act of hostility. Albeit attacked by a revolutionary expedition, fitted out and armed by the French government at Paris, Belgium has attempted no act of retaliation. Victorious Austria, though grievously provoked, has accepted the mediation of France and England: when Turin was at his mercy, the triumphant Radetsky sheathed his victorious sword at Milan, and sought not to revenge on Piedmont the unprovoked aggression which its revolutionary government had committed on the Imperial dominions in Italy. Russia has armed, but not moved; the Czar has left to the patriotism and valour of Denmark the burden of a contest with the might of revolutionised Germany. Revolution has every where had fair play; a clear stage and no favour has been accorded to it by all the surviving monarchies in Europe. The enthusiasm of Lamartine, the intrigues of Caussidière, the dreams of Louis Blanc, the ambition of Ledru Rollin, have been allowed their full development. Nothing has intercepted the realisation of their projects. If France has suffered beyond all precedent from her convulsion; if her finances are in a state of hopeless

embarrassment; if forty-five per cent has been added to her direct taxes, and the addition cannot be levied from the public distress; if three hundred thousand men have been added to her regular army; if poverty and destitution stalk through her streets; if her jails teem with ten thousand captives, and thousands of families mourn a father or a brother slain on the barricades, or transported for civil war,—the cause is to be found in the Revolution, and the Revolution alone.

The terrible and tragic result of the strife in the streets of Paris in June, has done scarcely a less service to mankind, by opening the eyes of the world to the real nature of crimes which recent events had rendered popular, and restoring their old and just appellation to acts of the deepest atrocity, which the general delusion had caused to pass for virtues. Since the successful result of the Revolt of the Barricades in 1830, the ideas of men have been so entirely subverted, that no government was practicable in France but that of corruption or the sword; and treason and sedition appeared to have been blotted out of the list of crimes in the statute-book of England. So licentious had the age become, and so much was government paralysed by terror at the unprecedented turn which the public mind had taken, that, in Ireland especially, it can scarcely be said, for the last ten years, that, in regard to state offences, there has been any government at all. The Repeal agitation—the wholesale liberation of prisoners by Lord Normanby—the unchecked monster meetings,—the quashing of O'Connell's conviction by the casting vote of one Whig peer, in opposition to the opinion of the twelve judges of England—the unparalleled and long-continued violence of the treasonable press in Dublin—the open drilling and arming of the people in the south and west of Ireland—the undisguised announcement of an approaching insurrection, of which the time was openly fixed for the completion of harvest—were so many indications that Government had become paralysed, and ceased to discharge its functions, in the neighbouring island.

If matters were not as yet so men-

acing in England, it was not that the executive was more powerful or efficient in this country, but that the English mind was slower to take fire than on the other side of the Channel, and that more weighty interests required to be subverted among the Saxons than the Celts, before the institutions of society were overturned, and anarchy, plunder, and spoliation, became the order of the day. Yet even here there were many indications of Government having become paralysed, and lamentable proof that the public tranquillity was preserved, more by the moderation of its assailants than the strength of its defenders. The violence and general impunity of the trades-unions, in both England and Scotland; the open and undisguised preparations of the Chartists in both countries; the toleration in the metropolis, on two different occasions, of a Chartist Convention, which aspired at usurping the government of the country; the uniform and atrocious violence of the revolutionary press; the entire impunity with which, on every occasion, the most dangerous sedition was spouted on the platform, or retailed in the columns of the journals; the open preparation, at last, of treasonable measures; and the organisation of the disaffected in clubs, where arms were distributed, and projects of rebellion, massacre, and conflagration hatched—were so many indications, and that, too, of the most alarming kind, that matters were approaching a crisis in these islands; and that the paralysis and imbecility of a Government which had ceased to discharge its functions, might prove, as it did in France in the feeble hands of Louis XVI., the precursor of a dreadful and disastrous convulsion.

Thanks to the French revolution and Irish rebellion, this state of matters has met, for the time at least, with a decisive check. The eyes of men have been opened; things are called by their right name. We again hear of treason and sedition—words, of late years, so much gone into disuse that the rising generation scarcely knew what they meant. In France the heroes of the barricades have ceased to be lauded as the greatest of men. Insurrection is no longer preached as the first of social duties. That which

was the chief of civic virtues on the 24th February has become the greatest of civic crimes on the 24th June. The soldiers of treason no longer meet with an honoured sepulchre, nor, if surviving, are they fêted and caressed by royal hands. If killed, they are thrust into undistinguished graves; if taken alive, they are immured in dungeons or transported. Universal suffrage has done that which royalty was too indulgent or too timorous to do—it has ceased the dallying with treason. It has fought the Red Republic with its own weapon, and conquered in the strife. It has erected a military despotism in the great revolutionised capital. Industry, almost destroyed by the first triumph of anarchy in France, is slowly reviving under the protection of absolute power. With suppression of the trade of the “journaliste,” the “*émeutier*,” and the “*homme des barricades*,” other branches of employment are at length beginning to revive.*

Nor is the change less remarkable in Great Britain, where government have not only followed Mr Pitt's example of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, but have passed a special statute, assimilating for two years the punishment of aggravated cases of sedition to what it was by the old common law of Scotland. Great was the abuse which the Whig writers for half a century bestowed on the Scotch Judges in 1793, for applying the punishment of the Scotch law to the sedition of 1793, and transporting Muir and Fische Palmer, for trying to force on a revolution by means of a national convention. The

“Martyrs' Monument” in Edinburgh stands as a durable monument of their sympathy. Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, has in bitter terms exhaled their collected indignation. But scarcely was the ink of his lordship's lucubrations dry, when he saw fit, as a member of Lord John Russell's cabinet, to bring in a bill to *assimilate the punishment of sedition in Ireland to the old law of Scotland*; and under it Mitchell has been transported fourteen, and Martin ten years—the very punishments inflicted for similar offences on Muir and Fische Palmer. The difference is, that for one person transported or imprisoned under Mr Pitt's system of timely coercion and prevention, in 1793, in Great Britain and Ireland, a hundred will be transported or imprisoned under the Whig system of long temporisation and final repression, in 1848. So true it is, that undue weakness in the prevention of crime is the inevitable parent of undue sternness in its punishment, and that in troubled times government incur the reality of severity to avoid its imputation.

Not less important, to the final interests of mankind, is the exposure of the real designs and objects of the revolutionary party, over the world, which has now taken place. The days of delusion are gone past; words have ceased to mislead men as to the nature of things. For half a century, men have been continually misled by the generous and elevated language under which the democratic party veiled their real designs. The strength of revolution consists in the power it possesses of rousing effort

*The Prefect of Police had published an account of the situation of Paris during the last ten days, in which he states that the most perfect tranquillity prevailed in the capital; that confidence was beginning to revive on every point; that a slow but incontestible progress manifested itself in every branch of industry; and that at no former period, and under no previous regimen, did Paris offer more respect for persons or more security for property. Orders were arriving from the departments. The manufacture of articles of luxury and jewellery partook of that resuscitation, as appears from the returns of the inspector-general of the hall-mark at the mint of Paris. The articles of jewellery completed and ordered during the last five months produced the following receipts:—in April 9,000*l.*; May, 11,000*l.*; June, 17,000*l.*; July, 19,000*l.*; August, 36,000*l.* The number of workmen reduced by distress to reside in lodging-houses had considerably diminished. In the preceding bulletin their number was 31,480; it is now 27,308—17,977 of whom were employed, and 9,331 unoccupied. The houses of confinement contained nearly the same number of ordinary prisoners, and only 4,058 insurgents of June; 2,909 of the latter had been liberated since the 26th of July, and 1,005 conveyed to Havre between the 28th of August and the 4th of September. From the 26th of August to the 5th of September, nine persons committed suicide.—*Times*, Sept. 11, 1848.

by the language of virtue, to render it subservient to the purposes of vice. But its designs have now reached their accomplishment: men see what was intended under all this veil of philanthropic intentions. The revolutionists have been victorious in Paris; and immediately their projects of spoliation, anarchy, and plunder, were set on foot, and approached so near their accomplishment, that a desperate and last effort of all the holders of property became indispensable, to prevent the total ruin of society; and carnage to an unheard of extent for three days stained the streets of Paris, to avert the triumph of the Red Republic, and the return of the Reign of Terror. The cry for repeal turned into rebellion in Ireland; and a vast concentration of the forces of England was requisite to prevent the Emerald Isle becoming the theatre of general massacre, devastation, and ruin. For two hours the Chartists got possession of Glasgow, and instantly a general system of plunder and sacking of houses commenced. The Chartist Convention was long tolerated in England, and, in return, they tried to overturn the Government on the 10th April; and organised a general plan of plunder and conflagration, which was to have broken out in the end of August, and was only mercifully prevented by the designs of the conspirators having become known, and the timely vigour of Government having prevented their accomplishment. The ultimate objects of the enemies of society, therefore, have become apparent: deeds have told us what meaning to attach to words. Revolution in France means spoliation, and the division of property, at a convenient opportunity. Repeal in Ireland means the massacre of the Protestants, and the division of their estates at a convenient opportunity. Chartism in England means general plunder, murder, and conflagration, the moment there is the least chance of perpetrating these crimes with impunity.

Ireland has been, in an especial manner, the subject of these general delusions: and there is perhaps no subject on which foreigners, the English, and the Irish themselves, have for so long a period been entirely

misled, as in regard to the real causes of the protracted, and apparently irremediable evils of that distracted country. The proneness of the English to believe, that all mankind will be blessed by the institutions under which they themselves have flourished and waxed great, and the virulence with which party ambition has fastened upon Ireland, as the battle-field on which to dispossess political opponents, and gain possession of power, are the main causes of this long-continued and wide-spread misconception. We have to thank the Irish for having, by their reception of the magnificent gift of England in 1847, and subsequent rebellion in 1848, done so much to dispel the general delusion. To aid in disseminating juster views on the subject, we shall proceed to disinter from the earlier volumes of this Magazine, an extract from the first of a series of papers on Ireland, published in 1833, immediately before Lord Grey's Coercion Act, and which might pass for an essay on present events. It affords a striking example, both of the justice of the views there enunciated, and of the pernicious and continual recurrence of those real causes of Irish suffering, which party spirit in both islands has so long concealed from the people of Great Britain.

"It is in vain to attempt to shake ourselves loose of Ireland, or consider its misery as a foreign and extraneous consideration with which the people of this country have little concern. The starvation and anarchy of that kingdom is a leprosy, which will soon spread over the whole empire. The redundancy of our own population, the misery of our own poor, the weight of our own poor-rates, are all chiefly owing to the multitudes who are perpetually pressing upon them from the Irish shores. During the periods of the greatest depression of industry in this country since the peace, if the Irish labourers could have been removed, the native poor would have found ample employment; and more than one committee of the House of Commons have reported, after the most patient investigation and minute examination of evidence from all parts of the country, that there is no tendency to undue increase among the people of Great Britain, and that the whole existing distress was owing to the immigration from the sister kingdom.

"Nature has forbidden us to sever the connexion which subsists between the two countries. We must swim or sink together. It is utterly impossible to effect that disjunction of British from Irish interests, for which the demagogues of that country so strenuously contend, and which many persons in this island, from the well-founded jealousy of Catholic ascendancy in the House of Commons, and the apparent hopelessness of all attempts to improve its condition, are gradually becoming inclined to support. The legislature may be separated by act of Parliament; the Government may be severed by Catholic revolts; but Ireland will not the less hang like a dead weight round the neck of England; its starving multitudes will not the less overwhelm our labourers; its passions and its jealousies will not the less paralyse the exertions of our Government. Let a Catholic Republic be established in Ireland; let O'Connell be its President; let the English landholders be rooted out, and Ireland, with its priests and its poverty, be left to shift for itself; and the weight, the insupportable weight of its misery, will be more severely felt in this country than ever. Deprived of the wealth and the capital of the English landholders, or of the proprietors of English descent; a prey to its own furious and ungovernable passions; ruled by an ignorant and ambitious priesthood; seduced by frantic and unprincipled demagogues, it would speedily fall into an abyss of misery far greater than that which already overwhelms it. For every thousand of the Irish poor who now approach the shores of Britain, ten thousand would then arrive, from the experienced impossibility of finding subsistence at home; universal distress would produce such anarchy as would necessarily lead the better classes to throw themselves into the arms of any government who would interfere for their protection. France would find the golden opportunity, so long wished for, at length arrived, of striking at the power of England through the neighbouring island; the tricolor flag would speedily wave from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear; and even if England submitted to the usurpation, and relinquished its rebellious subjects to the great parent democracy, the cost of men and ships required to guard the western shore of Britain, and avert the pestilence from our own homes, would be greater than are now employed in maintaining a precarious and doubtful authority in that distracted island.

"Whence is all this misery, and these furious passions, in a country so richly endowed by nature, and subjected to a

Government whose sway has, in other states, established so large a portion of general felicity? The Irish democrats answer, that it is the oppression of the English Government which has done all these things; the editors of the Whig journals and reviews repeat the same cry; and every Whig, following, on this as on every other subject, their leaders, like a flock of sheep, re-echo the same sentiment, until it has obtained general belief, even among those whose education and good sense might have led them to see through the fallacy. Yet, in truth, there is no opinion more erroneous; and there is none the dissemination of which has done so much to perpetuate the very evils which are the subject of such general and well-founded lamentation. Ireland, in reality, is not miserable because she has, but because *she has not been conquered*; she is suffering under a redundant population, not because the tyranny of England, but the tyranny of her own demagogues, prevents their getting bread; and she is torn with discordant passions, not because British oppression has called them into existence, but because Irish licentiousness has kept them alive for centuries after, under a more rigorous Government, they would have been buried for ever.

"It is the more extraordinary that the popular party in both islands should so heedlessly and blindly have adopted this doctrine, when it is so directly contrary to what they at the same time maintain in regard to the causes of the simultaneous rise and prosperity of Scotland. That poor and barren land, they see, has made unexampled strides in wealth and greatness during the last eighty years: its income during that period has been quadrupled, its numbers nearly doubled, its prosperity augmented tenfold; they behold its cities crowded with palaces, its fields smiling with plenty, its mountains covered with herds, its harbours crowded with masts, the Atlantic studded with its sails; and yet all this has grown up under an aristocratic rule, and with a representative system from which the lower classes were in a great measure excluded. In despair at beholding a nation whose condition was so utterly at variance with all their dogmas of the necessity of democratic representation to temper the frame of government, they have recourse to the salutary influence of English ascendancy, and ascribe all this improvement to the beneficial influence of English freedom. Scotland, they tell us, has prospered, not because she has, but because she has not, been governed by her own institutions: and she is now rich and opulent, because the narrow and jealous spirit of her own

Government has been tempered by the beneficial influence of English freedom. Whether this is really the case, we shall examine in a succeeding Number; and many curious and unknown facts as to the native institutions of Scotland we promise to unfold; but, in the mean time, let it be conceded that this observation is well founded, and that all the prosperity of Scotland has been owing to English influence. How has it happened that the same influence at the same time has been the cause of all the misery of Ireland? The common answer that Scotland was always an independent country, and that Ireland was won and ruled by the sword, is utterly unsatisfactory, and betrays an inattention to the most notorious historical facts. For how has it happened that Ireland was conquered with so much facility, while Scotland so long and strenuously resisted the spoiler? How did it happen that Henry II., with eleven hundred men, achieved with ease the conquest of the one country, while Edward II., at the head of eighty thousand men, was unable to effect the subjugation of the other? How was it that Scotland, not once, but twenty times, expelled vast English armies from her territory, while Ireland has never thrown them off since the Norman standard first approached her shores? And without going back to remote periods, how has it happened that the same influence of English legislation, which, according to them, has been utterly ruinous to Ireland, has been the sole cause of the unexampled prosperity of Scotland? that the same gale which has been the zephyr of spring to the one state, has been the blast of desolation to the other? It is evident that there is a fundamental difference between the two states; and that, if we would discover the cause of the different modes in which the same legislation of the dominant state has operated in the two countries, we must look to the different condition of the people to whom it was applied.

"One fact is very remarkable, and throws a great light on this difficult subject—and that is, that at different periods opposite systems have been tried in Ireland, and that invariably the system of concession and indulgence has been immediately followed by an ebullition of more than usual atrocity and violence.

"The first of these instances is the great indulgence showed to them by James I. That monarch justly boasted that Ireland was the scene of his beneficent legislation; and that he had done more to its inhabitants than all the monarchs who had sat on the English throne since the time of Henry II. He established the boroughs;

gave them a right of sending representatives to Parliament; and first spread over its savage and unknown provinces the institutions and the liberties of England. What was the consequence? Did the people testify gratitude to their benefactors? Did they prove themselves worthy of British freedom, and capable of withstanding the passions arising from a representative government? We shall give the answer in the words of Mr Hume.

"The Irish, every where intermingled with the English, needed but a hint from their leaders and priests to begin hostilities against a people whom they hated on account of their religion, and envied for their riches and prosperity. The houses, cattle, goods, of the unwary English were first seized. Those who heard of the commotions in their neighbourhood, instead of deserting their habitations, and assembling for mutual protection, remained at home, in hopes of defending their property, and fell thus separately into the hands of their enemies. After rapacity had fully exerted itself, cruelty, and the most barbarous that ever, in any nation, was known or heard of, began its operations. A universal massacre commenced of the English, now defenceless, and passively resigned to their inhuman foes. No age, no sex, no condition, was spared. The wife weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them, and perished by the same stroke. The old, the young, the vigorous, the infirm, underwent a like fate, and were confounded in one common ruin. In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was every where let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends; connexions were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand from which protection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound peace and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continual intercourse of kindness and good offices.

"But death was the slightest punishment inflicted by those rebels: all the tortures which wanton cruelty could devise, all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, the agonies of despair, could not satiate revenge excited without injury, and cruelty derived from no cause. To enter into particulars would shock the least delicate humanity. Such enormities, though attested by undoubted evidence, appear almost incredible. Depraved nature, even perverted religion, encouraged by the utmost license, reach not to such

a pitch of ferocity, unless the pity inherent in human breasts be destroyed by that contagion of example, which transports men beyond all the usual motives of conduct and behaviour.

“The weaker sex themselves, naturally tender to their own sufferings, and compassionate to those of others, here emulated their more robust companions in the practice of every cruelty. Even children, taught by the example, and encouraged by the exhortation of their parents, essayed their feeble blows on the dead carcasses or defenceless children of the English. The very avarice of the Irish was not a sufficient restraint of their cruelty. Such was their frenzy, that the cattle which they had seized, and by rapine made their own, were yet, because they bore the name of English, wantonly slaughtered, or, when covered with wounds, turned loose into the woods and deserts.

“The stately buildings or commodious habitations of the planters, as if upbraiding the sloth and ignorance of the natives, were consumed with fire, or laid level with the ground. And where the miserable owners, shut up in their houses and preparing for defence, perished in the flames, together with their wives and children, a double triumph was afforded to their insulting foes.

“If any where a number assembled together, and, assuming courage from despair, were resolved to sweeten death by revenge on their assassins, they were disarmed by capitulations and promises of safety, confirmed by the most solemn oaths. But no sooner had they surrendered, than the rebels, with perfidy equal to their cruelty, made them share the fate of their unhappy countrymen.

“Others, more ingenious still in their barbarity, tempted their prisoners by the fond love of life, to imbrue their hands in the blood of friends, brothers, parents; and having thus rendered them accomplices in guilt, gave them that death which they sought to shun by deserving it.

“Amidst all these enormities, the sacred name of RELIGION resounded on every side; not to stop the hands of these murderers, but to enforce their blows, and to steel their hearts against every movement of human or social sympathy. The English, as heretics, abhorred of God, and detestable to all holy men, were marked out by the priests for slaughter; and, of all actions, to rid the world of these declared enemies to Catholic faith and piety, was represented as the most meritorious. Nature, which, in that rude people, was sufficiently inclined to atrocious deeds, was farther stimulated by precept; and

national prejudices poisoned by those aversions, more deadly and incurable, which arose from an enraged superstition. While death finished the sufferings of each victim, the bigoted assassins, with joy and exultation, still echoed in his expiring ears that these agonies were but the commencement of torments infinite and eternal.”

“This dreadful rebellion left consequences long felt in Irish government. Cromwell, the iron leader of English vengeance, treated them with terrible severity: at the storming of a single city, 12,000 men were put to the sword; and such was the terror inspired by his merciless sword, that all the revolted cities opened their gates, and the people submitted, trembling, to the law of the conqueror. The recollection of the horrors of the Tyrone rebellion was long engraven in the English legislature; and it produced, along with the terrors of religious dissension, the severe code of laws which were imposed on the savage population of the country before the close of the seventeenth century. A hundred years of peace and tranquillity followed the promulgation of these oppressive laws. That they were severe and cruel is obvious from their tenor; that they were in many respects not worse than was called for by the horrors which preceded their enactment, and followed their repeal, is now unhappily proved by the result.

“The next great period of concession commenced about the year 1772, soon after the accession of George III. The severe code under which Ireland had so long lain chained, but quiet, was relaxed; the Catholics were admitted to a full share of the representation; the more selfish and unnecessary parts of the restrictions were removed; and, before 1796, hardly any part of the old fetters remained, excepting the exclusion of Catholics from the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the higher situations in the army. Did tranquillity, satisfaction, and peace, follow these immense concessions, continued through a period of thirty years! On the contrary, they were immediately followed by the same result as had attended the concessions of James I. A new rebellion broke out; the horrors of 1798 rivalled those of 1641; and the dreadful recollection of the Tyrone massacre was drowned in the more recent suffering of the same unhappy country.

“The perilous state in which Ireland then stood, imperfectly known at the time even to the Government, is now fully developed. From the *Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*, recently published, it appears that 250,000 men were sworn in, organised,

drilled, and regimented; that colonels and officers for this immense force were all appointed; and the whole, under the direction of the central committee at Dublin, only awaited the arrival of Hoche and the French fleet to hoist the tricolor flag, and proclaim the *Hibernian Republic* in close alliance with the Republic of France. With truth it may be said, that the fate of England then hung upon a thread. Napoleon, and the unconquered army of Italy, were still in Europe; a successful descent of the advanced guard, 15,000 strong, under Hoche, would immediately have been followed up by the invasion of the main body under that great leader; and the facility with which the French fleet reached Bantry Bay in February 1797, where they were only prevented from landing by tempestuous gales, proves that the command of the seas cannot always be relied on as a security against foreign invasion. Had 40,000 French soldiers landed at that time in Ireland, to organise 200,000 hot-headed Catholic democrats, and lend the hand of fraternity to their numerous coadjutors on the other side of St George's Channel, it is difficult to say what would have been the present fate of England.

"The rebellion of 1798 threw back for ten years the progress of the indulgent measures so long practised towards Ireland. But at length the spirit of clemency again resumed its sway; the system of concession was again adopted, and the last remnants of the Irish fetters removed by the liberal Tory administration of England. First, the Catholics were declared eligible to any situations in the army and navy; and at length, by the famous Relief Bill, the remaining distinctions between Catholic and Protestant were done away, and an equal share of political influence was extended to them as that of their Protestant brethren. What has been the consequence? Has Ireland increased in tranquillity since this memorable change? Have the prophecies of its advocates been verified, as to the stilling of the waves of dissension and rebellion? Has it proved true, as Earl Grey prophesied it would, in his place in the House of Lords,

Defuit saxis agitata; humor;
Concedunt venti, fugiuntque nubes;
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit?

"The reverse of all this has notoriously been the case. Since this last and great concession, Ireland has become worse than ever. Midnight conflagration, dastardly assassination, have spread with fearful rapidity; the sources of justice

have been dried up, and the most atrocious criminals repeatedly suffered to escape, from the impossibility of bringing them to justice. A universal insurrection against the payment of tithes has defied all the authority of Government, in open violation of the solemn promises of the Catholics that no invasion on the rights of the Protestant church was intended; and the starving clergy of Ireland have been thrown as a burden upon the consolidated fund of England. At this moment the authority of England is merely nominal over the neighbouring island; the Lord Lieutenant is less generally obeyed than the great Agitator, and the dictates of the Catholic leaders are looked up to in preference to the acts of the British Parliament. In despair at so desperate a state of things, so entirely the reverse of all they had hoped from the long train of conciliatory measures, the English are giving up the cause in despair; while the great and gallant body of Irish Protestants are firmly looking the danger in the face, and silently preparing for the struggle which they well know has now become inevitable.

"The result of experience, therefore, is complete in all its parts. Thrice, during the last two hundred years, have conciliatory measures been tried on the largest scale, and with the most beneficent intention; and thrice have the concessions to the Catholics been followed by a violent and intolerable outbreak of savage ferocity. The two first rebellions were followed by a firm and severe system of coercive government; as long as they continued in force, Ireland was comparatively tranquil, and their relaxation was the signal for the commencement of a state of insubordination which rapidly led to anarchy and revolt. The present revolutionary spirit has been met by a different system. Every thing has been conceded to the demagogues; their demands have been granted, their assemblies allowed, their advice followed, their leaders promoted; and the country in consequence has arrived at a state of anarchy unparalleled in any Christian state.

"What makes the present state of Ireland, and the democratic spirit of its inhabitants, altogether unpardonable is, the extreme indulgence and liberality with which, for the last fifty years, they have been treated by this country. During the whole war, Ireland paid *neither income-tax nor assessed taxes*; and the sum thus made a present of by England to her people, amounted at the very lowest calculation to £50,000,000 sterling. She shared in the full benefit of the war in

consequence of the immense extent of the demand for agricultural produce which its expenditure occasioned, without feeling any of the burdens which neutralised its extension in this country. No poor's rates are levied on her landholders—in other words, they are levied on England and Scotland instead—and this island is in consequence overwhelmed by a mass of indigence created in the neighbouring kingdom, but which British indulgence has relieved them from the necessity of maintaining. The amount of the sums annually paid by the Parliament of Great Britain to objects of charity and utility in Ireland almost exceeds belief, and is at least five times greater than all directed to the same objects in both the other parts of the empire taken together. Yet with all their good deeds, past, present, and to come, Ireland is the most discontented part of the United Kingdom. She is incessantly crying out against her benefactor, and recurring to old oppression rendered necessary by her passions, instead of present benefactions, of which her democratic population have proved themselves unworthy by their ingratitude.

"Notwithstanding all the efforts of her demagogues to distract the country, and counteract all the liberality and beneficence of the English Government, Ireland has advanced with greater rapidity in industry, wealth, and all the real sources of happiness, during the last thirty years, than any other part of the empire. Since the Union, she has made a start both in agricultural and manufacturing industry, quite unparalleled, and much greater than Scotland had made during the first hundred years after her incorporation with the English dominions. It is quite evident that, if the demagogues would let Ireland alone—if the wounds in her political system were not continually kept open, and the passions of the people incessantly inflamed, by her popular leaders, she would become as rich and prosperous as she is populous—that, instead of a source of weakness, she would become a pillar of strength to the united empire—and instead of being overspread with the most wretched and squalid population in Europe, she might eventually boast of the most contented and happy.

So far what we wrote in December 1832. We make no apology for the length of this quotation. So precisely

is it applicable to the present time, that were we to write anew on the subject, we should certainly reproduce the same ideas, and probably, in a great degree, make use of the same words. It affords a remarkable proof of the manner in which Ireland has been influenced, in all periods of its history, by the same causes; and of the way in which all its natural advantages have been thrown away, by the indolence and want of energy in its inhabitants, joined to the unhappy extension to it, through British connexion, of the privileges, excitement, and passions, consequent on a free constitution, for which it was unfitted by its character, temperament, and state of social advancement.

Need it be said how precisely the same truths have been illustrated in later times, and, most of all, in the memorable year in which we now write? The melancholy tale is known to all: it is written in characters of fire in England's annals. Such was the state of excitement, anarchy, and licentiousness to which the Irish were brought under the Whig rule, by the combined operation of the Reform mania, and the Repeal agitation, that Lord Grey, albeit the most impassioned opponent of Mr Pitt's preventive policy, was compelled to adopt it; and the celebrated Coercion Bill of 1833 invested Government with extraordinary powers, and for a time superseded, by martial law, in some districts of Ireland, the ordinary administration of justice. The result, as much as the anarchy which had preceded it, demonstrated where the secret of Ireland's ills was to be found, and what was the species of government adapted for its unsettled, impassioned, and semi-barbarous inhabitants.* Instantly, as if by enchantment, the disorders ceased: midnight fires no longer illuminated the heavens, midnight murders no longer struck terror into the inhabitants. The savage passions of the people, growing out of the civilised license unhappily allowed them under British rule, were rapidly coerced, and, instead of Ireland exhibiting an amount of agrarian

* We mean those in the south and west. The other, of Ulster, are of British descent, and undistinguished from the rest of the Anglo-Saxon race.

outrage and atrocity unprecedented in any Christian land, even her worst provinces returned to their usual, though yet serious and lamentable average.*

The evil days of conciliation and concession, however, soon returned. When Sir R. Peel assumed the helm for a brief period in 1835, he said, that his chief difficulty was Ireland. It was so in truth—not from the difficulties, great as they were, with which the administration of Ireland was surrounded, but from the monstrous delusions on the subject with which the Whigs, then possessed of the chief influence in the state, had imbued the public mind. So feeble was Government under his successors, from 1835 to 1841—so thoroughly baffled they drenched the people of Great Britain with the belief that severity of rule was the sole cause of the miseries of Ireland, and that conciliation and concession were their appropriate remedy—that powers the most disastrous, privileges the most undeserved, were bestowed on the Irish people. The very agitators were lauded, flattered, and promoted. O'Connell was offered a seat on the Bench; the whole, or nearly the whole, patronage of the country was surrendered into his hands. The greater part of the police were nominated according to the suggestions of himself or his party; the Orangemen of the north—the bulwark of the throne—were vilified, prosecuted, and discouraged; self-government became the order of the day; municipal reform was conceded; an ignorant, priest-led, half-savage people were intrusted with one of the highest duties of civilised citizens—that of electing their own magistrates. O'Connell, under the new municipal constitution, was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin; a majority, both of the constituency and members of Parliament, ere long became Repealers. The Whig sys-

tem of governing Ireland, by yielding to its selfish passions and fostering its political vices, received its full development; Whig journals, reviews, and magazines, lauded the policy to the skies, and predicted from its effects the speedy removal of all the evils which had arisen from the Tory system of coercion and repression in the Emerald Isle.

The results were soon apparent. Assured of countenance and support from high quarters—cordially supported by the Popish hierarchy and priesthood—intrenched, beyond the power of assault, in almost all the boroughs—possessed of considerable support or connivance in the rural magistracy—backed, in many parts of the country, by the torch of the incendiary or the firelock of the assassin—wielding at once the delegated powers of Government, the daggers of desperadoes, the enthusiasm of the people, O'Connell proceeded with the step of a conqueror in the work of agitation. The Temperance movement, headed by Father Mathew, came most opportunely to aid its funds, by diverting the vast sums hitherto spent by the people on physical, to support the cause of mental agitation. Seventy temperance bands were soon established to head the temperance clubs; the uniforms of the musicians were so made, that, by being merely turned, they could be converted into the bands of so many regiments; the Rent flourished; whisky-shops were ruined; the grand Intoxicator demolished his inferior competitors; Conciliation Hall boasted of its three thousand pounds a-week! The distilleries were bankrupt. The simple, misled people of England believed that, under the combined influence of political agitation, municipal reform, and suddenly-induced sobriety, Ireland was to be effectually regenerated, and the Celt was

CRIME IN IRELAND.

Serious Crimes.

* Last Quarter of 1829.—Catholic Emancipation passed in March,	300
Do. of 1830.—	499
Do. of 1831.—Reform Agitation,	814
Do. of 1832.—Reform and Repeal Agitation,	1513

By the Coercion Act the Serious crimes were reduced at once to a fourth of their number. See *Hansard, Parl. Debates*, Feb. 9, 1834.

at once to leap into the privileges of the Saxon, without going through his seven centuries of painful apprenticeship. Monster meetings became general. Assemblages said to consist of eighty or a hundred thousand, and which really contained twenty or thirty thousand persons, were held in the whole south and west of Ireland. Meanwhile industry was paralysed; capital shunned the agitated shores; labour was diverted from the field to the platform; the earnings of the poor were wrenched from them, by priestly influence and the terrors of purgatory, to aid in the great work of dismembering the empire. Instead of attending to their business—instead of working at their lazy-beds or tending their cattle—instead of draining their bogs or reclaiming their wastes, the people were continually kept running about from one monster meeting to another, and taught to believe that they were to look for happiness, not through the labour of their hands, or the sweat of their brows, but in swelling seditious processions, listening to treasonable harangues, and extending the ramifications of a vast and atrocious Ribbon conspiracy throughout Ireland.

Society could not long exist under such a system; but it was long ere the Liberal party saw the error of their ways—when Sir Robert Peel's government, in 1843, at length became convinced that the evil had come to such a height that it could no longer be endured, and that society would be dissolved under its influence. The meeting, accordingly, at Clontarf was proclaimed down; O'Connell was prosecuted, and a conviction obtained. But the Whigs were not long of coming up to the rescue. A majority of three Whig law peers to two Conservative ones—Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham being in the minority—overruled the opinion of the twelve judges of England, and quashed the prosecution. Elated with this victory, agitation resumed its sway in Ireland; but it did so under darker auspices, and with more dangerous ends. Organisation, with a view to insurrection, was now avowedly set on foot; arms were purchased in large quantities; and the Whig Secretary of

Ireland had the extreme imprudence to write a letter, which found its way into the public prints, and was soon placarded over Ireland, in which it was stated generally, and without qualification, that every Irishman was entitled to possess and carry arms. Nay, this was made the *cheval de bataille* between the two parties; and when Sir R. Peel was turned out in July 1846, it was on the question of the bill for prohibiting the *possession of arms in Ireland*. The Whigs came into power on the basis of the Irish peasantry being entitled to be armed. It covers, like charity, a multitude of sins in Sir R. Peel, that he left office on the same question.

But the laws of nature are more durable in their operation than the revolutions of statesmen. The effects of twenty years' agitation and disorder in Ireland ere long became apparent. The reign of murder, incendiarism, and terror, brought down an awful retribution on its authors. Agriculture, neglected for the more agreeable and gainful trade of agitation or assassination, had fallen into such neglect, that the land, in many parts of the country, had become incapable of bearing grain crops. Nothing would do but lazy-beds, in which often a wretched crop was raised in the centre of the ridge, on a third of the land, while the remaining two-thirds were under water. The potato famine came, in 1846, upon a country thus prepared for such a visitation—wasted by agitation, disgraced by murder, impoverished by the protracted reign of terror. Its effects are well known. Ireland, wholly incapable, from its infatuated system of self-government, of doing any thing for itself, fell entirely as a burden on England. Great part of Scotland was wasted by a similar calamity, and in regions—the West Highlands and Islands—far more sterile and barren than the south and west of Ireland. But Scotland had not been torn by political passions, nor palsied by repeal agitation. Scotland righted itself. It bore the visitation with patience and resignation. It neither sought nor received aid from England. Not a shilling was advanced by the Exchequer to relieve

Scotch suffering. Ten millions were given by the nation to relieve that of Ireland: of this immense sum eight millions were borrowed, and remain a lasting charge on Great Britain. Hundreds of thousands, raised from the suffering and won by the labour of England and Scotland, followed in the same direction. In return, the Irish gave us contumely, defiance, and ingratitude. The Nation thundered forth weekly its fiendish vituperation against the people who had saved its countrymen. It was eagerly read by hundreds of thousands who owed their existence to British generosity. The beggar gave place to the bully. Great part of the funds, lavished with misplaced humanity on Irish suffering, was employed in the purchase of arms to destroy their benefactors; and the unparalleled munificence of England to Ireland in 1847, was succeeded by the unparalleled rebellion of Ireland against England in 1848.

He must be blind indeed who cannot read in this rapid summary the real causes of the long-continued misery and distraction of Ireland. It has arisen in a great degree from English connexion, but in a way which the Irish do not perceive, and which they will be the last to admit. It is all owing to a very simple cause—so simple that philosophers have passed it over as too obvious to explain the phenomena, and party-men have rejected it because it afforded no handle for popular declamation, and gave them no fulcrum whereon to rest the lever which was to remove an opposite party from power. It is not owing to the Roman Catholic religion,—for, if so, how have so many Roman Catholic countries been, and still are, great, and powerful, and happy? It is not owing to the confiscation of the land, for confiscation as great followed the establishment of the Normans in England, and the victories of Robert Bruce in Scotland; and yet, in process of time, the ghastly wound was healed in both these countries, and from the united effort of the Britons, Saxons, and Northmen, have arisen the glories and wonders of British civilisation. It is not owing to the exclusion, from 1608 to 1829, of the Roman Catholics

from Parliament; for, since they were admitted into it, the distractions of Ireland have gone on constantly increasing, and its pauperism and mendicancy have advanced in an accelerated ratio. It is entirely owing to this,—that *England has given Ireland institutions and political franchises, for the exercise of which it is wholly disqualified by temperament, habit, and political advancement.* We have put edged tools into the hands of children, and we are astonished that they have mangled their limbs. We have emancipated from necessary control the Bedonin or the savage, and we are disappointed he does not exercise his newly-acquired powers with the discretion of an Englishman or an American. We have plunged a youth of sixteen, without control, into the dissipation of London or Paris, and we are surprised he has run riot in excess. Thence it is that all the concessions made to Ireland have instantly and rapidly augmented its political maladies, and that the only intervals of rest, tranquillity, and happiness it has enjoyed for the last two hundred years, have been those in which it has for a brief period been coerced by the wholesome severity of vigorous government. Thence it is that Whig solicitude, fastening on the grievances of Ireland as its battle-field, and winning for the inhabitants privileges for which they are not fitted, has in every instance so grievously augmented its wretchedness and crimes. This is the true key to Irish history. Viewed in this light, it is perfectly clear, intelligible, and consistent with what has occurred in other parts of the world. Without such guidance, its annals exhibit a chaos of contradictions; and Ireland must be considered as a *casus singularis*—an exception from the principles which elsewhere have ever regulated mankind.

The whole machinery of a free constitution—those institutions under which the Anglo-Saxons have so long flourished on both sides the Atlantic—are utter destruction to the semi-barbarous Celtic race to which they have been extended. Grand juries and petty juries, self-governments, municipalities, county and burgh elections,

popular representatives, public meetings, hustings' declarations, platform exaggerations, a licentious press, and all the other attendants on republican or semi-republican institutions, are utterly destructive to the impassioned, priest-ridden, ignorant Celtic tribes in the south and west of Ireland. A paternal despotism is what they require.

We are far from wishing that despotism to be severe—on the contrary, we would have it beneficent and humane in the highest degree—we would have it give to Ireland blessings tenfold greater than it will ever earn for itself in senseless attempts at self-government. We would commence the work by the grant of sixteen millions of British money, to set on foot the chief arteries and railroads of the country!—that grant which, proposed by the patriotic wisdom of Lord George Bentinck, was defeated by the insane resistance of the Irish members themselves.* We would in every imaginable shape stimulate the industry of Ireland, and aid the efforts of its really patriotic children, to extricate their country from the bottomless gulf into which

selfishness, agitation, and the cry for repeal, have plunged it. But we would intrust little of this grant to the distribution of the Irish themselves. We would not again be guilty of the enormous error of committing a magnificent public grant to hands so unfit to direct it, that we know from the highest authority—that of the Lord-lieutenant himself—that great part of the fund was misapplied in private jobbing, and the remainder wasted in making good roads bad ones. We would execute the works by Irish hands, but distribute the funds, and guide the undertakings, by English heads. We would deprive the Irish, till they have shown they are fit to wield its powers, of the whole rights of self-government. We would commence with a rigorous and unflinching administration of justice, executed by courts-martial in cases of insurrection, and by judges without juries in ordinary cases. A powerful police, double its present strength, should give security to witnesses, who, if they desire it, should be provided with an asylum in the colonies at the public expense. "Every thing for the people, and nothing by them," which Napoleon

* "It was not so much through the hostility of the English members, as through the desertion and hostility of the Irish members, (many of them Repealers,) that in February 1847, Ireland lost the opportunity of obtaining a loan of sixteen millions of English gold at 43, 7s. 6d. per cent, to stimulate the construction, by private enterprise, of railways in your country.

"Unanimous in Palace Yard, on one Tuesday in favour of the proposition I then brought forward, on the Thursday se'ennight the same sixty gentlemen, having seen the prime minister at the Foreign Office in the interval, voted two to one in the House of Commons against giving railways to Ireland.

"Out of a hundred and five representatives which Ireland possesses, twenty-eight only, if my memory serves me correctly, would vote for that loan to Ireland. Two-thirds of the Irish representatives present declined the measure—the rest took care to be *non est inventus* at the division, which was the hour of Ireland's need.

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the division list, and you will find many more true friends of Ireland, on that occasion, among the supporters of the Union than among the Repealers.

"Is it surprising that, where Irish representatives voted two to one against the acceptance of that measure, and when but twenty-eight, out of Ireland's hundred and five, could alone be found to say 'ay,' that a majority of Englishmen could not be found willing to make a sacrifice of English interests, to force upon Ireland a boon which the majority of Irish members rejected?

"It is not Repeal of the Union that Ireland wants; she wants men to represent her, who, understanding her material and substantial interests, are able and willing to promote and maintain them; and will not, on the other hand, to gain the shouts of the mob, divert public and parliamentary attention to phantom reforms, that have no substantial virtue in them—or, on the other hand, sell their votes to win the smiles, or may be something more valuable in the gift of the minister of the day.—I am, Sir your humble servant,
G. BENTINCK."

described as the real principle of government at all times, should be applied to Ireland at least during the many years still to run of its national pupillage and minority.

The truth of these principles has been so signally demonstrated by the events of which Ireland has recently, and we lament to say is still, the theatre, that it has at length forced itself on the mind of the English people. Most fortunately, the Whigs being in power themselves, and having the responsibility and duties of government thrown upon them, have at length come to see the matter in its true light. The cry that all is owing to English misrule, is no longer heard in Great Britain. Its utter falsehood has been demonstrated in language too clear to be misunderstood. Even the Liberal journals, who have shown themselves most earnest in promoting the cause of reform and self-government in Great Britain, have come to see how utterly it is misapplied when attempted in Ireland. Hear the *Times* on this subject, one of the ablest journals which formerly supported the cause of parliamentary and municipal reform, as well in Ireland as in this country.

"The slowly gathering wrath of years has been concentrated to a point. John Bull was—as Jonathan would express it—"properly riled" at the behaviour of his once beloved fondling. He could put up with ingratitude; he could despise insolence; he could treat bravado with contempt. But here was the most wonderful combination of insolence, ingratitude, bravado, and cowardice, that history has recorded. Here were men belching out treason and fire and sword one day, and the next day sneaking between the bulwarks of a cabbage-garden, or through the loopholes of an indictment! For such, and on such, had he been expending, not only money, but care, anxiety, sympathy, and fear. He was fooled in the eyes of the world and his own! The only hope for Ireland is in rest, and a strong Government. Almost every Englishman who has regarded her with solicitude within late years, is convinced that what she and her people require, beyond all things, is discipline. Her gentry require discipline; her middle classes require discipline; her peasantry require discipline. They should altogether be disciplined in a rigid but just system, as

the picked Irishmen have been who are distinguished as the best foremen in our factories, and the best non-commissioned officers in our army. Political privileges have been tried and misused; judicial forms have been tried and abused; Saxon institutions have been tried, and found not to harmonise with the Celtic mind. It cannot comprehend them; it does not appreciate them. It arrays liberty against law, and the technicalities of law against its spirit. It wants that moral sense, that instinctive justice and fairness, which have been the soul and the strength of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. This it must be taught by a strong, an irresistible, and, if need be, a coercive authority. Duty must be impressed on it as a habit, and then it will be inanealed with its sympathies. The greatest boon to Ireland would be the rule of a benevolent autocrat, who would punish all classes and all parties alike for a breach of social and civil duties—the landlords for their cruelty, the tenants for their mendacity, the priests for their neglect of their most momentous function. This boon Ireland will not get; but we can force upon her that which comes the nearest to it, the suppression of a vain, vapid, selfish, and suicidal agitation. If we do not do it while we may, we shall rue it with bitterness and humiliation hereafter."—*Times*, September 1847.

To the same purpose, it is observed in a late number of the *Economist*, also an able Liberal journal:

"Irish agitation has run its course, and shown its character. It has had 'rope enough' allowed to manifest what are its materials, and what its means—what are the objects it proposes, and of what stuff its leaders are made. It has displayed a mixture of ferocity, levity, and incapacity, which has covered with shame and confusion all its quondam sympathisers and admirers. Demagogism has been stripped naked, and has appeared as what it really is—a low, savage, dishonest enormity—an 'evil that walketh in darkness'—the epidemic malady of Ireland—an enemy which no concessions can conciliate, which no mildness can disarm, and with which, because of its dishonesty, no parley can be held.

"An open rebellion has been crushed at its first outbreak. A number of its leaders and organisers are in prison, and the Government, with a forbearance and adhesion to routine ideas which verges on the simple, and almost approaches the sublime, intrusts their punishment to

the slow and uncertain processes of the law—to the courage of Irish juries, and the integrity of Irish witnesses. The Government allows rebels who have appealed to arms, and been worsted in the conflict, to retreat behind the shelter of the law. It is content to meet an armament with an indictment; nay, more, it is content to submit this indictment to the judgment of men, half of whom are in the ranks of the rebel army, and the other half in its power. It may have been well to try this hazardous experiment; but the result of it could not long be doubtful. Accordingly, we find that convictions cannot be obtained. Rebels, whose guilt is as clear as the day, are dismissed from the dock because juries will not agree upon a verdict—and are to be kept safe till March 1849, then to be let loose to recommence their work of mischief with all the increased audacity which impunity cannot fail to generate. They have taken arms against the Government, and the Government will have proved impotent to punish them.

"We are not surprised that Irish juries will not convict Irish rebels. It is too much to expect that they should do so, even when fully convinced of, and indignant at, their guilt. It would be almost too much to ask from Englishmen. Government have a right to call upon jurors to do their duty, under ordinary circumstances and in ordinary times. In like manner, Government has a right to call upon all citizens to come forward, and act as special constables, in all cases of civil commotion. But it has no right to send them forth, unexercised and unarmed, to encounter an organised and disciplined force, provided with musket and artillery: that is the business of regular troops. In like manner, Government has no right to expect jurors to act at the hazard of their lives and property. The law never contemplated that serving on a jury should be an office of danger. When it becomes such, other agencies must be brought into operation.

"It will not suffice to the Government to have acted with such skill and spirit as to have rendered abortive a formidable and organised rebellion. It must *crush* the rebellious spirit and the rebellious power. This can never be done by the means of juries. Punishment, to be effectual, must fall with unerring certainty on every one concerned in the crime. They must be made to feel that no legal chicanery, no illegitimate sympathy, can avail to save them. The British nation, we are sure, will never endure that men who have been guilty of such crimes as

the Irish felons should escape punishment, and be again let loose on society, to mock and gibe at the impotence of power. Any termination of the crisis would be preferable to one so fatal and disgraceful."—*Economist*, Sept. 12, 1848.

These articles, emanating from such sources, induce us to hope that the long-protracted distractions of Ireland are about to be brought to a close; and that, after having been for above half a century the battle-field of English faction, or cursed with Liberal English sympathy, and its inevitable offspring, Irish agitation and mendicancy—the real secret of its sufferings has been brought to light; and that, by being governed in a manner suitable to its character and circumstances, it will at length take its place among the really civilised nations of the world, and become fit for the exercise of those privileges which, prematurely conceded, have proved its ruin.

One circumstance induces the hope that this anticipation may be realised, and that is, the highly honourable part which the Irish enrolled in the police have taken in the late disturbances; the fidelity of all the Irish in the Queen's service to their colours; and the general pacific conduct which has, with a few exceptions, been observed by the numerous Hibernians settled in Great Britain during the late disturbances. The conduct of the Irish police, in particular, has been in all respects admirable; and it is not going too far to assert, that to their zeal, activity, and gallantry, the almost bloodless suppression of the insurrection is mainly to be ascribed. The British army does not boast a more courageous body of men than the Irishmen in its ranks; and it is well known that, after a time, they form the best officers of a superior kind for all the police establishments in the kingdom. Although the Irish in our great towns are often a very great burden, especially when they first come over, from the vast number of them who are in a state of mendicancy, and cannot at first get into any regular employment, yet when they do obtain it, they prove hardworking and industrious, and do not exhibit a greater proportion of crime than the native British with whom they are

surrounded. The Irish quickness need be told to none who have witnessed the running fire of repartee they keep up from the fields with travellers, how rapid soever, on the road; their genius is known to all who are familiar with the works of Swift and Goldsmith, of Burke and Berkeley. Of one thing only at present *they are incapable, and that is, self-government.* One curse, and one curse only, has hitherto blasted all their efforts at improvement, and that is, the abuse of freedom. One thing, and one thing only, is required to set them right, and that is, the *strong rule* suited to national pupilage. One thing, and one thing only, is required to complete their ruin, and that is, repeal and independence. An infallible test will tell us when they have become prepared for self-government, and that is, when they have ceased to hate the Saxon—when they adopt his industry, imitate his habits, and emulate his virtues.

We have spoken of the French and the Irish, and contrasted, not without some degree of pride, their present miserable and distracted state with the steady and pacific condition of Great Britain, during a convulsion which has shaken the civilised world to its foundation. But let it not be supposed that France and Ireland alone have grievances which require redress, erroneous policy which stands in need of rectification. England has its full share of suffering, and more than its deserved share of absurd and pernicious legislation. But it is the glory of this country that we can rectify these evils by the force of argument steadily applied, and facts sedulously brought forward, without invoking the destructive aid of popular passions or urban revolutions. We want neither Red Republicans nor Tipperary Boys to fight our battles; we neither desire to be entrenched behind Parisian barricades nor Irish non-convicting juries; we neither want the aid of Chartist clubs, with their arsenals of rifles, nor Anti-corn-law Leagues, with their coffers of gold.

We appeal to the common sense and experienced suffering of our countrymen—to the intellect and sense of justice of our legislators; and we have not a doubt of ultimate success in the greatest social conflict in which British industry has ever been engaged.

We need not say that we allude to the CURRENCY—that question of questions, in comparison of which all others sink into insignificance; which is of more importance, even, than an adequate supply of food for the nation; and without the proper understanding of which all attempts to assuage misery or produce prosperity, to avert disaster or induce happiness, to maintain the national credit or uphold the national independence, must ere long prove nugatory. We say, and say advisedly, that this question is of far more importance than the raising of food for the nation; for if their industry is adequately remunerated, and commercial catastrophes are averted from the realm, the people will find food for themselves either in this or foreign states. Experience has taught us that we can import *twelve millions* of grain, a full fifth of the national subsistence, in a single year. But if the currency is not put upon a proper footing, the *means of purchasing this grain are taken from the people*—their industry is blasted, their labour meets with no reward—and the most numerous and important class in the community come to present the deplorable spectacle of industrious worth perishing of hunger, or worn out by suffering, in the midst of accumulated stores of home-grown or foreign subsistence.

The two grand evils of the present monetary system are, that the currency provided for the nation is *inadequate* in point of amount, and *fluctuating* in point of stability.

That it is inadequate in point of amount is easily proved. In the undermentioned years, the aggregate of notes in circulation in England and Wales, without Scotland and Ireland, was as follows* :—

	Bank of England and Provincial Banks.	Population, England and Wales.
1814, ...	£47,501,000	13,200,000
1815, ...	46,272,650	13,420,000
1816, ...	42,109,620	13,640,000
1817, ...	43,291,901	13,860,000
1818, ...	40,278,070	14,100,000

Including the Scotch and Irish notes, at that period about £12,000,000, the notes in circulation were about £60,000,000, and the inhabitants of Great Britain 14,000,000; of the two islands about 19,000,000—or about £3, 4s. a head.

In the year 1848, thirty years

afterwards, when the population of the empire had risen to 29,000,000, the exports had tripled, and the imports and shipping had on an average more than doubled, the supply of paper issued to the nation stood thus:—

NOTES.					POPULATION.
	Aug. 14, 1847.	Aug. 12, 1848.	Increase.	Decrease.	
Bank of England, .	£18,781,890	£18,710,728	—	£74,162	England and Wales.
Private Banks, .	4,258,380	3,520,990	—	737,390	
Joint Stock Banks, .	2,991,351	2,479,951	—	511,400	
Total in England, .	26,034,621	24,711,669	—	1,322,952	19,500,000
... Scotland, .	3,475,651	3,035,903	—	419,748	Great Britain and Ireland.
... Ireland, .	5,097,215	4,313,304	—	783,911	
United Kingdom, .	34,587,487	32,060,876	—	2,526,611	29,500,000

Thus showing a decrease of £1,322,952 in the circulation of notes in England, and a decrease of £2,526,611 in the circulation of the United Kingdom, when compared with the corresponding period last year.*—*Times*, Aug. 29, 1848.

Thus, in the last thirty years, the population of Great Britain and Ireland has *increased* from 19,000,000 to 29,500,000; while its currency in paper has *decreased* from £60,000,000 to £32,000,000. Above fifty per cent has been added to the people, and above a hundred per cent to their transactions, and the currency by which they are to be carried on has been contracted fifty per cent. Thirty years ago, the paper currency was £3, 5s. a head; now it is not above £1, 5s. a head! And our statesmen express surprise at the distress which prevails, and the extreme difficulty experienced

in collecting the revenue! It is no wonder, in such a state of matters, that it is now more difficult to collect £52,000,000 from 29,000,000 of people, than in 1814 it was to collect £72,000,000 from 18,000,000.

The circulation, it is particularly to be observed, is *decreasing* every year. It was, in August 1848, no less than £2,500,000 *less* than it was in August 1847, though that was the August *between* the crisis of April and the crisis of October of that year. And this prodigious and progressively increasing contraction of the currency, and consequent drying up of credit and

* Small as these numbers are, the amount of notes in circulation is daily still further decreasing. For the week ending 9th September 1848, the amount of notes in circulation of the Bank of England was only £17,844,665. It is no wonder the same journal adds—"The Railway Market was *more depressed than ever* this afternoon; and prices of all descriptions experienced a considerable fall. London and North Western were done at 105; Great Western stand at 18 to 20 discount."—*Times*, 10th Sept. 1848.

blasting of industry, is taking place at the precise time when the very legislators who have produced it have landed the nation in the expenditure, in three years, of £150,000,000 on domestic railways, independent of a vast and increasing import trade, which is constantly draining more and more of our metallic resources out of the country! Need it be wondered at that money is so tight, and that railway stock in particular exhibits, week after week, a progressive and most alarming decline.

But, say the bullionists, if we have taken away one-half of your paper, we have given you double the former command of sovereigns; and gold is far better than paper, because it is of universal and permanent value. There can be no doubt that the gold and silver coinage at the Mint has been very much augmented since paper was so much withdrawn; and the amount in circulation now probably varies in ordinary times from £40,000,000 to £45,000,000. There can be as little doubt that the circulation, on its present basis, is capable of fostering and permitting the most unlimited amount of speculations; for absurd adventures never were so rife in the history of England, not even in the days of the South Sea Company, as in 1845, the year which immediately followed Sir R. Peel's new currency measures, by which these dangers were to be forever guarded against. It is no wonder it was so; for the bill of 1844 aggravates speculation as much in periods of prosperity, as it augments distress and pinches credit in times of adversity. By compelling the Bank of England, and all other banks, to hold constantly in their coffers a vast amount of treasure, which must be issued at a fixed price, it leaves them no resource for defraying its charges but pushing business, and getting out their notes to the uttermost. That was the real secret of the lowering

of the Bank of England's discounts to 3 and 2½ per cent in 1845, and of the enormous gambling speculations of that year, from the effects of which the nation is still so severely suffering.

But as gold is made, under the new system, the basis of the circulation beyond the £32,000,000 allowed to be issued in the United Kingdom on securities, what provision does it make for keeping the gold thus constituted the sole basis of two-thirds of the currency within the country? Not only is no such provision made, but every imaginable facility is given for its exportation. Under the free-trade system, our imports are constantly increasing in a most extraordinary ratio, and our exports constantly diminishing. Since 1844, our imports have swelled from £75,000,000 to £90,000,000, while our exports have decreased from £60,000,000 to £58,000,000, of which only £51,000,000 are British and Irish exports and manufactures.* How is the balance paid, or to be paid? *In cash*: and that is the preparation which our legislators have made for keeping the gold, the life-blood of industry and the basis of two-thirds of the circulation, in the country. They have established a system of trade which, by inducing a large and constant importation of food, for which scarcely any thing but gold will be taken, induces a constant tendency of the precious metals outwards. With the right hand they render the currency and credit beyond £32,000,000 entirely dependent on keeping the gold in the country, and with the left hand they send it headlong out of the country to buy grain. No less than £33,000,000 were sent out in this way to buy grain in fifteen months during and immediately preceding the year 1847. They do this at the very time when, under bills which themselves have passed, and the railways which themselves

	* Exports, Declared Value.		Imports, Official Value.
1844,	£58,584,292	.	£75,441,565
1845,	60,111,681	.	85,284,965
1846,	57,786,576	.	75,958,875
1847,	58,971,106	.	90,921,866
			— <i>Parl. Returns.</i>

have encouraged, £150,000,000 was in the next three years to be expended on the extra work of railways! Is it surprising that, under such a system, half the wealth of our manufacturing towns has disappeared in two years; that distress to an unheard-of extent prevails every where; and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been obliged to borrow £10,000,000, in the last and present session of Parliament, during general peace?

Let it not be supposed this evil has passed away. It is in full vigour at the present moment. It will never pass away as long as *free trade and a fettered currency* coexist in this country. The disastrous fact has been revealed by the publication of the Board of Trade returns, that while, during the first six months of this year, our imports have undergone little diminution, our exports have sunk £4,000,000 below the corresponding months in last year. In May alone, the decrease was

£1,122,000; in April, £1,467,000.* Beyond all doubt our exports, this year, of British produce and manufactures, will sink to £45,000,000, while our imports will reach at least £85,000,000! How is the balance paid? IN SPECIE! And still the monetary laws remain the same, and for every five sovereigns above £32,000,000 lent out, a note must be drawn in! It may be doubted whether a system so utterly absurd and ruinous ever was established in any nation, or persevered in with such obstinacy after its pernicious effects had been ascertained by experience.

The manner in which these disastrous effects resulted, necessarily and immediately, from the combined operation of the bills of 1819 and 1844, is thus clearly and justly stated by Mr Salt, in his late admirable letter to Sir R. Peel on the subject.

"The potato crop failed, and an importation of food became necessary; the

* EXPORTS.

	First half of 1847.	First half of 1848.	Increase.	Decrease.
Butter	£62,879	£71,576	£8,697	—
Candles	22,155	26,475	4,329	—
Cheese	15,149	11,089	—	£4,060
Coals and culm	432,497	517,925	85,420	—
Cotton manufactures	9,248,835	8,023,825	—	1,225,010
Cotton yarn	2,628,616	2,214,031	—	414,185
Earthenware	429,387	365,382	—	64,005
Fish, herrings	37,883	31,220	—	6,663
Glass	153,746	124,121	—	29,625
Hardwares and cutlery ...	1,096,956	939,523	—	157,433
Leather, wrought & unwrought	163,515	119,921	—	43,594
Linen manufactures	1,502,770	1,413,819	—	88,951
Linen yarn	315,196	236,076	—	79,120
Machinery	541,403	398,770	—	142,633
Metals—Iron and steel ...	2,462,954	2,545,650	82,696	—
Copper and brass ...	819,751	546,648	—	303,103
Lead	100,620	57,331	—	43,289
Tin, unwrought ...	72,862	73,477	595	—
Tin, plates	235,771	259,950	24,179	—
Salt	141,195	115,757	—	25,438
Silk manufactures	494,806	263,798	—	231,008
Soap	76,686	74,166	—	2,520
Sugar, refined	203,628	212,298	8,670	—
Wool, sheep or lambs' ...	95,412	58,256	—	37,156
Woollen yarn	444,797	291,985	—	152,812
Woollen manufactures ...	3,564,754	2,578,470	—	986,284
	£25,394,243	£21,571,939	£214,585	£4,036,889

The entire decrease of exports during the half-year is thus shown to be £3,822,304.

[Continued.]

food was imported at a cost not exceeding one half per cent on the national wealth. It might have been paid for in goods or in gold, and the limit of the loss would have been the amount paid—a sum too insignificant, compared to the national resources, to have been perceptible—and the national industry could have replaced it in a few weeks.

"But the bill of 1819 had made gold the basis of our whole system; and, therefore, when the gold was exported to pay for the food, the whole system was broken up; and the bill provides that this calamity shall in every case be added to that of a bad harvest; that the abstraction of an infinitesimal part of our money shall destroy our whole monetary system; that the purchase of a small quantity of food shall cause an immense quantity of starvation, by destroying the means of distributing the food, and employing labour. If this were the only evil of the bill, its existence ought not to be tolerated an hour.

"Instead of placing the national credit and solvency on the broad and indestruc-

tible basis of the national industry and wealth, you have placed all the great national interest on gold, the narrowest and most shifting, and therefore the most unfit, basis it was possible to choose. You could not have done worse.

"The gold being in quantity perfectly unequal to effect the exchanges needful for the existence of society, an immense and disproportioned superstructure of paper money and credit became a compulsory result, and a certain cause of perpetually recurring ruin.

"In framing the bill of 1819 you do not appear to have had a suspicion of this consequence; but in 1844, after an interval of a quarter of a century, this much seems to have dawned obscurely in your mind; but, alas! what was your remedy?—enlarging and securing the too narrow and shifting basis? Not at all; you crippled and limited the superstructure. You left us subject to the whole of your original error, and provided a new one!

"The bill of 1844 provides that, in proportion as the gold money shall disappear, the paper money shall disappear also!

IMPORTS.

	Imported.		Taken for Home Consumption.	
	1847.	1848.	1847.	1848.
Grain of all descriptions, qrs.	2,195,579	1,548,464	2,547,938	1,436,463
Indian corn, qrs.	2,082,038	652,788	2,082,369	647,470
Flour and meal, cwt.	3,382,959	459,797	3,860,107	439,759
Provisions—Bacon, pork, &c., cwt.	176,319	234,398	Free.	Free.
Butter and cheese, cwt.	298,568	291,713	342,170	312,394
Animals, No.	61,989	52,345	Free.	Free.
Eggs, No.	41,299,514	48,791,793	41,276,990	48,786,604
Cocoa, lbs.	2,540,298	2,407,031	1,761,590	1,542,119
Coffee, British, lbs.	6,394,508	10,227,072	13,545,147	15,156,187
Ditto, Foreign, lbs.	5,395,669	7,704,282	6,092,252	3,900,457
Total coffee	11,790,177	17,931,354	19,637,399	19,058,644
Sugar—West India, cwt.	1,288,138	1,091,375	994,163	1,212,726
Mauritius, cwt.	881,699	568,475	617,681	470,410
East India, cwt.	683,901	679,279	710,514	669,196
Foreign, cwt.	1,110,948	621,301	622,284	427,542
Total sugar	3,967,686	2,960,430	2,944,642	2,779,874
Tea, lbs.	30,999,703	32,788,914	23,101,975	24,365,380
Rice, cwt.	676,130	497,038	Free.	—
Ditto, qrs.	32,343	31,410	Free.	—
Spirits, galls.	4,328,426	4,525,729	2,282,072	2,069,720
Wines, galls.	3,332,866	3,300,826	3,264,621	3,114,158
Opium, lbs.	103,708	83,693	27,208	36,985
Tobacco, lbs.	11,100,328	10,822,184	13,419,930	13,416,118
Fruits—Currants, figs, and raisins, cwt.	189,844	107,644	194,951	236,918
Lemons and oranges, chests	209,647	281,362	206,058	261,302
Ditto, at value, £	773	2,961	12,449	8,463
Spices, lbs.	2,250,664	3,460,497	1,564,612	1,632,833

Out of the money thus doubly reduced, the unhappy people are compelled to pay unreduced taxes ; and out of the inadequate remnant to discharge unreduced debts, and to provide for the unreduced necessities of their respective stations. So the leaven of the law works its way through all society. The payments cannot be made out of these reduced means, the loss of the credit follows the loss of the money ; the means of exchange, employment, and consumption are destroyed, and the world looks with amazement on the consummation of your work—the wealthiest nation in the world withering up under the blight of a universal insolvency ; an abundance of all things beyond compute, and a misery and want beyond relief.

“ The sole aim of your bill has been to convert paper money into gold. I have shown how signally you have failed in this one object, always excepting your special claim of converting £48,000,000 of paper money into £15,000,000 of gold, for which mutation I suspect few will thank you. In all other respects, the whimsicality of your fate has been to establish a universal inconvertibility. Labour cannot be converted into wages, East India estates, West India estates, railway shares, sugar, rice, cotton goods, &c. ; in short, all things are inconvertible except gold. There has been nothing like it since the days of Midas.

The facts, sir, are of your creation, not of mine. I cannot alter or disguise them. You have had confided to your administration, by our illustrious sovereign, this most powerful state, of almost unlimited extent and fertility—a people unrivalled in their knowledge, caution, skill, and energy, possessed of unlimited means of creating wealth, and out of all these elements of human happiness your measures have produced a chaos of ruin, misery, and discontent. You can scarcely place your finger on the map, and mark a spot in this vast empire where all the elements of prosperity do not exist abundantly ; you cannot point out one where you have not produced results of ruin. Every resource is paralysed, every interest deranged ; the very empire is threatened with dissolution. The Canadas, the West Indies, and Ireland, are threatening secession, and England has to be garrisoned against its people as against a hostile force ; the very loyalty of English hearts is beginning to turn into disaffection. Review once more these vast resources, and these wretched results, and I trust you will not make the fatal opinion of your life the only one to which you will persist in adhering.”

This is language at once fearless, but measured—cutting, but respectful, which, on such an emergency, befits a British statesman. There is no appeal to popular passions, no ascribing of unworthy motives, no attempt to evade inquiry by irony ; facts, known undeniable facts, are alone appealed to. Inferences, clear, logical, convincing, are alone drawn. If such language was more frequent, *especially in the House of Commons*, the plague would soon be stayed, and its former prosperity would again revisit the British Empire.

In opposition to these damning facts, the whole tactics of the bullionists consist in recurring to antiquated and childish terrors. They call out “ Assignats, assignats, assignats ! ”—they seek to alarm every holder of money by the dread of its depreciation. They affect to treat the doctrine of keeping a fair proportion between population, engagements, and currency, as a mere chimera. In the midst of the deluge, they raise the cry of fire ; when wasting of famine, they hold out to us the terrors of repletion ; when sinking from atrophy on the way-side, they strive to terrify us by the dangers of apoplexy. The answer to all this tissue of affectation and absurdity is so evident, that we are almost ashamed to state it. We all know the dangers of assignats ; we know that they are ruinous when issued to any great extent. So also we know the dangers of apoplexy and intoxication ; but we are not on that account reconciled to a regimen of famine and starvation. We know that some of the rich die of repletion, but we know that many more of the poor die of want and wretchedness. We do not want to be deluged with inconvertible paper, which has been truly described as “ strength in the outset, but weakness in the end ; ” but neither do we desire to be starved by the periodical abstraction of that most evanescent of earthly things, a gold circulation. Having the means, from our own immense accumulated wealth, of enjoying that first of social blessings, an *adequate, steady, and safe currency*, we do not wish to be any longer deprived of it by the prejudices of theorists, the selfishness of capitalists, or the obstinacy of statesmen. Half our

wealth, engaged in trade and manufactures, has already disappeared, under this system, in two years; we have no disposition to lose the remaining half.

The duty on wheat now is only five shillings a quarter; in February next it will fall to one shilling a quarter, and remain fixed at that amount. The importation of grain, which was felt as so dreadful a drain upon our metallic resources in 1847, may, under that system, be considered as permanent. *We shall be always in the condition in which the nation is when three weeks' rain has fallen in August.* Let merchants, manufacturers, holders of funded property, of railway stock, of bank stock, reflect on that circumstance, and consider what fate awaits them if the present system remains unchanged. They know that three days' rain in August lowers the public funds one, and all railway stock ten per cent. Let them reflect on their fate if, by human folly, *an effect equal to that of three weeks' continuous fall of rain takes place every year.* Let them observe what frightful oscillations in the price of commodities follow the establishing by law a fixed price for gold. Let them ponder on the consequences of a system which sends twelve or fifteen millions of sovereigns out of the country annually to buy grain, and con-

tracts the paper remaining in it at the same time in the same proportion. Let them observe the effect of such a system, coinciding with a vast expenditure on domestic railways. And let them consider whether all these dreadful evils, and the periodical devastation of the country by absurd speculation and succeeding ruin, would not be effectually guarded against, and the perils of an over-issue of paper also prevented, by the simple expedient of treating gold and silver, the most easily transported and evanescent of earthly things, like any other commodity, and making paper always payable in them, but at the price they bear at the moment of presentment. That would establish a mixed circulation of the precious metals and paper, mutually convertible, and allow an increased issue of the latter to obviate all the evils flowing from the periodical abstractions of the former. To establish the circulation on a gold basis alone, in a great commercial state, is the same error as to put the food of the people in a populous community on one root or species of grain. Ireland has shown us, in the two last years, what is the consequence of the one—famine and rebellion; England, of the other—bankruptcy and Chartism.

BYRON'S ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE undertakes an Idea—that of a proud spirit, born in a castle, self-driven from the bosom of home, seeking refuge, solace, renovation, from Nature, of sensibilities worn out with enjoyment. Or, he brings into play a neglected, unused sensibility—the joy of the Sublime and the Beautiful. We receive, as given, a mind gifted with extraordinary powers of will and understanding—by the favour of birth, nursed upon the heights of society—conversant with pleasure and passion; and, bearing all this constantly in mind, we must read the poem. From it large passages might be selected, in which the scorn, despite, bitterness that elsewhere break in, disfiguring beauty and sublimity, are silent; and the passion of divine beholding stands out alone. Is this the character—or what is the character, of the celebrated concluding Address to the Ocean? Few things in modern poetry have been more universally—more indiscriminately admired; be it ours now to recite with you the famous Stanzas—and here, sitting beneath the sea-fronting porch of our Marine Villa, indulge in a confabulatory critique.

The Wanderings are at an end. The real and the imaginary pilgrim, standing together upon Mount Albano, look out upon the blue Mediterranean. He has generously, honourably, magnani-

mously, thrown upon the ground the checkered mantle of scorn, anger, disappointment, sorrow, and ennui, which had wrapped in disguise his fair stature and features; and he stands a restored, or at least an escaped man, gazing with eye and soul upon the beautiful and majestic sea rolling in its joy beneath his feet. He looks; and he will deliver himself up, as Nature's lone enthusiast, to the delicious, deep, dread, exulting, holy passion of—vary the word as he varies it—The Ocean.

Let us chant—with broken, though haply not unmusical voice—what may be called—the Hymn. That is a high term—let us not anticipate that it has been misapplied. Childe Harold, or Lord Byron—for it here little matters whether a grace of pleased fancy resolve the Two into One, or show the Two side by side, noble forms in brotherly reflection—here is at last the powerful but self-encumbered Spirit with whom we have journeyed so long in sunlight and in storm—delighted, sympathising, wondering at least, or confounded and angry when he will not let us wonder—here He is at last himself, in unencumbered strength, setting like the sun upon the sea he gazes on—the clouds broken through, dispersed, and vanquished, even if a half-tinge of melancholy remembrance hang in the atmosphere, radiant in majestic farewell.

“ But I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea:
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

“ Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear.
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

" Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

" There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

" Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean!—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

" His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise,
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

" The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take,
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

" Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here."

These Stanzas may be separated from the Poem—the feeling of readers innumerable so separates them—as a *HYMN TO THE OCEAN*. The passage, a great effort of a great poet, intends a final putting forth of all his power—it has been acknowledged and renowned as such; and, if it has failed, a critique showing this, and showing the ground of the failure, may be useful to you, inexperienced yet in the criticism of poetry, though all alive to its charm.

We observe you delight in the first Four Stanzas—ay, you recite them over again after us—and the voice of youth, tremulous in emotion, is pathetic to the Old Man. He will not seek, by what might seem to you, thus moved, hypercritical objections to some of the words; but, pleased with your pleasure, he is willing to allow you to believe the stanzas entirely good in expression as in thought. For here the morbid disrelish of the sated palate is cleansed away. The obscuring cloud of the overwhelmed heart is dispersed. The joy of the wilderness here claimed is not necessarily more or other than that of every powerful and imaginative spirit, which experiences that solitude is, in simple truth, by a steadfast law of our nature, the condition under which our soul is able to wed itself in impassioned communion effectually to the glorious Universe—where, too, the subjugating footsteps of man, impairing the pure domain of free nature, are not. "Pathless," "lonely,"—of them-

selves bespeak neither satiety nor hostility: there is "society by the deep sea, and music in its roar!" all quite right. Here is a heart, in its thirst for sympathy, peopling the desert with sympathisers. Here is expansion of the heart; and the spirit that rejoices in the consciousness of life roused into creative activity. For an ear untuned and untuning, here is one that listens out harmonies which you, languid or inept, might not discern. "Pleasure!" "rapture!" "society!" "music!"—a chain of genialities!

"I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews."

What will you require of kindest humanity from any poet, from any lover of nature, that is not here? The savage grandeur of earth and sea have their peril—the fleeing of human homes and haunts—the voluptuous banishment self-imposed—the caressing of dear fancies in secret invisible recesses inviolable—these tend all to engendering and nurturing an excessive self-delight akin to an usurping self-love; and the very sublimities of that wonderful intercourse, in which, upon the one part, stands the feeble dwarf Man, in his hour-lived weakness, and upon the other, as if Infinitude itself putting on cognisable forms, the imperishable Hills and the unchangeable Sea—that intercourse in which he, the pigmy, conscious of the divinity within him, feels himself the greater—he infinite, immortal, and these finite and

vanishing—the power and exultation of that intercourse may well engender and nourish Pride. Self-love and Pride, tempting, decoying, bewildering, devouring demons of the inhuman Waste! But the self-reproved, repentant pilgrim has well understood these dangers. He knows that the delight of woods and waterfalls, of stars and storms, may alienate man from his fellow-man. He has guarded himself by some wise temperance. He has found here his golden mean. From thus conversing, he “loves not man the less, but nature more.” Is this a young Wordsworth, beginning, in the school of nature, to learn the wisdom of humanity?

At all events, here is, for the occasion, the most express and earnest disclaimer of the mood of misanthropy; and we rejoice to hear the Pilgrim speak of interviews

“in which I steal

From all I may be, or have been before.”

From all! that is, from all the ungracious, the harsh, the unkind, the sore, the embittered, the angry, the miserable! Not, surely, from all the amiable and all the gladsome; and especially not from the whole personality and identity of his character. The picture he had given us of himself was that of a powerful mind, self-set at war with its kind, yet within an exasperated hate ever and anon unfolding undestroyed, sometimes hardly vitiated, some portion of its original ingenerate faculty of love. Here we behold him now as God made him, and no longer possessed by a demon. Change his rhyme into our prose—and you do not dislike our prose—and in sober and sincere sadness the Child thus speaks—“I steal, under the power of these delicious, renovating, gladdening, hallowing influences, out of myself—out of that evil thing which man had made me—rather, alas! which I had made myself into;—and if long wandering, disuse of humanity, separation from the scene of my wrongs, and this auspicious dominion of inviolate nature have in these past years already amended me—if I have been worse than I am—even that worse and that worst these ‘interviews’ obliterate and extinguish.” The soured milk of human kindness is again

sweetened. Or, if that be too much to say, at least man, with all the dissonance that hangs by his name and recollections, is forgotten, suspended—for the time absolutely lost. If this be not the meaning, what is?

“And feel

What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal,”

is indeed powerless writing, and the stanza merited a better close. But the whole stanza protests, proclaims the glad healing power of the natural world over him. He has described this as well as he could, and sums up with saying that by him it is indescribable. “I derive from these communions a rapturous transformation—so great, so wondrous, that my ignorant skill of words is utterly unable to render it; but, at the same time, so self-powerful, that, in despite of this my concealing inability, tones of it will outbreak, make themselves heard, felt, and understood.” Thus Byron sets the tune of his Address to the Ocean. The first Four Stanzas, therefore, be their poetry more or less, required, upon this account, enucleation; and further, dear Neophyte, inasmuch as they are particularly humane, they should take their effectual place among evidences which separate him personally from some of his poetical Timons.

You—dear Neophyte—have called the Four Stanzas beautiful,—that is enough for us,—and they recall to your heart—you say—the kindred lines of Coleridge—which we call “beautiful exceedingly.”—

“With other ministrations thou! O Nature! Healest thy wandering and distemper’d child. Thou pourest on him thy soft influences, Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,

Thymelodies of woods, and winds, and waters, Till he relent, and can no more endure To be a jarring and a dissonant thing Amid this general dance and minstrelsy; But, bursting into tears, wins back his way, His angry spirit heal’d and harmonised By the benignant touch of love and beauty.” Thus—we repeat our words—“Byron sets the tune of his Address to the Ocean.”

The poem, then, is an Address to the Ocean by a Lover of the Ocean. It seems reasonable, then, to ask, first,

what is it natural to expect that such a poem should be? And if it proves to be something remarkably different, then to inquire whether any particular circumstance or condition has intervened which justifies the poet in following an unexpected course.

Now, for natural expectation, the theme is one of eulogy; and one may say, therefore, that praise customarily expresses itself in one or other of two principal ways—namely, directly or indirectly. We praise directly, for instance, when, moved by the contemplation of some great or interesting subject, we single forth, one after another, the qualities of its character, or the facts in its history, which have provoked our love, our admiration, our joy, our gratitude. Upon the other hand, we praise indirectly when we extol the subject of our eulogy by disparaging another foreign subject, which we oppose to the chosen one in the way of relief or foil; whether we establish mere comparison of contrast between the two, or cite an opposition of actual enmity between them—as if, in hymning Apollo, we should insist upon the horror and fury, the earth-pollution and the earth-affliction, of the monster Python.

A moment of reflection satisfies us that both ways are alike natural—both, with occasion, alike unavoidable; but it is impossible to help equally seeing that these two ways of eulogy differ materially from each other in two respects,—the temper of inspiration which dictates, animates, and supports the one or other manner of attributing renown, and the motive justifying the one eulogistic procedure or the other. The temper of direct praise is always wholly genial; that of lauding by illandation has in it perforce an ungenial element. The motive to direct praise eternally subsists and is there, as long as the subject eulogised subsists and is there. This, then, is the ordinary method. If any thing has just happened that provokes the indirect way—as if Python has just been vanquished—then good and well; or if the poet, by some personal haunting sorrow, or by an unvanquished idiosyncrasy, must arrive at pleasure through pain, so be it: but this method is clearly extraordinary and exceptive to the rule;

and the reason for using it must be prominent, definite, and flashing in all men's eyes. The other method never can require justifying—this does always; and if it fail conspicuously in aught, the very opposite effect to that intended is produced, and the eulogy is no laud. You may say, indeed, and say truly, that all eulogy shall be mixed—that naturally and necessarily every subject has its title to favour by sympathy and by antipathy. Which of the two shall predominate? We need scarcely answer that question. The mood of mind in which the Poet sings must be genial and benign, though he may have to deal in fierce invective.

Read then, dearest Neophyte, the first Four Stanzas—recite them again, for you have them by heart. It is not easy to imagine any thing more completely at variance with all that preamble for the hymn than the hymn itself. The poet, imbued, as we have seen, with the love of nature and of man, will breathe on both his benediction. He will glorify the Sea. And how does he attain the transported and affectionate contemplation of the abyss of waters? By the opposition of man's impotence to the might of the sea; by the opposition of the land subjected to man, mixed up in his destinies, and changeable with him, to the ocean free from all change, excepting that of its own moods, the free play of its own gigantic will. For though, philosophically speaking, the immense mass of waters is in itself inert and powerless; lifted into tides by the sun and moon; lifted into storm by raging and invisible winds; yet the poet, lawfully, and by a compulsion which lies alike upon all our minds, apprehends in what is involuntary, self-willed motion, wild changeable moods, a pleasure of rolling—sun, moon, and winds, being for the moment left utterly out of thought; and it may be that Byron here does this well. But, what is the worth; what the meaning of the first Four Stanzas—in which you have delighted, because in them the Bard you love had deliberately and passionately rejected all hostile regard of man, and reclaimed for himself his place among the brotherhood—when we see that hostile regard in all its

bitterness, instantaneously return and become the predominating characteristic of the whole wrathful and scornful song?

Was his previous confession of faith utterly false and hollow? If sincere and substantial, what in a moment shattered it?

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!"

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee."

This is good in temper so far—nor in aught inconsistent with the spirit pervading the introductory Stanzas; if the ten thousand fleets are presented for the magnificence of the picture. But are they? No, already for spleen. The full verse is

"Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee—in vain!"

In vain! for what end in vain? Why, for one that never was contemplated by them, nor by any rational being—that of leaving the bosom of the deep permanently furrowed by their wakes! This is a minuteness of thinking we shudder to put down—but mend the matter if you can. Try to imagine something great, if not intelligible—that the attempt which has failed was, in some titanic and mysterious way, to have established a dominion of man over the sea, to have yoked it like the earth under his hand, ploughed it, set vines and sown corn fields, and built up towered cities. But "that thought is unstable, and deserts us quite." "In vain," whatever it means, or if it means nothing—(and will no one tell us what it means?)—still proposes the sea in conflict with an adversary, and does not contemplate it for its own pure great self. The whole Hymn is founded on contrast, and therefore of indirect inspiration. To aggrandise the sea, Byron knows of no other way than to disparage the earth; and there is equally a want of truth, and of imagination and passion. If he had the capacity of worthily praising nature, if he had the genuine love and admiration for her beauty and greatness which he proudly claims, he has not shown this here; and we are induced to think that there were in his mind, faculties, intellectual and moral, stronger there than the poetical, and upon which the poetical faculty needed to stay itself—from which it

needed to borrow a factitious energy—say wit and scorn, the faculties of the satirist.

"In vain," indeed! Imagination beholds ten thousand fleets sweeping over the ocean—or a hundred of them, or one—and man's exulting spirit feels that it was not in vain. The purposes for which fleets do sail—to carry commerce, to carry war, to carry colonies, to carry civilisation, to bring home knowledge, have triumphantly prospered; and, of course, are not in the meaning of the poet, although properly they alone are in the meaning of the word. But, perversely enough, the imagination of the reader accepts for an instant the pomp of the representation—"ten thousand fleets sweep over thee"—for good, as an adjunct of the ocean's magnificence; and in the confusion of thought and feeling which characterises the passage, this verse of mockery tells to the total resulting impression, in effect, like a verse of passion. The reverence which is not intended—not the contempt which is intended—for these majestic human creations, is acknowledged at last. The poet, with his living fraternal shadow beside him, is sitting upon the Italian promontory—love and wonder look through his eyes upon that sea rolling under that sky—and he speaks accordingly,—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!"

Roll thy gentle tides on, sweet Mediterranean Sea! to beat in murmurs at my weary feet! Roll, in thine own unconfined spaces, Atlantic Ocean! with placid swell or with mounting billows, from pole to pole! Roll, circumambient World-Ocean! embracing in thy liquid arms our largest continents as thine islands, and immantling our whole globe. A fair, gentle, sedate beginning; and at the very next step—war to the knife!

The confused, unstudied impression left upon you is that of a powerful mind moving in the majesty of its power. But it is not moving in the majesty of power, after one step taken straight forwards, at the second to wheel sharply round and march off in the opposite direction. How otherwise, Homer, Pindar, Mil-

ton! They walk as kings, heroes, bards, archangels. The first canon of great, impassioned, profound writing—that the soul, filled with its theme, and with affection fitted for its theme, moves on slowly or impetuously—with a glide, or with a rush, or with a bound—but that it ever moves consistently with itself, pouring out its affection, and, in pouring it out, displaying its theme, and so evolving its work from itself in unity—is here signified against by movements owning no law but mere caprice.

How, then, is the glorification of his subject sought here to be attained by Byron? By means of another subject shown us in hostility, and quelled. Man, in his weakness, is put in contrast and in conflict with ocean's omnipotence. Man sends out his fleets, apparently for the purpose of ruining the ocean. He cannot: he can ruin the land; but on the land's edge his deadly dominion is at an end. There the reign of a mightier and more dreadful Ruler, a greater Destroyer, a wilder Anarch, begins. The sea itself rises, wrecks the timbered vessels, drowns the crews—or at least those who fall overboard—tosses the mariner to the skies and on to shore, and swallows up fleets of war.

Such is the first movement or strain. What is the amount relatively to the purport of the poem? Why, that the first point of glorification chosen, the first utterance of enthusiastic love and admiration from the softened heart and elevated soul of a poet, who has just told us that there is such music in its roar, that by the deep sea he loves not man the less, but nature more, is, "All hail, O wrathful, dire, almighty, and remorseless destroyer!"—surely a strange ebullition of tenderness—an amatory sigh like a lion's roar—something in Polyphemus' vein—wooing with a vengeance. All this, mark ye, dear neophyte, following straight upon a proclamation of peace with all mankind—upon an Invocation to Nature for inward peace!

Grant for a moment that Man is properly to be viewed as Earth's ravager, not its cultivator, and that "his control stops with the shore," is good English in verse for "his power of desolating, or his range of desolation,

is bounded by the sea-shore;" grant for a moment that it is a lawful and just practical contemplation to view him ravaging and ranging up to that edge, and to view in contrast the glad, bright, universally-laughing Ocean beyond—unravaged, unstained, unfooted, no smoke of conflagration rising, only the golden morning mist seeming all one diffused sun. Grant all this—and then what we have to complain of is, that the contrast is prepared, but not presented; and that the natural replication to "Man marks the earth with ruin," is not here. Instead of picture for picture—instead of, look on this picture and on that—we have

"on the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed."

That is to say, peace, happiness, beauty, nowhere! Man wrecks up to the shore. There the tables are turned upon him. There the sea ravages the land, and wrecks him in return. Merciful Heaven! nothing but wrecking; as if evil spirits only possessed the universe—as if the only question to be asked any where were, Who wrecks here?

Is not this a glaring instance of a false intellectual procedure arising out of a false moral temper? The unceasing call of the Hymn is for the display of the subject extolled. And here the beautiful, or the proud superiority of the "peaceful, immeasurable plain," or of the indignant, independent, thundrous sea, was imperiously suggested for some moments surely, if the Poem be one of glorification. But no! We may imagine for ourselves, if we please, the beauty, splendour, joy, tempestuous liberty of the unfettered waters; but the love of the ocean is not in the Poet's mind, as it ought to have been—only the hate of man.

As it ought to have been? Yea, verily. Had he not taken the pledge? To drink but of the purest spring of inspiration—the Fount of Love. And may he, without reproach, break it when he chooses, and we not dare to condemn? Of all promises, the promise made by poet of world-wide fame before the wide world, in his soul's best mood, and in nature's noblest inspiration, is the most sacred

—to break it is a sin, and a sin that brings its appropriate punishment along with it,—loss or abeyance of the faculty divine. Byron had sworn to love man and nature, and to glorify their works, on the very instant he seeks to degrade and vilify. We listen to a religious overture—to the Devil's March. We are invited to enter with him a temple of worship—and praise and prayer become imprecations and curses. It is as if a hermit, telling his beads at the door of his cell, retired into its interior to hold converse with a blaspheming spirit. Fear not to call it by its right name—this is Hypocrisy.

So much as to the fitness of the mood; now as to the truth of the matter.

What is, justly considered, the relation of man to the sea? Is it here truly spoken? Certainly not. The Facts and the Songs of the world are all the other way. In history, the ocean is the giant slave of the magician Man—with some difficulty brought under thralldom—humorous, and not always manageable—mischievous when he gets his own way. But compare statistically the service and the detriment, for *Clio* must instruct *Callope* and *Erato*. Passion that cannot sustain itself but by hiding that which has been, and accrediting that which has not been, is personal, not poetical—is mad, not inspired. The truth is, that the Ship is the glory of man's inventive art and inventive daring—the most splendid triumph of heroic art. And—for the history of man—the service of the sea to his ship has been the civilising of the earth. The wrecks are occasional—so much so that, in our ordinary estimate, they are forgotten. It would be as good poetry to say that all the inhabitants of the land live by wrecking.

In this first movement or strain, then, two great relations upheld by man are put in question,—his relation to the land, and his relation to the sea. The Basis of Song to the true and great poet is the truth of things—the truth as the historian and the philosopher know them. Over this he throws his own affection and creates a truth of his own—a poetical truth. But the truth, as held in man's actual knowledge, is recognisable through

the transparent veil. Here it is distorted, not veiled. The two relations are alike falsified. For in order to bring man into conflict with the sea, where he and not the sea is to be worsted, he must first be made the foe of the earth! "Man marks the earth with ruin." Is this the history of man on the earth? Man has vanquished the Earth, but for its benefit as well as his own. He has displaced the forest and the swamp, the wild beast and the serpent. He has adorned the earth like a bride; as if he had made captive a wild Amazon, charmed her with Orphean arts, wedded and made her a happy mother of many children. Whatever impressive effect such verses may have on the inconsiderate mind, it has been illegitimately attained—by a preposterous and utterly unprovoked movement of tempestuous passion, and by two utterly false contemplations of man's posture upon the globe, which two embrace about his whole mortal existence. Eloquence might condescend to this—poetry never.

Note well, O Neophyte! that the calm, contemplative, loving first line, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean! roll!"

precludes all comparison with such sudden bursts as "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!" &c., and "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina," &c.; but it does not preclude, it invites the killing comparison with

"O Thou that with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world,—at whose sight all the
stars

Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O'Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what
state

I fell—how glorious once above thy sphere!"
&c.

Where the speaker is fraught with personal, not as a poet with impersonal affection—where he comes charged with hate, not with love; and yet how slowly, how sedately, through how many thoughts, how much admiration, and how many verses, he reaches his hate at last, which is his object! But on that soliloquy,

dear Neophyte, we must discourse another day.

We must go a little—not very much—into particulars; for otherwise, O Neophyte! believe thou, whatever wiseacres say, there can be no true criticism of poetry. Let us—and that which might have been expected will appear,—a detail of moral and intellectual disorder. The stanza of which we have been speaking begins well—as we have seen and said. Thenceforth all is stamped with incongruity, and shows an effect like power, by violently bringing together, in a most remarkable manner, things that cannot consist—by the transition from the Universal to the Individual, when for

“The wrecks are all thy deed,”

which shows us a thousand ships foundering in mid ocean, and the earth's shores all strewn with fragments of oak-leviathans, we have instantaneously substituted, as if this were the same thing,

“When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sin's into thy depths with bubbling
groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and
unknown.”

What has happened? What is meant? Is this literally the representation of some single human being actually dropping, as unfortunately happens from time to time, from a ship's side into the immensity of waters? And is this horrible game and triumph of Ocean, which threatened to annihilate the species, upon a sudden confined to “a man overboard?” Or are we to understand that, by a strong feat of uncreating and recreating imagination, this one man, dropped as if naked from the clouds into the sea and submerged, impersonates and impictures, by some concentration of human agony and of human impotence, that universally diffused annihilation of Man in his ships which was the matter in hand? We do not believe that any reader can give a satisfactory explanation or account of the course of thinking that has been here pursued. Upon the face of the words lies that natural pathos which belongs to the perishing of the individual, which serves to blind

inquiry, and stands as a substitute for any reasonable thinking at all; and thus a grammatical confusion between Man and a man makes the whole absolute nonsense.

Then look here:—

“Upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed.”

This is not only not true—it is false. If man, clothed in the thunder of war, is able to strew ruin upon the land, he, militant, by the same power, strews wreck and ruin upon the waters; and so the distinction pretended, whatever it might be worth, fails. And does not the swallowing of the unknelled and uncoffined, which is attributed to the sea as the victor of man, take place as effectually when beak or broadside sends down a ship with her hundreds of souls, when the great sea, willing or unwilling, appears merely as the servile minister of insulting man's hate and fury?

“Alike the Armada's pride and spoils of
Trafalgar.”

“Rule Britannia” rings in our ears, and gives that assertion the lie. Does Macaulay's Ode idly recount an ineffectual muster? Did the Lord High Admiral of England, with all his commodores and captains, do nothing to the Armada? With what face dared an English Poet say to the sea that on all those days “the wrecks were all thy deed?” The storms were England's allies indeed, from Cape Clear to the Orcades. But only her allies; and, much as we respect the storms and their services, we say to the English fleet, “The wrecks were all thy deed.” At Trafalgar the storms finally sided with the Spaniards. “Let the fleet be anchored,” said Nelson ere he died; and, had that been possible, it had been done by Collingwood. After the fight Gravina came out to the rescue—but the sea engulfed the spoils. Yet, spite of that, we say again to the English fleet, “The wrecks were all thy deed;” and the sea answers—and will answer to all eternity—“Ay, ay, ay!”

Byron, we verily believe, was the first Great Poet that owned not a patriot's heart. No pride ever had he in his Country's triumphs either on land or sea. It seems as if he were impatient of every national and

individual greatness that, however far aloof from his sphere, might eclipse his own. He has written well—but not so well as he ought to have done—of Waterloo. The glory of Wellington overshadowed him; and, by keeping his name out of his verses, he would keep the hero himself out of sight. But there he is resplendent in spite of the Poet's spleen. *Verbum non amplius* for Trafalgar! not one for Nelson. Not so did Cowper—the pious, peace-loving Cowper—regard his country's conflicts. At thought of these the holy Harper's soul awoke. He too sung of the sea:—

“What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore?
Mistress at least, while Providence shall please,
AND TRIDENT-BEARING QUEEN OF THE
WIDE SEAS.”

That is majestic—and this is sublime:—

“They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail.”

Ay, then, indeed, “ten thousand fleets sail over Thee in vain.” Had Byron Cowper's great line in his mind? The copy cannot stand comparison with the original.

If we will try the poet by his words, and know whether he has mastered the consummation of his art by “writing well,” we may cull from several instances of suspicious language, in this stanza, the following—

“Nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage save his own.”

What is the meaning—the translation? “There is not on the ocean to be found a shadow of ravage in which man is the agent. The only ravage known on the ocean, in which man is concerned, is that which he suffers from the ocean.” This, if false, is nevertheless an intelligible proposition. But “ravage” is a strange word—a shocking bad one—applied, as you presently find that it must be, to one drowning man being “ravaged” by being drowned; and even more strange still is the grammatical opposition of “his ravage,” as properly signifying the ravage which he achieves, to “his own ravage” as properly signifying the ravage which he endures!

Moreover, what is meant by “re-

main”? Properly, to linger for a moment ere disappearing. But the proposition is, that ruin effected by man has no place at all on the waters. The poet means, that as long as you, the contemplator, tread the land, you walk among ruins made by man. When you pass on to the sea, no shadow of such ruin any longer accompanies you,—that is, any longer remains with you.

One great fault of style which the Hymn shows is Equivocation. The words are equivocal. Hence the contradiction—as in this stanza especially—between what is promised and what is done. Weigh for a moment these lines—

“Upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,”

&c., and tell us what they seem to describe. You will find yourself in a pretty puzzle. A ship? a fleet? myriads of ships lost? or one drowning man? Surely one drowning man. His own phrase,

“the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,”

here pre-appears. But he had bound himself quite otherwise. By his pledge he should, in contrast with man's wreck active upon shore, have given man's wreck passive upon the flood,—the earth strewn with ruin by man's hand, the sea strewn with ruin of man himself,—*magnis excidit ausis*.

The words “remain” and “man” have played the part here of juggling fiends,—

“They palter with us in a double sense,
They keep the word of promise to the ear,
And break it to our hope.”

For lend us your ear for a few minutes. The word “remain” is originally and essentially a word of time, and means to “continue” in some assigned condition through a certain duration of time; as, for example, he “remained in command for a year.” In this clause of Byron's, it has become essentially a word that has regard to space without regard to time. To see that it is so, you must begin with possessing the picture that has been set before you,

and which is here the basis and out-set of the thinking. This picture is—"man marks the earth with ruin." Realise the picture at the height of the words without flinching. For example, from the Atlantic eastward to the Pacific, man ravages. Here Napoleon—a little farther on Mahomet the Second—farther, the Crusaders—beyond these Khuli Khan or Timour Leng—lastly, the Mogul conquerors of the Celestial Empire,—a chain of desolation from Estremadura to Corea. Had land extended around the globe, it had been a belt of desolation encircling the globe. Corn fields, vineyards, trampled under foot of man and horse,—villages, towns, and great cities, reeking with conflagration, like the smoke ascending from some enormous altar of abomination to offend the nostrils of heaven—armed hosts lying trampled in their blood—the unarmed lying scattered every where in theirs; for man has trodden the earth in his rage, and before him was as the garden of Eden, behind him is the desolate wilderness. This is a translation of the hemistich,—"Man marks the earth with ruin,"—into prose. It is a faithful, a literal translation—Byron meant as much: and you, neophyte, in an instantaneous image receive as much—perhaps with more faith or persuasion, because leaden-pacing, tardy-gaited exposition goes against such faith; but some belief will remain if we, who have put ourselves in the place of the poet, have used colours that seize upon your imagination.

Well, then, if your imagination has done that which the summary word-picture of the poet required of you, you have swept the earth, or one of its continents, with instantaneous flight from shore to shore, and seen this horrible devastation—this widely-spread ravage. You have not staid your wing at the shore, but have swept on, driven by your horror, till you have hung, and first breathed at ease, over the Mid Pacific, over the wide OCEAN OF PEACE—over the unpolluted, everlasting ocean, murmuring under your feet—the unpolluted, everlasting heavens over your head. Here is no ravage of man's: no! nor the shadow of it—

—"Nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage."

But how "nor doth remain?" The ravage has gone along with you from sea-marge to sea-marge. *At sea* it is no longer with you. Traversing the land it *remained* your companion. It *remained* the continual and loathed object of your eyes. Now no shadow of it is to be seen—it haunts your flight no longer. No shadow of it any longer accompanies your aerial voyage—any longer stays, abides, *remains* with you. If the word has not this meaning, it has no meaning here in this clause. In this clause it cannot mean this—"upon the ocean, the ravage made by man appears like a flash of lightning, seen and gone,—upon the ocean this ravage, or some shadow of this ravage, has a momentary duration, but no more than momentary, no abiding, no *remaining*." This cannot be the meaning, since of man it has been expressly said 'his control stops with the shore'—that is, ends there, is not on the ocean at all. Manifestly the question at issue is, not whether destruction effected by man lasts upon the waters, but whether it is at all upon the waters; and Byron's decision is plainly that it is not at all. For he has already said "upon the watery plain the wrecks are all thy deed." That is to say, any sort of wreck effected by man upon the flood at all has been twice rejected in express words; and this word "remain" must imperatively be understood consonantly to this rejection.

Byron, then, we see, in denying that wrecks made by man "remain" upon the "watery plain," takes a word which properly sets before you an extending in time, and uses it for setting before you an extending in space. The ravage of which man is the agent does not extend over the "watery plain"—no, not a shadow of it.

But pray attend to this—no sooner does the sequent clause "save his own," take its place in the verse, than the word "remain" shifts its meaning back, from the signification accidentally forced upon it as has been explained, and reverts to its original and wonted power as a word of time! The force of the united clauses now stands thus—"upon the water there cannot be found a trace of the ruin executed by man. But

of the ruin suffered by him there is an apparition, a vestige, a *shadow*, a vanishing display, namely—

"When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, unconfin'd and
unknown."

He plunges, and all is over. "The bubbling groan" is the momentarily *remaining* notice of his extinction.

Now this first equivocation has an immediate moral consequence—namely, a reaction upon the feelings of the poet. "Remain," as an "extending in space," acts upon the imagination expansively here, if it were suffered to act—and if room were given it to act upon the imagination—inasmuch as "nor doth remain," as a word of extending in space, marks or helps to mark out the two great regions into which his lordship divides the terraqueous globe—ravaged land and unravaged water. But "remain," as an "extending in time," acts here contractively; and "nor remain" means now "does not outlive the moment!" and in this manner an entirely new direction or tenor is given to thought and feeling—for the zeal of diminishing seizes on the imagination of the writer. He is led to making man insignificant by the momentariness of his perishing! He has contracted, by power of scorn, and by the trick of a word, the seventy years of man into an instant. That is one diminution, and another follows upon it. The Fleets, wrecked whenever they fight against the water, vanish from his fancy, as in the shifting of a dream; and he sees, amidst the troubled world of waters—one man perishing! One mode of insignificance admitted, induces another. With the shrinking of time to a moment goes along the shrinking of multitude to one!

The same double-dealing takes place with the word "Man." Man signifies the individual human being—or the race. "Of man's first disobedience"—mankind's. "Man marks the earth with ruin"—mankind does so. "Nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage"—of mankind's ravage. "When for a moment, like a drop of rain, he sinks into thy waves"—that is now the single sailor, whom a roll of the

ship has hurled from the topmast into the waters; or, when the ship has gone down, some strong swimmer who has fought in vain upon the waters, and, spent in limb and heart, sinks. And thus the reader, after stumbling for two or three steps in darkness and perplexity, within a moment of having left mankind in the annihilating embrace of Ocean, upon a sudden finds himself set face to face with one man, we shall suppose "The last man," drowning!

In the Stanza now commented on, there was a struggle depicted, a question proposed between Man and the Ocean—which shall be the Wrecker? The Ocean prevails; Man is wrecked. In the succeeding Stanza there is, it would seem, another question moved between the same disputants. No, it is the same. Let us examine well. A moment before, Man appeared as treading the earth as a Destroyer, his proud step stayed at high water-mark. Now he appears upon the earth as a traveller and a reaper—by implication or allusion—by the figure of "not."

"His steps are *not* upon thy paths, thy fields
Are *not* a spoil for him."

He walks and reaps the earth; he does not walk and reap the ocean. This is plainly the process of the "worthy cogitation;" and unquestionably the assertion is true—true to the letter, but only to the letter. For, standing on Mount Albano, or on the Land's End, or here sitting beneath the porch of our Marine Villa fronting the Firth of Forth, we are poets every one of us, and we will venture beyond the letter;—

"His steps are not upon thy paths!"

—reply—chaunter of Man's Hope, and of England's Power,—

"Thy march is o'er the mountain wave,
Thy home is on the deep."

There is a dash of sea-craft for you; and, "cheered by the grateful sound, for many a league old ocean smiles."

And for the sickle! What! must the net and the harpoon go for nothing? No harvests on the barren flood! What else are pearl-fisheries, herring-fisheries, cod-fisheries, and whale-fisheries? "The sea! The deep, deep sea!" Why, the sea

cannot keep its own; cannot defend the least or the mightiest of its nurselings from the hand of the gigantic plunderer Man.

—"thy fields,

Are not a spoil for him."

The fields of earth are not. For he ploughed and sowed ere he reaped, and earned back his own. But on *thy* fields, no ploughing, no sowing—all reaping! Sheer spoil. Poor, helpless, tributary, rifled, ravaged Ocean!

Then follows a very eminent instance of the fault which has been urged as radical in these Stanzas—forced, unnatural, wilful, or false sequence of thought; a deliberate intention in the mind of the writer, taking the place of the spontaneous free suggestion proper to poetry. We have had man trying to produce ruin on the ocean, and wrecked, swallowed up. Now, man tries to walk and reap the ocean. The poet has outraged mother earth, and her vengeance is upon him. He has wrongfully and wilfully brought in the Earth, for its old alliance with man to hear hard words; and he suffers the penalty. Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer, for you are out of breath. Mere mouthing is not command of words; the sound we hear now is but the echo of the last stanza, and the angry Child is unwittingly repeating himself,—

—"Thou dost arise

And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,

And howling, to his god, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him *again* to earth—there let him lay!"

Here is again the contest, again the ruining upon earth,—nay, he destroys the earth itself—again the wrecking of the ship. Surely there is great awkwardness in stepping on from the proof of man's impotence in the sinking of his ship, to the proof of man's impotence in the sinking of his ship. "Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies" may be a vigorous verse, though we doubt it;

but if the ship outlive the storm, which many a ship has done many a thousand times, it can be turned against the ocean, who has done his worst *in vain*. What is man's "*petty hope*?" and what means "*again* to earth?" Is it again from the skies—or back to the earth from which he embarked? Not one expression is precise; and so, with some scorn of man's old ally, who now so roughly receives him,—“there let him *lay*!” There is something very horrible indeed in-insulting a dead man in the Cockney dialect.

In all this there is no dignity, no grandeur; Byron does not well to be angry—it is seldom that any man or poet does—for, though anger is a “short madness,” it is not a “fine frenzy.” Such *Te Deum* true Poetry never yet sang, for true Poetry never yet was blasphemous—never yet derided Man's Dread or Man's Hope, when sinking in multitudes in the sea, which God holds in the hollow of his hand.

Go on to the next Stanza—

“The armaments which thunderstrike the walls,” &c.

Why, here is another shipwreck—only now a fleet of war—before, one merchant-ship perhaps. The Earth, too, is again implicated, and, we have the same scornful apt² thesis of Earth and Ocean. Earth with her towery diadem—Earth, the nurse of nations, trembles at the approach of armaments, which the ocean devours like melting snow. There has been, then, a certain progression in the three stanzas. A drowning man—a merchant-ship tossed and stranded—an armada scattered and lost. Three striking subjects of poetical delineation, each strikingly shown with some true touches, mixed with much false writing. One may understand that in consequence from out the whirlwind and chaos of the composition, resembling the tumult of the sea, there will remain to the reader who does not sift the writing an impression of power—of some great thing done—of Man and his Earth humbled, and the Ocean exalted. In the mean time, the way of the thoughts, the course of the mind, by which this ascent or climax is obtained, is extremely hard to trace, if traceable. The critic may extricate

such an order from the disorder: but observe, that the ascent or climax can be attained only by neglecting certain strong indications that go another way. Thus, in the first stanza—

“Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed,”

includes all that is or can be said more of ship or fleet. “Again, in the next stanza—

“Thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength
he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise”—

Here is again said *all* that is possible to be said. “Thou dost arise and shake him from thee” being perhaps the strongest expression obtained at all; and the “vile strength” being precisely the Armadas described immediately afterwards with so much pomp and pride. Thus there is really confusion and oscillation of thought—mixed with a progress a standing still—and this characteristic of much of Byron's poetry comes prominently out—Uncertainty. Impulses and leaps of a powerful spirit *are* here; but self-knowing Power, a mind master of its purposes, disciplined genius, Art accomplished by studies profound and severe, lawful Emulation of the great names that shine in the authentic rolls of immortal Fame, the sanctioned inspiration which the pleased Muses deign to their devout followers, *are not* here.

The strength of Man, proved in contest with Ocean and found weakness, is disposed of. The Earth, as bound up with Man and his destinies, came in for a share of rough usage. Now she takes her own turn—in connexion with Man, but now principal. Herethe pride of the words is great—the meaning sometimes almost or quite inextricable. Recite the Stanza, beginning

“Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,”

and when the sonorous roll has subsided, try to understand it. You will find some difficulty, if we mistake not, in knowing who or what is the apostrophised subject. Unquestionably the World's Ocean, and not the Mediterranean. The very last verse we

were afar in the Atlantic. “Thy shores are empires.” The shores of the World's Ocean are Empires. There are, or have been, the British Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, and the Empire of the Great Mogul—the Chinese Empire, the Empire of Morocco, those of Peru and Mexico, the Four Great Empires of Antiquity, the French Empire, and some others. The Poet does not intend names and things in this very strict way, however, and he will take in all great Monarchies, nor will he grudge us the imagining the whole Earth laid out in imperial dominions.

Well then—we again, dear Neophyte, bid you try to understand the Stanza, and tell us what it means. What rational thought is there here? With what propriety do we consider the whole Earth as the shores of the Ocean—when *shore* is exactly the interlimitation of land and sea? Is this a lawful way of celebrating the Ocean, to throw in the whole of the lately despised Earth as its brilliant appendage? The question rises, how far from the shore does the shore extend—and whether inwards or outwards?

But there is a meaning and a good one in a way. *Ἀπὸ τὸν μὲν ὕδαρ*. The water civilises the land. 'Tis an old remark—but how? By ships. Here, then, are the tables turned. Lately the sea did nothing with ships but destroy them. Now it patiently wafts them, and by commerce and colonies the Sea civilises the Globe! Surely this is poetical injustice. The first glory of the Sea was, that Man could not sail upon its bosom. The second glory of the Sea is, that, by offering its bosom to be furrowed by Man's daring and indefatigable keels, it—ministerially then—civilises the World. The Sea is the civiliser of the Land—Man is—the Destroyer merely.

Pray, what is the meaning of saying that the Roman and the Assyrian Empires are shores of the Sea: and changed, excepting that the same waters wash the same strands? The deep inland Empires recede too much from the sea-shore to allow any hold to the relation proposed in the words, “changed in all save thee.” We know the Sea as their limit—an acci-

dent, rather than as a part of their being. The meeting of sea and land being the limit of an empire, the limit remains whilst the Imperial State has withered from the land. Does the immobility of the limit belong more to one element than to the other? And is the Roman Empire, O Neophyte, more unchanged in the Mediterranean and Atlantic than it is in the Apennines, and Alps, and Pyrenees, and Helvellyn?

Every clause that regards Earth is, in one way or in another, intolerable—small or tortured. "Thy waters wasted them while they were free," means either "swallowed up their ships, or—*ate away their edges!*" Alas! that most unhappy meaning is the true one—and what a cogitation to come into a man's—an inspired Poet's head! "Thy waters fretted away the maritime littoral edges of the Assyrian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Carthaginian Empires, whilst those Empires flourished!" And this interesting piece of geographical, and geological, and hydrographical meditation makes part in a burst of indignant spleen which is to go near to annihilating Man from the face of the Globe! Was it possible to express more significantly the imbecility of Old Ocean? And has he not been fretting ever since? And are not the limits the same, as we were told a minute ago? Old Ocean must be in his dotage if he can do no more than that—and we must elect him perpetual President of the Fogie Club.

Such wretched writing shows, with serious warning, how a false temper, admitted into poetry, overrules the sound intellect into gravely and weightily entertaining combinations of thought which, looked at either with common sense or with poetical feeling, cannot be sustained for a moment. How many of Lord Byron's admirers believe—and, in spite of Christopher, will continue to believe—that in these almost senseless stanzas he has said something strong, poignant, cutting, of good edge, and "full of force driven home!"

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

We accept the image; let us grant that

the Personification is a fine one. Nevertheless it does not entirely satisfy the imagination. And why? Because the thought of the azure brow, on which time writes no wrinkles, suggests for a moment the thought of the white brow—the brow of man or woman—the human brow, on which Time does write wrinkles along with the engraver, Sorrow. For a moment! but *that* is not the intended pathos—and it fades away. The intended pathos here belongs to the wrinkles Time writes on the brow of the Earth—while it spares that of the Sea. But Time deals not so with our gracious Mother Earth. Time keeps perpetually beautifying her brow, while it leaves the brow of Ocean the same as it was at Creation's Dawn. How far more beautiful has the Dædal Earth been growing, from century to century, over Continent and Isle, under the love of her grateful children! The Curse has become a Blessing. In the sweat of their brow they eat their bread; but Nature's self, made lovelier by their labour of heart and hand, rejoices in their creative happiness, and troubled life prepares rest from its toil in many a pleasant place fair as the bowers of Paradise.

We approach the next Stanza reverently, for it has a religious look—an aspect "that threatens the profane."

"Thou glorious Mirror, where the Almighty's
Form
Glasses itself in tempests," &c.

Suitably recited! let it be suitably spoken of—fearlessly, in truth. The vituperating spirit has exhausted itself—is dead; and all at once the Poet becomes a worshipper. From cherished exasperation with the Creature—from varying moods of hate and scorn—he turns to contemplation of the Creator. Such transition is suspicious—can such worship be sincere? Fallen, sinful—yet is man God's noblest work. In His own image did He create him; and to glorify Him must we vilify the dust into which He breathed a living soul? Let the Poet lament, with thoughts that lie too deep for tears, over what Man has made of Man! And in the multitude of thoughts within him adore his Maker—in words. But he who

despises his kind, and delights in heaping contumely on the race of man throughout all his history on earth and sea—how may he, when wearied with chiding, all at once, as if it had been not hindrance but preparation, dare to speak, in the language of worship, of the Almighty Maker of Heaven and of Earth?

The Stanza, accordingly, is not good—it is laboured, heavy, formal, uninspired by *divine afflatus*. There is not in it one truly sublime expression. Nothing to our mind can be worse than “where the Almighty’s *Form* glasses itself &c.”—The one word “Form” is destructive, in its gross materialism, alike of natural Poetry and natural Religion. If it be not, show us we are wrong, and henceforth we shall be mute for ever. “In all time, calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,” is poor and prosaic; and “or storm,” a pitiable platitude after “in tempests.” And the conversion of a Mirror into a Throne—of the Mirror too in which the Almighty’s “*Form* glasses itself,” into the Throne of the “*Invisible*”—is a fatal contradiction, proving the utter want of that possession of soul by one awful thought which was here demanded, and without which the whole stanza becomes but a mere collocation and hubbub of big-sounding words. “Even from out thy slime, the monsters of the deep are made,” is violently jaunted in between lines that have no sort of connexion with it, and introduces a thought which, whether consistent with true Philosophy or abhorrent from it, breaks in upon the whole course of contemplation, such as it is,—to say nothing of the extreme poverty of language shown in the use of such words as “monsters of the deep” made out of the slime of the sea.

The strain—such as it is—ceases suddenly with this Stanza; and the Poet having thus got done with it, exclaiming “and I have loved thee, Ocean,” proceeds forthwith to a different matter altogether—to the pleasure he was wont to enjoy, when a boy, in swimming among the breakers. The verses are in them-

selves very spirited; but we must think—and hope so do you—very much out of place, and a sad descent from the altitude attempted, and believed by the Poet himself to have been attained, in the preceding Stanza about the Almighty.

Why, listening Neophyte, recite both Stanzas, and then tell us whether or no you think they may be improved by being put into—our Prose. We do not seek thereby to injure what Poetry may be in them, but to bring it out and improve it.

“Thou glorious Mirror, in which, when black with tempests, Fancy might conceive Omnipotence imaged in visible reflection!—Thou Sea, that in all thy seasons, whether smooth or agitated, whether soft or wild wind blow, in all thy regions, icy at the Pole, dark-heaving at the Equator, ever and every where callest forth our acknowledgment that Thou art illimitable, interminable, sublime; that Thou art the symbol of Eternity—(like a circle by returning into itself;) that Thou art the visible Throne of the Invisible Deity—Thou whose very dregs turn into enormous life—Thou who, possessing the larger part of every zone, art thus a King in every zone: Thou takest thy course around the Earth,—great by thine awfulness, by thine undiscoverable depth, by thy solitude!

“And I, thy Poet, was of old thy Lover! In young years my favourite disport was to lie afloat on thy bosom, carried along by Thee, passive, resigned to Thy power, one of Thy bubbles. A boy, Thy waves were my playmates, or my playthings. If, as the wind freshened, and they swelled, I grew afraid, there was a pleasure even in the palpitation of the fears, for I lived with Thee and loved Thee, even like a child of Thine, and believed that Thy billows would not hurt me, and laid my hand boldly and wantonly on their crests—as at this instant I do, here sitting upon the Alban Mount—and making (as they say) a long arm.”

HA! THE DINNER-GONG!

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A GLIMPSE AT GERMANY AND ITS PARLIAMENT.

WE are not old enough to have been politically detained at Verdun. Our impressions of Napoleon are soured by no recollections of personal tyranny; and though a near relative wasted the better portion of his life in the dreary enjoyments of that conventional fortress, we do not carry the spirit of clanship so far as to entertain on that account a revengeful hatred towards the memory of the Corsican. At the same time, it must be confessed that, towards the latter part of this past August, the idea of Verdun more than once recurred unpleasantly to our mind. It became clear to us that, for this year at least, there was little probability of our realising certain visions of Highland sport which had been called up by a perusal of the exciting work of the Stuarts. Her Majesty was coming down to Balmoral, and, in consequence, the red deer of Aberdeenshire were safe, at least from a private rifle. The grouse, with a degree of obstinacy truly irritating, had again failed, and we were little disposed to levy war against the few and feeble remaining broods of the cheepers. The Duke of Sutherland, with a just economy, had shut up his rivers, and given the salmon a jubilee; so that there was no hope of throwing a fly on the surface of the Shin or the Laxford. On the other hand, there seemed to be plenty of sport, and no want of shooting on the Continent. Licences were not required, and restrictive seasons unknown. The odour of gunpowder was distinct in Paris as early as the month of February; and ever since then there had been occasional explosions and discharges all over the face of Europe. True, a *garde mobile*, or a gentleman in a blouse, especially when provided with a rusty detonator

and bayonet, is an awkward kind of sportsman to encounter. Barricades may be curious structures to inspect; but it is not pleasant to be on either side of them when the Red Republic is in question; and still more ungenial to be placed exactly in the centre, as once occurred to a worthy bailie of our acquaintance, who, having been sent to Paris in 1830, on a special mission to fetch home some stray voters for an impending election in the west, found, to his intense horror, that the diligence in which he was located was built up as a popular defence; that the bullets were whistling through the windows; and that even his patron, St Rollox, seemed deaf to his intercessions for rescue.

But as we do not happen to hold stock in the French lines, and therefore have not thought it necessary, as yet, to identify ourselves with any of the parties who are presently contending for the palm of mastery in France; as the crusade under the white flag or the oriflamme in favour of the descendant of Saint Louis has not yet been openly proclaimed or enthusiastically preached by any bearded representative of Peter, the Miraculous Hermit; and as, moreover, we had seen quite enough of France in her earliest stages of paroxysm, and had no wish to behold the professors of the vaudeville and palette engaged, in the present dearth of money, at the novel occupation of cobbling shoes for the Sardinian soldiery in the *ateliers nationaux*—we resolved to abstain from Paris in the meantime, and rather to bend our steps towards Germany, then in the full ferment of the Schleswig Holstein affair. Germany has been an old haunt of ours from our boyhood. So far back as 1833, we had the plea-

sure of witnessing a tight little skirmish between the Heidelberg students and the soldiery in the square of Frankfort; and since that time we have watched with great interest the progress of the arts, literature, and sciences, and the development of the interior resources of the country. Right sorry were we, though not altogether surprised, to learn that quiet Germany had lighted her revolutionary pipe from the French insurrectionary fires; that Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Hanau, those notorious nests of democracy, had succeeded in perverting the minds of many throughout the circle of the Rhenish provinces; and that studentism, once comparatively harmless, had become utterly rampant throughout the land. For although we never could, even in our earlier years, take any deep pleasure in cultivating the society of the Burschenschaft, but, on the contrary, rather regarded them as a race to be eschewed by all who had a wholesome reverence for soap and a horror for the Kantian philosophy, we were not displeased at the national spirit which they exhibited long ago; and more than once, in the vaults of the *Himmels-leiter* and *Jammerthal*, at Nuremberg, we have joined cordially in the chorus of defiance to French aggression—

‘ Sie sollen ihm nicht haben
Den Deutschen freien Rhein ! ’

That Germany, under her peculiar constitution, should retain her own, and that the boundaries should be strictly preserved, seemed to us a highly proper, laudable, and patriotic sentiment; but, when the Teutonic youth went further, and demanded an immediate return to the mediæval system, and the glorious times of the Empire, we must confess that their aspirations seemed to us to savour slightly of insanity. We are, constitutionally, an admirer of the ancient times. We do not think that people are happier, or wiser, or better, or that they fulfil one whit more conscientiously their duties to God and man, when cooped up and collected within the dingy alleys of a commercial town, instead of treading the free soil which gave their fathers birth. We are not especially affected to the over-increase of factories, neither would we award an ovation to any one

for breeding up human beings expressly for the production of calico. But not, on that account, would we willingly recur to the days of the forays and the raids. We don't want to see the clans reintegrated, the philabeg on every hip, and the hills covered with caterans, each ettling at his skian-dhu. We have no desire to cross the Border of a moonlight night at the head of a score of jackmen, and, *more majorum*, regale our ears with the howling of the Northumbrian kine. We do not consider such a feat necessary, simply because a remote ancestor was afflicted with too earnest a desire for the improvement of his patrimonial breed of cattle, and, having been unluckily found on the wrong side of the Tweed, died, like a poet as he was, with some neck-verses in his mouth, at a place denominated Hairibee. But our German friends—more especially the students—have long been haunted by some such ideas. *The Robbers* of Schiller, and the *Goetz von Berlichingen* of Goethe, have had a poisonous effect upon the fancy or fantasy of the young. They have long been dreaming of doublets, boots, and spurs, and it needed but a little thing to set them utterly crazy. Their modern school of painting has for years been even more mediæval than their literature; and what the poets began, Schnorr and Cornelius have been rapidly bringing to a head. No one who is intimate with the German character, will lightly undervalue the effect of such a popular sentiment, when an actual opportunity for outbreak is afforded in revolutionary times.

This feeling, absurd as it is, has been greatly favoured and fostered by the infinitesimal division of Germany at the Treaty of Vienna, and the maintenance as sovereignties of small states, which ought long ago to have been remorselessly absorbed. By that settlement Germany was declared to consist of no less than thirty-eight separate and independent states, with no other tie of union than an annual diet at Frankfort. Previous to the Revolutionary wars, there were actually about three hundred sovereign rulers in Germany, each of whom might have worn a crown, if he could only have found money enough to buy one. This was a miserable farce and a caricature, and it could not possibly

last. The King of Man was a powerful potentate in comparison with some of these autocrats; and if there had been a royal house of Benbecula, the crown-prince of that insular Eden would have been a proper match for the daughter of their sublime Highnesses of Fugger-Kirchberg-Weisenborn, or Salm-Reifferscheid-Krautheim. The French invasion blew away a crowd of these little sovereigns, like mites from the surface of a cheese; but, very unfortunately, a tithe of them were permitted to clamber back. Some of the larger German states thought to fortify their position, and to obtain an ascendancy in the Diet, by maintaining several of the minor principalities intact, and, in return, commanding their votes. Hence the retention as sovereign principedoms of the three Anhalts, the two Schwartzbergs, the two Hohenzollerns, the two houses of Reuss, the two Lippes, Waldeck, Lichtenstein, and Ilomburg — territories, the outlines of which you can hardly discover on an ordinary map of Europe, or even on one of Germany. These are the instances which we think the most objectionable and absurd, but the case of several others is not much better. For example, there are four sovereign Saxe Duchies, besides the kingdom of Saxony proper.

Thirty-eight, then, were preserved by the Congress of Vienna, whereas, for the sake of stability, there should not have been more than five. The remaining German states might have been absorbed, as were many more, into Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover; and, in this way, power would have been consolidated, a balance preserved, and entire centralisation avoided. Instead of which, for more than thirty years there has been a constellation of princes and of petty courts throughout Germany, to its infinite detriment and discredit. Magnificent Lichtenstein, with a territory of two square miles, and about five thousand subjects, takes rank with imperial Austria; and Henry,* styling himself the twenty-second of Reuss-Lobenstein and Ebersdorf, has as good a patrimonial sceptre as Frederick-William of Prussia. Out of all this, what could arise save endless wrangling and confusion?

The smaller states, especially those

which border on the Rhine, gradually became the acknowledged hotbeds of sedition. It was there that the expatriated journalists and crack-brained patriotic poets sought refuge, when their articles, pamphlets, and ditties, became too strong for the stomach of the legitimate censor; and there they have been for years hatching treason upon unaddled eggs. The old influence exercised by France over the Rhenish Confederation has never utterly decayed. Each fresh insurrectionary leap in Paris has been followed by a convulsive movement in the western Germanic principedoms; and no pains have been spared for the dissemination of the republican propaganda. Even this evil might have been checked, had Austria and Prussia acted in unison and good faith towards each other; but, unfortunately for Europe, the policy of the latter power has always been of the most tortuous and deceptive kind. Prussia, raised to and maintained in the first class of European states, solely on the strength of her military armament, and jealous of the superior strength of her southern rival, has for many years been engaged in intrigues with the minor states, for the purpose of securing to herself an independent position, in the event of the dissolution of the great German confederation. Unable to obtain her object through a legitimate supremacy in the Diet, Prussia has gradually withdrawn from the proceedings of the Federal Congress, and apparently surrendered to Austria the command of that feeble body. But by means of the Zollverein, or Commercial League — a scheme which she maturely prepared and perseveringly pursued — Prussia had contrived to secure the adhesion of fully three-fourths of the Germanic states — thus expecting to constitute herself a protectorate in reality, if not in name, and to set the authority of the Diet at absolute defiance.

In England, where very little is known of the secret springs of continental diplomacy, the Zollverein was regarded as a mere commercial measure. It was, in reality, nothing more than a preparation for the coming crisis, in the course of which, as Prussia fondly hoped, Germany might be rent asunder, and the larger portion of the spoil accrue naturally to her

share. As if to make the distinction between herself and Austria more apparent, Prussia began to affect liberalism in a remarkable degree. Her talk was of constitutions on the broadest basis; and her king was, in words at least, a Quixote in the cause of freedom. But words, however skilfully uttered, cannot, in the total absence of action, deceive a people long. The king of Prussia's promises were not a whit more fruitful than the prophecies of the free-traders, who told us of an immediate millennium. The censorship of the press was maintained as stringently as ever, and no concession was made to the popular demands, naturally stimulated to excess by this show of liberality on the part of the sovereign.

At the commencement of the present year, the affairs of Germany were thus singularly complicated. Austria stood alone on the basis of her old position, as an absolute and paternal monarchy, refusing all innovation. Prussia appeared to favour liberal institutions, but delayed to grant them—professed her willingness to take the lead in a new era of Germany, but gave no guarantee for her faith. In consequence, she was not trusted by the revolutionist party in the south and west, who, having altogether got the better of their princes, were determined, on the very first opportunity, to try their hands at the task of regenerating the whole of Germany. Central authority there was none, for the Diet, deserted and disregarded by Prussia, had sunk into utter insignificance, and hardly knew what function it was still entitled to perform.

At the crisis of the French revolution, the south-west of Germany arose. The princes bordering on the Rhine had long been aware that they were quite powerless in the event of any general insurrectionary movement, and, accordingly, they were prepared, without any hesitation, to grant constitutions by the score, whenever their bearded subjects thought fit, in earnest, to demand them. A constitution is a cheap thing, and, to a princely proprietor of limited means, who needed no seven-league boots to traverse the circle of his dominions, must be infinitely better than forfeiture. Baden began the dance. The Grand-duke made no difficulty in granting to his

loving liegemen whatever they were pleased to require. The last of the Electors—he of Hesse-Cassel—was equally accommodating; and, in such circumstances, it would have been madness for the King of Wurtemberg to refuse. In Bavaria, the government attempted to make a stand; but it was of no use. The late king, one of the most accomplished of dilettantes, worst of poets, and silliest of created men, had latterly put the coping-stone to a life of folly, by engaging, through a prospective saint of the Romish calendar, in a most barefaced intrigue with the notorious Lola Montes. The indecency and infatuation of this last *liaison*, far more openly conducted than any of his former numerous amours, had given intense umbrage, not only to the people, but to the nobility, whom he had insulted by elevating the *ci-devant* opera-dancer to their ranks. Other causes of offence were not wanting; so that poor Ludwig, though the best judge of pictures in Europe, was forced to give in, and surrender his dignity to his son. Then rose Nassau and Frankfort, Saxony and Saxe-Weimar, and what other small states we wot not.

Constitutions became as plenty in the market as blackberries; indeed, rather too much so, for at last there was a sort of glut. If the Germans had merely desired freedom of the press, trial by jury, burgher-guards, and the repeal of exceptional laws, the gift was ready for them; but they wanted something more, which the separate sovereigns could not give. In the midst of the haze of revolution, the popular eye was fixed upon a dim phantom of German unity—upon the eidolon of old Germania, once more compact and reunited. True, the old lady had been laid in her grave long before any of the present generation were born, not in the fulness of her strength, but after a gradual decay of atrophy. This, however, was a sort of political resurrection; for there she, or her image, stood, comely as in her best days, and clothed in mediæval attire. The dreams of the students seemed to be in the fair way of accomplishment, and a loud shout of "*Germania soll leben!*" arose from the banks of the Rhine.

At Heidelberg, on the 5th of March, an assembly of the German notables

was held. This was a self-constituted congress of fifty-one persons, and represented eight states, in rather singular proportions; for while the duchy of Baden contributed no less than twenty-one members, Wurtemberg nine, and Hesse-Cassel six, Austria was represented by one individual, and Rhenish Prussia by four. These gentlemen passed resolutions to the effect that Germany should become one and united; that her safety lay in herself, and not in alliance with Russia; and that the time had arrived for the assemblage of a body of national representatives. In the list of the parties so gathered together, we find the honoured names of Hecker and of Struve: the star of Von Gagern of Darmstadt was not yet in the ascendant. After having delegated to a committee of seven the task of preparing the basis of a German parliament, this meeting separated, to assemble again with others on the 30th of March at Frankfort, in the character of a legislative body.

Although insurrectionary symptoms had been shown at Cologne and Dusseldorf—both of the mespecially black-guard places—Prussia remained tolerably quiet for a week after constitutions were circulating like currency on the Rhine. But on the 13th the storm burst both at Berlin and Vienna. Austria did little more than shrug her shoulders and submit. Prince Metternich, the oldest statesman of Europe, and the man most personally identified with the ancient system, was the main object of popular obloquy; and the master whom he had served so long and so well was physically incapable of defending him. The Archduke John espoused the popular side, and the result was the self-exile of the Prince. The King of Prussia remained true to his original character of charlatan. First of all, his troops fired upon the mob; then came a temporising period and a public funeral, spinning out time, until the result of the Vienna insurrection was known; and at last Frederick-William appeared to astonished Europe in the character of the great regenerator of Germany, and as candidate for the throne of the Empire. The impudence of the address which he issued upon the memorable 18th of March, absolutely transcends belief; and that document,

doubtless, will remain to posterity, to be marked as one of the most singular instances on record of royal confidence in public sottishness and credulity. Here is a short bit of it; and we are sure the reader will agree with us in our estimate of the character and sincerity of the august author:—

“We believe it right to declare before all—not only before Prussia, but before Germany, if such be the will of God, and before the whole united nation, what are the propositions which we have resolved to make to our German confederates. Above all, we demand that Germany be transformed from a confederation of states into a federal state. We admit that this implies a recognition of the federal constitution, which cannot be carried into effect save by the union of the princes with the people. In consequence, a temporary federal representation from all the states of Germany must be formed, and immediately convoked. We admit that such a federal representation renders constitutional institutions necessary in the German States, in order that the members of that representation may sit side by side, with equal rights. We demand a general military system of defence for Germany, copied, in its essential parts, from that under which our Prussian armies have won unfading laurels, in the war of liberation. We demand that the German army shall be united under one single federal banner, and we hope to see a federal general-in-chief at its head. We demand a German federal flag, and we hope that, in a short time, a German fleet will cause the German name to be respected on neighbouring and on distant seas. We demand a German federal tribunal, to settle all political differences between the princes and their estates, as also between the different German governments. We demand a common law of settlement for all natives of Germany, and perfect liberty for them to settle in any German country. We demand that, for the future, there shall be no barriers raised against commerce and industry in Germany. We demand a general Zollverein, in which the same measures and weights, the same coinage, the same commercial rights, shall cement still more closely the material union of the country. We propose the liberty of the press, with the same guarantees against abuses for every part of Germany. Such are our propositions, and wishes, the realisation of which we shall use our utmost efforts to obtain.”

It certainly is to be regretted, for his own sake, that the King of Prussia, if he really had the above pro-

jects thoroughly at heart, did not announce them a little sooner. Had he done so, there could have been no mistake about the matter; and he can hardly plead want of opportunity. But to delay the annunciation of the above sweeping scheme until the French revolution had given an impulse to the turbulent population of the Rhenish states—until constitutions had been every where granted—until the foundations of a German National Assembly had been laid—until Austria was paralysed by domestic insurrection—and finally, until Berlin itself had been in temporary possession of the mob—does most certainly expose his Majesty of Prussia to divers grave insinuations affecting his probity and his honour. Sir Robert Peel, in like manner, told us that, for several years, he had been secretly preparing matters for the repeal of the corn-laws. We believe in the admitted treachery; but what shall we say to the occasion which caused it to be developed? Simply this, that in both cases there was an utter want of principle. The King of Prussia, like Peel, thought that he perceived an admirable opportunity of obtaining power and popularity, by not only yielding to, but anticipating, the democratic roar; and, in consequence, he has shared the fate which, even on this earth, is awarded to detected hypocrites. The south-west of Germany looked coldly on this new ally. The democratic leaders, however wild in their principles, were, after their own fashion, sincere; and they had no idea of intrusting the modelment of their new government to such exceeding slippery hands. Accordingly, the Frankfort Assembly met, discussed, and quarrelled, fixed upon a basis of universal suffrage, and summoned together, of their own authority, though not without recognition of the princes, the first German Parliament, of which more anon. In the mean time, valorous Hecker and sturdy Struve, choice republicans both, had hoisted the red banner in Baden, but were somewhat ignominiously routed. The Parliament finally met, annihilated the Diet, and resolved that the provisional central power of Germany should be vested in a Reichsverweser, or Administrator of the Empire, irresponsible himself, but with a respon-

sible ministry; and—no doubt to the infinite disgust of Frederick-William of Prussia, who was not even named as a candidate—the choice of the Assembly fell upon Archduke John of Austria, who, as we have already seen, had embraced the popular side, and forced on, at Vienna, the deposition of the venerable Metternich.

The Reichsverweser was not summoned to occupy a bed of roses. Nominally, he was constituted the most powerful man in the whole German confederation, the sovereign of an emperor, and the controller of divers kings, princes, grand-dukes, electors, and landgraves. In reality he was nobody. Universal suffrage and empire are things which can hardly exist together; and it very soon appeared that the motive power, whatever that might be, was exclusively in the hands of the six hundred and eighty-four individuals who occupied the church of Saint Paul. To chronicle their doings is not the object of the present paper. It may be sufficient to remark that the first stumblingblock in the way of German unity was to discover the limits of what properly might be denominated Germany. On this point there were many strange and conflicting opinions. Some were for incorporating every possession which had fallen under the rule of any German house,—in which case, Hungary, Lombardy, and part of Poland, would have fallen under the protection of Frankfort. Some, with more classical tastes, were desirous of extending their claim to every country which at any time had been under Teutonic rule,—in which case, Palestine and Sicily, if not Italy, would fall to be annexed, and the shadow of the Empire be thrown as far as the Euxine, on the strength of the ancient tradition that Ovid, in his exile at Pontus, had studied the German language and composed German poetry. The map of Europe afforded no solution of the difficulty. There had been cessions, and clippings, and parings innumerable during the last century and a half. Limburg had been annexed to Holland, and Schleswig was clearly under the dominion of Denmark. In this position the Germans committed the enormous folly of adopting the cause of the Schleswig

malcontents, and of plunging, before their own house was set in order, into the dangers of a European war.

Having proceeded thus far in the exposition of German affairs, we now cede the narrative to our excellent friend Dunshunner, who, with characteristic kindness, accompanied us in this expedition. Notwithstanding some few omissions, such as that of entirely forgetting to muniment himself with letters of credit, we found him a very agreeable companion. He was perfectly acquainted with Frankfurt and elsewhere, and, we suspect, better known than trusted throughout the valley of the Rhine. On looking over his notes, we observe that, with his usual devotedness, he has entirely dispensed with any notice of our existence—a circumstance which we are the more ready to pardon, as it relieves us from the necessity of pledging ourselves to the minute accuracy of his statements. But whatever ingredient of fiction there may be in his dialogue, this at least is certain, that as a general picture it is true.

No man—says Dunshunner—who has this year visited Germany, could believe that it is the same country which he knew in the days of its tranquillity. In former times, the tourist, if his opinions happened to be extra liberal, or slightly savouring of republicanism, would have done well to abstain from proclaiming them over loudly in the streets. I have myself seen a dirty Frenchman, of the propaganda school, ceremoniously conducted from the hotel to the guard-house of Mayence, by a couple of armed police, in consequence of a tirade against royalty; and I recollect that, for some time afterwards, there was considerable speculation as to the place of his ultimate destination. Now, the danger lies the other way. The more radicalism you can muster up, the better you will be appreciated in such cities as Cologne and Frankfurt,—the former of which places, if I had my will, should be deliberately devoted without mercy to the infernal gods. Always a nest of rascality and filth, Cologne now presents an appearance which is absolutely revolting. Its streets are swarming with scores of miscreants in blouses, belching out their unholy hymns of revolution in your face, and

execrating aristocracy with a gusto that would be refreshing to the soul of Cuffey. The manners of the people even in the hotels, which I was glad to find nearly deserted, are rude and ruffianly in the extreme. The very waiters seem impressed with the idea that civility is a failing utterly inconsistent with the dignity of regenerated patriots; and they take such pains to show it that I could well understand the apprehensions of a timorous countryman, who confessed to me in the steam-boat that he had been so alarmed at the threatening aspect of a democratic *hellner* as to take the precaution of locking himself up in his bed-room, lest haply, in the course of the night, his weazand should be made an offering to Nemesis, and his watch and purse transferred upon the communist principle.

The traveller who, this year, passed for the first time from Belgium into Germany, must have been deeply impressed with the marked difference between the manners of the two people. In Belgium all is tranquillity, order, and apparent ease. Neither in the towns nor in the country is there discernible the slightest trace of disaffection or turbulence. Citizens and peasantry are pursuing their usual avocations in peace, and the contentment which reigns throughout bears testimony to the blessings of a firm and prudent government. But the instant the boundary is passed, you are immediately and painfully reminded that you have left a land of order, and entered into one of anarchy. Instead of the quiet civil Belgian traders and *negociants*, the carriages on the railway—especially the third class, which I invariably preferred for the sake of enjoying the full flavour of democratic society—are crowded with every imaginable species of pongo pertaining to the liberal creed. Your ears are filled with a gush of guttural jargon, in which the words *einigkeit*, *despotismus*, and *unabhängigkeit* prodigiously preponderate; and ever and anon some canorous votary of freedom shouts out a stave of a song, constructed upon any thing but constitutional principles. The first feature which strikes you in the male portion of the population is, the preposterous length of their beards. Formerly the Germans used to shave; at least they kept their chins

reasonably clean, and if they cultivated any extra capillary growth, reserved their care for their mustache. Now every one of them has a beard like a rabbi, and to use razors is considered the sure and infallible sign of a loyalist and an aristocrat. At Juliers I had the pleasure of encountering the first specimen of Young Germany that crossed my path, and a precious object he was. I had been sitting for some time *vis-a-vis* with a little punchy fellow from Vienna, with a beard as red as that which the old masters have assigned to Barabbas; and as he spoke little, but smoked a great deal, I was inclined to think him rather a companionable sort of individual than otherwise. But, at the station, in stepped a youth apparelled precisely after the fashion of an assassin in a melodrama. His broad beaver hat, with a conical crown, was looped up at oneside, garnished with an immense cockade of red, black, and gold, and surmounted by a couple of dingy ostrich feathers. I lament, for the sake of our home manufactures, to state that he exhibited no symptom of shirt-collar; nor, so far as I could observe, had he invested any portion of his capital in the purchase of interior linen. Over his bare neck there descended a pointed Maximilian beard. A green blouse, curiously puckered and slashed on the sleeves, was secured round his person by a glazed black belt and buckle, and his legs were cased in a pair of rusty Hessians. In short, he needed but a dagger and a brace of pistols to render him theatrically complete; and had Fitzball been in the carriage, the heart of that amiable dramatist would assuredly have yearned within him at the sight of this living personification of his own most romantic conceptions. I had forgotten to state that the patriot had slung by his side a wallet, of the sort which is familiar to the students of Retzsch, in which he carried his tobacco.

To my amazement, nobody, not even the *gens-d'armes* on the platform, appeared to be the least surprised at this formidable apparition, who commenced filling his pipe with the calmness of an ordinary Christian. For my own part, I could not take my eyes off him, but sate speechlessly staring at this splendid specimen of

the Empire. Nor was it long before he thought fit to favour us with his peculiar sentiments. Some sort of masonic sign was interchanged between the new comer and Barabbas, and the former instantly burst forth into a lecture upon the political prospects of his country. It has been my fortune to hear various harangues, from the hustings and elsewhere—and I have even solaced my soul with the outpourings of civic eloquence—but never was it my fortune to hear such a discourse upon constitutions as that pronounced by this interesting stranger. The total demolition of thrones, the levelling of all ranks, the abolition of all religions, and the partition of property, were the themes in which he revelled; and, to my considerable surprise and infinite disgust, the punchy Viennese assented to one and all of his propositions. Some remark which I was rash enough to hazard, impugning the purity of the doctrines professed by the respectable Louis Blanc, drew upon me the ire of both; and I was courteously informed, in almost as many words, that freedom, as understood in Britain, was utterly effete and worn out,—that Germany was fifty years in advance of the wretched island,—and that, when the German fleet was fairly launched upon the ocean, satisfaction would be taken for divers insults which it did not seem convenient to specify.

It is, of course, utterly out of the question to reason with maniacs, else I should have been very glad to know why these new republicans entertained such a decided hatred of England. One can perfectly well understand the existence of a similar feeling among the French,—indeed, abuse of our nation is the surest topic to win applause from a Parisian audience, and it has been, and will be, employed as the last resource of detected patriots and impostors. But why Young Germany should hate us, as it clearly does, is to me a profound enigma. During the Revolutionary wars, we allowed ourselves to be plundered and subsidised in support of the freedom which the Germans could not maintain. Prussia, after taking our money, most infamously went over to France, and laid her clutches upon Hanover. We forgave the aggression and the treachery, and still continued to lavish our

gold and our blood in their defence, performing, up to the close of the struggle, the part of a faithful and by far too generous ally. Notwithstanding all this, which is clearly-written in history, the fact is certain, that every one of these revolutionists devoutly longs for the downfall of Britain, and would gladly lend a helping hand to assist. Cobden was fêted on the Continent, not because he was a commercial reformer, but because he was known to be a determined enemy to the British aristocracy, and a virulent and successful demagogue. It was for that reason, and for that alone, that he was greeted on his progress by the rising rascaldom of Europe: he was to them the mere type of a coming democracy, and they cared not a copper for his calico.

It is comfortable, however, to know that Young Germany has other enemies, whom she regards with even more jaundiced eyes. There is not one republican rogue on the Rhine but feels a pang of terror at the mere mention of the name of Russia. They are perfectly well aware that Great Britain has no intention of meddling with them, and that they may cut and carve at their own constitutions without the slightest risk of exciting an active interference. But they are not so sure of the permanent neutrality of Nicholas; and an unwholesome suspicion is constantly present to their minds, that, in the progress of events, Russia may combine with the constitutional party in Austria and Bavaria, and restore order by sweeping from the face of the earth the whole revolutionary gang. And it is not at all impossible that such may be the result, when the government of Prussia awakes to a sense of its duty, and their king becomes thoroughly ashamed of the unworthy part he has acted. At present, he has the merit of having stirred up a conflagration which he is not permitted to direct, and the misfortune of finding that, besides his neighbour's house, his own is threatened with the flames. He has thrown himself into the arms of the ultra-democratic party, without the slightest symptom of recognition on their part. His name is in every mouth a by-word. He is cursed by the constitutionalists for his treachery and fickle-

ness, and laughed at by the movement party, whose aim is a pure republic.

I took the earliest possible opportunity of treating both of the admirers of freedom to beer at a station, and, in consequence, rose somewhat in their good graces. He in the garb of the middle ages had evidently been refreshing himself already in the course of the forenoon, and proceeded to vary the monotony of the journey by chanting a hymn of Freiligrath's, which, it struck me, might have been improved by the omission of considerable bloodthirstiness. I was not sorry when we arrived at Cologne, and had to submit our baggage for inspection to the custom-house officers—an operation which they performed with much civility; nevertheless I thought it incumbent upon me, before parting, to point out this remnant of feudal tyranny to my companions, and to request that, when Germany had become a republic, and kings and kaisers were no more, the grievance might be redressed. Though neither of them were burdened with goods, they were kind enough to assure me that my recommendation should be attended to—a promise which they sealed with oaths; whereupon we shook hands, and parted, I sincerely trust, for ever.

Not having the slightest wish to renew my acquaintance with the skulls of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, or with the interesting relics of Saint Ursula and her plurality of virgins, I set off early next morning on the customary passage up the Rhine. Judging from the diminished numbers and appearance of the passengers, the hand of revolution has already weighed heavily upon the industry of this district. There were none of the English travelling carriages on board—none of the merry groups that used to congregate under the awning, and spread the echoes of their laughter and merriment over the bosom of Father Rhine. Even the artists, that ubiquitous class, were unrepresented. The quarter-deck was sparsely tenanted by a few Germans wearing the national cockade, who were evidently on their way to Frankfort; one or two Frenchmen, who, having nothing to do in Paris, were killing time by a short summer ramble, and a single enterprising

Cockney and his bride. Every one seemed dull and dispirited, and utterly without that store of enthusiasm which used to be expended as a sort of necessary tribute to the glorious scenery of the river. I made acquaintance with a young Parisian banker, a gay good-humoured fellow of Herculean proportions, who had fought on the side of order in the bloody affair of June. He was a decided Orleanist in his politics, and had no faith whatever in the ultimate stability of the Republic.

"I turned out," he said, "with the national guard, and a hard time we had of it at the barricades. The *canaille* fought like devils. But what would you have?—it was neck or nothing with us. Property is worth little in France, thanks to Lamartine and the rest; but there is a worse thing than the loss of property—*le pillage et le viol!* So I fought for the Republic, bad as it is, being the only barrier between us and absolute ruin. For myself, I am heartily tired of the whole concern. I have come away with fifty louis in my purse, to amuse myself for a month; and then I shall return to Paris, in the full expectation of being shot before the month of February."

His disgust at the present aspect of Germany was excessive.

"The fools! the imbeciles! What possible good can they expect to receive from their revolution? My countrymen were foolish enough—but we laboured under the curse of centralisation in Paris, and, heaven knows! we are paying the penalty. The departments of France did not want a change; but here the infection appears to be universal. Look at that fat fool with the absurd cockade!—I take him to be a substantial merchant in one of their towns—he may not have felt the pressure as yet, but before six months are over his stock will be lying useless on his hands, and his affairs utterly bankrupt. That is the price he must pay for national unity, and the privilege of wearing in his hat a badge about the size of a soup-plate!"

Presently we were favoured with a specimen of the warlike preparations of the assembly at Frankfort. That body had, a few days before, refused their consent to the armistice which

the regent had been empowered to conclude with the king of Denmark; and steamer after steamer dashed past us, conveying Prussian, Nassau, and Darmstadt troops from Mayence to the scene of action. With the new gaudy colours of the Empire trailing at the stern, these vessels came down the stream, the troops cheering as they went by, and apparently in high spirits.

"Very well, gentlemen!" thought I, "go on. The attack on little Denmark by a great bully of a power may seem a very creditable thing at present, but we shall see how it will end. Take care you don't run your heads against a certain individual to the northward, who is popularly supposed to subsist principally upon spermaceti, and who would ask no better amusement than that of extracting a little of your extra democracy with the knout. There would be some grimacing in Cologne at the sight of a pulk of Cossacks!"

Coblentz, that pretty little town which reposed so quietly under the huge shadow of Ehrenbreitstein, was crowded with troops, waiting for the opportunity of transport. I had scarcely stepped upon the quay when I found myself enveloped in the embrace of a gentleman in military accoutrements, who exclaimed with Teutonic fervour—

"*Du lieber himmel! Er ist's! August Reingold von Dunshurner, wie geht's?*"

I looked up, and presently recognised an old acquaintance in the person of one Ernest Herrmann, formerly *führträger* or ensign in a regiment of Wurtemberg infantry, and now a captain in the same distinguished service. Years before, I had seen a good deal of him at Stuttgart, and still remembered with pleasure his accomplishments in the ball-room and the skittle-ground.

"Herrmann, my dear fellow!" said I, "is it possible that I meet you here? Have you changed service, or what brings you here from Stuttgart?"

"Not I," replied Herrmann. "Still true to the old colours; but you see we have added another since you were last here. The fact is, that our regiment is on its way for a brush with the Danes, and we expect to take up our winter-quarters at Copenhagen."

"Indeed!"

"Will you not join us? I have no doubt it will be the rarest fun—and I am sure the colonel would not have the least objection to your being of our party."

"Thank you!" said I drily, "I am afraid I should be rather in the way. And how are our old friends Krauss and Bartenstein, and the rest?"

"All well and all here! Come along with me, we are just going to dinner, and you positively must spend an hour with us. Not that way!" said my friend, as I was making for one of the larger hotels, at the door of which two waiters were waving napkins, as if to allure the unwary passenger—"not that way! We have a quiet *gast-haus* of our own, and a think I can promise you a tolerable spread."

I yielded to the suggestion, and accompanied Herrmann down a back street until we reached a tavern, which, certainly, I would not have been inclined to select as my own peculiar domicile. Several Wurtemberg soldiers were smoking their pipes in the passage, and the aroma which issued from the *Stuben* was far more pungent than pleasant. We ascended a wooden stair leading to an upper apartment, in which a number of officers were already seated at table.

"Whom do you think I have here?" cried Herrmann. "Krauss, Offenbach, Bartenstein—have you forgot our old friend the Freyherr von Dunshunner?"

In an instant I was pounced upon by Krauss, who, after a hug of German fraternity, passed me to his nearest comrade; and in this way I made the round of the table, until I emerged from the arms of an aged major, as odorous as Cadwallader when mounted on his goat after a liberal luncheon upon leeks.

I used to like the German officers. They were a frank, good-humoured, rough-and-ready sort of fellows, decently educated, as times go, and easily and innocently amused. I would rather, however, not mess with them, for they are extremely national and economical in their diet; and I never throve much upon the bread soup, sauer kraut, and pork, which constitute the staple of their entertainments. But I was gratified at meeting once more with old companions, though under circumstances sin-

gularly changed. The senior officers, I could see, were not very sanguine as to the results of their expedition, and it was only among the younger portion that any enthusiasm was exhibited. So we talked a great deal, and consumed a considerable quantity of indifferent Moselle, until a messenger announced that time was up, and the steamer ready to depart. I accompanied my friends to the quay, and bade them farewell, with a strong conviction that, from the present state of European affairs, it was highly improbable that we should ever meet again.

Two days afterwards I arrived at Frankfort, every hour upon the road having afforded further evidence of the entire disorganisation which is prevalent throughout Germany. In Mayence, that strong garrison town, any thing but a friendly feeling subsists between the military and the populace. The latter, long accustomed to strict rule, have become turbulent and insolent, never omitting any opportunity of displaying their ill-will, especially to the Austrians, who have as yet received such demonstrations with the phlegm peculiar to their nation. But it is very evident that the Austrian soldiery are sick of this order of things, and that, whenever an opportunity of action may occur, they will not be slow in taking a summary vengeance on the blouses. In the mean time discipline is relaxed, and men seem hardly to know who is their legitimate master. France never yet had so good an opportunity of achieving that old object of her ambition—the boundary of the Rhine; and, in the event of a European war, it is almost certain that the attempt will be made.

Frankfort, to outward appearance, is, or at least was when I entered it, as brisk and bustling as ever. The tradesmen, with the exception of the publishers, to whom the Revolution has been a godsend, may not be driving so profitable a business, but the influx of strangers since the Assembly met has been remarkable. Here Young Germany flourishes in full unwashed and uncontrolled luxuriance. Every kind of costume which idiocy can devise is to be met with in the streets, and the conical parliamentary hat confronts you at every turn. The bustle of politics has superseded that

of commerce, and the conversation relates far more to democracy than to dollars. The hotels are still crowded, it being the fashion for members of the same political views to dine together at the *tables-d'hôte*—so that the traveller who is not aware of this arrangement may, by going to one house, find himself a participator in a red republican banquet; whereas, had he merely crossed the street, he might have fed with moderate conservatives. My old quarters used to be at the *Weidenbusch*; but by this time I had become so disgusted with everything savouring of liberalism that I directed the coachman to drive to the *Russischer Hof*, where I trusted to find rest and peace under the protecting shadow of Saint Nicholas.

I was leisurely washing down my evening cutlet with the contents of a flask of *Liebfrauenmilch*, and wondering whether the pleasant *cafés* outside the city gates were still in existence, when a huge colossus of a man entered the *salle-à-manger*, seated himself immediately opposite me at table, and demanded a double portion of *kalbs-braten*. I could not refrain from taking a deliberate view of the stranger. He appeared to be upwards of sixty, was curiously clad in duffle, possessed a double, nay, a triple chin, and his small pig eyes peered out from under their pent-house above a mass of pendulous and quivering cheek. His stomach, enormous in its development, seemed to extend from his neck to his knees; his short stubby fingers were girded with divers seal-rings of solid bullion, and he spoke in the husky accents of an ogre after too plentiful a repast in the nursery.

As I gazed upon this marked victim for apoplexy, his features gradually seemed to become familiar to my eyes. I was certain that I had heard that short asthmatic wheeze, and seen that pendulous lip before. Strange suspicions crossed my mind, but it was not until I saw him produce from his pocket a pipe well known to me in former days, that I felt assured of being in the presence of my old preceptor the Herr Professor Klingemann.

The worthy man had, in the mean time, honoured me with a reciprocal survey; but either his eyes had failed him, or his memory was not so reten-

tive as mine, for he betrayed no symptoms of recognising his quondam pupil. Much affected, I rose up, extended my hand, and inquired if he did not know me.

He stared at me in bewilderment until I mentioned my name, and then suddenly, with a chuckle of delight, he extended his arms, as if to embrace me across the table—a ceremony which I wisely avoided, as I have observed that glasses broken in a hotel are invariably charged at double the original cost. I made the circuit, however, and, after undergoing the usual hug, and a world of preliminary inquiries, sat down by the side of my former guide, philosopher, and friend.

Klingemann had always been suspected to be somewhat of a democrat. He had smoked his way through all the intricate labyrinth of German philosophy, in search of what he called the universal system of reconciliation of theory, until his brain became as muddy as the Compensation Pond which supplies Edinburgh with water. Of course, as is always the case under such circumstances, he acquired a corresponding reputation for profundity, and was, by many of his students, esteemed the leading metaphysician of Europe. If a man cannot achieve any other kind of character, he has always this in reserve: if he will make a point of talking unintelligibly, and of employing words which nobody else understands, he will, in time, be raised to the level of Kant and Hegel, without giving himself any extraordinary trouble in the search for fugitive ideas. But the politics of Klingemann—at least in my university days—never used to emerge until he had moistened his clay with a certain modicum of liquid. Then, to be sure, he would descant with almost superhuman energy upon constitutional and despotic systems. He used to demonstrate how perfect liberty was attainable by an immediate return to the noble principles of the Lacedæmonians, whose social code and black broth he esteemed as the perfection of human sagacity. He also held in deep respect the patriarchal form of government, and was of opinion that the soil of the earth belonged to nobody, but ought to be cultivated in common.

Solomon was right when he averred

that there is nothing new under the sun. The principles of communism, as at present advocated on the Continent by Messrs Louis Blanc and Prudhon, and in England by the unfortunate Cuffey, were long ago expounded and practised by Luckie Buchan and Mr Robert Owen. Let us be just in our movement, and pay honour where honour is due. Let those who embrace the creed do justice to the manes of its founder, and style themselves Buchanites, in veneration of that estimable woman whose attempted apotheosis has been so well described by Mr Joseph Train. Professor Klingemann, with all his erudition, had never heard of Luckie Buchan; but, for all that, he was completely of her mind. Had his views been openly promulgated, there can be little doubt that his labours in the university would have been cut short in a somewhat despotic manner; but he had sense enough to avoid observation, and never lectured upon politics except in private, to a select circle of his acolytes.

Such was Klingemann when I knew him first. We had corresponded for a short while after I left the university, but I soon got tired of the professor's lazy lucubrations, and undutifully omitted to reply, which in time produced the desired effect. For years I heard nothing of him, save on one occasion, when he did me the honour to send me a copy of his *magnum opus*, entitled "An Essay upon the Ideality, Perceptiveness, and Ratiocination of Notions," closely printed upon two thousand mortal pages of dingy paper, with a request that I would be kind enough to translate and publish it in the English language. As I bore no spite at the moment against any particular bookseller, and was by no means covetous of working out my own individual ruin, I did not think it necessary to comply with this philanthropic suggestion; and the original of the work is perfectly at the service of any gentleman who may have the fancy for attaining a European reputation. Klingemann, I dare say, was disappointed, but he bore no manner of malice.

"My dear professor," said I, "you are the last man whom I should have expected to meet in Frankfort. I

thought you were far away at the university, occupied as usual with those sublime works which have made your name immortal."

"Ah, Augustus, my dear child!" replied the professor with a deep sigh, "things have strangely altered since you were here last. I used to think that I was labouring in the sphere of usefulness, by concentrating into one focus of ever-brilliant illumination the scattered rays of human idiosyncrasy and idoneousness; but I find now that, for many years, I have been sending the plummet vainly down the deep unfathomable chasm of psychology and speculation! *Wass henker!* what keeps that *schelm* with my *kalbs-braten*? No, my son; I have discovered, though late, that I am made for action, and henceforth I shall devote my energies to the amelioration of the human race."

"As how, my honoured sir? I am somewhat at a loss to understand you."

"By taking an active interest in the affairs of the outer and living man, as contradistinguished from the internal reflective being. Know, August Reigold von Dunshunner, that I am a member of the German parliament."

"You, my dear professor! Is it possible? And yet why should I doubt?" continued I, bowing reverently to the illustrious man; "at this particular crisis, Europe imperatively needs the services of her master spirits."

"She does," replied the professor, "and Germany requires them in particular. You see our system was old and antiquated. We were pressed upon from without, and the dark subtle spirit of the Metternichian policy spread like a poisonous miasmatic exhalation over the whole surface of the land. It was time to alter these things—full time that the most giantically-gifted and heroic race of the world should escape from the insidious fetters of a low and degrading despotism!"

"Pardon me, my dear professor, but so long a time has elapsed since I left the university, that I can hardly follow the meaning of some of these very lengthy words. But am I right in addressing you by your academic title? Do you still retain possession of your chair?"

"Of course," replied Klingemann, with a twinkle of his eye. "I should like to see any of the princes venture just now to infringe the rights of the universities! Our noble German youth have been the first to assert the grand principle of unity, and future ages will record with triumph their deeds at the barricades of Vienna and of Berlin."

"And your salary?"

"I draw it still, with compensation for the loss of students."

"That must be a pleasant arrangement!"

"It is. I have left my lectures with a famulus to be read next winter, in case there should be any class. But, before then, I expect that Germany will require the active service of its youth."

"Indeed!" said I; "are you then apprehensive of a general European war?"

The learned man made no reply, being intently occupied with his victuals. There was silence in the room for about a quarter of an hour, until the professor, having finished his meal, and mopped up the last drop of gravy with a morsel of bread which he incontinently devoured, removed the napkin from his bosom, filled out a tumbler of Moselle, and thus resumed:—

"Hear me, young man! I always loved you; for, in the midst of a certain frivolity of disposition, I discerned the traces of a strong practical enterprising genius. Nay—I am serious. Often, in the course of the speculations which have been forced upon me, during the late headlong current of events, have I thought of you in connexion with the coming destinies of your country. For—do not mistake my meaning—the avalanche which is now sliding down the mountain, with terrific velocity, will not stay itself until it reaches the valley. The rights of the people are not the sole object of the present movement. The awakening of the great heart of Germany is the mere prelude to events that will upset monarchies, overthrow thrones, and shatter society to its deepest foundations, until, by an unerring law of nature, which provides that light shall emerge from darkness, order will uprear itself from the shattered elemental chaos, and the work of social

reorganisation be commenced anew. You see my purpose?"

"Why, to say the truth, profoundest of professors, I have not the slightest glimmering of your drift!"

"You are dull, Herr von Dunschunner!" replied Klingemann, knitting his brows—"much duller than I could have expected from one who has attended my lectures. In Britain, you have not yet attained that point of exalted *rationalismus*, from which alone the true surface of society can be surveyed. You think, I presume, that your own present system of government is perfect?"

"If you mean government by Queen, Lords, and Commons, I am clearly of opinion that it is. But if you mean to ask my impressions of the present Cabinet, I rather think I should give you a very different answer."

"You mistake me altogether," replied the professor. "What are you in Britain but a heterogeneous mixture of all possible races, without unity of blood, and sometimes even unity of language? Are not Celt and Saxon, Dane and Norman, jumbled together in the great social sphere? And can you expect, out of these warring elements, ever to produce harmony? No, August Reig-nold! One great error—the total disregard of unity of race—has hitherto been the enormous stumbling-block in the way of human perfection, and it is for the cure of that error that Germany has arisen from her sleep!"

"And what the deuce—excuse my profanity—do you intend to do?"

"To reunite and reconstitute the nations upon the foundation of unity of race," replied the professor.

"It would be rather a difficult thing to accomplish in my case, professor," I replied. "Without raising a multiplepinding, as we say in Scotland, I could hardly ascertain to which race I really belong. My father was a Saxon, my mother a Celt—I have a cross of the Norman ancestry, and a decided dash of the Dane. It would defy anatomy to rank me!"

"In cases of admixture," said the professor, lighting his pipe—"which, be it remarked, are the exceptions, and not the rule—we are willing to admit the minor test of language.

Now, observe. Western Europe—for we need not complicate ourselves with the Slavonic question—may be considered as occupied by four different races. It is, I believe, quite possible to reduce them to three, but, in order to avoid controversy, I am willing to take the higher number. In this way we should have, instead of many separate states, merely to undertake the arrangement or federalisation of four distinct races—the Latin, the Teutonic, the Celtic, and Scandinavian. Each tree should be allowed to grow separately, but all its branches should be interwoven together, and the result will be a harmony of system which the world has never yet attained.”

“You hold France to be Celtic, I presume, professor?”

“Decidedly. The southern portion has an infusion of Latin, and the northern of Scandinavian blood; but the preponderance lies with the Celt.”

“And who do you propose should join with France?”

“Three-fourths of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, and the Basque Provinces.”

“So far well.—And England?”

“England is confessedly Saxon; and, as such, the greater portion of her territory must be annexed to Germany.”

“While Northumberland and the Orkney islands are handed over to Scandinavia! I’ll tell you what, professor—you’ll excuse my freedom; but, although I have heard a good deal of nonsense in the course of my life, this idea of yours is the most preposterous that was ever started.”

“We are acting upon it, however,” replied Klingemann; “for it is upon that principle we are claiming Schleswig from Denmark, and Limburg from the crown of Holland. But for that principle we should be clearly wrong, since it is admitted that, in all past time, the Eyder has been the boundary of Germany. All territorial limits, however, must yield to unity of race.”

“May I ask if there are many members of the German parliament who favour the same theory?”

“A good many—at least of the left section.”

“They must be an enlightened set of legislators! Take my word for it,

professor, you will have enough to do in settling the affairs of Germany Proper, without meddling with any of your neighbours.”

“It must be owned,” said the professor, “that we still require a good deal of internal arrangement. We have our fleet to build.”

“A fleet!—what can you possibly want with a fleet? And if you had one, where are your harbours?”

“That is a point for after consideration,” replied Klingemann. “I am not much acquainted with maritime matters, because I never have seen the sea; but we consider a fleet as quite essential, and are determined to build one. Then there is the settlement of religious differences. That, I own, gives me some anxiety.”

“Why should it, in a country where three-fourths of the population, thanks to metaphysics, are rationalists?”

“I do not know. There is a proposal to construct a pantheon, somewhat on the principle of the Valhalla, in which men of all sects may worship; but I am strongly impressed with the propriety of a unity of creed as well as a unity of race.”

“And this creed you would make compulsive?”

“To be sure. We expect obedience to the laws—that is, to our laws, when we shall have made them; and I cannot see why a law of worship should be less imperative than a law which binds mankind to the observance of social institutions.”

Shade of Doctor Martin Luther!—this in thy native land!

“Well, professor,” said I, “you have given me enough to think on for one night at least. Perhaps to-morrow you will be kind enough to take me to the parliament, and point out some of the distinguished men who are about to regenerate the world.”

“Willingly, my dear boy,” said the professor; “it is your parliament as well as mine, for you are clearly of the Saxon race.”

“Which,” interrupted I, “I intend to repudiate as soon as the partition begins; for, whatever may be doing elsewhere, there are at least no symptoms of barricades in the Highlands.”

Although it exceeded the bounds of human credulity to suppose that a majority, or even a considerable section

of the German parliament, entertained such preposterous ideas as those which I had just heard from Klingemann, it was obvious that the supreme authority had fallen into the hands of men utterly incapable of discharging the duty of legislators to the country. A movement, commenced by the universities, and eagerly seconded by the journalists, had resulted in the abrupt recognition of universal suffrage as the basis of popular representation. There had been no intermediate stage between total absence of political privilege and the surrender of absolute power, without check or discipline, to the many. What wonder, then, if the revolution, so rashly accomplished, so weakly acquiesced in by the majority of the princes of Germany, should already be giving token of its disastrous fruit? What wonder if the representatives of an excited and turbulent people should carry with them, to the grave deliberations of the senate, the same wild and crude ideas which were uppermost in the minds of their constituency? It needed but a glance at the parliamentary list to discover that, among the men assembled in the church of St Paul, there were hardly any fitted, from previous experience, to undertake the delicate task of reconstructing the constitutions of Germany. There were plenty of professors—men who had dreamed away the best part of their lives in abstract contemplation, but who never had mingled with the world, and who formed their sole estimate of modern society from the books and traditions of the past. The recluse scholar is proverbially a man unfit to manage his own affairs, much less to direct the destinies of nations; and all experience has shown that the popular estimate has, in this instance, been strictly true. There were poets of name and note, whose strains are familiar throughout Europe; but, alas! it is in vain to expect that the power of Orpheus still accompanies his art, and that the world can be governed by a song. There were political writers of the Heine school, enthusiastic advocates of systems which they could neither defend nor explain—worshippers of Mirabeau and of the heroes of the French Revolution—and most of them imbued with such

religious and social tenets as were promulgated by Thomas Paine. There were burghers and merchants from the far cities, who, since the days of their studentism, had fattened on tobacco and beer; gained small local reputations by resisting the petty tyranny of some obnoxious burgo-master; and who now, in consequence of the total bouleversement of society, find themselves suddenly exalted to a position of which they do not understand the duties, or comprehend the enormous responsibility. Political adventurers there were of every description, but few members of that class which truly represents the intelligence and property of the country. In the preliminary assembly, the names of five or six mediatised princes—particularly those of the house of Hohenlohe—and of several of the higher nobility, were to be found. Few such names occur in the present roll,—the only mediatised member is the prince of Waldburg-Zeil-Trauchburg. This is ominous of the tendency of the parliament, and of its pure democratic condition.

So much I had learned from a perusal of the debates, which are now regularly published at Frankfort, and which hereafter may be considered as valuable documents, illustrating the rise and progress of revolution. But I was curious to see, with my own eyes, the aspect of the German parliament, and not a little pleased to find that my old friend, the professor, was punctual in keeping his appointment.

Saint Paul's church, a circular building of no great architectural merit, has been appropriated as the theatre of council. Thither every morning, a crowd of the enthusiastic Frankforters, and crazy students in their mediæval garbs, repair to pack the galleries, and bestow their applause upon the speeches of their favourite members. It is needless to say that, the more democratic the harangue, the more liberal is the tribute of cheering. The back benches on one side of the main body of the hall are reserved for the ladies, who, in Frankfort at least, are keen partisans of revolution. The volubility with which these fair creatures discuss the affairs of state, and questions of political economy which the science

of Miss Martineau could not unravel, is really quite astounding. Whenever you meet a German woman now, you may prepare to hear a tirade upon popular freedom: they are, as might be expected, even more bitter than the men in their denunciation of artificial rank; nor do they seem to be in the slightest degree aware of the fact, that of all hideous objects on earth, the worst is a patriot in petticoats. I have heard such venom and bloodthirstiness expressed by a pair of coral lips that, upon the whole, I should rather have preferred soliciting a salute from Medusa.

Above the president's chair, and painted in fresco upon the wall, is a very dirty figure intended to represent Germania, clad in garments which, at first sight, appeared to be covered with a multitude of black beetles. On a more close inspection, however, you discover that these are diminutive eagles; but I can hardly recommend the pattern. The president, Von Gagern, a tall, dark, fanatic-looking man, is seated immediately below, and confronts the most motley assemblage of men that I ever had the fortune to behold.

Klingemann, having intimated to me that it was not his intention to illuminate the mind of Germany that day by any elaborate discourse, was kind enough to place himself beside me, and perform the part of cicerone. My first impression, on surveying the sea of heads in the assembly, was decidedly unfavourable; for I could hardly discern amongst the ranks one single individual whose appearance bespoke him to be a gentleman. The countenances of the members were generally mean and vulgar, and in many cases absurdly bizarre. Near me sate an old pantaloon, with a white beard flowing over a frogged surtout, his head surmounted with a black velvet scull-cap, which gave him all the appearance of a venerable baboon just escaped from the operation of trepanning, and a staff of singular dimensions in his hand. This, Klingemann told me, was Professor Jahn, formerly of Freiburg, and surnamed the father of gymnastics.

This superannuated acrobat seemed to be the centre of a group of literary notables, for my friend pointed out in

succession, and with great pride, the burley forms of Dahlman and other thoroughgoing professors. In fact, one large section of the hall was nothing but a *Senatus Academicus*.

"But where," said I, "are the poets? I am very curious to see the collection of modern minstrels. I presume that young fellow with the black beard, who is firing away in the tribune, and bawling himself hoarse, must be one of them. He can, at all events, claim the possession of a full share of godlike insanity."

"He is not a poet," replied the professor; "that is Simon of Treves, a very intelligent young man, though a little headstrong. I wish he would be somewhat milder in his manner."

"Nay, he seems to be suiting the action to the word, according to the established rules of rhetoric. So far as I can understand him, he is just suggesting that divers political opponents, whom he esteems reactionary, should be summarily ejected from the window!"

"Ah, good Simon!—but we have all been young once," said the professor. "After all, he is a staunch adherent of unity."

"Yes—I daresay he would like to have every thing his own way, in which case a certain ingenious machine for facilitating decapitation would probably come into vogue. But the poets?"

"You see that old man over yonder, with the calm, benignant, nay, seraphic expression of countenance, which betokens that his soul is at this moment far withdrawn from its earthly tabernacle, and wandering amidst those paradisaical regions where unity and light prevail."

"Do you allude to that respectable gentleman, rather up in years, who seems to me to have swallowed verjuice after his coffee this morning, or to be labouring under a severe attack of toothache?"

"Irreverend young man! Know that is Ludwig Uhland."

"You don't mean to say that that crossgrained surly old fellow is the author of the famous ballads!" exclaimed I. "Why, there is a snarl on his visage that might qualify him to sit for a fancy portrait of Churchill in extreme old age!"

"He is the last of a great race. Look yonder, at that other venerable figure——"

"The gentleman who is twiddling his stick across his arm, as though he were practising the bars of a fandango? Who may he be?"

"Arndt, the great composer. Have you men like him in your British parliament?"

"Why, I must confess we have not yet thought of ransacking the orchestra for statesmen. Any more?"

"Yes. You see that tall grizzled man over the way. That is Anastasius Grün."

"Graf von Auersperg? Well, he is a gentleman at last; though, as to poetical pretension, I have always considered him very much on a par with Dicky Milnes. But where are your statesmen, professor? Where are the men who have made politics the study of their lives, who have mastered the theories of government and the science of economics, and who have all the different treaties of Europe at the ends of their fingers?"

"As we are commencing a new era," replied Klingemann, "we need none of those. Treaties, ideologically considered, are merely the exponents of the position of past generations, and bear no reference to the future, the tendency of which is lost in the mists of eternity. Such men as you describe we had under the Metternich system, but we have discarded them all with their master."

"Then I must say that, idiotically considered, you have done a very foolish thing. Where at least are your financiers?"

"My dear friend, I must for once admit that you have stumbled on a weak point. We are very much in want of a financier indeed. Would you believe it? the sum of five florins a-day, which is the amount of recompense allowed to each member of the Assembly, has been allowed to fall into arrear!"

"What! do each of these fellows get five florins a-day, in return for cobbling up the Empire? Then it is very easy to see that, unless the exchequer fails altogether, the parliament will never be prorogued."

"Certainly not until it has completed

the task of adjusting a German constitution," observed the professor.

"Which is just saying the same thing in different words. But, pray, what is exciting this storm of wrath in the bosom of the respectable Mr Simon?"

"He is merely denouncing the sovereigns and the aristocracy. It is a favourite topic. But look there! that is a great man—ah, a very great man indeed!"

Without challenging the claim of the individual indicated to greatness, I am committing no libel when I designate him as the very ugliest man in Europe. The broad arch of his face was fringed with a red bush of furzy hair. His eyes were inflamed and pinky, like those of a ferret labouring under ophthalmia, and his nose, mouth, and tusks, bore a palpable resemblance to the muzzle of the bulldog. Altogether, it is impossible to conceive a more thoroughly forbidding figure. This was Robert Blum, the well-known publisher of Leipzig, who has put himself prominently forward from the very commencement of the movement; and who, possessing a certain power of language which may pass with the multitude for eloquence, and professing opinions of extreme democratic tendency, has gained a popularity and power in Frankfort, which is not regarded without uneasiness by the members of the more moderate party. As this worthy was a bookseller, and Klingemann still in possession of piles of unpublished manuscript, I could understand and forgive the enthusiasm and veneration of the latter.

Simon having concluded his inflammatory harangue, the tribune was next occupied by a person of a different stamp. He was, I think, without any exception, the finest-looking man in the Assembly—in the prime of manhood, tall, handsome, and elegantly dressed, and bearing, moreover, that unmistakeable air which belongs to the polished gentleman alone. His manner of speaking was hasty, and not such as might be approved of by the practised debater, but extremely fluent and energetic; and it was evident that Simon and his confederates writhed under the castigation which, half-seriously, half-sarcastically, the

bold orator unsparingly bestowed. Judging from the occasional hisses, the speaker seemed no favourite either with the members of the extreme left or with the galleries; but probably he was used to such manifestations, for he went through his work undauntedly. I asked his name. It was Felix, Prince of Lichnowsky.

Poor Lichnowsky! a few weeks after I saw him in the Assembly, he was barbarously and brutally murdered by savages at the gate of Frankfort—the flesh cut off his arms with scythes—his body put up as a target for their balls—and every execrable device of ingenuity employed to prolong his suffering. O ye who wink at revolutions abroad, and who would stimulate the populace to excess—ye who, in days past, have written or been privy to letters from the Home Office, conniving at undeniable treason—think of this scene, and repent of your miserable folly! In a civilised city—among a Christian and educated population—that deed of hideous atrocity was perpetrated at noon-day: the young lie of one of the most accomplished and chivalrous cavaliers of Europe was torn from him piecemeal, in a manner which humanity shudders to record, and for no other reason than because he had stood forth as the advocate of constitutional order! Liberal historians, in their commentaries upon the first French Revolution, spare no pains to argue us into the conviction that such tragedies as that of the Princess de Lamballe could not be enacted save amongst a people degraded and brutalised by long centuries of misgovernment, oppression, and superstition. They have lied in saying so. A pack of famished wolves is not so merciless as a human mob, when drunk with the revolutionary puddle; and were the strong arm of the law once paralysed in Britain, we should inevitably become the spectators, if not the victims, of the same butcheries which have disgraced almost every country in Europe now clamouring for independence and unity. The sacerdotal robes of the Archbishop of Paris—the gray hairs of Major von Auerswaldt—the station and public virtue of the Counts of Lamburg, Zichy, and Latour—could not save these unhappy men

from a fate far worse than simple assassination: and this century and year have likewise been reserved for the unexampled abomination of Christian men adopting cannibalism, and feeding upon human flesh, as was the case not a month ago at Messina! Well might Madame Roland exclaim, “O Liberty! what things are done in thy name!” Poor Lichnowsky! Better had he fallen on the fields of Spain, in the combat for honour and loyalty, with the red steel in his hand, and the flush of victory on his brow, than have perished so miserably by the hands of the cowardly and rascal rout of the *free* city of Frankfort!

“That’s Zitz of Mayence,” said the professor, as a heavy-looking demagogue stumbled clumsily up to the tribune.

“Oh! that’s Zitz, is it?” replied I. “Well, professor, I think I have had quite enough of the Assembly for one morning, and as I feel a certain craving for a cigar, I think I shall leave you for the present.”

“Won’t you dine to-day at the Swan?” said Klingemann, “most of my friends of the left frequent the *table-d’hôte* there, and I should like to introduce you to Zitz.”

“Thank you!” said I, “I shall be punctual, and pray keep a place for me;” and so for the present we parted.

“The dunderheads!” thought I, as I emerged into the street and lit an undeniable havannah, “here is a nation which, for thirty years past, has been eating its *sauer-kraut* and sausages in peace, paying almost no taxes, and growing its own wine and tobacco, about to be plunged into irretrievable misery and ruin, by a set of selfish hounds who look to nothing beyond their stipend of five florins a-day! Heaven help the idiots! what would they be at? They have got all manner of constitutions, liberty of the press—though there is not a man in Germany who could write a decent leading article—and a great deal more freedom than is good for them already. And now the world is to be turned upside down, because a parcel of trash, not a whit more respectable than Cuffey and his confederates, and very nearly as stupid, have taken the notion of unity into their heads, and are resolved to build

up, with rotten bricks, the rickety structure of an empire. Nicholas, my dear friend, there is work chalked out for you, and ready. If these scum prosume to meddle with their neighbours, they must be crushed like a hive of hornets; and I do not know any foot so heavy and elephantine as your own!"

Pondering these things deeply, I strolled on from shop to shop, gleaning everywhere as I went statistics touching the manner in which our free-trade innovations have affected the industry of Great Britain. For a year and a half, the boot and shoe trade has been remarkably thriving; the London market being the most profitable in the world, and nothing but British gold exported in return. As to cotton manufactures, Belgium and Switzerland have the monopoly of Southern Germany. The trade in Bohemian glass is rapidly superseding at home the labour of the silversmith. A complete service, so beautiful that it might be laid out on the table of a prince, costs about thirty pounds; and the names of the British magnates, which the dealer pointed to with ineffable triumph as purchasers, were so numerous as to convince me that the deteriorating influence of free trade was rapidly rising upwards. The same may be said of the cutlery, which is now sent to undersell the product of the British artisan in his own peculiar market. When we couple those facts, which may be learned in every Continental town, with the state of our falling revenue, and the grievous direct burden which is imposed upon us in the shape of property and income tax, it is difficult for any Briton to understand upon what grounds the financial reputation of Sir Robert Peel is based, or to comprehend the wisdom of adhering to a system which sacrifices every thing in favour of the foreigner, and brings us in return no earthly recompense or gain.

I duly kept my engagement at the Swan, and was introduced by the Professor to Zitz, Gervinus, and some more of the radical party. The dinners at the Swan are unexceptionable; indeed, out of Paris, it is impossible to discover better.

"What do you think of our German

parliament?" asked a deputy of the name of Neukirch, next whom I was seated. "It must be an interesting sight for an Englishman to behold the aspirations of our rising freedom."

"Oh, charming!" I replied: "and such splendid oratory—we have nothing like it in the House of Commons."

"Do you really think so?" said Neukirch, looking absurdly gratified.

"I do indeed. The speech which I had the privilege of hearing this morning from the gentleman opposite—" here I bowed to Simon of Treves, who was picking the backbone of a pike—"was equal to the most elaborate efforts of our greatest orator, Mr Chisholm Anstey. It is not often that one has the fortune to listen to such talent combined with patriotism!"

"You speak like a man of sense," said the flattered Simon. "I believe that I have given those infernal princes their gruel. Lichnowsky had better hold his peace, for the time is coming when a sharp reckoning must be held between the aristocrats and the people."

"*Potz tausend!*" cried Zitz, "do they think to lord it over us longer with their stars and ribbons? I hold myself to be as good a man as any grand-duke of them all, and a great deal better than some I could name, who would give a trifle to be out of Germany."

"And how does the cause of democracy progress in England?" asked Neukirch. "We are somewhat surprised to find that, after all the preparation, there has been no revolution in London."

"As to that," said I, "you must hardly judge us too rashly. Two distinguished patriots, called Ernest Jones and Fussell, were desirous of raising barricades; but, somehow or other, the plan was communicated to Government, the troops refused to fraternise, and the attempt was postponed for the present."

"I see!" cried Zitz, "Russian influence has been at work in England too. Nicholas has been sowing his gold, and the fruit is continued tyranny."

"The fact is," said I, "though I would not wish it to be repeated, that

a good many of us are of opinion that we have no tyranny at all, but rather more freedom than is absolutely necessary for our happiness."

"No tyranny!" shouted Zitz; "is there not a chamber of peers?"

"Too much freedom!" roared Simon of Treves; "have you not an Established Church?"

"Is not your sovereign a niece of the odious despot of Hanover?" asked Neukirch.

"Is there not a heavy tax on tobacco?" inquired my friend and preceptor Klingemann.

"Gentlemen all," said I, "these things must perforce be admitted. We have a chamber of peers, and are thankful for it, because it curbs democracy in the Commons. We have an Established Church, and we honour it, because it has taught the people to fear their Creator and to reverence their queen. Our sovereign is a niece of the King of Hanover, and she has no reason whatever to be ashamed of the connexion. And as to the article of tobacco, I may remark to my learned friend the professor, that revenue must necessarily be raised, and that, moreover, I have not smoked a single decent cigar since I set foot in Germany."

"These are reactionary doctrines!" growled Zitz; "I fear you are no true friend of the people."

"A firmer one never sat under the sign of Geordie Buchanan," said I; "but I suspect your estimate of the people is somewhat different from mine. Pray, Herr Neukirch, will you pardon the curiosity of a stranger, if I ask one or two questions upon points which I do not thoroughly comprehend? I observe, from the tenor of the proclamations issued by Herr von Soiron, that you contemplate the erection of one free, united, and indissoluble Germany."

"That is precisely our object."

"Then, am I right in holding that the Reichsverweser concentrates in his own person the whole power and puissance of the different states?"

"Just so. He is president of Germany."

"So that with him and his council rest the whole responsibility of disposing of the troops of the confederation, of making treaties, of proclaim-

ing peace and war, of regulating coinage and customs, and, in fact, of exerting every royal prerogative?"

"Always with consent of the German parliament," said Zitz. "You may believe we are not such fools as to substitute one tyrant for thirty-eight."

"Then, gentlemen, it appears to me that your whole scheme, upon which I am not qualified to express an opinion, resolves itself into one of extensive and entire mediatisation. If the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia have no power to declare peace or war—if their armies are to obey the orders of the central power at Frankfort—it will follow, as a matter of course, that their kingly privileges are at an end. The interchange of ambassadors with foreign states will be a ceremony so clearly futile that it must at once be abandoned, and the monarchs will become merely the first of a titular nobility."

"That is the inevitable and glorious consequence!" cried my new acquaintance, Neukirch. "You see the whole subject in its proper light. First, we clip the wings of the princes till they can do no more than hop about their own home-yards; then we control the proceedings of the Reichsverweser by a parliament elected on the principles of universal suffrage; and finally, we can eject the puppet if necessary, and resolve ourselves into a pure democracy."

"One thing, then," said I, "is only wanting for this desirable consummation, and that is, the consent of the princes. I admit that you may have little trouble with Baden, Württemberg, and the like, but what say Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria to this wholesale abdication of their thrones?"

"We don't affect to deny that there may be a crisis approaching. Austria has her hands full for the present with Italy and Hungary, and has given no definite reply. But the clubs are strong and active at Vienna, and on the very first opportunity you will see a general rising. 'Anarchy first—order afterwards,' is our motto. Then, as to Prussia, we do not want to push on matters too rapidly there. The king has been playing into our hands; and, to tell you the truth, we depend upon him alone for the continuance

of our five florins a-day. So that, in the mean time, you may be sure we shall be moderate in that quarter. Bavaria may do as she pleases. If the others yield, that power must necessarily succumb."

"Then I want to understand a little about the justice of your cause. You have claimed Schleswig-Holstein as part of Germany, and you have sent German troops, for the purpose of recovering it as your right?"

"Quite true."

"And at the same time Germany, or you as its representatives, have acknowledged the right of all foreign nations to their own independence?"

"We have."

"Then, will you have the kindness to explain to me how it is that your philanthropic parliament, holding such principles, has not thought proper to insist that every Austrian soldier, belonging to the confederation, should be immediately withdrawn from Lombardy and Hungary? How is it that General Wrangel, in the north, has ceased to be a Prussian, and become a German soldier, whilst Marshal Radetsky, in the south, is fighting without remonstrance at the head of troops which you claim as your own, and against that independence of a foreign nation, which you have thought proper expressly to recognise? If Germany claims Schleswig on the ground of unity of race and language, how can she, at the same time, countenance a subordinate German power in infringing the very principle which she has so determinedly proclaimed?"

Neither on this occasion, nor on any other, could I obtain a satisfactory reply to the above question. In fact, from the very beginning, the conduct of the men who have put themselves at the head of the present movement, has been checkered by contradictions of the most glaring and obvious kind. On the fifth of May, the present vice-president, Von Solrou, put forth an address to the inhabitants of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, calling upon them to co-operate and join with the German confederacy, and to send representatives to the union. Two of these states are comprised in the Austrian, and one in the Prussian dominions; but none of them are German. If nationality is to be recog-

nised as the ruling principle—and the scheme of German confederation and empire contemplated nothing else—these countries would fall to be excluded, since, by language and race, they form part of a totally different branch of the European family. But before the ink on their proclamation of strict unity and independence was dry,—that proclamation containing the following remarkable words, "The Germans shall not be induced, on any consideration, to abridge or deprive other nations of that freedom and independence which they claim for themselves as their own unalienable right,"—we find the Germans calmly annexing Polish Posen to their league, proposing to include Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia in the limits of the empire, and by their official congratulatory address to Radetsky, giving national countenance to the war of subjugation in Lombardy. Even were their case otherwise good, such acts as these form an irresistible argument against their present claim for Schleswig; for upon no principle whatever are they entitled to add, on one side, to the possessions of the empire by foreign annexation, and on the other to repudiate annexation, when in favour of a foreign power.

But if it is useless, in their present state, to demand explanation from the Germans. They are like men who, in attempting to cross a ford, have been carried off their feet by the swollen waters, and are now plunging in the pool, unable to reach the shore. *Imperium in imperio* is clearly unattainable. German unity, as at present contemplated, with a common army, common taxes, and common constitutions, under one central government, can only be achieved by an entire prostration of the princes, and the abolition of the kingly dignity. Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and all the states, must be blotted from the map of Europe, their boundaries erased, their conditions forgotten, and their names for ever proscribed. The republican party know this well, and it is in this conviction that they are still labouring on, taking advantage of the unhappy state of Austria in relation to its foreign possessions, sympathising with the Hungarian revolt,

and exciting the clubs at Vienna; whilst, at the same moment, they are availing themselves to the utmost of the weak and foolish blunder committed by the king of Prussia, and appealing to his own declaration in favour of German unity, whenever he shows the slightest symptom of receding from the popular path. There is hardly a shade of difference between the opinions entertained by a large mass of the Frankfort parliament, and those professed by Hecker and Struve, the leaders of the Baden insurrections. The aim of both parties was the same; but the insurgents sought to attain their end by a speedy and violent process, for which the others were not prepared. They proposed to undermine the power of the sovereigns by a continued course of agitation, to arm a burgher guard throughout Germany, as a countercheck to the troops, and, wherever it is possible, to seduce the latter from their allegiance. In this latter scheme, as recent events have shown, they have been unfortunately too successful; and the military system of Germany had afforded them great facilities. The German regiments are not, as is the case in Britain, transferred from town to town, and from province to province, in a continual round of service. They are quartered for years in the same place, make alliances with the town-folks, and become imbued with all their local and prevalent prejudices. They are, in fact, too much identified with the populace to be thoroughly relied on in the case of any sudden emeute, and too much associated with the landwehr or militia, to be ready to act against them. Let those who have not reflected upon this serious element of discord, consider what in all probability would be the state of an Irish regiment, if quartered permanently among the peasantry of Tipperary—exposed, not for a short time, but for years, to the baneful influences of agitation and deliberate seduction, and never having an opportunity of contemplating elsewhere the advantages of order and obedience? The circumscribed dimensions of some of the German states has increased this evil enormously; and the example set by General Wrangel, when, in the case of the Swedish armistice,

he declared himself to be an Imperial and not a Prussian commander, cannot but have had a powerful effect in sapping the loyalty of the troops. If Wrangel took that step in consequence of secret orders from his master, as is by no means improbable, he may be personally absolved from blame, but only by shifting to the royal shoulders such a load of obloquy and scorn as never monarch carried before. If, on the contrary, Wrangel did this on his own authority, the Prussian government has evinced lamentable weakness, in not having him tried by a court-martial, and shot for audacious treason.

If the monarchies of Germany are to be preserved, it must be through the resolution of the troops. A congress is at this moment obviously impossible, nor can it be attempted until the Frankfort parliament has run its course—a consummation which some people think is not only devoutly to be desired, but very near at hand. Things have now gone so far, that it is difficult to see how any kind of order can be restored, without the disastrous alternative of commotion and civil war. There are again symptoms of republican gatherings in the north, which Prussia cannot this time overlook, without sacrificing the fragments of her honour. At Vienna, the insurrection has been successful. The emperor has, a second time, quitted Schönbrunn, and has openly announced that, when he next returns to his capital, it will be at the head of an avenging army. There is nothing improbable in this announcement. The Austrian army is less liable to the impairing influence already noticed than that of any other German state; and though there never was a time when its services were so urgently required at so many menacing points as at the present, there may yet be strength enough left to crush the insurgent capital. Of course, in such an event, all men may be prepared to hear from the liberals the same howl of horror which issued from their sympathising throats, when the populace of Naples manfully and boldly espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign. Sicilian cannibalism can be pardoned, but Neapolitan loyalty, never!

It is a vain dream to associate German unity with the existing sys-

tem of principalities. Whether Von Gagern is really in earnest, in attempting to labour towards this end, or whether he is merely keeping up the appearance of such a union, for the purpose of paving the way to a more sweeping measure of democracy, may be the subject of legitimate doubt. If the former be the case, he has committed a grave error, in allowing the Diet to be annihilated. Though difficult, it was by no means impossible to have adjusted the separate constitutions of the German states upon a liberal basis, and to have devolved upon the chambers the right of nominating the members of the imperial diet. Such a system might have secured as much unity of purpose as was requisite for general administration, without resorting to the dangerous experiment of a parliament elected by universal suffrage. But nothing of this sort was attempted. On the contrary, the Diet fell without a struggle: its old functions had ceased when Prussia deserted it for the carrying out an independent policy of her own; and no one attempted to resuscitate it by the infusion of novel blood.

Notwithstanding such charm as might be derived from the society of Messrs Zitz, Simon, and Co., and the fund of information which professor Klingemann was ever ready to pour into my ear, I soon became tired of Frankfurt, and betook myself to the watering-places. This was a good year for calculating what proportion of the company usually located during the summer months at Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden, sought those places for the benefit of the Hygeian springs, in contradistinction to those whose main attraction was the Casino. The number of the former class, I should say, was comparatively small. Although one cannot feel much sympathy for such nests of gambling, maintained, to the discredit of the smaller German princes, for the sake of the revenue obtained from the Israelitish proprietors of the banks, it was yet painful to observe the dull appearance of the towns. There was hardly any remnant of that gaiety and sprightliness, which used to characterise these haunts of fashion and dissipation—none of the equipages which were wont to roll along the environs, with ducal

coronets on their blazon. The bazaars were deserted: the *tables-d'hôte* miserably attended. If thirty people assembled in one of the great saloons, which formerly used to be occupied by two hundred, the countenance of the host relaxed, and he evidently caught at the circumstance, as a gleam of returning prosperity. There were still one or two desperate gamblers to be seen at the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables, staking their gold with as much eagerness and stern determination as ever; but, in general, there seemed to prevail such a serious scarcity of bullion, that those who possessed any were chary of hazarding their florins. The brass bands still played as of yore, but their music sounded dull and melancholy. Few subscribed to raffles, and the balls were miserable failures.

The state of the small capitals is still worse. Darmstadt, never a lively town, is literally shut up. You may wander through the streets of Carlsruhe, as in the solitudes of Balbec, wondering what on earth can have become of the whole population, and not be able to solve the problem, unless, indeed, you should happen to hear the clattering of the hoofs of the Baden cavalry awakening the dormant echoes of the street. Then, with a shrill whoop of "*Hier kommt die Badische cavallerie!*" man, woman, and child,—chambermaid and waiter, rush to the windows to admire the exciting spectacle of their native heroes, mounted upon animals not very much larger than ponies, and, the moment the procession has passed, relapse into the same state of somnolency as before. The palaces do not seem to be occupied, and the voice of the syrens on the boards of the theatres is mute.

Perfectly disgusted with the change, which was too conspicuous everywhere, I bent my way towards Switzerland; and there, amidst the mountains, snows, cascades and glaciers of the Oberland, strove to banish from my mind all thoughts of revolution and its concomitant ruin. But Switzerland has suffered, in its way, almost as much as Germany. Although the central point of Europe to which the steps of the tourists tend, it furnishes ample proof of the general consternation and misery in its lonely

roads and empty hotels. There are no English travelling abroad this year. Sometimes you encounter an American party who have crossed the Atlantic, curious to see how the old countries are getting on in their novel craze for republican institutions, but the staple of the travelling commodity consists of Italian refugees from Lombardy. These men also seem to have adopted a kind of mediæval garb, more graceful than that of the Germans, and are, to outward appearance, no despicable specimens of humanity. They vapour and bluster largely about their exertions for Italian independence, though I never could meet with one who had actually struck a blow in its behalf. They were furious at Charles Albert, whom they characterised as a "traditore sceleratissimo," and vaunted that, but for him and his Piedmontese troops, they would long ago have freed their country from the grasp of the Austrians. I was not altogether able to comprehend by what process of ratiocination these illustrious exiles arrived at this result. It would appear odd if they could not accomplish, with the aid of allies, the very same task for which they asserted their notorious unassisted competency. This is a political riddle of such a nature, that I shall not attempt to solve it.

It is, however, comfortable to remark, that Swiss industry, in many of its branches, still continues undiminished. The squat and unwholesome hunter, who for years has infested the Rosenthal, still pursues his prey, in the shape of the unwary traveller, with perpetual impudence and importunity. Out of his clutches you cannot get, until you have purchased, at triple its artificial value, the wooden effigy of a chamouis, a horn whistle, or the image of an Alpine cow; and even after you have made your escape, crossed the bridge, and are in full retreat up the valley, you hear him clamouring behind you with offers of a staff to sell. From every cottage-door rush forth hordes of uncompromising children; nay, they surprise you in the very wastes, far from any human dwelling, and their only cry is "*Batzen!*" Approach a waterfall, and you are immediately surrounded by a plump of those juvenile Cossacks,

seizing hold of your skirts, thrusting their hands upwards in your face, and denying you one moment's leisure to survey the scene. Their yelp for pence is heard above the sullen roaring of the cataract. In vain you take to flight—they cleave to you like a swarm of midges. You leap brook, scale bank, and scour across the meadow towards the road, but you fare no better than the Baron of Crans-toun in his race with the Goblin Page; and at last are compelled to ransom yourself by parting with the whole of the change in your possession.

If I can judge from the present temper of the Swiss, they are not likely to return a very complacent answer to the charge made against them by the central power at Frankfort, of having harboured Struve and his gang. The German troubles have kept back so many visitors from their country, that the Swiss are not inclined to be particular as to the political opinions of any one who may favour them with a sojourn; and in the present state of matters it is rather difficult to determine who are rebels or the reverse. Bitterly at this moment is Switzerland execrating a revolution which has entailed upon her consequences almost equivalent to the total failure of a harvest.

After spending a fortnight among the mountains, I retraced my steps to Frankfort. There I discovered that, in the interim, some little change had taken place in the aspect of political affairs. Prussia had at length taken heart of grace, and had remonstrated against the arbitrary refusal of the armistice with Denmark, which she had been expressly empowered, by the authority of the Reichsverweser, to conclude. This tardy recognition of the laws of honour had, of course, given enormous umbrage to the Frankforters, who now considered themselves as the supreme arbiters of peace or war in Europe; the more so, because they were not called upon to pay a single farthing of the necessary expenses. They appeared to think that, *jure divino*, they were entitled to the gratuitous services of the Prussian and Hanoverian armies; and, with that sublime disregard of cost which we are all apt to feel when negotiating with our neighbours' money, they were furious

at any interruption of the war unworthily commenced against their small but spirited antagonist. Such, at least, was the feeling among the burghers, in which they were powerfully encouraged by the co-operation of the women. It is a singular fact that, in times of revolution, the fair sex is always inclined to push matters to greater extremity than the other, for what reason it is literally impossible to say. I had the pleasure of spending an evening at a social reunion in Frankfort, and can aver that the sentiments which emanated from the ladies would have done no discredit to Demoiselle Theroigne de Mericourt in the midst of the Reign of Terror.

But other motives than those of mere abstract democracy had some influence with the members of the parliament. Many of them who, in the first instance, had voted for the peremptory infraction of the armistice, were fully aware that they could not afford as yet to affront Prussia, or to give her an open pretext for resiling from the movement party. Such a step would have been tantamount to annihilation, and therefore they were disposed to succumb. Others, I verily believe, thought seriously upon their five florins a-day. Hitherto Prussia had been the only state which had granted a monetary contingent, and to refuse compliance with her wishes would inevitably involve a sacrifice of the goose that furnished the supply of metallic eggs. Therefore, after a long and rather furious debate, the assembly retracted their former decision, and consented to a cessation of hostilities.

A parliament, chosen upon the basis of universal suffrage, is only safe when its opinions coincide with those of the mob. In the present instance they were directly counter to the sweet will of the populace, and of course the decision was received with every symptom of turbulence.

"Professor," said I to my learned friend, on the evening after this memorable debate, "you have given one sensible vote to-day, and I hope you will never repent of it. But, if you will take my advice, you will do well to absent yourself from the parliament to-morrow. There are certain symptoms going on in the streets which I

do not altogether like, for they put me forcibly in mind of what I saw in Paris this last spring; and, unless a German mob differs essentially from a French one, we shall smell gunpowder to-morrow. I should be sorry to see my ancient preceptor fragmentally distributed as an offering to the goddess of discord."

"Don't speak of it, August Reignold, my dear boy!" said the Professor in manifest terror. "I wouldn't mind much being hauled up to a lamp-post, for I am heavy enough to break any in Frankfort down; but the bare notion of dismemberment fills my soul with fear. Well says the poet, *varium et mutabile*; and he might safely have applied it to the people. Will you believe that I, whose whole soul is engrossed with the thoughts of unity and the public weal, was actually hissed and hooted at as a traitor, when I emerged to-day from the assembly?"

"It is the penalty you must pay for your political greatness," I replied. "But, if I were you, I should back out of the thing altogether. Cobbling constitutions is rather dangerous work in such times as these; and it strikes me that your valuable health may be somewhat impaired by your exertions."

"Heaven knows," said the Professor devoutly, "that I would willingly die for my country—that is, in my bed. But I do begin to perceive that I am overworking this frail tenement of clay. Once let this crisis be past, and I shall return to the university, resume my philosophic labours, and finish my inchoate treatise upon the 'Natural History of Axioms.'"

"You will do wisely, Professor, and humanity will owe you a debt: only don't employ that fellow Blum as your publisher. *Apropos*, what is Simon of Treves saying to this state of matters?"

"Simon of Treves," replied my learned friend, "is little better than an arrogant coxcomb. He had the inconceivable audacity to laugh in my face, when I proposed, on the ground of common ancestry, to open negotiations with the Thracians, and to ask me if it would not be desirable to include the whole of the Peloponnesus."

"He must indeed be a blockhead! Well, Professor, keep quiet for the

evening, and don't show yourself in the streets. I am going to take a little stroll of observation before bed, and to-morrow morning we shall hold a committee of personal safety."

On ordinary occasions, the streets of Frankfort are utterly deserted by ten o'clock. This night, however, the case was different. Groups of ill-looking, ruffianly fellows, were collected at the corners of the streets; and more than once, beneath the blouse, I could detect the glitter of a furtive weapon. There were lights and bustle in the club-houses, and every thing betokened the approach of a popular emeute.

"You will do well," said I to the Swiss porter of the *Russischer Hof* on re-entering, "to warn any strangers in your house to keep within doors to-morrow. Unless I am strangely mistaken, we shall have a repetition of the scenes in Paris to-morrow. In the mean time, I shall trouble you for my key."

I rose next morning at six, and looked out of my window, half expecting to see a barricade; but for once I was disappointed—the Germans are a much slower set than the French. At nine, however, there were reasonable symptoms of commotion, and I could hear the hoarse roar of a mob in the distance whilst I was occupied in shaving.

Presently up came a waiter.

"The Herr Professor desires me to say that, if you have no objection, he would be glad to breakfast in your room." My apartments were on the third story.

"Show him up," said I; and my friend entered as pale as death.

"O August Reignold, this is a horrible business!"

"Pshaw!" said I, "how can you expect unity without a row?"

"But they tell me that the mob are already breaking into the assembly—into the free, inviolable, sacred parliament of Germany!"

"Is that all? They might, in my humble opinion, be doing a great deal worse."

"And they are beginning to put up barricades."

"That's serious," said I; "however, one comfort is, that they expect somebody to attack them. Take your

coffee, Professor, and let us await events with fortitude. You are tolerably safe here."

The Professor groaned, for his spirit was sorely troubled. I really felt for the poor man, who was now beginning, for the first time, to taste the bitter fruits of revolution. They were as ashes in his academical mouth.

There was a balcony before my window, from which I could survey the whole of the Zeil, or principal street of Frankfort. The people were swarming below as busy as a disturbed nest of ants. A huge gang of fellows, with pickaxes, took up their post immediately in front of the hotel, and began to demolish the pavement with a tolerable show of alacrity.

"Here is the work of unity begun in earnest!" I exclaimed. "Where is your armed burgher guard now, Professor? This is a glorious development of your national theories! Quite right, gentlemen; upset that carriage—roll out those barrels. In five minutes you will have erected as pretty a fortalice as would have crowned the seance of Drumsnab, if Dugald Dalgetty had had his will. The arrangement also of stationing sharpshooters at the neighbouring windows is judicious. Have a care, Professor! If any of these patriots should chance to recognise a recusant member, you may possibly have the worst of it. For the sake of shelter, and to prevent accidents, I shall even put my portmanteau in front of us; for damaged linen is better than an ounce of lead in the thorax."

In a very short time the barricade was completed, but as yet no assailants had appeared. This circumstance seemed to astonish even the insurgents, who held a consultation, and then, with tolerable philosophy, proceeded to light their pipes. They were not altogether composed of the lower orders; some of them seemed to belong to the middle-classes, and were the active directors of the defence. We could not, of course, tell what was going on in other parts of the town, for all communication was barred. Better for us it was so, for^a about this time Prince Lichnowsky, and Major von Aerswaldt were murdered.

A considerable period of time elapsed.

sed, and yet there was no appearance of the soldiery. I had almost begun to think that the insurrection might pass away without bloodshed, when a mounted aide-de-camp rode up and conferred with the leaders on the barricade. From his gestures it was evident that he was urging them to disperse, but this they peremptorily refused. Shortly afterwards a body of Austrian soldiers charged up the street at double-quick time, and the firing began in earnest.

"I am a doomed man!" cried the Professor, and he leaped convulsively on my bed. "As sure as Archimedes was killed in his closet, I shall be dragged out to the street and massacred!"

"No fear of that," said I. "Body of Bacon, man! do you think that those fellows have nothing else to do than to hunt out philosophers? That's sharp work though! The windows are strongly manned, and I fear the military will suffer."

The loud explosion of a cannon shook the hotel, and a grateful sound it was, for I knew that, if artillery were employed, the cause of order was secure. It produced, however, a contrary effect on the Professor, who thought he was listening to his death-knell. On a sudden there was a trampling on the stairs.

"They are coming for me!" groaned the Professor. "*Ora pro nobis!* I shall never read a lecture more!" And sure enough the door was flung open, and five or six Prussian soldiers, bearing their muskets, entered. Klingemann dropped down in a swoon.

"You must excuse ceremony, gentlemen," said the corporal; "we have orders to dislodge the rioters." And forthwith the whole party stepped out on the balcony, and commenced a regular fusillade. Presently one of them dropped his weapon, and staggered into the room; he had received

a bad wound in the shoulder. Immediately afterwards a bullet went plump into my portmanteau.

"Oh confound it!" cried I; "if they are beginning to attack property, it is full time to be on the alert. With your leave, friend, I shall borrow your musket."

Next morning I took a final farewell of the Professor. The good man was much agitated, for, besides his bodily terror, he had been suffering from the effects of a violent purgative attack.

"I have thought seriously over what you said, my dear boy, and I begin to perceive that I have been acting very much like a fool. I shall pack up my chattels this evening, wash my hands of public affairs, and return to lay my old bones in peace beside those of my predecessors in the university."

"You can't do better, Professor; and if, in your prelections, you would omit all notice of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and say as little as possible about the Lacedæmonian code, it might tend to promote the welfare of your students, both in this world and in the next."

"Of that, my dear August Reig-nold, I am now thoroughly convinced. But you must admit that the abstract idea of unity—"

"Is utter fudge! You see the result of it already in the blood which is thickening in the streets. Adieu, Professor! Put your cockade in the fire, and offer my warmest congratulations to your friend Mr Simon of Treves."

Two days afterwards I experienced a genuine spasm of satisfaction while setting my foot on Dutch ground at Arnheim. The change from a democratic to a conservative country was so exhilarating, that I nearly slew myself by drinking confusion to democracy in bumpers of veritable Schiedam.

SATIRES AND CARICATURES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A Comic History of England would be an exceedingly curious, and even a valuable work. We do not mean a caricatured history, with great men turned into ridicule, and important events burlesqued; such absurdities may provoke pity, but they will hardly extort a smile from any whose suffrage is worth courting. We have had a vast deal of comic literature in this country during the last dozen years; quite a torrent of *facetiae*, a surfeit of slang and puns. One or two popular humorists gave the impetus, and set a host of imitators sliding and wriggling down the inclined plane leading from wit and humour to buffoonery and bad taste. The majority reached in an instant the bottom of the slope, and have ever since remained there. The truth is, the funny style has been overdone; the supply of jokers has exceeded the demand for jokes, until the very word "comic" resounds unpleasantly upon the public tympanum. It were a change to revert for a while to the wit of our forefathers, at least as good, we suspect, as much of more modern manufacture. And therefore, we repeat, a comic English history, whose claims to the quality should be founded on its illustration by the songs, satires, and caricatures of its respective periods, would be interesting and precious in many ways; particularly as giving an insight into popular feelings and characteristics, and often as throwing additional light upon the causes of important revolutions and political changes. It would certainly be a very difficult book to compile. Instead of beginning at the usual starting-post of Roman invasion, it could hardly be carried back to the first William. The Saxons may possibly have revenged themselves on their conquerors by satirical ditties, and by rude and grotesque delineations; but it may be doubted whether any authenticated

specimens of either their poetry or painting are in existence at the present day. It would not surprise us if King John's courtiers had curried favour with their master by lampooning the absent Cœur-de-Lion; and doubtless when there were men sufficiently sacrilegious to slay a churchman at the altar, others may have ventured to satirise in rude doggrel the pride and presumption of Thomas à Becket. But have their graceless effusions survived? Can they be traced in black letter, or deciphered on the blocks of wood and stone referred to in Mr Wright's preface? We fear not; and we believe that, up to the date of the invention of printing, the history suggested would be very meagre, and the task of writing it most ungrateful. For some time after that date the humorous illustrations would be written, and not pictorial; songs and lampoons, perhaps, but of caricatures few or none. For although caricature, in one variety or other, is ancient as the Pyramids, its introduction is recent into the country where, of all others, it seems most at home. Fostered by political liberty, it has naturalised itself kindly on English soil, but its foreign origin remains undeniable. Already, in the sixteenth century, Italy had her Caracci, and France her Callot; whilst in England we vainly seek, until the appearance of Hogarth, a caricaturist whose name abides in our memories, or whose works grace our museums.

It is evident, then, that the easiest way to write a history of the kind we have spoken of, is to begin at the end and write backwards. At any rate the historian avoids discouragement, at the very commencement, from the paucity of materials. And that is the plan Mr Wright has adopted. Breaking new ground, he naturally selected the spot most likely to reward his toil, and pitched upon the reigns of the first three Georges. He could

England under the House of Hanover; its History and Condition during the reigns of the three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A.F.S.A. &c. With numerous illustrations, executed by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. In two volumes. London: 1848.

hardly have chosen a more interesting period; and certainly, without coming inconveniently near to the present day, he could have fixed on none more prolific in the satires and drolleries he has made it his business to disinter and reproduce.

The contents of Mr Wright's book would sort into two comprehensive classes—the social and the political; the former the least voluminous, but the most entertaining. Political satires and caricatures, under the first two Georges, possess but a moderate attraction at the present day; and it is not till the period of the American war—we might almost say not until that of the French Revolution—that they excite interest, and move to mirth. The hits at the follies of society at large have a more general and enduring interest than those levelled at individuals and intrigues long since passed away. The first ten years of the accession of the house of Hanover were poor both in the number and quality of caricatures; and the remoteness of the period has enhanced the difficulty of finding them. Written satires and pasquinades were abundant, but, to judge from those preserved, few were worth preserving. Of these ephemeral publications there exists no important collection, either public or private. Of caricatures, more are to be got at, although, strange to say, the British Museum contains very few. There was far less of humour and spirit in those that appeared during the early part of the eighteenth century than in those produced during its latter portion. In fact, until the reign of George II., the art could hardly be said to be cultivated. In the first hundred pages of the book before us, which comprise nearly the whole reign of George I., we find only fourteen cuts—a small proportion of the three hundred scattered through the two volumes. And scarcely one of the fourteen has the qualities essential to a genuine caricature. They aim at telling a story, or conveying an insinuation, rather than at burlesquing persons. Sometimes the prints or medals (the latter were a favourite vehicle for the circulation of satire) were simply allegories, and as such are incorrectly designated by the word caricature, which, as derived

from the Italian *caricare*, implies a thing overcharged or exaggerated in its proportions. As an instance of these allegories, we may cite a Jacobite medal, where Britannia is seen weeping, whilst the horse of Hanover tramples on the lion and unicorn. The English nation was at that period usually personified by Britannia and her lion, until Gillray, much later—taking the idea, it is said, from Dr Arbuthnot's satire—hit off the humorous figure of John Bull, which has been preserved, with more or less modification, by all subsequent caricaturists. Hogarth, who first attracted notice in 1723-4, by his attacks upon the degeneracy of the stage—then abandoned to opera, masquerade, and pantomime—brought up a broader style of caricature than his predecessors, but still he was too emblematical. Then, for a time, caricature got into the hands of amateur artists—female as well as male. Thus a humorous drawing of the Italian singers, Cuzzoni and Farinelli, and of Heidegger the ugly manager, is attributed to the Countess of Burlington. Then, after an interregnum, during which caricature languished, Gillray arose—Gillray, who, coarse and often indecent as he was, (in which respects, however, he did but conform to the tone and manners of his day,) was unquestionably the ablest of his tribe, the most thoroughly English, and the most irresistibly humorous caricaturist we have had. The refined might tax him with grossness, but his delineations went home to the multitude; and to the multitude the caricaturist must address himself, if he would produce effect, and enjoy influence. For a while, during the war with France, Gillray's active pencil was a power in the state. In his turn he was surpassed in coarseness and vulgarity, but not in wit, by his contemporary Rowlandson.

The sketches before us, of the history of England under the house of Hanover, are not to be considered as dependent on the satires and caricatures used to illustrate them. They form a general narrative of the most prominent events of a very important century, with which are interwoven, when opportunity offers, the most remarkable pen and pencil pasquinades of the day. The latter, however, have

not always been obtainable, or are not worth recording. As we have already mentioned, they are scarce at the commencement of the book, which opens at the death of Queen Anne in 1714. When Jacobite plots were rife, and party-feeling ran so high as to produce frequent bloody struggles in London streets, between the Whigs or Hanoverians and the "Jacks," as the adherents of the Pretender were styled by their opponents, there appear to have existed no draughtsmen of much talent for caricature; whilst the poetical satires, judging from the specimens furnished by Mr. Wright, are very middling in merit, although exceedingly numerous. If there was little wit, there was much violence and abuse on both sides. On the part of the Jacobites, agitation was the order of the day; and the mob, both in London and the provinces, were incited to many excesses—such as attacking houses, robbing passengers, pulling down Dissenting chapels, and drinking James the Third's health in the open streets. In Manchester, in June 1715, the population were for several days masters of the town. The results were the passing of the Riot Act, and the quartering of cavalry in the places most disaffected. The Whigs, on their part, were not idle, but carried on a brisk war of words, and raked up all the old stories about the Pretender—that he was no king's son, but a miller's offspring, conveyed into the Queen's bed in a warming-pan by the Jesuit Father Petre. Of course such tales as these gave a fine handle to squib and lampoon; and, in reference to the Jesuit's name, the Whigs designated the Pretender as Peterkin or Perkin—an appellation offering a convenient coincidence with that of a previous impudent aspirant to the English crown. To sneers of this kind the Jacobite minstrels manfully and spiritedly replied; and although the muse was less propitious in England than in Scotland, there is no doubt these effusions had a considerable effect upon the people. But the suppression of the rebellion damped their spirits, and with it their poetic fire; whilst the exulting Whigs triumphantly flapped their wings, and crowed a yet louder strain. Perkin and the warming-pan were the burden

of every lay, and a peal of parodies celebrated the flight of the Stuart.

"Twas when the seas were roaring
With blasts of northern wind,
Young Perkin lay deplo'ring,
On warming-pan reclined:
Wide o'er the roaring billows
He cast a dismal look,
And shiver'd like the willows
That tremble o'er the brook."

One would think the "Oxford scholars," accounted such fervent Jacobites, might have replied victoriously to such tepid couplets as this. But their hearts were down at their King's repulse. And poor as the verses were, no doubt they took wonderfully at the time,—so much, in such things, depends upon the *apropos*. And now a large section of the Tories, previously favourable to the Jacobites, broke away from them in their misfortune, made their peace with the ruling powers, and took the oath of allegiance. But long after fighting was over in the North—to be revived only in '45 by the chivalrous Charles Edward—the Jacobite mob kept London in hot water, and, thanks to the inefficiency of the police, might have done serious mischief, but for the Muggite Societies formed at that period. These were simply Whig clubs, meeting at certain public-houses, (the Magpie and Stump, in Newgate Street, was one,) and sallying out upon occasion to fight the Jacobites. The latter had also taverns of rendezvous, but these were few, and it was chiefly the lowest mob that in London still sported the White Rose, and cursed the Hanoverian. In most of the many conflicts that then occurred, the "Jacks" got the worst of it. If they assembled to break windows on an illumination night, or to burn William or George in effigy, they were soon assailed by the Loyal Society, or some other Whig association, who, acting as special constables without having taken the oath, drubbed them with cudgels, and extinguished their bonfires. It would appear that the Jacks did not often venture to impede the Whig mob in the performance of analogous ceremonies; since we read of a certain Fifth of November, when caricature effigies of the Pretender and his chief adherents and supporters were car-

ried in triumph through the streets. "First, two men bearing each a warming-pan, with a representation of the infant Pretender—a nurse attending him with a sucking bottle, and another playing with him by beating the warming-pan. These were followed by three trumpeters, playing Lillibulero and other Whig tunes. Then came a cart with Ormond and Marr, appropriately dressed. This was followed by another cart, containing the Pope and Pretender seated together, and Bolingbroke as the secretary of the latter. They were all drawn backwards, with halters round their necks." The sole opposition made by the Jacobites to this outrageous demonstration, was by the somewhat paltry proceeding of stealing the faggots collected for the Whig bonfire. Four months after this, the Jacobites attempted a procession, and a great fight ensued, in which the Whigs were victorious, after having "made rare work for the surgeons." The government of the day showed little mercy to the rioters. Seditious ballad-singers, and persons holding disloyal discourse, were flogged and pilloried; and at last, the hanging of several of the disaffected for storming a Mug-house, put an end to the disturbances. That the Whigs did not bear their triumph very meekly appears from the following paragraph, extracted from *Read's Weekly Journal* of June 15, 1717.

"Last Monday being supposed to be the Birthday of the Sovereign of the White Rose, in respect to the anniversary, an honest Whig went from the Roebuck to St James's, with a jackdaw finely dressed in white roses, and set on a warming-pan bedecked with the same sweet-scented commodity, which caused abundance of laughter all the way, to the great mortification of the Knights Companions of that order, and all the other Jacks, to see their sovereign so maltreated in the person of his representative."

The poor crushed Jacobites were fain to grin and bear it.

The suppression of political riots was followed by a great prevalence of highway robberies, in and around the metropolis. The streets of London were not safe, even in the day-time; and ladies went out in their chairs guarded by servants with loaded

blunderbusses. The following extracts from newspapers of the time read oddly enough—especially when we remember that not a hundred and thirty years have elapsed since the crimes recorded in them occurred.

"Thursday, 21st January 1720. About five o'clock in the evening, the stage-coach from London to Hampstead was attacked and robbed by highwaymen, at the foot of the hill, and one of the passengers severely beaten for attempting to hide his money."

"Sunday 24. At eight o'clock in the evening, two highwaymen attacked a gentleman in a coach on the south side of St Paul's churchyard, and robbed him."

"Sunday 31. A gentleman robbed and murdered in Bishopsgate street."

"Monday, February 1. The Duke of Chandos, coming from Canons, had another encounter with highwaymen, whom he captured."

"Tuesday 2. The postboy was attacked by three highwaymen in Tyburn road, but the Duke of Chandos, happening to pass that way, came to his rescue."

His grace of Chandos seems to have been a sort of amateur thief-taker. Then we read of stage-coaches stopped and robbed between London and Stoke Newington, and of a certain day, when "all the stage-coaches coming from Surrey to London were robbed by highwaymen." At last a reward of one hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of any highwayman within five miles of London. Amongst those captured were several persons of good repute in their respective callings. They included a London tradesman, a duke's valet, and the keeper of a boxing-school.

The speculative madness that prevailed in the year 1719-20, the "bubble mania," as it was called, offered a fertile field to the satirist. The contagion was caught from France, where, about that time, John Law projected his celebrated Mississippi Company, and, by his wild financial manœuvres, first rendered money a mere drug, then plunged Paris and France into the profoundest misery. The outline of Law's history is familiar to most persons. It will be remembered how, having killed a man in a duel in his own country, he broke his prison, and fled to France, met the young Duke of Orleans at the

house of a courtesan named Duclos, and, being handsome, accomplished, and graceful, contracted with him an intimacy that led eventually to the hatching of the notable Mississippi scheme. The delusion began to flourish towards the middle of 1718, and was at its apogee at the close of the following year. The market for the shares was in an insignificant street, still existing in Paris under the name of the Rue Quincampoix, where every house was soon subdivided into an infinity of little offices, and a dwelling whose usual rent was of six hundred livres yielded one hundred thousand; where a cobbler gained two hundred livres a-day, by hiring out his shed to ladies who came to share in and look on at the game; and a hunchback earned a handsome income by lending his shoulders as a writing-desk. The five-hundred-livre shares rose to twenty thousand livres—to a premium, that is to say, of four thousand per cent. Money was for the time so abundant, that goods rose immensely, and articles of luxury were all bought up. Cloth of gold, a French writer tells us, became exceeding rare, except in the streets, where it was seen draping the plebeian persons of the newly-enriched speculators. A nobleman and a Mississippian disputed a partridge in a cook's shop: the latter obtained it for two hundred livres, or more than eight pounds! Beranger has devoted a witty stanza to that year of madness.

“ C’était la régence alors
Et sans hyperbole,
Grâce aux plus drôles de corps,
La France étoit folle ;
Tous les hommes s’amusaient,
Et les femmes se prêtaient
A la gaudriole au gué,
A la gaudriole.”

As an essential preliminary to holding the office of Comptroller-general of the French finances, Law allowed the Abbé de Tencin to convert him to the religion of Rome. This apostasy, and its disastrous consequences to France, became the subject of many squibs and satirical verses when the fallacy of the system ultimately appeared. Before the panic came, however, and an attempted realisation on the part of some of the largest

holders proved the exaggerated and fictitious value of the bonds, the mania for speculation had crossed the Channel, and raged in this country. The South-Sea bill passed through parliament, and received the royal assent; and on a sudden stock-jobbing seemed to become the sole business of all classes. The Tory papers ridiculed the folly. Sir Robert Walpole published a warning pamphlet, a proclamation forbade the formation of unauthorised companies; but all in vain. Shares in the most absurd bubbles were eagerly caught at. “A company was even announced, and its shares bought, which was merely advertised as ‘for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed.’ Among other odd projects were companies ‘for planting of mulberry trees, and breeding of silk-worms in Chelsea Park;’ ‘for importing a number of large jack-asses from Spain, in order to propagate a larger breed of mules in England;’ ‘for fattening of hogs.’ In August, the stock of the various London companies was calculated to exceed the value of five hundred millions.” About this time Law’s credit balloon began to collapse, which was a hint to the English jobbers of what they might in their turn expect. It was nearly the end of the year when he was compelled to fly from Paris, and take refuge in Venice, where he died, an impoverished gambler, in May 1729, leaving for sole inheritance a diamond worth about 1500 pounds sterling, which he had been in the habit of pawning when hard pushed. Many weeks before his departure from France, however, the London companies were discredited and turned into ridicule by a host of songs and satirical pieces, one of the best of which was the celebrated *South-Sea Ballad*; or, *Merry Remarks upon Exchange-Alley Bubbles*.

“From the month of October to the end of the year, songs, and squibs, and pamphlets of all descriptions, on the misfortunes occasioned by the explosion of the bubble system, became exceedingly numerous. The general feeling against the directors was becoming so strong in the month of November, that we are told it had become a practice among the ladies, when in playing at cards they

turned up a knave, to cry, 'There's a director for you!'" The period of the South-Sea bubble was particularly prolific in caricatures. A vast number appeared in Holland and France, and for the first time political caricatures became common in England. Those of which copies are given in Mr Wright's book have small claims to wit. Most of the foreign ones were aimed at Law, and those published in this country at the 'Change Alley speculators. Hogarth's first political caricature related to the bubbles of 1720, and appeared the following year.

As in France the temporary glut of wealth produced by Law's financial operations had the most unfavourable effect upon the public morals, so in England "the South-Sea convulsion had hardly subsided, when a general outcry was heard against the alarming increase of atheism, profaneness, and immorality; and an attempt was made to suppress them by act of parliament, but the bill for that purpose was not allowed to pass." Masquerades were especially inveighed against by the upholders of propriety, and were made the subject of much satire. The ugliness of Heidegger, "*le surintendant des plaisirs de l'Angleterre*," as the French called him; the conceit and caprices of the opera-singers, then, as now, notorious for their extortionate greediness and constant bickerings and jealousies; the neglect of Shakspeare and the old dramatists; the prevailing taste for pantomime and buffoonery—were so many targets for the wits and caricaturists of the day. But neither Hogarth's pencil nor the pungent pen of Pope had power to correct the depravity of public taste. Masquerades continued the favourite amusement of the town, and opera and pantomime preserved their vogue. The satirists persevered in their crusade, and as late as 1742 we find Hogarth still working the mine, in a capital caricature of Monsieur Desnoyer and Signora Barberina,—the Taglioni and Perrot of their day—whose graceful attitudes he cleverly burlesques. Previously to the year 1737 the stage was used as a political engine, and violent attacks on the government were introduced into farces and pantomimes. Some of

these were direct and open pasquinades, and gave great umbrage to the ministry; and amongst them two of the most conspicuous were a lampooning farce called *Pasquin*, and a dramatic satire entitled the *Historical Register for the year 1736*, both by Fielding. A still more abusive piece, to be entitled *The Golden Rump*, was spoken of as forthcoming; but, before it appeared, the matter was brought before the House of Commons; an act was passed "for restraining the licentiousness of the stage," and the office of Licensor of Plays was established. Thus a stop was put to stage-politics: but nevertheless—and although, in an age when parties ran so high, this suppression must materially have diminished the attractiveness of theatrical entertainments—the theatres continued, for many years, and from various causes, to receive a very large share of public attention, and to be made the subject of numerous prose and verse pamphlets, and of occasional caricatures. Pantomime and burlesque were still in vogue, but not to the exclusion of the regular drama; and Shakspeare gained ground, interpreted, as he was, by first-rate actors—by Garrick, Quin, and Macklin, by Mrs Woffington, Mrs Clive, Mrs Cibber, and others. About the middle of the century, the rivalry between Drury and the Garden ran so high as to be a subject of annoyance and inconvenience to the public. "In October 1749 the Covent-Garden company opened the theatrical campaign with *Romeo and Juliet*—a play in which Barry, and especially Mrs Cibber, had shone with peculiar excellence. Garrick had armed himself for the contest: he had prepared a rival actress in Miss Bellamy; and he produced, to the surprise of his opponents, the same play of *Romeo and Juliet*, at Drury Lane, on the very night it came out at Covent Garden. The town was divided for a long time between the two '*Romeo and Juliets*,' which produced a mass of contradictory criticism, and finished by almost emptying both houses, for every body began to tire of the monotonous repetition of the same play." There is not much danger, at the present day, of rivalry of this sort. How Garrick and Quin would stare, were they galvanised out

of their graves, to see Grisi queen of Covent Garden, and Jullien lord of Drury Lane! Theatrical opposition is a thing nobody now dreams of, unless it be between a French vaudeville company and an English troop of low comedians. And were a contest to arise between the English theatres, it would most likely be of the nature of that which occurred in the reign of George the First, between the rival harlequins, when it was common enough for the two great theatres to bring out pantomimes founded on the same subject—as in 1723, when *Harlequin Dr Faustus* had great success at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden. That was also the period of the first introduction, on the English stage, of wild beasts, dragons, monsters, and goblins of various kinds, besides mountebanks, tumblers, and rope-dancers. Even Garrick, however, did not disdain the pantomime, when he saw in it the means to annoy and injure a rival. “At the beginning of 1750 he brought out a new pantomime, entitled *Queen Mab*, in which Woodward acted the part of harlequin. The great success of this piece, which drew crowded houses for forty nights, without intermission, gave rise to a very popular caricature, entitled *The Theatrical Steeple*, in which Mrs Cibber, Mrs Woffington, Quin, and Barry, are outwighed by Woodward’s *Harlequin* and Garrick’s *Queen Mab*. Rich, (the Covent-Garden manager,) dressed in the garb of harlequin, lies on the ground expiring.” Excepting in the two important particulars, that good actors were then as plentiful as they now are scarce, and that the two great theatres were occupied by Shakspeare and Englishmen, instead of by fiddlers and foreigners, there is much coincidence between some recent occurrences in the theatrical world and others a hundred years old. Then, as now, attempts were made to drive French actors from the country. These attempts arose, however, from no apprehension of foreigners injuring or eclipsing native talent, then so superior to such fears, but from the anti-Gallican feeling abroad at the time. During the Westminster election of 1749 a company of French players were performing at the Haymarket,

and Lord Trentham, the government candidate, was accused of favouring and protecting them. He spoke French well, and was said to affect French manners; and all this, of course, was made the most of for electioneering purposes. He was lampooned as “the champion of the French strollers;” and the mob, with their usual wisdom and admirable logic, said “that learning to talk French was only a step towards the introduction of French tyranny.” A deluge of ballads descended upon the heads of the candidate and his assumed protégés; and the quality of the poetry seems to have been on a par with the liberality of the sentiments—to judge, at least, from the following brilliant specimen:—

“Our natives are starving, whom Nature has made

The brightest of wits, and to comedy bred;
Whilst apes are caress’d, which God made by chance,

The worst of all mortals, the strollers from France.”

This is wretched enough, even for an election ditty. And we are little disposed to join in the regret expressed in Mr Wright’s preface, that no one, as far as he has been able to discover, “has made any considerable collection of political songs, satires, and other such tracts, published during the last century and the present;” since the wit and merit of those he has been able to get together are in general so exceedingly small. He is, very judiciously, sparing of his extracts, except when he stumbles upon a really good song or set of verses, a few of which are scattered through his volumes.

To return to the mob-hatred of the French. After the Westminster election, this feeling was kept up by squib and caricature; and in November 1755, Garrick having occasion to employ some French dancers, in a grand spectacle brought out at Drury Lane under the title of *The Chinese Festival*, a theatre row was the result. It was kept up for five nights; and on the sixth the mob smashed the lamps, demolished the scenery, and did several thousand pounds’ worth of damage. This popular antipathy to the French did not, however, extend

to the produce of France, or prevent the higher classes from patronising and importing French luxuries of all kinds, as well as a host of milliners, governesses, quacks, valets, and professors of other menial and decorative arts. The Gallomania of the fashionable world offered a fine field to the caricaturists, who made the most of it, to the great delight of the populace. French fashions, cookery, education, and nicknacks, were alternately taken as targets for the shafts of ridicule. Mr Wright transfers to his pages a ludicrous fragment of a print by Boitard, entitled "The Imports of Great Britain from France," in which an Englishwoman of quality is seen embracing and caressing a French female dancer, and assuring her that her arrival is to the honour and delight of England. And the mob of that day went so far as to believe that it was the love of the aristocracy for French perfumes and delicacies, cooks and colffeurs, which prevented English ministers from properly protecting the national honour, and avenging the insults put upon us by our neighbours. The real evil, far more important than the consumption of French finery and cosmetics, was the importation of French corruption and immorality, so prevalent in England during the whole reign of George II., and during a portion of that of his successor. By this time the masquerades and *ridottos*, which had kept their ground in spite of the moralists, had grown so flagrant in their excesses and indecencies that, about the end of 1755, they were nearly suppressed; the earthquake at Lisbon having come to the aid of the anti-maskers, who took advantage of the panic it caused in London, to represent it as a judgment on the profligacy of the age. Previously to that, masquerades—not only those at public establishments, such as Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but at the private houses of persons of rank and fashion—offered glaring examples of indecorum—to use the very mildest word—until at last Miss Chudleigh, maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and afterwards Duchess of Kingston, showed herself at the Venetian ambassador's in a close-fitting dress of flesh-coloured silk. We may judge of the court morals of the time from the

circumstance, that her royal mistress's sole rebuke was by throwing her own veil over the immodest beauty. The host of caricatures to which this gave rise, and the grossness of many of them, in that day of great pictorial license, are easily imagined. After this there were very few masquerades during ten or twelve years, at the end of which time the court again set the fashion of them, soon after George the Third's accession. Towards 1770, Mrs Cornelys got up her "Harmonic Meetings," at Carlisle House in Soho Square. These subscription balls and masquerades were attended by most of the nobility and leaders of the *ton*; and, at one of them, we learn the presence of "two royal dukes, and nearly all the fashionable portion of the aristocracy. On this occasion, Colonel Luttrell (the same who had opposed Wilkes in the election for Middlesex) appeared as a dead corpse in a shroud, in his coffin." Much used, from the very first, for purposes of intrigue, these assemblies soon became unbearably licentious. The company fell off, both in numbers and respectability, until the only way to fill the rooms was by the admission of bad characters. This made them sink lower and lower, until "we read in the *St James's Chronicle* of April 23, 1795, the remark that 'No amusement seems to have fallen into greater contempt, in this country, than the masquerades. . . . They have been lately mere assemblages of the idle and profligate of both sexes, who made up in indecency what they wanted in wit.'" A description that has ever since been applicable to London masquerades, which still continue, we apprehend, to be mere pretexts for debauchery; whilst even in Paris, whose atmosphere, and the character of whose inhabitants, have generally been found more favourable to that class of amusements, the famed opera balls have sunk, within the last twenty years, into the saturnalia of idle students, profligate apprentices, and ladies of uncertain virtue.

It would be unjust to leave out Samuel Foote, in a work treating of the satires and caricatures of the last century. Possessing neither the brush of Hogarth nor the pen of Churchill, he wielded a weapon as formidable in

its way—that, namely, of dramatic mimicry, or stage satire; and he is properly named by Mr Wright the great theatrical caricaturist of the age. For a time, the reckless and vindictive wit was the terror of the town: an affront to him, real or imaginary, caused the unlucky offender to be paraded before the world, under some fictitious name, upon the boards of his theatre, which, at first, was the “little” one in the Haymarket. For some time Foote and Macklin had it between them, but, disagreeing, Macklin left, whereupon his ex-partner immediately caricatured him upon the very stage he had so lately trodden. “The Haymarket was an unlicensed theatre, and Foote evaded the law by serving his audience with tea, and calling the performance in the bills ‘Mr Foote’s giving tea to his friends.’ His advertisement ran, ‘Mr Foote presents his compliments to his friends and the public, and desires them to drink tea at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, every morning, at playhouse prices.’ The house was always crowded, and Foote came forward and said, that as he had some young actors in training, he would go on with his instructions whilst the tea was preparing.” Afterwards he got a license, and rebuilt the theatre. But his bitter wit and gross personalities continually got him into trouble, frequently caused his pieces to be prohibited; exposed him to threatened, if not to actual castigation; and, finally, were the indirect cause of his death, accelerated, it is generally believed, by shame and vexation at the false but revolting charge brought against him by a clergyman he had savagely lampooned.

The fate of Hogarth was not dissimilar to that of Foote, with the difference that the painter was slain literally with his own weapons. Foote’s victims had neither the ability nor the opportunity to expose him, as he did them, upon the stage. The Methodists, Dr Johnson, the East India Company, and the Duchess of Kingston, each in turn subjected to his vicious attacks, retorted as best they might by pamphlets and cudgels, but apparently made little impression on the player’s tough epidermis, until a disreputable parson devised the poisoned dart with which to inflict

a sure and cowardly wound. But Hogarth caricatured others till others learned to caricature him,—with less talent, certainly, but with sufficient malice to annoy, and harass the artist, and finally, it is said, to break his heart. “His constant practice,” says Mr Wright, “of introducing contemporaries into his moral satires, had procured him a host of enemies in the town; whilst his vain egotism, and the scornful tone in which he spoke of the other artists of the age, offended and irritated them.” How seldom do satirists preserve temper and coolness under the retort of their own aggressions! After more than a quarter of a century passed in turning his neighbours into ridicule, Hogarth might be thought able to endure a rub or two in his turn, and even to receive them with good grace and a smiling countenance. But many a veteran has found, to his cost, that a life passed in the field does not render bullet-proof. Hogarth made good fight to the last, but his offensive arms were better than his defensive ones; his enemies’ shot fell thick and fast, and all he could do was to die upon his guns. For the last twelve or fifteen years of his life he appears to have been particularly unpopular, and continually caricatured. His *Analysis of Beauty*, published in 1753, drew upon him a great deal of ridicule; and in 1758, his opposition to the foundation of an Academy of Fine Art was the signal for a shower of abuse and caricatures, more or less witty—oftener *less* than *more*. But the campaign that finished him—the Waterloo of the unlucky humorist—was one he rashly undertook against Wilkes and Churchill, previously his friends. This was imprudent in the extreme; for he might be sure that all the minor curs, who had so long yelped at his heels, would redouble their wearisome assaults when reinforced by such formidable champions as the *North Briton* and “Bruiser” Churchill. Wilkes warned Hogarth that he would not be kicked unresistingly, but the painter persevered; and Wilkes kept his word. No. 17 of the *North Briton* was stinging retaliation for No. 1 of *The Times*; and Churchill’s “Epistle to William Hogarth” was at least as

galling to the artist as his well-known portrait of "A Patriot" could be to Wilkes. The quarrel was kept up with much spirit till the death of Hogarth in October 1764.

The American war, and the ill-advised colonial legislation which brought it on, gave rise to many caricatures, some of them of considerable merit. The first of which a transcript is given us by Mr Fairholt's graver, relates to the Boston tea-riots of 1770. In it Lord North is pouring tea down the throat of America, personified by a half-naked woman with a crown of feathers, who rejects the unwelcome draught in his lordship's face. * Britannia weeps in the background, and Lord Chancellor Mansfield, the compiler of the obnoxious acts, holds down the victim. When war actually broke out, and the bloody fight of Bunker's Hill gave a foretaste of its disasters, satires fell thick upon the ministry as well as upon the king, whose will, the Opposition maintained, was law with Lord North's cabinet. In June 1776 a long poem, smart enough, but very violent and unpatriotic, was published under the title of *Lord Chatham's Prophecy*.

"Your plumed corps though Percy cheers,
And far-famed British grenadiers,
Renown'd for martial skill;
Yet Albion's heroes bite the plain,
Her chiefs round gallant Howe are slain,
On fallow Bunker's Hill."

Subsequent verses foretell all manner of evils to Great Britain, and the whole poem breathes a spirit of exultation at our reverses, which would have been less ungraceful from an American than from an English pen, and which, at the present day, no amount of party feeling would be held to justify. But the shamelessness of Whiggery was then at its height; the pseudo-patriots of the time recked little of their country's misfortunes when these gave them opportunity of triumph over a political antagonist. What cared they for the reverses of British arms, or the lopping off of Britain's colonies, if they thereby saw themselves nearer the possession of the place and power whose emoluments they so greedily coveted? Charles Fox, with his

faro-purse empty and an execution in his house, could hardly afford to be particular as to the strict cleanliness of the path to the treasury bench. Then or never was the moment to sacrifice public weal to private advantage. And accordingly, when, "on the 3d December 1777, the Court was thunderstruck with the disastrous intelligence of the surrender of General Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, the Opposition could hardly conceal their exultation: the disgrace and loss which had fallen on the British arms were exaggerated, and chanted about the streets in doggerel ballads." An "Ode on the success of his Majesty's Arms," written in December, and printed in the *Foundling Hospital for Wit*, celebrates ironically the glorious results of the campaign, and the skill and prudence of the ministers at home; and ends with a congratulation on the old tale of King George's mechanical amusements:—

"Then shall my lofty numbers tell,
Who taught the royal babes to spell,
And sovereign arts pursue;
To mend a watch, or set a clock,
New patterns shape for Hervey's frock,
Or buttons make at Kew."

The homely tastes of George III., his love of farming, and habit of amusing himself with a turning-lathe, were great themes for scurrilous attacks upon the royal person, both in print and caricature. "Mr King the button-maker" was held up to ridicule in every low publication on the Opposition side of the question. The *Oxford Magazine* frequently returned to the charge, sometimes with almost as much humour as impertinence. This was rather earlier than the American war, which gave rise to still more offensive innuendoes against the sovereign. Thus, when an outcry was got up against the employment of Indians in conjunction with the British troops in North America, and when all manner of horrible stories of cannibalism and so forth were set afloat, we are shown a caricature of the king squatted on the ground, cheek by jowl with a be-feathered savage. The Indian handles a tomahawk, the king holds a skull, and "the Allies" (this is the title of the disgusting print) gnaw each at

his own end of a large human bone. The brutality of the conception renders such a caricature as this far more unpleasant than the coarse, but generally good-humoured, quizzes subsequently executed by Gillray on royal foibles and economy. Some of our older readers may remember these. They were published towards the end of the last century. Half-a-dozen are excellently well copied on pages 205 to 211 of Mr Wright's second volume. There is "The Introduction"—George III. and Queen Charlotte receiving their daughter-in-law the Princess of Prussia; and bewildered with delight at the golden dowry she brings. Then we have the King toasting his muffins, and the Queen frying her sprats; and again, (the best of them,) the royal pair out for a walk, and majesty overwhelming an unlucky pig-feeder by a volley of interrogative iterations. But few caricatures bear description, and least of all Gillray's, where the design is often of the simplest, and the humour of the execution every thing.

Gillray's first attempts at caricature were on the occasion of Lord Rodney's victory over De Grasse. It will be remembered that, when the North Administration went out in 1782, one of the first acts of their Liberal successors was to recall Rodney, a staunch Tory, on pretext of his not having done all he ought to have done with the West Indian fleet. England was badgered by her numerous enemies, and her affairs looked altogether discouraging, when sudden news arrived of the triumph which established her sovereignty of the seas. Ministers found themselves in an awkward predicament. It was neither gracious nor graceful to persist in the victor's recall, and yet, what else could be done? His successor, Admiral Pigot, had already sailed. Too late, an express was sent to stop him. "A cold vote of thanks was given by both Houses to the victorious Rodney, and he was raised to the peerage, but only as a baron, and was voted a pension of but £2000 a-year." Such shabby reward for an achievement of immense importance was, of course, not suffered to pass unnoticed by the late ministry, now the Opposition. A fleet of caricatures was launched, and amongst them

were two by the then unknown Gillray. In one of them, "King George runs towards the admiral with the reward of a baron's coronet, and exclaims, (in allusion to Rodney's recall and elevation to the peerage,) 'Hold, my dear Rodney, you have done enough! I will now make a lord of you, and you shall have the happiness of never being heard of again!'" Probably these maiden efforts attracted little notice, for some time still elapsed before Gillray made much use of his pencil for the public amusement. In this same year of 1782, however, he brought out a clever caricature of Fox, who had just resigned his foreign secretaryship on Lord Shelburne's coming to be prime minister, *vice* Rockingham, deceased. In this print Charles James is represented, as a sort of parody on Milton's Satan, gazing with envious eye at Shelburne and Pitt, as they count their money on the treasury table.

"Aside he turned

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance."

The expression of Fox's face is excellent, and the likeness good, but yet it wants something of the raciness of Gillray's later works. Fox and Burke were the great butts of the satirists at this particular moment, and also in the following year, on the occasion of their coalition with Lord North. James Sayer, then in full force as a caricaturist, and anxious to curry favour with his patron Pitt, to whom he was subsequently indebted for more than one lucrative place, was very severe upon them; and the power of caricature at that time must have been very great, if it be true that Fox admitted the severest blow received by his India Bill to have been from a drawing of Sayer's. It was a cry of the day that Fox aimed at a sort of Indian dictatorship for himself, and the satirists gave him the nickname of Carlo Khan. In the caricature in question, entitled "Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street," "Fox, in his new character, is conducted to the door of the India House on the back of an elephant, which exhibits the full face of Lord North, and he is led by Burke as his imperial trumpeter; for he had been

the loudest supporter of the bill in the House of Commons. A bird of ill-omen croaks from above the would-be monarch's doom." On the other side of the question, several good caricatures also appeared, levelled chiefly at William Pitt, then on the eve of his prime ministership, and amongst these were three, published anonymously, which Mr Wright is probably not mistaken in attributing to the pencil of Rowlandson.

The imitation of French fashions and manners, and even of French profligacy, already noticed as gaining ground in English society about the middle of the eighteenth century, had reached the highest pitch towards its close. Nothing could be more absurd than the dresses of 1785, the enormous hats and prodigious *buffonts* and buckram monstrosities of the women, except perhaps the rush into the opposite extreme which took place at the commencement of the French Revolution. One of the caricatures of 1787, under the title of "*Mademoiselle Parapluie*," shows us a young lady serving as an umbrella, sheltering a whole family from a shower beneath the tremendous brim of her hat, (a regular fore-and-after), and under the protecting shadow of a protuberance, concerning whose composition (crinoline not having then been invented) future ages must remain in deplorable darkness. Then, every thing was sacrificed to breadth in costume. Pass we over six or seven years, and the lady of fashion who, at their commencement, could hardly get through a moderate-sized doorway, might almost glide head-foremost through the keyhole. A thin scanty robe, clinging close to the form, a turban and a single lofty plume, a waist close up under the arms, a watch the size of a Swedish turnip, with a profusion of seals and pendants, compose the fashionable female attire of that day. The dress of the men is equally ridiculous, both in cut and material, the great rage then being for striped stuffs, known as *Zebzas*, and employed for coats as well as for the absurd pantaloons, puffed out round the hips and buttoned tight on the leg, in vogue amongst the beaux of the period. The modes that succeeded these were

equally exaggerated and ugly. And the frivolity and extravagance of the time kept pace with the follies of dress. There was a rage for strange sights and extraordinary exhibitions; and the Londoners, especially, carried this passion to an extent that rendered them easy dupes of charlatans and impostors. "It stands recorded in the newspapers of the time, on the 9th of September 1785,—'Handbills were distributed this morning that a bold adventurer meant to walk upon the Thames from Riley's Tea Gardens.' We are further informed that, at the hour appointed, thousands of people had crowded to the spot, and the river was so thickly covered with boats, that it was no easy matter to find enough water uncovered to walk upon." Of course the thing was a mere trick, and the Cockneys had their disappointment for their pains. Then ballcons were the crotchet of the hour, and they also came from France, where they had been brought to a certain degree of perfection, but where it was soon found they were more positively dangerous than probably useful; for in May 1784, "a royal *ordonnance* forbade the construction or sending up of 'any aerostatic machine,' without an express permission from the king, on account of the various dangers attendant upon them; intimating, however, that this precaution was not intended to let the 'sublime discovery' fall into neglect, but only to confine the experiments to the direction of intelligent persons." In England, the fancy for them increased, and was the subject of various caricatures and pamphlets, until the death of a couple of Frenchmen, thrown to the earth from an immense height, cooled the soaring courage of the aeronauts. A more destructive and permanent folly was the passion for gambling, which, in spite of the attacks of the press, of grave censure and cutting satire, pervaded all ranks of society. There was a perfect fury for *faro*; and ladies of high fashion, and of aristocratic name, thought it not beneath them to convert their houses into bells. Three of these sporting dames, who had made themselves a name as keepers of banks, to which they enticed young men of fortune, were popularly known as "*Faro's* daugh-

ters." Lord Kenyon, when deciding on a gambling case, pledged himself, in a moment of virtuous indignation, to sentence *the first ladies in the land* to the pillory, should they be brought before him for a similar offence. Not long afterwards, several titled gamblers were actually arraigned at his tribunal, but he forgot his threat, and let them off with a fine. The hint, however, was enough for Gillray, then in his glory, and for his brothers of the comic brush, and the moral exposure and castigation which 'Faro's daughters' endured at the hands of the caricaturists, can have been hardly less stinging and annoying than actual exposure to the hooting and pelting of the mob. General demoralisation, the natural consequence of gambling, characterised this period. Men and women, ruined at the board of green cloth, recruited their finances as best they might; and when no other resource remained, the latter bartered their reputation, and the former took to the road. Those were the palmy days of highway robbery. "We are in a state of war at home that is shocking," writes Horace Walpole in 1782. "I mean from the enormous profusion of housebreakers, highwaymen, and footpads; and, what is worse, from the savage barbarities of the two latter, who commit the most wanton cruelties. The grievance is so crying, that one dares not stir out after dinner but well armed. If one goes abroad to dinner, you would think he was going to the relief of Gibraltar." Sixty-two years ago, in January 1786, "the mail was stopped in Pall Mall, close to the palace, and deliberately pillaged, at so early an hour as a quarter past eight in the evening."

After having for some years drawn their principal themes for satire from the social follies and political dissensions of their countrymen, the English caricaturists and song-writers found "fresh fields and pastures new" in foreign menaces and threatened invasion. In their usual presumptuous tone, French newspapers and proclamations spoke of the conquest of England by the conqueror of Italy, as of a project whose realisation admitted not the smallest doubt. This country had not then that confidence

of invincibility which she gathered from subsequent victories in the field; and the positive assertions of France, that she had but to throw an army on the English coast to secure prompt and powerful co-operation from the Jacobin party, caused considerable alarm in the country. To kindle true patriotism, and raise the courage of the nation, recourse was had to loyal songs, and anti-French caricatures. The anti-Jacobin lent efficient aid, and Gillray put his shoulder to the wheel. The periodical and the artist were a host in themselves. Clever verses, and pointed caricatures, followed each other in quick succession. Soon Buonaparte betook himself to Egypt, the victory of the Nile spread rejoicing through the land, and caricatures caught the exultation of the hour. John Bull was represented at dinner, forking French frigates down his capacious gullet, and supplied with the provender, as fast as he could devour it, by Nelson and other nautical cooks. Buonaparte, stripped to the waist, with an enormous cocked-hat on his head, and the claret flowing freely from his nose, receives fistic punishment at the hands of Jack Tar. The suppression of the Irish rebellion of '98, and the death of General Hoche, who had replaced Buonaparte as the threatened invader of the British Isles, confirmed the feeling of security our naval triumphs had inspired. The Peace of Amiens set the wags of the pencil on a new tack, and Monsieur François was represented as imprinting "The first Kiss these Ten Years" on the lips of burly, blushing Britannia, who, whilst accepting the salute, hints a doubt of her admirer's sincerity. The doubt was justified by the rupture that speedily followed. The camp of Boulogne was formed; the French army were reminded of the pleasant pastime, in the shape of rape and robbery, that awaited them in the island famed for wealth and beauty. On this side the Channel nothing was left undone that might increase English contempt and hatred for the blustering bullies upon the other. Individuals and associations printed and disseminated "loyal tracts," as they were called. "Every kind of wit and humour was brought into play to enliven these

sallies of patriotism ; sometimes they came forth in the shape of national playbills, sometimes they were coarse and laughable dialogues between the Corsican and John Bull." Libels on Buonaparte, burlesques on his acts, parodies of his bulletins, accounts of the atrocities of his armies, were daily put forth, mingled with countless songs and tracts of encouragement and defiance. Some of these were spirited, but generally the substance and intention were better than the form—at least so they now appear to us, who read them without the additional savour imparted by the appropriateness of their time of production. Gillray keeps better, and one still must smile at his John Bull, standing in mid-Channel with trousers tucked up to his thighs, offering a fair fight to his meagre enemy, who contemplates him with a visage of grim dismay from above the triple batteries of the French coast. It is said that Buonaparte was much annoyed by personalities levelled at himself and his family, in some of the caricatures of 1803. They were often very coarse, and conveyed unhandsome imputations on the conduct of his female relatives ; some of whom—rather flighty dames, if all tales be true—gave by their conduct plausible grounds for such attacks. Napoleon himself was represented in every odious and contemptible shape that could be devised,—as a butcher, a pigmy, an ogre, and even as a *fidèle*, transformed by an abominable pun into a *base villain*, upon which John Bull, a complacent smile upon his honest face, plays with sword instead of bow. This was after Maida, when the British army had begun to share the high esteem in which repeated victories had long caused our fleets to be held. A droll caricature, by Woodward, represents Napoleon abusing his master-shipwright for

not keeping him better supplied with ships ; whilst the unfortunate constructor, with hair on end, and a shrug to his ears, excuses himself upon the ground that, as fast as he builds, the English capture. It is to be remarked that hardly any of the caricatures of Napoleon attempt a likeness of him. They usually represent him as a lantern-jawed, disconsolate-looking wretch, with a prodigious cocked-hat and plume of feathers—that is to say, quite the contrary, both in head and head-dress, of what he really was. Both Gillray and his successors seem to have preferred sketching him as the received personification of a Frenchman, to giving a burlesque portrait or real caricature of the man. We trace this peculiarity, in many instances, up to the year 1814, when George Cruikshank, in depicting a Cossack "snuffing out Boney," (an allusion to French disasters in Russia), still represents the then plump Emperor as a lean, long-chinned scarecrow, with sash and feathers. Rowlandson does nearly the same thing, in his vulgar print of Napoleon's reception in the Island of Elba ; and the only caricature reproduced by Mr Fairholt, in which is preserved the general character of the Emperor's head, is an anonymous one, where the head is placed on a dog's shoulders, and "Blucher the Brave," by a rough grasp on the nape of the quadruped's neck, extracts "the groan of abdication from the Corsican Bloodhound." Probably the classic regularity of Napoleon's countenance discouraged the caricaturists from attempting his likeness. They were deterred by the difficulty of burlesquing a face whose grave expression and perfect proportion gave no hold to ridicule, and made it pretty certain that the general resemblance would be sacrificed to the exaggeration of even a single feature.

A PARCEL FROM PARIS.

It is some time since we had a gossip about French literature and *littérateurs*. The fact is, that, since the blessed days of February drove crest-fallen monarchy from France, and began the pleasant state of things under which that country has since so notably flourished, literature has been at a complete stand-still in the land beyond the Channel. We refer especially to the light and amusing class of books it has been our habit occasionally to notice and extract from. With these the revolution has played the very mischief. Feuilletons have made way for bulletins of barricade contests, for reports of state trials, for the new dictator's edicts and proclamations. The rush at the *Cabinets de Lecture* has been for lists of genuine killed and wounded, not for imaginary massacres, by M. Dumas' heroes, of hosts of refractory plebeians, or for the full and particular account of the gallant defence of Bussy d'Amboise, against a quarter of a hundred hired assassins—all picked men-at-arms, and all setting on him at once, but of whom, nevertheless, he slays twenty-four, and only by the twenty-fifth is slain. And, by the bye, what pity it is that a few of our friend Alexander's redoubted swordsmen could not have been summoned from their laurel-shaded repose in Père la Chaise, to avert the recent catastrophe of the house of Orleans. Just a brace and a half of his king-making *mousquetaires* would have done the trick in a trice. Rumour certainly says that, in February last, a tall dark-complexioned gentleman, with a bran-new African *Kepi* on his martial brow, a foil, freshly unbuttoned, in his strong right hand, and a yell of liberty upon his massive lips, was seen to head a furious assault upon the Tuileries, at a time when that palace was undefended. Ill-natured tongues have asserted that this adventurous forlorn-hope leader was no other than the author of *Monte Christo*; but of this we credit not a syllable. It is notorious that M. Dumas is under the deepest obligations to the ex-king of the French, to whose kind and efficacious patronage (when Duke of Or-

leans) his first very sudden, very brilliant, and not altogether deserved success as a dramatist was mainly due. Equally well known is it that the popular writer was the favoured and intimate associate of two of Louis Philippe's sons—the Dukes of Orleans and Montpensier. Take, in conjunction with these facts, M. Dumas' established reputation for steady consistency, gravity, and gratitude, and of course it is impossible to believe that he ever acted so basely to his benefactors. But, even admitting republican predilections on his part, his love of liberty would assuredly prevent his constraining those well-known staunch supporters of the right divine, Messrs Athos, Artagnan, and Company, who, if set down in Paris in 1848, would have played the very deuce with the young republic. The giant Porthos would have stridden along the boulevards, kicking over the barricades as easily as he raised, single-handed, the stone which six of the degenerate inhabitants of Bellisle were unable to lift, (*Vide "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne;"*) whilst the astute Gascon Artagnan would have packed General Cavaignac in a magnified *bonbon-box*, with air-holes in the lid, and *Copahine-Mège* or *Chocolat-Cuillier* on the label; and would have conveyed him on board a fishing smack, there detaining him till he pledged his honour that the king should have his own again. And, upon the whole, and whatever bidding honours and civic crowns M. Dumas may anticipate under the genial reign of republicanism, it would have been more to his present interest to have stuck to monarchy, and led his legions to its rescue. Under the new regime his occupation is gone; his literary merchandise vainly seeks a market. Paris, engrossed by domestic broils and political discussions, by its anarchy, its misery, and its hunger—no longer cares for the fabulous exploits of Gascon paladins, and of privates in the Guards, who make thrones to totter, and armies to fly, by the prowess of their single arm. But M. Dumas is not disheartened. When the drama languishes, and the feuilleton

grows unproductive, he falls back upon the *Premier-Paris*. When readers are scarce for twelve-volume romances, and plays in ten acts and thirty *tableaux* cease to draw, he starts upon a fresh tack—proposes enlightening the public on politics, regenerating France through the leaders of a newspaper. We were greatly amused by his advertisement of the journal, intended to act as lantern to this shining light of the new political day. "Our task is easy"—these were its concluding words—"Dieu dicte, nous écrivons !" Setting aside the slight profanity of this startling assertion, one cannot but admire the characteristic modesty of the self-conferred secretaryship. We are assured, however, that M. Dumas has been found far less able and attractive at the head of the column, than he was in his old place at the foot of the page.

The disjointed times being decidedly unfavourable to *belles lettres*, we were scarcely surprised at the first non-arrival of the monthly parcel, in which our punctual Paris agent is wont to forward us the literary novelties of the preceding thirty days. On a second and a third omission, we grew uneasy, and suspected the Red Republicans of abstracting our packages *in transitu*; but absolved the democrats on receipt of advice, that if the books did not arrive, it was because they were not sent; and that, if they were not sent, it was because there were none, or as good as none, to send. At last a case has reached us—half the usual size, but containing, nevertheless, the French literature of the entire summer. A poor display indeed! The pens of the novelists have shrivelled in their grasp; their plump goose-quills have dwindled into emaciated tooth-picks. Instead of the exuberant eight-volume romance, with promise of continuation, we have single volumes, meagre tales, that seem nipped in the bud, blighted by the breath of revolution. No author, not already involved in one of those tremendous series with which French writers have lately abused the public patience, now cares to exceed a volume or two. M. Sue, having got into the middle of the seven capital sins, is fain to flounder on through the ocean of iniquity; but his pen flags, evidently affected

by the discouraging influence of the times. M. Dumas has brought out the final volume of "*Les Quarante Cinq*," a romance which we may observe, *en passant*, is a scandalous specimen of what the French call *faire la ligne*—doing the line, writing against paper, upon the Vauxhall principle of making the smallest possible substance cover the utmost possible surface. It is pity to see a man of remarkable talent, which M. Dumas really is, thus degrading himself into a mere mercantile speculator, lumbering his books with pages upon pages of useless and meaningless dialogue—if dialogue that is to be called, of which the following stuff is a specimen:—

"You are the Chevalier d'Artagnan."

"Then let me pass."

"Useless!"

"Why useless?"

"Because his Eminence is not at home."

"What! His Eminence not at home! Where is he then?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Where?" &c., &c.

This is taken at random, from the volume last published of the *Vicomte de Bragelome*, in which romance the marvellous and Crichtonian musketeers, brought forward again, when hard upon threescore, show less sign of suffering from the march of years than does the narrative of their adventures from its unconscionable protraction. Much more than half the book is made up of such wearisome conferences as that above-cited, where the interlocutors carry on a sort of cut-and-thrust conversation, with an economy of words explicable by the fact that in a French feuilleton, or volume, one word of dialogue makes a line, as well as ten. With the assistance of his secretary, M. Maquet, and of his son, Alexander the Younger, M. Dumas gets through a prodigious amount of this sort of trash, at once productive to his pocket and damaging to his reputation; and then, when he finds publishers beginning to grumble, and the public detecting the device, and rejecting the windy repast, he applies himself in earnest, and produces something

exceedingly good, of which he is quite capable, if once he gets the spur. It is to the necessity of thus occasionally redeeming his reputation, that we are indebted for the few really praiseworthy romances he has written—for the *Chevalier d'Harmental*, for the earlier portion of the *Mousquetaires*, and for his master-piece, *Le Comte de Monte Christo*. His enemies and libellers have asserted, that the first-named of these books was written by M. Maquet, and only fathered by Dumas; but the assertion is absurd, and is belied by the book itself, replete with that vivid animation which characterises whatever Alexander writes. Moreover, the man who could write such a novel would have no need to purchase the name of M. Dumas. He would not lack a publisher, and his reputation would soon be made. We believe the fact to be, that Maquet is a sort of industrious drudge, employed by Dumas to rummage chronicles, and to collate and write down historical incidents and facts, for his employer to distort and expand into romances. For, as an historical romance writer, M. Dumas is utterly without a conscience. By him characters and events are twisted and turned as best suits his convenience. "I have twenty years' work before me," he is reported to have said, "to illustrate French history." Heaven knows what sort of an illustrator he is! We would advise no one to take their notions of French historical personages from M. Dumas' novels, or from his history either—for he writes history also, at times, and the only doubt is, which is the greatest fiction, his history or his romance. But for the titles, it were not always easy to distinguish between them. It were unfair, however, whilst quizzing his absurdities, to lose sight of his merits. These are numerous and remarkable. His spirit and vivacity of style are extraordinary; and we can call to mind no living writer superior to him for invention. *Monte Christo* is his masterpiece. It is indeed a very striking and amusing book. With defects that forbid our calling it a first-rate romance of its class, it is yet far more entertaining than many that claim and obtain the title. The readers of the *Journal des Debats* well remem-

ber the eagerness with which each successive *feuilleton* was looked for, during its appearance in that paper. We ourselves abominate the *feuilleton* system, by which one is a year or two reading a book, imbibing it by daily crumbs, like the lady who eat her pillau with a bodkin. We waited till the work was complete, and then read it off the reel,—not at a sitting, certainly, considering the length, but early and late, in bed and at board. And being somewhat fastidious in matter of novels, it is evident *Monte Christo* must have great attractions thus to carry us at a canter through its interminable series of volumes. Its chief fault is the usual one of its author—exaggeration. We are sure M. Dumas is one of those persons who love to dream with their eyes open—to build themselves palaces in fairyland, to arrange gardens after the fashion of that of Eden, to furnish the most proterperfect of apartments with the most fabulous of furniture, to hang diamonds on their trees, and a roc's egg in their drawing-room. His air-constructed castles find a site in the pages of his romances. The right way to read them is to forget as fast as possible the improbabilities and impossibilities. The supernatural being out of vogue, he does not give to Edmund Dantes the lamp of Aladdin, but (which is quite equivalent) a few double handfuls of precious stones, whereof the smallest specimen is caught at by a Jew for a thousand pounds; whilst one of the largest, hollowed out, forms a convenient receptacle for a score of pills, as big as peas, which it is the Count's custom to carry about with him. With the aid of this incalculable wealth, Dantes pursues his grand scheme of revenge upon the persons to whom he is indebted for fourteen years' undeserved imprisonment in the dungeons of the Chateau d'If. Gold being the universal key, all doors fly open before him: nothing is impossible to the man who scatters millions upon the path leading to the goal of his desires. Take the treasure for granted, and still there is much exaggeration to get over; but there are also many truthful touches, many finely-drawn characters. How exquisitely tender are some of the scenes between the

paralytic and his granddaughter; how capital and characteristic the interview between the old Italian gambler and the young French thief, when they are paid by the Count to consider each other as father and son! In this romance there is none of the make-weight dialogue so lavishly interpolated in most of the same author's works. In style, too, and description, M. Dumas here rises above his average. His style, always lively and piquant, is usually loose, unpolished, and defaced by conventionalisms the Academy would hardly sanction. In *Monte Christo* he has evidently taken pains to do well, and the result is the best-written book he has yet produced.

But we lose sight of our parcel, as yet but half unpacked. Here is a volume of the *Député d'Arcis*, (another of the continuation family,) heavy stuff, seemingly, by Balzac; and this brings us to the end of the continuations. With these exceptions, the French writers who have not altogether left off writing, have at least kept within circumscribed limits. Here we have a volume from M. Méry of Marseilles, a clever, careless writer, not much known in England; another by the authoress of *Consuelo*; two more from M. Alphonse Karr; a couple from that old sinner, Paul de Kock, who is not often so concise, having superadded, of late years, to his other transgressions the crime of long-windedness; a brief Sicilian sketch from M. Paul de Musset. We turn aside a heap of political matter, of no great merit or value; a few pamphlets, of some talent, but fugitive interest, by Girardin and others; a ream of portraits and caricatures; a few more novels whose authors' names or whose first pages condemn them; *Mourir pour la Patrie*, and some other revolutionary staves, bad music and worse words, and the box is empty. We sit down to peruse the little we have selected as worth perusal from the pile of printed paper. *La Famille Alain*, by Karr, is the first thing that comes to hand. We have read the greater part of it already, in the French periodical in which it first appeared. M. Karr is rather a favourite of ours. There are many good points about his novels, although he is, perhaps, less popular as a novelist than as the

writer of a small monthly satirical pamphlet, *Les Guêpes*, The Wasps, which has existed for several years, with varying, but, upon the whole, with very great success. M. Karr's wit is of a peculiar order, approaching more nearly to *humour* than French wit generally does. There is an odd sort of dryness and fantastic *naïveté* in some of his drolleries, quite distinct from what we are accustomed to in the comic writings of his countrymen. With this the German origin to be inferred from his name may have some connexion. There is also a Germanic vagueness and dreaminess in some of his books, although their scene is usually on French ground, frequently on the coast of Brittany, a country M. Karr evidently well knows and loves. One of his great recommendations is the general propriety of his writings. Of most of them, the tone and tendency are alike unexceptionable, and some are mere "simple stories," which the most fastidious papas—who deny that any good thing can proceed from a French press, and look upon the yellow paper cover with "Paris" at its foot as the ineradicable mark of the beast, the moral quarantine flag, betokening uncleanness which no amount of lazaretto can purge or purify—might with safe conscience place in the hands of their blooming artless sixteen-year-old daughters. The fact is, that people *will* read French novels—so long as they are not audaciously indecent, immoral, or irreligious—because the present race of French novelists are far cleverer and more amusing than their English brethren. And although some French novels are offensive and abominable, it is not fair to include all in the black list, or to deny that a great improvement has taken place since the period (the early years of the reign of the first and last King of the French) when the Paris press was clogged with indecency and infidelity. We should be very sorry to put Mrs George Sand's works into the hands of any young woman; we would insult no woman, of any age, by commending to her notice the obscene buffoonery of De Kock; but neither would we condemn the whole flock for a sprinkling of scabby sheep. There are many French writers of a very different stamp from the two just

named; and M. Karr is one of the better sort. The tale now before us is a Norman story, possessing better plot and incident than many of its predecessors; for in these respects, this author—from indolence, we suspect—is often rather deficient. We need hardly tell our readers that the Norman is noted for his cunning, and for his litigious propensities, as the Gascon is for his boasting and vanity, the Lorrainer for his stolidity, &c., &c. In *La Famille Alain*, the characteristics of the province, and the casualties of the peasant's and fisherman's life, are cleverly illustrated. Tranquille Alain, surnamed Risquetout, from certain bold feats of his earlier years, lives by the seaside on the produce of his nets. His family consists of his wife Pélagie, his sons and daughter, César, Onesimus, and Berenice, and of his foster-daughter Pulcherie. With respect to these magnificent names, M. Karr thinks it necessary to offer some explanation. "I am not their inventor," he says, "and they are very common in Normandy. There is not a village that has not its Berenices, its Artemesias, its Cleopatras. I know not whence the inhabitants originally took these names. Perhaps they were given by dames of high degree, who took them from Mademoiselle de Scudery's romances, to bestow them on their rustic god-children, and they have since remained traditional in the country." The book opens with the christening of a new fishing-boat, to build which Tranquille Alain has borrowed a hundred crowns of his cousin Eloi, miller and usurer. In France, as elsewhere, and especially in Normandy, millers have a roguish reputation. The loan is to be repaid, part at the beginning and part at the end of the fishing season, with twenty crowns interest. But the season sets in stormy and unfavourable; the fish shun the coast; and at the date appointed for the first payment, the debtor is unprepared with either principal or interest. At last the wind lulls, and the angry waves subside into a long sullen swell. Risquetout and his sons put to sea.

"Towards the close of day, as the boats reappeared on the horizon, Eloi Alain came down from Beuzeval, and waited their arrival upon the beach.

They had taken a few whittings. Onesimus was proud, because almost all the fish had been caught on his line.

"Risquetout, who had started that morning rather prematurely, without waiting till the fine weather had thoroughly set in, had a feeling of fear and embarrassment at sight of the miller.

"'Have you caught any thing?' said Eloi.

"'A few whittings. Will you come and eat some with us?'

"Eloi made no answer; but when the lines and fish had been taken out of the boat, and the boat had been washed and hauled up upon the shore, he followed the three fishers to their home. Pélagie also felt uneasy at sight of Eloi; she asked him, as Tranquille had done, if he would eat a whiting, to which he replied,—

"'Not to refuse you.'

"Then, as they changed the fish from one basket to another, he took up two, and kept them a long time in his hands, repeating, 'Fine whittings these, very fine whittings!' until Pélagie said —

"'You shall take them home with you, cousin.'

"Eloi answered nothing; they sat down to dinner; he found the cider not very good, which did not prevent his drinking a great deal of it.

"'Well, Tranquille,' said he, at last, 'it is to-day you are to pay me the hundred and twenty crowns I lent you.'

"Neither the intrepid Risquetout, nor any of his family, dared to observe that the loan was not of one hundred and twenty crowns, but only of one hundred crowns, for which a hundred and twenty were to be paid back.

"'True,' said Tranquille Alain, 'true; but the same reason which prevented my paying you the other day, prevents me to-day; to-day only have we been able to put to sea.'

"'I am sadly inconvenienced for these hundred and twenty crowns I lent you, cousin. I had reckoned on them to employ in an affair—I had taken them from a sum I had in reserve—and here I am, distressed for want of them.'

"'I am sorrier for it than you are, cousin, but a little patience and all will go well.'

"Tranquille did not dare say that—

Eloi could not be distressed for the hundred and twenty crowns, their agreement having been, that he should repay only a portion at the beginning of the season, and the remainder at its conclusion.

“And when will you pay me?”

“Well, cousin, at the end of the season.”

“The two halves shall be paid together,” added Pélagic, bolder than her husband.

“It is to-day the money would be useful to me; I miss an affair on which I should gain fifty crowns! It is very hard to have obliged people, and to find one’s-self in difficulty in consequence. I am so much in want of money, Risquetout, that if you give me two hundred francs, I will return you these two bills of sixty crowns each.”

“You know very well I have no money, Eloi.”

“Never mind, it shows you what sacrifices I would make to-day, to receive what you owe me.”

“Again no one dared tell the miller that he was not very sincere when he offered to sacrifice a hundred and sixty francs to obtain payment of a sum which would enable him, he said, to gain a hundred and fifty.”

“What is to be done?” said he.

“I wish I had the money, Eloi.”

“You say then that you cannot pay, till Michaelmas, the hundred and twenty crowns you should have paid to-day?”

“That is to say, cousin,” cried Pélagic, always bolder or less patient than her husband, “that we should have given you half of it.”

“Yes; but that half was due a fortnight ago; and, besides, I am in such want of that half, that—See here, now, I offered just now to give you back your bills for two hundred francs; well, pay me one, and I return you both. There is nothing stingy or greedy in that offer, I hope; I lent you a hundred and twenty crowns, and I cry quits for sixty.”

“Cousin, I repeat that I have no money, and besides, if I had sixty crowns, I would give them you, which would not prevent my giving you the sixty others later.”

“It is sixty crowns that I lose on the affair I miss for want of money.”

“Pélagic longed to remind Eloi that the profit sacrificed had been but fifty crowns a few minutes before, but she held her tongue.

“‘I am no Turk,’ continued the miller; ‘I will renew your bills. Draw one of a hundred and fifty crowns payable at Michaelmas.’

“The husband and wife exchanged a look. Pélagic spoke.

“‘What, cousin! a hundred and fifty crowns! That makes, then, thirty crowns interest from now till Michaelmas, and that on sixty crowns, or rather on fifty, since only half the sum is due; and out of the sixty crowns ten are for interest.’

“‘I don’t deny it. You think thirty crowns interest too much; well, I offer sixty for the same time. Give me sixty crowns, and I return the two bills, and thank you into the bargain, and you will have done me a famous service.’

“‘Ah! cousin, I wish I had never borrowed this money of you!’

“‘I am sure I wish you had not; I should not be pinched for it to-day. And why am I? Because I won’t get you into difficulties, for I might give your two bills in payment for the affair I speak of, and then you would be made to pay, or your boats would be sold; but I prefer being the loser myself, for after all, cousin, we are brothers’ sons, and we must help one another in this world.’

“‘Nevertheless, cousin, thirty crowns are a very high figure.’

“‘Yes; and I should be quite content if you would give me sixty for the hundred and twenty I lent you; but, Lord bless me! add nothing to the bill, if you like—let me lose every thing.’

“‘It is fair to add something, Eloi.’

“‘Well, since you find thirty crowns too much, when I should be too happy to give sixty, add nothing, or add thirty crowns.’

“Tranquille and his wife looked at each other.

“‘I will do as you wish,’ said Risquetout.”

“‘Observe,’ said the miller, that it is not I who wish it. What I wish, on the contrary, is to see my hundred and twenty crowns which went out of my pocket, and to receive

them without addition ; what I would gladly agree to is, to receive sixty, and make you a present of the rest.'

"Write out the bill ; will make my mark.'

"Eloi wrote ; but, when about to set down the sum upon the stamp he had brought with him, he checked himself.

"Tranquille,' said he, 'the stamp is five sous ; it is not fair I should pay it. Give me five sous.'

"There is not a sou in the house,' said Pélagic.

"Then we will add it to the amount of the bill. Thus : At Michaelmas I promise to pay to my cousin, Eloi Alain, the sum of four hundred and fifty-one francs (one cannot put four hundred and fifty francs and five sous, it would look so paltry,) which he has been so obliging as to lend me in hard cash. Signed, Tranquille Alain. There, put your mark, and you, Pélagic, put yours also.'

"The signatures given, Eloi returned the old bills with the air of a benefactor conferring an immense favour.

"This time, cousin,' said he, 'be punctual. I shall pay away your bill to a miller at Cherbourg ; and if you are not prepared to take it up when due, he may not be so accommodating as I am ; for, after all, these four hundred and fifty-one francs would be very useful to me, if I had them in my pocket instead of having lent them to you. Four hundred and fifty-one francs are not to be picked up under every hedge ; it is not every day one finds a cousin willing to lend him four hundred and fifty-one francs.'

"No one made any observation on this pretended loan of four hundred and fifty-one francs.

"Well, I must be off. I perhaps lost my temper a little, cousin, but I am really in want of the money. You understand—when one has reckoned on four hundred and fifty-one francs that one has lent—and then not to receive a single copper, it is rather vexatious ; but, however, I will manage as I can. I am hasty at the moment, but I bear no malice. It is all forgotten.'

"He then took up the two whittings which had been laid aside for him.

At the same time he took a third out of the basket, and placed it beside one of his, comparing the two.

"I think this is a finer one !' he said. And he weighed them, one in each hand.

"There is not much difference,' he observed.

"He changed them into the opposite hands, weighed them again, and appeared sadly embarrassed, until his kinsman said to him :

"Don't mind, cousin, take the three.'

"Here, Onesimus,' said he, 'run a piece of string through their gills.'

"Onesimus strung them on the end of a strong line. He was about to cut the piece off, when Eloi checked him.

"Bless me !' said the miller, 'how wasteful children are ! He would cut that capital new cord.'

"And he carried away the entire cord, with the three whittings at the end of it, after having several times repeated his advice to Risquetout to be punctual in the payment of his bill, and after kissing Berenice, and saying,—

"Good-bye, my dear children ; I am delighted to have been of service to you.'

"Our cousin is a very hard and a very griping man,' said Pélagic.

"God does not pay his labourers every night,' replied Tranquille, lifting his woollen cap, 'but sooner or later he never forgets to pay. Each man shall be recompensed according to his work.'

This is by no means the sort of thing generally met with in French romances of the present day. It is neither the back-slum and bloody-murder style, nor the self-styled historical, nor the social-subversive. It is just simple, natural, pleasant reading, free from anything indecent or objectionable. We have taken this chapter because it bears extraction well, not as the best in the book, still less as the only good one. *La Famille Alain* has a well-contrived plot and well-managed incidents, contains some droll and quiet caricature, and many touching and delicately-handled passages. The correspondence between the young lady at the Paris boarding-school, and the fisherman's daughter

at Dive, and the sketches of the company at the watering-place, are each excellent in their way. The introduction of Madame du Mortal and her daughter, and of the Viscount de Morgenstein, is rather foreign to the story, but affords M. Karr opportunity of sketching characters by no means uncommon in France, although little known in England. At this sort of delineation he is the Gavarni of the pen.

"The truth is, that Madame du Mortal's existence had been tolerably agitated. Eight years previously she had quitted M. du Mortal for the society of an officer, who soon, touched by remorse, had left her at full liberty to repair their mutual fault by returning to edify the conjugal mansion by her repentance, and by the exercise of those domestic virtues she had somewhat neglected. Madame du Mortal did nothing of the sort; she knew how to create resources for herself. Formerly, deceived and discouraged people fled to a convent, now they fly to the feuilleton. When a woman finds herself, by misconduct and scandal, excluded from society, she does not weep over her fault and expiate it in a cloister; before long you see her name at the bottom of a newspaper feuilleton, in which she demands the enfranchisement of her sex. No great effort of invention was requisite for Madame du Mortal to devise this resource. Her husband, M. du Mortal, a tall, corpulent man, with a severe countenance and formidable mustaches, had long furnished the article *MODÈS* to a widely-circulated newspaper; and under the name of the Marchioness of M——, discoursed weekly upon tucks and flounces, upon the length of gowns and the size of bonnets, according to the instructions of milliners and dressmakers, who paid him to give their names and addresses. Madame du Mortal devoted herself to the same branch of literature, and succeeded in seducing some of her husband's customers."

"The Viscount de Morgenstein was one of those illustrious pianists whose talent has much less connexion with music than with sleight of hand. M. de Morgenstein achieved only three notes a minute less than M. Henry Herz; as he was young and

worked hard, it was thought he would overtake, and perhaps surpass that master. He had long curling hair, affected a melancholy and despairing countenance, and was considered to have something fatal in his gait. His mere aspect betrayed the man overwhelmed by the burden of genius and by the divine malediction."

The character of an old country gentleman, who has ruined himself to marry his niece to a spendthrift count, is very well hit off. Elloi Alain, who has a grudge against the poor old fellow, persecutes him in every possible way; his aristocratic and ungrateful nephew refuses him the pension agreed upon, and, to maintain appearances, Monsieur Malais de Beuzeval is reduced to shifts worthy of Caleb Balderstone. Although a *parvenu*, with vanity for the stimulus of his stratagems, one cannot help feeling sorry for the weak but kind-hearted old man, who shuffles on a livery coat, and puts a patch over his eye, to inform visitors, through the wicket, that he himself is not at home—his own servants having left him; who paints a blaze, each alternate day, upon the face of his sole remaining horse, that neighbours may credit the duplicity of his stud; and who illuminates his drawing-room and jingles his piano in melancholy solitude, to make the world believe M. de Beuzeval is receiving his friends. His manoeuvres to procure a supply of forage, and his ingenuity in dissipating the astonishment of its vender, who cannot comprehend that the master of broad pastures should purchase a load of hay, are capitally drawn. Like everything else, however, the hay comes to an end, and, at the same time with the horse, the master runs short of provender. Only the four-legged animal has resources the biped does not possess.

"M. de Malais was again compelled to lead out his horse Pyramus during the night, to graze the neighbours' lucerne. One morning the inhabitants of the village of Beuzeval heard the castle-bell announce, as usual, the breakfast. M. de Beuzeval walked into the breakfast room, but found nothing to eat. He nibbled a stale crust and set out for Caen, whence he always brought back a little money, his journeys thither being for the purpose

of disposing of some relic of his departed splendour. But when he had ridden a league he remembered it was Sunday; the man he had to see would not be at his shop, and he must wait till the next day. He returned to Beuzeval, and thence rode down to Dive. Berenice, who was lace-making at her door, made him a grateful curtsy, and he stopped to exchange a few words with her. Pélagic, who was preparing dinner, inquired after Pulchérie.

"'Madame la Comtesse de Morville is well,' he replied; 'I heard from her the other day. My nephew, Count de Morville, has promised to bring the countess to see me this summer.'

"Onesimus and his father were close to shore. Pélagic begged M. de Beuzeval's permission to look to their dinner, as they were obliged to put to sea again as soon as they had eaten it. M. Malais got off his horse and entered the house.

"'Your soup smells deliciously,' said he; 'it is cabbage soup.'

"'A soup you seldom see, M. de Beuzeval.'

"'Not for want of asking for it. I am passionately fond of cabbage soup, but they never will make it at my house.'

"'I daresay not. It is not a soup for gentlefolk.'

"'Yours smells excellent, Pélagic; but you were always a good cook.'

"'Ah, sir! there is one thing that helps me to make good dinners for our men!'

"'What is that, Pélagic?'

"'A good appetite. They put to sea last night, and here they come, tired, wet, dying of hunger: all that is spice for a plain meal.'

"The fishermen entered.

"'Come along!' cried M. Malais, 'you have a famous soup waiting for you. Upon my word, it smells too good; I must taste it. Pélagic, give me a plate; I will eat a few spoonfuls with you. Certainly, it is but a short time since I took my breakfast—what people call a good breakfast—but without appetite, without pleasure.'

"'Indeed! M. Malais, you will do us the honour of tasting our soup?'

"And Pélagic hastened to put a

clean cloth upon the table. Berenice fetched a pot of cider. Onesimus moored the horse in the shade; then they all sat down, taking care to give the best place to M. Malais, who eagerly devoured a plateful of soup."

We refer to the book itself those who would know how the poor old gentleman made a second fierce assault on the tureen, and an equally determined one on the bacon and greens; to what expedients he was subsequently reduced; how it fared with the Countess Pulchérie and her scapegrace husband, and what were the struggles, sufferings, and ultimate rewards, of the courageous and simple-hearted Alains. The book may safely be recommended to all readers. This is more than we can say for the next that comes to hand—*Un Mariage de Paris* by Méry. This we should pitch into the rubbish-basket after reading the first two chapters, did it not serve to illustrate what we have often noted—the profound and barbarous ignorance of French literary men on the subject of England and the English. Were this confined to the smaller fry, the inferior herd of *Transcendental* scribblers, one would not be surprised. It is nothing wonderful that such gentlemen as M. Paul Féval and poor blind Jacques Arago, should take *le gin* and *le bore* to be the Alpha and Omega of English propensities and manners, and should proceed upon that presumption in romances of such distinguished merit as *Les Mystères de Londres* and *Zambala l'Indien*. But M. Méry is a man of letters esteemed amongst his fellows—a hasty and slovenly writer, certainly, but possessing wit, and tact, and style, when he chooses to employ them; and having, moreover, he himself assures us, in the pages of the singular production now under dissection, been all through England—although this we apprehend he effected by means of express trains, without stop or stay, from Folkestone to Berwick-upon-Tweed and back again. Even this much acquaintance with the British Isles is denied to many of his contemporaries, who evidently derive their notions of English habits and customs from the frequenters of the English taverns about the *Places Favart* and *Madeleine* at Paris. M. Méry is above this. He draws entirely

upon his imagination for the manners, morals, and topography of the country in which his scene is laid. He has got a few names of places, which he jumbles together in the most diverting manner. His hero, Cyprian de Mayran, a Paris exquisite of the first water, saddened by a domestic calamity, comes to London in quest of dissipation and oblivion. He has some acquaintances there, dating from a previous visit, and amongst them is the popular singer Sidora W——, a lady, we are told, "whose talent would have been very contestable at Paris, but was venerated in London, the city of universal toleration. When, in Norma, or Fidelio, she kept only tolerably near to the intentions of the composers, changing their notes into false coin, a phalanx of admirers rose like one man, and a triple round of applause rent thirty pair of yellow gloves. The name of Sidora W—— had great attraction, (the italics are M. Méry's,) and when displayed on gigantic placards, before *Mansion-house*, or *Post-office*, as well as on the modest gray circulars of the grocers, at night whole squadrons of noble equipages were seen manœuvring between *Long Arc* and the peristyle of *Covent Garden*, and the theatre of *Drury Lane* was invaded." The nightingale who thus, in 1845, filled to suffocation the walls of Drury, (a fact Mr Bunn may have difficulty to remember,) had a rural retreat at Highgate, where she received a motley company. "The garden of reception was like a vast flower-basket inhabited by a woman, and surrounded by a dark fringe of mute adorers. There were all the faces of the English universe: retired Calcutta nabobs; ex-governors of unknown Archipelagos; colonels whose defunct wives were Malabar widows, snatched from the funeral pile of their Indian spouses; admirals bronzed by twenty cruises under the equator; nephews of Tippoo Saib; disgraced ministers from Lahore; ex-criminals from Botany Bay, who, having grown rich, were voted virtuous; princes of Madagascar and Borneo; citizens of New Holland, (naturalised Englishmen, notwithstanding their close affinity to orang-outangs,)—in short all the human or inhuman types that

Sem, Cham, and Japhet invented on their escape from the Ark, to amuse themselves a little after a year's diluvian captivity on the summit of Mount Ararat. It is only in London such collections are to be met with; and the foreign naturalist has the gratuitous enjoyment of them. The capital of England is sometimes generous and disinterested in its zoological exhibitions."

Amidst these dingy exotics, Cyprian, "with his Parisian elegance, his fresh complexion, his hair of a vivid auburn, waving like that of the Apollo Belvedere," appeared like a swan amongst gray geese; and, seating himself between "two equinoctial beings not classed by Buffon," he soon engrossed all the attention of the fascinating Sidora, to the suppressed but violent indignation of Prince Rajab-Nandy, and her other copper-coloured admirers. One of these waylays the handsome Frenchman on his return home. Whilst passing over *Highgate Bridge*, Cyprian's horse starts violently, and an "equinoctial gentleman, with nothing *white* about his whole person, except a pair of *yellow* gloves, (a Gallo-Irishism,) springs from amongst the *brushwood*, and plants himself in the middle of the bridge, like a satyr in the poem of *Ramajana*." A duel is arranged, to take place at *Cricklewood Cottage*, and Cyprian gallops into London by *Tottenham-Road*. Having no male acquaintances in London, except two sobersided bankers, he is at a loss for seconds. Finally he prevails on two of the opera chorus, in consideration of a new coat and a sovereign, to accompany him to the field of danger: and, after duly gloving and dressing them in *Saint-Martin-Court*, he packs them in a hackney-coach and starts for *Cricklewood*, which we now learn is on the summit of the *mountain of Hamstead*. "There, in a pavilion decorated Chinese-fashion, three men of tropical physiognomy awaited De Mayran. . . . Opposite the cottage there stretched out, to an immense distance, over hill and over valley, a gloomy forest, which served as duelling ground in the quarrelsome days of the Roundheads and Cavaliers. In a level glade, bare of trees, the Anglo-Indians paused. It was a wild and

solitary place; nevertheless, here and there, on the fir trees, were seen enormous electioneering placards, bearing the words, "*Vote for Parker!*" This is rich, particularly if we bear in mind that the author is perfectly serious, and devoutly believes he is giving a very curious insight into the local usages and characteristics of semi-civilised England. M. Méry's hero has other adventures, equally true to life,—makes new acquaintances on board a river-steamer; dines with them at *Sceptre and Crown* at Greenwich, and at *Star and Garter* at Richmond; and falls violently in love with Madame Katrina Lewing, a beautiful Englishwoman. M. Méry makes merry on the river Thames, which he affects to believe rises in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, and concerning whose origin and exiguity he is very facetious. He also displays his acquaintance with English literature by quoting "the great poet Pope's famous drinking song in honour of the Thames, '*I you like, little stream!*'" Then Cyprian prevails on Katrina to elope with him to *Port Natal*, (of all places in the world!) and realises his fortune as a preparatory measure; but Katrina proves a mere decoy-duck, and the amorous Frenchman is stripped of his bank-notes, and left in the dead of night in the middle of a field. In vain, at daybreak, does he seek a shepherd to question, because, as M. Méry testifies, English peasants do not inhabit the fields; shepherds are scarcely known in the country; and the only one he, the aforesaid Méry, ever beheld, during his extensive rambles in England, was a well-dressed young gentleman, with gloves on, reading the *Morning Chronicle* under a tree. Then we have a thieves' orgie, where the liquors in demand are claret and *absinthe*, nothing less—M. Méry not condescending to the gin, so much abused by his contemporaries. And, finally, a murder having been committed, its circumstances are investigated on the spot, by a *Queen's proctor*, assisted by two policemen, a barmaid, and a physician. We might multiply these literary curiosities; but we have given enough to prove their author's intimate acquaintance with the country about which he so agreeably writes.

It is related of M. Méry's friend Dumas, that he once resolved on a visit to London, posted to Bonlogne, steamed to London bridge, and reached St Paul's, but there turned back, anathematising fog and sea-coal, and never stopped till he found himself in the *Chaussée d'Antin*. Without vouching for the truth of this tale, we must admit its probability when told of the eccentric Alexander. Mr Méry's knowledge of this country is just what he might have obtained by an hour's conversation with his friend, upon the return of the latter from his journey to St Paul's. But it is a crying sin of French writers, when they get upon foreign ground, that, in their anxiety to give to their books a tinge characteristic of the country, (*couleur locale* they call it,) they outstrip the limits assigned to them by their real knowledge of the land and its inhabitants, and, meaning to be effective, become simply ridiculous. And England is the country, of all others, whose ways they apparently have most difficulty in rightly comprehending. On a more southern soil they are less apt to run into absurdities, but sin chiefly on the side of overcolouring. This may be alleged, although to no violent extent, of a pleasant little romance by Paul de Musset, *La Chèvre Jaune*—The Yellow Goat—intended as an illustration of Sicilian life, particularly amongst the lower orders. The hero of the tale is a precocious peasant boy, dwelling in the mountains with his mother—a fierce old lady who owns a rifle, and detests the Neapolitans. This boy, who herds goats, pets one of them, and trains her to dance; by which means, and by his own good mien, he gains the affections of a notary's daughter, whose papa, disapproving of the attachment, has the peasant taken up on a false accusation of theft. The boy escapes, turns bandit, and is accompanied in his forays and ambuscades by his goat, who dances tarantellas on the mountain-tops, and plays so many queer antics that she finally is held uncanny, and becomes an object of fear and veneration to the ignorant Sicilians. The story is prettily and pleasingly told, and is just the sort of reading for a lazy man on a hot day. But, like most of the same author's works, it

wants vigour and originality. Paul de Musset is a careful and a polished writer, and whatever he executes conveys the idea of his having done his best; but his best is by no means first-rate, and he labours under the great disadvantage of having a younger brother a far cleverer fellow than himself. Nevertheless, he is not to be spoken of disrespectfully. Slight as most of his productions are, they are often graceful, and sometimes witty. One of his recent *bluettes*, *Fleuranges*, although a thrice-told tale, is distinguished by its charming vivacity and lightness.

We turn to *François le Champi*, by George Sand. We need hardly say that Madame Dudevant is any thing but a favourite of ours. Whilst admitting her genius and great literary talent, we deplore the evil application of such rare powers,—the perversion of intellect so high to purposes so mischievous. And we cannot agree with M. de Lomenie, who, in his sketch of her life, asserts the pernicious influence of her books to be greatly exaggerated, maintaining that “the catastrophe of almost all of them contains a sort of morality of misfortune which, to a certain extent, replaces any other.” This is a specious, but a very hollow argument. How many of those who read George Sand’s books have ability or inclination to strike this nice balance between virtue and vice, and do not rather yield themselves captives to the seductive eloquence with which the poetess depicts and palliates the immorality of her characters! Her earlier works gave her a fair claim to the title of the Muse of Adultery, which some uncivil critic conferred on her. The personages were invariably husband, wife, and lover, and the former was by no means the best treated of the three. After a while she deviated from this formula—employed other types, and produced occasionally books of a less objectionable character; but, upon the whole, they are ill to choose amongst. In the one before us there is no great harm, but neither is there much to admire. As a literary production, it is below the average of its predecessors. It is a story of peasant life in western France. George Sand is tak-

ing a country walk one evening, when her companion accuses her of making her rustics speak the language of cities. She admits the charge, but urges, in extenuation, that if she makes the dweller in the fields speak as he really speaks, she must subjoin a translation for the civilised reader. Her friend still insists on the possibility of elevating the peasant dialect, without depriving it of its simplicity; of writing a book in language that a peasant might employ, and which a Parisian would understand without a single explanatory note. To professors and amateurs of literary art, the discussion is of interest. Madame Sand agrees to attempt the task; and takes for her subject a tale she has heard related the previous evening, at a neighbouring farm-house. She calls it *François le Champi*, but her critic cavils at the very title. *Champi*, he says, is not French. George Sand quotes Montaigne, to prove the contrary, although the dictionary declares the word out of date. A *champi* is a foundling, or child abandoned in the fields, the derivation being from *champ*. And having thus justified her hero’s cognomen, she at once introduces him, at the tender age of six years, boarded by the parish with Zabella, an old woman who dwells in a hovel, and lives on the produce of a few goats and fowls that find subsistence on the common. Madeleine Blanchet, the pretty and very young wife of the miller of Cornouer, takes compassion on the poor infant, and finds means to supply him, unknown to her brutal husband and cross mother-in-law, with food and raiment. The child grows into a comely lad, gentle, intelligent, and right-hearted, and devotedly attached to Madeleine. He enters the service of the miller, a rough dissipated fellow, given up to the fascinations of a loose widow, Madame Sévère, a sort of rural Delilah, who tries to seduce the handsome Champi, and, failing of success, instils jealousy into the ear of the miller, who drives François from his house. The young man finds occupation in a distant village, and returns to the mill of Cornouer only when its master is dead and Madeleine on a bed of sickness, to rescue his benefactress from grasping creditors, by means of a sum

of money his unknown father has transmitted to him. George Sand makes every woman in the book fall in love with the Champi; but he repulses all, save one, and that one never dreams of loving him otherwise than as a mother. At last one of the fair ones who would fain have gained his heart, generously reveals to him, what he himself has difficulty in believing, that he is in love with Madeleine Blanchet; and, further, compassionating his timidity, undertakes to break the ice to the pretty widow. It requires a talent like that of George Sand to give an air of probability to all this. There are at most but a dozen years' difference between Madeleine and the Champi, but the reader has been so much accustomed to look upon them in the light of mother and son, that he is somewhat startled on finding the boy of nineteen enamoured of the woman of thirty. The love-passages, however, are managed with Madame Sand's usual skill. As a picture of peasant life, the book yields internal evidence of fidelity. The grand-daughter of the farmer-general of Berri has called up the memories of her youthful days, passed in happy liberty upon the sunny banks of Indre, and of the years of connubial discontent that went heavily by in her husband's Aquitanian castle, when country rides and the study of Nature's book were her chief resources. It was from this castle of Nohant that the Baroness Dudevant fled, now nearly twenty years ago, to commence the exceptional existence she since has led. We may venture to take a page from her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*—a page replete with that peculiar fascination which renders her pen so powerful for good or evil.

"It grieves me not to grow old, it would grieve me much to grow old alone; but I have not yet met the being with whom I would fain have lived and died; or, if I have met him, I have not known how to keep him. Harken to a tale, and weep. There was a good artist, called Watelet, who engraved in aquafortis better than any man of his time. He loved Margaret Lecomte, and taught her to engrave as well as himself. She left her husband, her wealth, and

her country, to live with Watelet. The world cursed them; then, as they were poor and humble, it forgot them. Forty years afterwards there were discovered, in the neighbourhood of Paris, in a little house called *Moulin-Joli*, an old man who engraved in aquafortis, with an old woman whom he called his *Aleunière*, who also engraved at the same table. The last plate they executed represented *Moulin-Joli*, Margaret's house, with this device,—*Cur valde permixtum Sabinæ divitiis operosiores!* It hangs in my room, above a portrait whose original no one here has seen. During one year, he who gave me that portrait seated himself every night with me at a little table, and lived on the same labour as myself. At day-break we consulted each other on our work, and we supped at the same table, talking of art, of sentiment, and of the future. The future has broken its word to us. Pray for me, O Margaret Lecomte!"

It is no secret that Madame Dudevant's Watelet was Jules Sandeau, a French novelist of some ability, whose name still makes frequent apparitions in the windows of circulating libraries, and at the foot of newspaper feuilletons. Let us see what M. de Lomenie says of this period of her life, and of her first appearance in the lists of literature, in his brief but amusing memoir of this remarkable woman.

"Some time after the July revolution, there appeared a book entitled, *Rose et Blanche*, or the Actress and the Nun. This book, which at first passed unnoticed, fell by chance into a publisher's hands; he read it, and, struck by the richness of certain descriptive passages, and by the novelty of the situations, he inquired the author's address. He was referred to a humble lodging-house, and, upon applying there, was conducted to a small attic. There he saw a young man writing at a little table, and a young woman painting flowers by his side. These were Watelet and Margaret Lecomte. The publisher spoke of the book, and it appeared that Margaret, who could write books as well as Watelet, and even better, had written a good part, and the best part, of this one; only, as books sold badly, or not at all, she combined with her

literary occupations the more lucrative labour of a colourist. Encouraged by the publisher's approval, she took from a drawer a manuscript written entirely by herself; the publisher examined it, bought it, doubtless very cheap, and might have paid a much higher price without making a bad speculation, for it was the manuscript of *Indiana*. Soon after that, Margaret Lecomte left Watelet, took half his name, called herself George Sand, and of that half name has made herself one which shines to-day amongst the greatest and most glorious."

Somebody has hazarded the sweeping assertion that the lover is the *King* of George Sand's novels. George Sand herself is the queen of the class of *femmes incomprises*, the victim of a *mariage de convenance*. The death of her grandmother left her, at the very moment she quitted the convent where she had been educated, alone and almost friendless. Ignorant of the world, she allowed herself to be married to a rough old soldier, who led a prosaic existence in a lonely country-house, had no notion of romance, sentiment, or reverie, and made little allowance for them in others. The days that ought to rank amongst the brightest memories of a woman's heart, the early years of marriage, were a blank, or worse, to Aurora Dudevant, and the bitterness thus amassed not unfrequently breaks forth in her writings. It has been urged by her partisans, in extenuation of her conjugal *faux pas*, that her husband was ignorant and brutal. On the other hand, the idle have invented many of the delinquencies imputed to her since her separation, just as they have told absurd stories about her fantastical habits; and have made her out a sort of literary Lola Montes, swaggering and smoking in man's attire, and brandishing pistol and horsewhip with virile energy and effect. The atmosphere of Paris is famous for its magnifying powers. Seen through it, a grain of sand becomes a mountain, an eccentricity is often distended into a vice. We lay this down as a rule, which none who know and understand the French metropolis will dispute; but we do not, at the same time, in any way take up the gloves in defence of George Sand,

with whom we have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, and whose writings would certainly incline us to somewhat ready credence of her irregularities and masculine addictions. Now that she has attained the ripe age of forty-four, we may suppose her sobered down a little. Before the February revolution upset society, and drove the majority of the wealthy from Paris, we happen to know she was a welcome guest in some of the most fashionable and aristocratic drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St Germain, where she was sought and cultivated for the charm of her conversation. Since the revolution, there have been reports of her presiding, or at least assisting, at democratic orgies; but these rumours, as the newspapers say, "require confirmation." Since we have, somehow or other, got led into this long gossip about the lady, we will make another extract from the writer already quoted, who tells an amusing story of his first introduction, obtained by means of a misdelivered note, intended by the authoress of *Lelia* for a man who cured smoky chimnies. A resemblance of name brought the missive (a summons to a sick funnel) into the hands of the biographer, who, puzzled at first, finally resolved to take advantage of the mistake, to ascertain whether George Sand really did wear boots and spurs, and smoke Virginian in a short pipe. He expected something masculine and alarming, but in this respect was agreeably disappointed.

"I saw before me a woman of short stature, of comfortable plumpness, and of an aspect not at all *Dantesque*. She wore a dressing gown, in form by no means unlike the wrapper which I, a commonplace mortal, habitually wear; her fine hair, still perfectly black, whatever evil tongues may say, was separated on a brow broad and smooth as a mirror, and fell freely adown her cheeks, in the manner of Raphael; a silk handkerchief was fastened loosely round her throat; her eyes, to which some painters persist in imparting an exaggerated power of expression, were remarkable, on the contrary, for their melancholy softness; her voice was sweet, and not very strong; her mouth, especially, was singularly graceful; and in her

whole attitude there was a striking character of simplicity, nobility, and calm. In the ample temples and rich development of brow, Gall would have discerned genius; in the frankness of her glance, in the outline of her countenance, and in the features, correct but worn, Lavater would have read, it seems to me, past suffering, a time-present somewhat barren, an extreme propensity to enthusiasm, and consequently to discouragement. Lavater might have read many other things, but he certainly could have discovered neither insincerity, nor bitterness, nor hatred, for there was not a trace of these on that sad but serene physiognomy. The Lelia of my imagination vanished before the reality; and it was simply a good, gentle, melancholy, intelligent, and handsome face that I had before my eyes.

"Continuing my examination, I remarked with pleasure that the *grande désolée* had not yet completely renounced human vanities; for, beneath the floating sleeves of her gown, at the junction of the wrist with the white and delicate hand, I saw the glitter of two little gold bracelets of exquisite workmanship. These feminine trinkets, which became her much, greatly reassured me touching the sombre tint, and the politico-philosophic exaltation, of certain of George Sand's recent writings. One of the hands that thus caught my attention concealed a *cigarito*, and concealed it badly, for a treacherous little column of smoke ascended behind the back of the prophetess."

Whether or no the interview thus described really took place, Madame Dudevant should feel obliged to her biographer for his gentle treatment and abstinence from exaggeration. On the strength of the puff of smoke and the epicene dressing gown, many writers would have sketched her husar fashion, and hardly have let her off the mustaches.

We are nearly at the end of our parcel, at least of such portion of it as appears worthy a few words. Here are a brace of volumes by M. de Kock, over which we are not likely long to linger. An esteemed contributor to *Maga* expressed, a few years ago, his and our opinion concerning

this ancient dealer in dirt—namely, that he has no deliberate intention to corrupt the morals or alarm the delicacy of his readers, for that morals and delicacy are words of whose meaning he has not the slightest conception. Paul, every Frenchman tells you, is not read in France, save by milliners' girls and shopboys, or by literary porters, who solace the leisure of their lodge by a laugh over his pages, contraband amongst *gens comme il faut*. No man is a prophet in his own land; and yet we have certain reasons for believing that, even in France, Paul has more readers, avowed or secret, than his countrymen admit. But at any rate, we can offer the old gentleman (for M. Kock must be waxing venerable, and his son has for some years been before the public as an author,) the consolatory assurance, that in England he has numerous admirers, to judge from the thumbed condition of a set of his works, which caught our eye last summer on the shelves of a London circulating library. To these amateurs of "Kockneyisms," whether genuine cockneys, or naturalised cooks and barbers from Gaul, *Taquinot le Bossu* will be welcome. The hunchback, everybody knows, is a great type in France. Who is not acquainted with the glorious *Mayeux*, the swearing, fighting, love-making hero of a host of popular songs, anecdotes, and caricatures, and of more than one romance—especially of a four-volume one by Ricard, a deceased rival of De Kock? Well, Paul—who, we must admit, is quite original, and disdains imitation—has never meddled with the hackneyed veteran *Mayeux*, but now creates a hunchback of his own. *Taquinot* is the dwarf clerk of a notary, luxuriating in a wage of fifty pounds a-year, and a hunch of the first magnitude. Pert as a magpie, mischievous and confiding, devoted to the fair sex, and especially to its taller specimens, he is a fine subject for Monsieur de Kock, who gets him into all manner of queer scrapes, some not of the most refined description. The French hunchback, we must observe, is a genus apart—quite different from high-shouldered people of other countries. Far from being susceptible on the score of his dorsal

protuberance, he views it in the light of an excellent joke, a benefaction of nature, placed upon his spine for the diversion of himself and his fellow-men. The words *bosse* and *bossu* (hunch and hunchback) have various idiomatic and proverbial applications in France. To laugh like a *bossu*, implies the *ne plus ultra* of risibility: *se donner une bosse*—literally, to give one's-self a hunch—is synonymous with sharing in a jovial repast where much is eaten and more drunk. An excellent caricature in the *Charivari*, some years ago, represented a group of half-starved soldiers sitting round a fire of sticks at the foot of Atlas, and picking a dromedary's scull—" *Pas moyen de se donner une bosse!*" exclaims one of the dissatisfied conscripts. On twelve hundred francs per annum, poor Taquinot often makes the same complaint; and, in hopes of bettering his fortune, wanders into Germany on a matrimonial venture, there to be jilted by Frauloin Carottsmann, for a strolling player with one coat and three sets of buttons, who styles himself Marquis, because he has been occasionally hissed in the line of characters designated in France by that aristocratic denomination. Then there is a general of Napoleon's army who cannot write his name; and a boxom sutler and a handsome aide-de-camp, sundry grisettes, and the other *dramatis personæ* habitually to be met with in the pages of Paul—the whole set forth in indifferent French, and garnished with buffoonery and impropriety, after the usual fashion of this zany of Parisian novelists.

Is it true that M. Honoré de Balzac is married to a female *millionnaire*, who fell in love with him through his books and his reputation? If so, let him take our advice and abjure scribbling—at least till he is in the vein to turn out something better than his recent productions—better, at least, than the first volume of the *Député d'Arcis*, now lying before us. What heavy, vulgar trash, to flow from the pen of a man of his abilities! After beginning his literary career with a series of worthless books, published under various pseudonyms, and whose authorship he has since in vain endeavoured to disclaim, he rose into

fame by his *Scènes de la Vie de Province*, by his *Peau de Chagrin*, his *Père Goriot*, and other striking and popular works. The hour of his decline then struck, and he has since been rolling down the hill at a faster rate than he ascended it. His affectation of originality is wearisome and nauseous in the extreme. He reminds us of a nurseryman we once knew, who, despairing of equalling the splendour of a neighbour's flowers, applied himself to the production of all manner of floral monstrosities, mistaking distortion for beauty, and eccentricity for grace. He strains for new conceptions and ideas till he writes nonsense, or something very little better. And his mania for introducing the same personages in twenty different books, renders it necessary to read all in order to understand one. The question becomes, whether it is worth while going through so much to obtain so little. Our reply is a decided negative. If the system, however, be annoying to the reader, for the author it has its advantages. It is, in fact, a new species of puffery, of considerable ingenuity. Backwards and forwards, M. de Balzac refers his public; his books are a system of mutual accommodation and advertisement. Thus, in the *Député &c.*, apropos of a lawsuit, we find in brackets and in large capitals,—“*See UNE 'TENEBREUSE AFFAIRE.' A little further on, an allusion being made to the town of Provins, we are requested to 'See PIERRETTE.' Similar admonitions are of constant recurrence in the same author's writings. The plan is really clever, and proves Paris a step or two ahead of London in the art of advertising. We have not yet heard of Moses and Doudney stamping on a waistcoat back an injunction to 'Try our trousers,' or embroidering on a new surtout a hint as to the merits of a 'poplin overcoat.' 'Buy our bear's grease!' cries Mr Ross the perfumer. 'Prenez mon ours!' chimes in M. Balzac the author. O Paris! Paris! romantic and republica, political and poetical, of all the cities of the plain thou art the queen, and humbug is the chief jewel in thy diadem!*”

LIFE IN THE "FAR WEST."

PART THE LAST.

No sooner was it known that Los Americanos had arrived, than nearly all the householders of Fernandez presented themselves to offer the use of their "salas" for the fandango which invariably celebrated their arrival. This was always a profitable event; for as the mountaineers were generally pretty well "flush" of cash when on their "spree," and as open-handed as an Indian could wish, the sale of whisky, with which they regaled all comers, produced a handsome return to the fortunate individual whose room was selected for the fandango. On this occasion the sala of the Alcalde Don Cornelio Vegil was selected and put in order; a general invitation was distributed; and all the dusky beauties of Fernandez were soon engaged in arraying themselves for the fête. Off came the coats of dirt and "aleguia" which had bedaubed their faces since the last "funcion," leaving their cheeks clear and clean. Water was profusely used, and their cuerpos were doubtless astonished by the unusual lavation. Their long black hair was washed and combed, plastered behind their ears, and plaited into a long queue, which hung down their backs. *Enaguas* of gaudy colour (red most affected) were donned, fastened round the waist with ornamented belts, and above this a snow-white *camisita* of fine linen was the only covering, allowing a prodigal display of their charms. Gold and silver ornaments, of antiquated pattern, decorate their ears and necks; and massive crosses of the precious metals, wrought from the gold or silver of their own placeres, hang pendant on their breasts. The *enagua* or petticoat, reaching about halfway between the knee and ankle, displays their well-turned limbs, destitute of stockings, and their tiny feet, thrust into quaint

little shoes (*zapatitos*) of Cinderellian dimensions. Thus equipped, with the reboso drawn over their heads and faces, out of the folds of which their brilliant eyes flash like lightning, and each pretty mouth armed with its cigarito, they coquettishly enter the fandango.* Here, at one end of a long room, are seated the musicians, their instruments being generally a species of guitar, called *heaca*, *bandolin*, and an Indian drum, called *tombé*—one of each. Round the room groups of New Mexicans lounge, wrapped in the eternal sarape, and smoking of course, scowling with jealous eyes at the more favoured mountaineers. These, divested of their hunting-coats of buckskins, appear in their bran-new shirts of gaudy calico, and close fitting buckskin pantaloons, with long fringes down the outside seam from the hip to the ankle; with mocassins, ornamented with bright beads and porcupine quills. Each, round his waist, wears his mountain-belt and scalp-knife, ominous of the company he is in, and some have pistols sticking in their belt.

The dances—save the mark!—are without form or figure, at least those in which the white hunters sport the "fantastic toe." Seizing his partner round the waist with the gripe of a grisly bear, each mountaineer whirls and twirls, jumps and stamps; introduces Indian steps used in the "scalp" or "buffalo" dances, whooping occasionally with unearthly cry, and then subsiding into the jerking step, raising each foot alternately from the ground, so much in vogue in Indian ballets. The hunters have the floor all to themselves. The Mexicans have no chance in such physical force dancing; and if a dancing *Peládo*† steps into the ring, a lead-like thump from a galloping mountaineer quickly

* The word *fandango*, in New Mexico, is not applied to the peculiar dance known in Spain by that name, but designates a ball or dancing meeting.

† Nickname for the idle fellows hanging about a Mexican town, translated into "Greasers" by the Americans.

sends him sprawling, with the considerate remark—"Quit, you darned Spaniard! you can't 'shine' in this crowd."

During a lull, guagés* filled with whisky go the rounds—offered to and seldom refused by the ladies—sturdily quaffed by the mountaineers, and freely swallowed by the Peládos, who drown their jealousy and envious hate of their entertainers in potent aguardiente. Now, as the guagés are oft refilled and as often drained, and as night advances, so do the spirits of the mountaineers become more boisterous, while their attentions to their partners become warmer—the jealousy of the natives waxes hotter thereat—and they begin to show symptoms of resenting the endearments which the mountaineers bestow upon their wives and sweethearts. And now, when the room is filled to crowding,—with two hundred people, swearing, drinking, dancing, and shouting—the half-dozen Americans monopolising the fair, to the evident disadvantage of at least threescore scowling Peládos, it happens that one of these, maddened by whisky and the green-eyed monster, suddenly seizes a fair one from the waist-encircling arm of a mountaineer, and pulls her from her partner. Wagh!—La Bonté—it is he—stands erect as a pillar for a moment, then raises his hand to his mouth, and gives a ringing war-whoop—jumps upon the rash Peládo, seizes him by the body as if he were a child, lifts him over his head, and dashes him with the force of a giant against the wall.

The war, long threatened, has commenced; twenty Mexicans draw their knives and rush upon La Bonté, who stands his ground, and sweeps them down with his ponderous fist, one after another, as they throng around him. "Howgh-owgh-owgh-owgh-h!" the well-known war-whoop, bursts from the throats of his companions, and on they rush to the rescue. The women scream, and block the door in their eagerness to escape; and thus the Mexicans are compelled to stand

their ground and fight. Knives glitter in the light, and quick thrusts are given and parried. In the centre of the room the whites stand shoulder to shoulder—covering the floor with Mexicans by their stalwart blows; but the odds are fearful against them, and other assailants crowd up to supply the place of those who fall.

Alarm being given by the shrieking women, reinforcements of Peládos rushed to the scene of action, but could not enter the room, which was already full. The odds began to tell against the mountaineers, when Kit Carson's quick eye caught sight of a high stool or stone, supported by three long heavy legs. In a moment he had cleared his way to this, and in another the three legs were broken off and in the hands of himself, Dick Wooton, and La Bonté. Sweeping them round their heads, down came the heavy weapons amongst the Mexicans with wonderful effect—each blow, dealt by the nervous arms of Wooton and La Bonté, mowing down a good half-dozen of the assailants. At this the mountaineers gave a hearty whoop, and charged the wavering enemy with such resistless vigour, that they gave way and bolted through the door, leaving the floor strewn with wounded, many most dangerously; for, as may be imagined, a thrust from the keen scalp-knife by the nervous arm of a mountaineer was no baby blow, and seldom failed to strike home—up to the "Green River" † on the blade.

The field being won, the whites, too, beat a quick retreat to the house where they were domiciled, and where they had left their rifles. Without their trusty weapons they felt, indeed, unarmed; and not knowing how the affair just over would be followed up, lost no time in making preparations for defence. However, after great blustering on the part of the prefecto, who, accompanied by a *posse comitatus* of "Greasers," proceeded to the house, and demanded the surrender of all concerned in the affair—which proposition was received with a yell of derision—the business was compound-

* Cask-shaped gourds.

† The knives used by the hunters and trappers are manufactured at the "Green River" works, and have that name stamped upon the blade. Hence the mountain term for doing any thing effectually is "up to Green River."

ed by the mountaineers promising to give sundry dollars to the friends of two of the Mexicans, who died during the night of their wounds, and to pay for a certain amount of masses to be sung for the repose of their souls in purgatory. Thus the affair blew over; but for several days the mountaineers never showed themselves in the streets of Fernandez without their rifles on their shoulders, and refrained from attending fandangos for the present, and until the excitement had cooled down.

A bitter feeling, however, existed on the part of the men; and one or two offers of a matrimonial nature were rejected by the papas of certain ladies who had been wooed by some of the white hunters, and their hands formally demanded from the respective padres.

La Bonté had been rather smitten with the charms of one Dolores Salazar—a buxom lass, more than three parts Indian in her blood, but confessedly the "beauty" of the Vale of Taos. She, by dint of eye, and of nameless acts of elaborate coquetry, with which the sex so universally bait their traps, whether in the salons of Belgravia, or the rancherias of New Mexico, contrived to make considerable havoc in the heart of our mountaineer; and when once Dolores saw she had made an impression, she followed up her advantage with all the arts the most civilised of her sex could use when fishing for a husband.

La Bonté, however, was too old a hunter to be easily caught; and, before committing himself, he sought the advice of his tried companion Killbuck. Taking him to a retired spot without the village, he drew out his pipe and charged it—seated himself cross-legged on the ground, and, with Indian gravity, composed himself for a "talk."

"Ho, Killbuck!" he began, touching the ground with the bowl of his pipe, and then turning the stem upwards for "*medicine*"—"Hyar's a child feels squamptious like, and nigh upon 'gone beaver,' *he* is—Wagh!"

"Wagh!" exclaimed Killbuck, all attention.

"Old hos," continued the other; "thar's no use cåching anyhow what a niggur feels—so hyar's to 'put out.' You're good for beaver I know; at deer or bussler, or darned red Injun either, you're 'some.' Now that's a fact. 'Off-hand,' or 'with a rest,' you make 'em 'come.' You knows the 'sign' of Injuns slick—Blackfoot or Sioux, Pawnee or Burutwood, Zeton, Rapaho, Shian, or Shoshonée, Yutah, Piyutah, or Yamharceek—their trail's as plain as writin', old hos, to you."

"Wagh!" grunted Killbuck, blushing bronze at all these compliments.

"Your sight ain't bad. Elks is elk; black-tail deer ain't white-tails; and b'ar is b'ar to you, and nothin' else, a long mile off and more."

"Wa-agh!"

"Thar ain't a track as leaves its mark upon the plains or mountains but you can read off-hand; that I've see'd myself. But tell me, old hos, can you make understand the 'sign' as shows itself in a woman's breast?"

Killbuck removed the pipe from his mouth, raised his head, and puffed a rolling cloud of smoke into the air,—knocked the ashes from the bowl, likewise made his "*medicine*"—and answered thus:—

"From Red River, away up north amongst the Britishers, to Heely (Gila) in the Spanish country—from old Missoura to the sea of Californy, I've trapped and hunted. I knows the Injuns and thar 'sign,' and they knows *me*, I'm thinkin'. Thirty winters has snowed on me in these hyar mountains, and a niggur or a Spaniard* would larn 'some' in that time. This old tool" (tapping his rifle) "shoots 'center,' *she* does; and if thar's game afoot, this child knows 'bull' from 'cow,' and ought to could. That deer is deer, and goats is goats, is plain as paint to any but a greenhorn. Beaver 's a cunning crittur, but I've trapped a 'heap,' and at killing meat when meat's a-run-ning, I'll 'shine' in the biggest kind of crowd. For twenty year I packed a squaw along. Not one, but a many. First I had a Blackfoot—the darndest slut as ever cried for fofarraw. I lodge-poled her on Colter's Creek,

* Always alluding to Mexicans, who are invariably called Spaniards by the Western Americans.

and made her quit. My buffler hos, and as good as four packs of beaver, I gave for old Bull-tail's daughter. He was head chief of the Licaree, and 'came' nicely 'round' me. Thar was 'nt enough scarlet cloth, nor beads, nor vermilion in Sublette's packs for her. Traps wouldn't buy her all the fofarrow she wanted; and in two years I'd sold her to Cross-Eagle for one of Jake Hawkin's guns—this very one I hold in my hands. Then I tried the Sioux, the Shian, and a Digger from the other side, who made the best mocassin as ever I wore. She was the best of all, and was rubbed out by the Yutahs in the Bayou Salade. Bad was the best; and after she was gone under I tried no more.

"Afore I left the settlements I know'd a white gal, and she was some punkins. I have never seed nothing as 'ould beat her. Red blood won't 'shine' any ways you fix it; and though I'm hell for 'sign,' a woman's breast is the hardest kind of rock to me, and leaves no trail that I can see of. I've hearn you talk of a gal in Memphis county; Mary Brand you called her oncest. The gal I said I know'd, her name I disremember, but she stands afore me as plain as Chimley Rock on Platte, and thirty year and more har'nt changed a feature in her face, to me.

"If you ask this child, he'll tell you to leave the Spanish slut to her Greasers, and hold on till you take the trail to old Missoura, whar white and Christian gals are to be had for axing. Wagh!"

La Bonté rose to his feet. The mention of Mary Brand's name decided him; and he said—

"Darn the Spaniard! she cant shine with me; come, old hos! let's move."

And, shouldering their rifles, the two compañeros returned to the Ronch. More than one of the mountaineers had fulfilled the object of their journey, and had taken to themselves a partner from amongst the belles of Taos, and now they were preparing for their return to the mountains. Dick Wooton was the only unfortunate one. He had wooed a damsel whose parents peremptorily forbade their daughter to wed the hunter, and he therefore made ready for his departure with considerable regret.

The day came, however. The band of mountaineers were already mounted, and those with wives in charge were some hours on the road, leaving the remainder quaffing many a stirrup-cup before they left. Dick Wooton was as melancholy as a buffalo bull in spring; and as he rode down the village, and approached the house of his lady-love, who stood wrapped in reboso, and cigarito in mouth, on the sill of the door, he turned away his head as if dreading to say adios. La Bonté rode beside him, and a thought struck him.

"Ho, Dick!" he said, "thar's the gal, and thar's the mountains: shoot sharp 's the word."

Dick instantly understood him, and was "himself again." He rode up to the girl as if to bid her adieu, and she came to meet him. Whispering one word, she put her foot upon his, was instantly seized round the waist, and placed upon the horn of his saddle. He struck spurs into his horse, and in a minute was out of sight, his three companions covering his retreat, and menacing with their rifles the crowd which was soon drawn to the spot by the cries of the girl's parents, who had been astonished spectators of the daring rape.

The trapper and his bride, however, escaped scatheless, and the whole party effected a safe passage of the mountains, and reached the Arkansa, where the band was broken up,—some proceeding to Bent's Fort, and others to the Platte, amongst whom were Killbuck and La Bonté, still in company.

These two once more betook themselves to trapping, the Yellow Stone being their chief hunting-ground. But we must again leap over months and years, rather than conduct the reader through all their perilous wanderings, and at last bring him back to the camp on Bijou, where we first introduced him to our mountaineers; and as we have already followed them on the Arapaho trail, which they pursued to recover their stolen animals from a band of that nation, we will once again seat ourselves at the camp on Boiling Spring, where they had met a strange hunter on a solitary expedition to the Bayou Salade, and whose double-barrelled

rifle had excited their wonder and curiosity.

From him they learned also that a large band of Mormons were wintering on the Arkansa, *en route* to the Great Salt Lake and Upper California; and as our hunters had before fallen in with the advanced guard of these fanatic emigrants, and felt no little wonder that such helpless people should undertake so long a journey through the wilderness, the stranger narrated to them the history of the sect, which we will also shortly transcribe for the benefit of the reader.

The Mormons were originally of the sect known as "Latter-day Saints," which sect flourishes wherever Anglo-Saxon gulls are found in sufficient numbers to swallow the egregious nonsense of fanatic humbugs who fatten upon their credulity. In the United States they especially abounded; but, the creed becoming "slow," one Joe Smith, a *smart* man, arose from its ranks, and instilled a little life into the decaying sect.

Joe, better known as the "Prophet Joe," was taking his siesta one fine day, upon a hill in one of the New England States, when an angel suddenly appeared to him, and made known the locality of a new Bible or Testament, which contained the history of the lost tribes of Israel; that these tribes were no other than the Indian nations which possessed the continent of America at the time of its discovery, and the remains of which still existed in their savage state; that, through the agency of Joe, these were to be reclaimed, collected into the bosom of a church to be there established, according to principles which would be found in the wonderful book—and which church was gradually to receive into its bosom all other churches, sects, and persuasions, with "unanimity of belief and perfect brotherhood."

After a certain probation, Joe was led in body and spirit to the mountain by the angel who first appeared to him, was pointed out the position of the wonderful book, which was covered by a flat stone, on which would be found two round pebbles, called Urim and Thummim, and through the agency of which the mystic characters inscribed on the pages of the book were to be

deciphered and translated. Joe found the spot indicated without any difficulty, cleared away the earth, and discovered a hollow place formed by four flat stones; on removing the topmost one of which sundry plates of brass presented themselves, covered with quaint and antique carving; on the top lay Urim and Thummim, (commonly known to the Mormons as Mummum and Thummum, the pebbles of wonderful virtue,) through which the miracle of reading the plates of brass was to be performed.

Joe Smith, on whom the mantle of Moses had so suddenly fallen, carefully removed the plates and hid them, burying himself in woods and mountains whilst engaged in the work of translation. However, he made no secret of the important task imposed upon him, nor of the great work to which he had been called. Numbers at once believed him, but not a few were deaf to belief, and openly derided him. Being persecuted, (as the sect declares, at the instigation of the authorities,) and many attempts being made to steal his precious treasure, Joe, one fine night, packed his plates in a sack of beans, bundled them into a Jersey waggón, and made tracks for the West. Here he completed the great work of translation, and not long after gave to the world the "Book of Mormon," a work as bulky as the Bible, and called "of Mormon," for so was the prophet named by whose hand the history of the lost tribes had been handed down in the plates of brass thus miraculously preserved for thousands of years, and brought to light through the agency of Joseph Smith.

The fame of the Book of Mormon spread over all America, and even to Great Britain and Ireland. Hundreds of proselytes flocked to Joe, to hear from his lips the doctrine of Mormonism; and in a very brief period the Mormons became a numerous and recognised sect, and Joe was at once, and by universal acclamation, installed as the head of the Mormon church, and was ever known by the name of the "Prophet Joseph."

However, from certain peculiarities in their social system, the Mormons became rather unpopular in the settled

States, and at length moved bodily into Missouri, where they purchased several tracts of land in the neighbourhood of Independence. Here they erected a large building, which they called the Lord's Store, where goods were collected on the common account, and retailed to members of the church at moderate prices. All this time their numbers increased in a wonderful manner, and immigrants from all parts of the States, as well as Europe, continually joined them. As they became stronger, they grew bolder and more arrogant in their projects. They had hitherto been considered as bad neighbours, on account of their pilfering propensities, and their utter disregard of the conventional decencies of society—exhibiting the greatest immorality, and endeavouring to establish amongst their society a universal concubinage. This was sufficient to produce an ill feeling against them on the part of their neighbours, the honest Missourians; but they still tolerated their presence amongst them, until the Saints openly proclaimed their intention of seizing upon the country, and expelling by force the present occupants—giving, as their reason, that it had been revealed to their prophets that the "Land of Zion" was to be possessed by themselves alone.

The sturdy Missourians began to think this was a little too strong, and that, if they permitted such aggressions any longer, they would be in a fair way of being despoiled of their lands by the Mormon interlopers. At length matters came to a crisis, and the Saints, emboldened by the impunity with which they had hitherto carried out their plans, issued a proclamation to the effect that all in that part of the country, who did not belong to the Mormon persuasion, must "clear out," and give up possession of their lands and houses. The Missourians collected in a body, burned the printing-press from which the proclamation had emanated, seized several of the Mormon leaders, and, after inflicting a summary chastisement, "tarred and feathered" them, and let them go.

To revenge this insult, the Mormons marshalled an army of Saints, and marched upon Independence,

threatening vengeance against the town and people. Here they met, however, a band of sturdy backwoods-men, armed with rifles, determined to defend the town against the fanatic mob, who, not relishing their appearance, refused the encounter, and surrendered their leaders at the first demand. The prisoners were afterwards released, on condition that the Mormons left that part of the country without delay.

Accordingly, they once more "took up their beds and walked," crossing the Missouri to Clay County, where they established themselves, and would finally have formed a thriving settlement but for their own acts of wilful dishonesty. At this time their blasphemous numbers knew no bounds. Joe Smith, and other prophets who had lately arisen, were declared to be chosen of God; and it was the general creed that, on the day of judgment, the former would take his stand on the right hand of the judgment-seat, and that none would pass into the kingdom of heaven without his seal and touch. One of their tenets was the faith in "spiritual matrimony." No woman, it appeared, would be admitted into heaven unless "passed" by a saint. To qualify them for this, it was necessary that the woman should first be received by the guaranteeing Mormon as an "earthly wife," in order that he did not pass in any of whom he had no knowledge. The consequence of this state of things may be imagined. The most debasing immorality was a precept of the order, and an almost universal concubinage existed amongst the sect, which at this time numbered at least forty thousand. Their disregard to the laws of decency and morality was such as could not be tolerated in any class of civilised society.

Again did the honest Missourians set their faces against this pernicious example, and when the county to which the Mormons had removed became more thickly settled, they rose to a man against the modern Gomorrah. The Mormons, by this time, having on their part gained considerable accession to their strength, thought to set the laws at defiance, organised and armed large bodies

of men, in order to maintain the ascendancy over the legitimate settlers, and bid fair to constitute an "imperium in imperio" in the State, and become the sole possessors of the public lands. This, of course, could not be tolerated. Governor Boggs at once ordered out a large force of State militia to put down this formidable demonstration, marched against the Mormons, and suppressed the insurrectionary movement without bloodshed. From Clay County they moved still farther into the wilds, and settled at last in Caldwell County, where they built the town of "Far West," and here they remained for the space of three years.

During this time they were continually receiving converts to the faith, and many of the mere ignorant country people were disposed to join them, being only deterred by the fear of incurring ridicule from the stronger-minded. The body of the Mormons seeing this, called upon their prophet, Joe Smith, to perform a miracle in public before all comers, which was to prove to those of their own people who still doubted the doctrine, the truth of what it advanced—the power of performing miracles was steadfastly declared to be in their hands by the prophets—and to enlist those who wavered in the Mormon cause.

The prophet instantly agreed, and declared that, upon a certain day, he would walk across the broad waters of the Missouri without wetting the soles of his feet. On the appointed day, the river banks were thronged by an expectant crowd. The Mormons sang hymns of praise in honour of their prophet, and were proud of the forthcoming miracle, which was to set finally at rest all doubt as to his power and sanctity.

This power of performing miracles, and effecting miraculous cures of the sick, was so generally believed by the Mormons, that physic was never used amongst them. The prophets visited the beds of the sick, and laid hands upon them, and if, as of course was almost invariably the case, the patient died, it was attributed to his or her want of faith; but if, on the contrary, the patient recovered, there was universal glorification on the miraculous cure.

Joe Smith was a tall, fine-looking man, of most plausible address, and possessed the gift of the gab in great perfection. At the time appointed for the performance of the walking-water miracle, he duly attended on the river banks, and descended barefoot to the edge of the water.

"My brethren!" he exclaimed in a loud voice, "this day is a happy one to me, to us all, who venerate the great and only faith. The truth of our great and blessed doctrine will now be proved before the thousands I see around me. You have asked me to prove by a miracle that the power of the prophets of old has been given to me. I say unto you, not only to me, but to all who have faith. I have faith, and can perform miracles—that faith empowers me to walk across the broad surface of that mighty river without wetting the soles of my unworthy feet; but if ye are to see this miracle performed, it is necessary that ye have faith also, not only in yourselves, but in me. Have ye this faith in yourselves?"

"We have, we have!" roared the crowd.

"Have ye the faith in me, that ye believe I can perform this miracle?"

"We have, we have!" roared the crowd.

"Then," said Joe Smith, coolly walking away, "with such faith do ye know well that I *could*, but it boots not that I *should*, do it; therefore, my brethren, doubt no more!"—and Joe put on his boots and disappeared.

Being again compelled to emigrate, the Mormons proceeded into the state of Illinois, where, in a beautiful situation, they founded the new Jerusalem, which, it had been declared by the prophet Mormon, should rise out of the wilderness of the west, and where the chosen people should be collected under one church, and governed by the elders after a "spiritual fashion."

The city of Nauvoo soon became a large and imposing settlement. An enormous building, called the Temple of Zion, was erected, half church, half hotel, in which Joe Smith and the other prophets resided—and large storehouses were connected with it, in which the goods and chattels belonging to the community were kept for the common good.

However, here, as every where else, they were continually quarrelling with their neighbours; and as their numbers increased, so did their audacity. A regular Mormon militia was again organised and armed, under the command of experienced officers, who had joined the sect; and now the authority of the state government was openly defied. In consequence, the executive took measures to put down the nuisance, and a regular war commenced, and was carried on for some time, with no little bloodshed on both sides; and this armed movement is known in the United States as the Mormon war. The Mormons, however, who, it seemed, were much better skilled in the use of the tongue than the rifle, succumbed: the city of Nauvoo was taken, Joe Smith and other ringleading prophets captured; and the former, in an attempt to escape from his place of confinement was seized and shot. The Mormons declare he had long foretold his own fate, and that when the rifles of the firing party who were his executioners were levelled at the prophet's breast, a flash of lightning struck the weapons from their hands, and blinded for a time the eyes of the sacrilegious soldiers.

With the death of Joe Smith the prestige of the Mormon cause declined; but still thousands of proselytes joined them annually, and at last the state took measures to remove them altogether, as a body, from the country.

Once again they fled, as they themselves term it, before the persecutions of the ungodly! But this time their migration was far beyond the reach of their enemies, and their intention was to place between them the impassable barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and to seek a home and resting-place in the remote regions of the Far West.

This, the most extraordinary migration of modern times, commenced in the year 1845; but it was not till the following year that the great body of the Mormons turned their backs upon the settlements of the United States, and launched boldly out into the vast and barren prairies, without any fixed destination as a goal to their endless journey. For many months, long strings of Pittsburg and Conostoga waggons, with herds of horses and

domestic cattle, wound their way towards the Indian frontier, with the intention of rendezvousing at Council Bluffs on the Upper Missouri. Here thousands of waggons were congregated, with their tens of thousands of men, women, and children, anxiously waiting the route from the elders of the church, who on their parts scarcely knew whither to direct the steps of the vast crowd they had set in motion. At length the indefinite destination of Oregon and California was proclaimed, and the long train of emigrants took up the line of march. It was believed the Indian tribes would immediately fraternise with the Mormons, on their approaching their country; but the Pawnees quickly undeceived them by running off with their stock on every opportunity. Besides these losses, at every camp, horses, sheep, and oxen strayed away and were not recovered, and numbers died from fatigue and want of provender; so that, before they had been many weeks on their journey, nearly all their cattle, which they had brought to stock their new country, were dead or missing, and those that were left were in most miserable condition.

They had started so late in the season, that the greater part were compelled to winter on the Platte, on Grand Island, and in the vicinity, where they endured the greatest privations and suffering from cold and hunger. Many who had lost their stock lived upon roots and pig-nuts; and scurvy, in a most malignant form, and other disorders, carried off numbers of the wretched fanatics.

Amongst them were many substantial farmers from all parts of the United States, who had given up their valuable farms, sold off all their property, and were dragging their irresponsible and unfortunate families into the wilderness—carried away by their blind and fanatic zeal in this absurd and incredible faith. There were also many poor wretches from different parts of England, mostly of the farm-labouring class, with wives and families, crawling along with helpless and almost idiotic despair, but urged forward by the fanatic leaders of the movement, who promised them a land flowing with milk and honey to reward them for all their hardships and privations.

Their numbers were soon reduced

by want and disease. When too late, they often wished themselves back in the old country, and sighed many a time for the beer and bacon of former days, now preferable to the dry buffalo meat (but seldom obtainable) of the Far West.

Evil fortune pursued the Mormons, and dogged their steps. The year following, some struggled on towards the promised land, and of these a few reached Oregon and California. Many were killed by hostile Indians; many perished of hunger, cold, and thirst, in passing the great wilderness; and many returned to the States, penniless and crestfallen, and heartily cursing the moment in which they had listened to the counsels of the Mormon prophet. The numbers who reached their destination of Oregon, California, and the Great Salt Lake, are computed at 20,000, of whom the United States had an unregretted riddance.

One party had followed the troops of the American government intended for the conquest of New Mexico and the Californias. Of these a battalion was formed, and part of it proceeded to Upper California; but the way being impracticable for waggons, some seventy families proceeded up the Arkansa, and wintered near the mountains, intending to cross to the Platte the ensuing spring, and join the main body of emigrants on their way by the south pass of the Rocky Mountains.

In the wide and well-timbered bottom of the Arkansa, the Mormons had erected a street of log shanties, in which to pass the inclement winter. These were built of rough logs of cotton-wood, laid one above the other, the interstices filled with mud, and rendered impervious to wind or wet. At one end of the row of shanties was built the "church" or temple—a long building of huge logs, in which the prayer-meetings and holdings-forth took place. The band wintering on the Arkansa were a far better class than the generality of Mormons, and comprised many wealthy and respectable farmers from the western states, most of whom were accustomed to the life of woodmen, and were good hunters. Thus they were enabled to support their families upon the produce of their rifles, frequently sallying out to the nearest point of the mountains

with a waggon, which they would bring back loaded with buffalo, deer, and elk meat, thereby saving the necessity of killing any of their stock of cattle, of which but few remained.

The mountain hunters found this camp a profitable market for their meat and deer-skins, with which the Mormons were now compelled to clothe themselves, and resorted there for that purpose—to say nothing of the attraction of the many really beautiful Missourian girls who sported their tall graceful figures at the frequent fandangoes. Dancing and preaching go hand in hand in Mormon doctrine, and the "temple" was generally cleared for a hop two or three times during the week, a couple of fiddles doing the duty of orchestra. A party of mountaineers came in one day, bringing some buffalo meat and dressed deer-skins, and were invited to be present at one of these festivals.

Arrived at the temple, they were rather taken aback by finding themselves in for a sermon, which one of the elders delivered preparatory to the "physical exercises." The preacher was one Brown—called, by reason of his commanding a company of Mormon volunteers, "Cap'en Brown,"—a hard-featured, black-coated man of five-and-forty, correctly got up in black continuations and white handkerchief round his neck, a costume seldom seen at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The Cap'en, rising, cleared his voice, and thus commenced, first turning to an elder (with whom there was a little rivalry in the way of preaching,) "Brother Dowdle!" (brother Dowdle blushed and nodded—he was a long tallow-faced man, with black hair combed over his face,) "I feel like holding forth a little this afternoon, before we glorify the Lord,—a—a—in the—a—holy dance. As there are a many strange gentlemen now—a—present, it's about right to tell 'em—a—what our doctrine just is, and so I tells 'em right off what the Mormons is. They are the chosen of the Lord; they are the children of glory, persecuted by the hand of man: they flies here to the wilderness, and, amongst the *Ingine* and the buffler, they lifts up their heads, and cries with a loud voice, Susannah, and hurray for the promised land! Do you believe it? I know it.

"They wants to know whar we're going. Whar the church goes—thar we goes. Yes, to hell, and pull the devil off his throne—that's what we'll do. Do you believe it? I know it.

"Thar's milk and honey in that land as we're going to, and the lost tribes of Israel is thar, and will jine us. They say as we'll starve on the road, bekase thar's no game and no water; but thar's manna up in heaven, and it 'll rain on us, and thar's prophets among us as can make the water 'come.' Can't they, brother Dowdle?"

"Well, they can."

"And now, what have the Gentiles and the Philistines to say against us Mormons? They says we're thieves, and steal hogs; yes, d—— 'em! they say we has as many wives as we like. So we have. I've twenty—forty, myself, and mean to have as many more as I can get. But it's to pass unfortunate females into heaven that I has 'em—yes, to prevent 'em going to roaring flames and damnation that I does it.

"Brother Dowdle," he continued, in a hoarse, low voice, "I've 'give out,' and think we'd better begin the exercises gettful to the Lord."

Brother Dowdle rose, and, after saying that "he didn't feel like saying much, begged to remind all hands, that dancing was solemn music like, to be sung with proper devotion, and not with laughing and talking, of which he hoped to hear little or none; that joy was to be in their hearts, and not on their lips; that they danced for the glory of the Lord, and not their own amusement, as did the Gentiles." After saying thus, he called upon brother Ezra to "strike up:" sundry couples stood forth, and the ball commenced.

Ezra of the violin was a tall, shambling Missourian, with a pair of "homespun" pantaloons thrust into the legs of his heavy boots. Nodding his head in time with the music, he occasionally gave instructions to such of the dancers as were at fault, singing them to the tune he was playing, in a dismal nasal tone,—

"Down the centre—hands across,"

"You, Jake Herring—thump it,"

"Now, you all go right a-head—

Every one of you hump it.

Every one of you—hump it."

The last words being the signal that all should clap the steam on, which they did *con amore*, and with comical seriousness.

A mountaineer, Rube Herring, whom we have more than once met in the course of this narrative, became a convert to the Mormon creed, and held forth its wonderful doctrines to such of the incredulous trappers as he could induce to listen to him. Old Rube stood nearly six feet six in height, and was spare and bony in make. He had picked up a most extraordinary cloth coat amongst the Mormons, which had belonged to some one his equal in stature. This coat, which was of a snuff-brown colour, had its waist about a hand's span from the nape of Rube's neck, or about a yard above its proper position, and the skirts reached to his ancles. A slouching felt-hat covered his head, from which long black hair escaped, hanging in flakes over his lantern-jaws. His pantaloons of buckskin were shrunk with wet, and reached midway between his knees and ankles, and his huge feet were encased in moccasins of buffalo-cow skin.

Rube was never without the book of Mormon in his hand, and his sonorous voice might be heard, at all hours of the day and night, reading passages from its wonderful pages. He stood the badgering of the hunters with most perfect good humour, and said there never was such a book as that ever before printed; that the Mormons were the "biggest kind" of prophets, and theirs the best faith ever man believed in.

Rube had let out one day that he was to be hired as guide by this party of Mormons to the Great Salt Lake; but their destination being changed, and his services not required, a wonderful change came over his mind. He was, as usual, book of Mormon in hand, when brother Brown announced the change in their plans; at which the book was cast into the Arkansa, and Rube exclaimed,— "Cuss your darned Mummum and Thummum! thar's not one among you knows 'fat cow' from 'poor bull,' and you may go h—— for me." And turning away, old Rube spat out a quid of tobacco and his Mormonism together.

Amongst the Mormons was an old man, named Brand, from Memphis

county, state of Tennessee, with a family of a daughter and two sons, the latter with their wives and children. Brand was a wiry old fellow, nearly seventy years of age, but still stout and strong, and wielded axe or rifle better than many a younger man. If truth be told; he was not a very red-hot Mormon, and had joined them as much for the sake of company to California, whither he had long resolved to emigrate, as from any implicit credence in the faith. His sons were strapping fellows, of the sterling stuff that the Western pioneers are made of; his daughter Mary, a fine woman of thirty, for whose state of single blessedness there must doubtless have been sufficient reason; for she was not only remarkably handsome, but was well known in Memphis to be the best-tempered and most industrious young woman in those diggings. She was known to have received several advantageous offers, all of which she had refused; and report said, that it was from having been disappointed in very early life in an *affaire du cœur*, at an age when such wounds sometimes strike strong and deep, leaving a scar difficult to heal. Neither his daughter, nor any of his family, had been converted to the Mormon doctrine, but had ever kept themselves aloof, and refused to join or associate with them; and, for this reason, the family had been very unpopular with the Mormon families on the Arkansa; and hence, probably, one great reason why they now started alone on their journey.

Spring had arrived, and it was time the Mormons should start on their long journey; but whether already tired of the sample they had had of life in the wilderness, or fearful of encountering the perils of the Indian country, not one amongst them, with the exception of old Brand, seemed inclined to pursue the journey farther. That old backwoodsman, however, was not to be deterred, but declared his intention of setting out alone, with his family, and risking all the dangers to be anticipated.

One fine sunny evening in April of 1847, when the cotton-woods on the banks of the Arkansa began to put forth their buds, and robins and blue-birds—harbingers of spring,—were hopping, with gaudy plumage,

through the thickets, three white tilted Conostoga waggons emerged from the timbered bottom of the river, and rumbled slowly over the prairie, in the direction of the Platte's waters. Each waggon was drawn by eight oxen, and contained a portion of the farming implements and household utensils of the Brand family. The teams were driven by the young boys, the men following in rear with shouldered rifles—Old Brand himself, mounted on an Indian horse, leading the advance. The women were safely housed under the shelter of the waggon tilts, and out of the first the mild face of Mary Brand smiled adieu to many of her old companions who had accompanied them thus far, and now wished them "God-speed" on their long journey. Some mountaineers, too, galloped up, dressed in buckskin, and gave them rough greeting,—warning the men to keep their "eyes skinned," and look out for the Arapahos, who were out on the waters of the Platte. Presently all retired, and then the huge waggons and the little company were rolling on their solitary way through the deserted prairies—passing the first of the many thousand miles which lay between them and the "setting sun," as the Indians style the distant regions of the Far West. And on, without casting a look behind him, doggedly and boldly marched old Brand, followed by his sturdy family.

They made but a few miles that evening, for the first day the *start* is all that is effected; and nearly the whole morning is taken up in getting fairly underweigh. The loose stock had been sent off earlier, for they had been collected and corralled the previous night; and, after a twelve hours' fast, it was necessary they should reach the end of the day's journey betimes. They found the herd grazing in the bottom of the Arkansa, at a point previously fixed upon for their first camp. Here the oxen were unyoked, and the waggons drawn up to form the three sides of a small square. The women then descended from their seats, and prepared the evening meal. A huge fire was kindled before the waggons, and round this the whole party collected; whilst large kettles of coffee boiled on it, and hoe-cakes baked upon the embers.

The women were sadly down-

hearted, as well they might be, with the dreary prospect before them; and poor Mary, when she saw the Mormon encampment shut out from her sight by the rolling bluffs, and nothing before her but the bleak, barren prairie, could not divest herself of the idea that she had looked for the last time on civilised fellow-creatures, and fairly burst into tears.

In the morning the heavy waggons rolled on again, across the upland prairies, to strike the trail used by the traders in passing from the south fork of the Platte to the Arkansa. They had for guide a Canadian voyageur, who had been in the service of the Indian traders, and knew the route well, and who had agreed to pilot them to Fort Lancaster, on the north fork of the Platte. Their course led for about thirty miles up the Boiling Spring River, whence they pursued a north-easterly course to the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Platte and Arkansa. Their progress was slow, for the ground was saturated with wet, and exceedingly heavy for the cattle, and they scarcely advanced more than ten miles a-day.

At the camp-fire at night, Antoine, the Canadian guide, amused them with tales of the wild life and perilous adventures of the hunters and trappers who make the mountains their home; often extorting a scream from the women by the description of some scene of Indian fight and slaughter, or beguiling them of a commiserating tear by the narrative of the sufferings and privations endured by those hardy hunters in their arduous life.

Mary listened with the greater interest, since she remembered that such was the life which had been led by one very dear to her—by one, long supposed to be dead, of whom she had never but once, since his departure, nearly fifteen years before, heard a syllable. Her imagination pictured him as the bravest and most daring of these adventurous hunters, and conjured up his figure charging through the midst of whooping savages, or stretched on the ground perishing from wounds, or cold, or famine.

Amongst the characters who figured in Antoine's stories, a hunter named La Bonté was made conspicuous for deeds of hardness and daring. The first mention of the name caused the

blood to rush to Mary's face: not that she for a moment imagined it was her La Bonté, for she knew the name was a common one; but, associated with feelings which she had never got the better of, it recalled a sad epoch in her former life, to which she could not look back without mingled pain and pleasure.

Once only, and about two years after his departure, had she ever received tidings of her former lover. A mountaineer had returned from the Far West to settle in his native State, and had found his way to the neighbourhood of old Brand's farm. Meeting him by accident, Mary, hearing him speak of the mountain hunters, had inquired, tremblingly, after La Bonté. Her informant knew him well—had trapped in company with him—and had heard at the trading fort, whence he had taken his departure for the settlements, that La Bonté had been killed on the Yellow Stone by Blackfeet; which report was confirmed by some Indians of that nation. This was all she had ever learned of the lover of her youth.

Now, upon hearing the name of La Bonté so often mentioned by Antoine, a vague hope was raised in her breast that he was still alive, and she took an opportunity of questioning the Canadian closely on the subject.

"Who was this La Bonté, Antoine, whom you say was so brave a mountaineer?" she asked one day.

"J'ne sais pas, he vas un beau garçon, and strong comme le diable—enfant de garce, mais he pas not care a dam for les sauvages, pe gar. He shoot de centaro avec his carabine; and ride de cheval comme one Comanche. He trap heap castor, (what you call beevare,) and get plenty dollare—mais he open hand vare wide—and got none too. Den, he hont vid de Blackfoot and avec de Cheyenne, and all round de montaignes he hont dam sight."

"But, Antoine, what became of him at last? and why did he not come home, when he made so many dollars?" asked poor Mary.

"Enfant de garce, mais pourquoi he com home? Pe gar, de montaigneman, he love de montaigne and de prairie more better dan he love de grandes villes—même de Saint Louis ou de Montreal. Wagh! La Bonté,

well he one montaigne-man, wagh ! He love de buffaloe, an de chevreaux plus que de bœuf and de monton, may be. Mais on-dit dat he have autre raison—dat de gal he lofe in Missouri not lofe him, and for dis he not go back. Mais now he go ondare, m' on dit. He vas go to de Californie, may be to steal de hos and de mulo—pe gar, and de Espagnols rub him out, and take his hair, so he mort."

"But are you sure of this?" she asked, trembling with grief.

"Ah, now, j'ne suis pas sûr, mais I tink you know dis La Bonté. Enfant de garce, maybe you de gal in Missouri he lofe, and not lofe him. Pe gar ! 'fant de garce ! fort beau garçon dis La Bonté, pourquoi you ne l'aimez pas ? Maybe he not gone ondare. Maybe he turn op, autrefois. De trappares, dey go ondare tree, four, ten times, mais dey turn op twenty time. De sauvage not able for kill La Bonté, ni de dam Espagnols. Ah, non ! ne craignez pas ; pe gar, he not gone ondare encore."

Spite of the good-natured attempts of the Caradian, poor Mary burst into a flood of tears : not that the information took her unawares, for she long had believed him dead ; but because the very mention of his name awoke the strongest feelings within her breast, and taught her how deep was the affection she had felt for him whose loss and violent fate she now bewailed.

As the waggon of the lone caravan roll on towards the Platte, we return to the camp where La Bonté, Killbuck, and the stranger, were sitting before the fire when last we saw them :—Killbuck loquitur.

"The doins of them Mormon fools can't be beat by Spaniards, stranger. Their mummums and thummums you speak of won't 'shine' whar Injuns are about ; nor pint out a trail, whar nothin crossed but rattler-snakes since fust it snow'd on old Pike's Peak. If they pack along them *profits*, as you tell of, who can make it rain hump-ribs and marrow-guts when the crowd gets out of the buffler range, they are 'some,' now, that's a fact. But this child don't believe it. I'd laugh to get a sight on these darned Mormon-ites, I would. They're 'no account,' I guess ; and it's the 'meanest' kind of action to haul their women critters

and their young 'uns to sech a starv-ing country as the Californys."

"They are not all Mormons in the crowd," said the strange hunter ; "and there's one family amongst them with some smartish boys and girls, I tell you. Their name's Brand."

La Bonté looked up from the lock of his rifle, which he was cleaning—but either didn't hear, or, hearing, didn't heed, for he continued his work.

"And they are going to part company," continued the stranger, "and put out alone for Platte and the South Pass."

"They'll lose their hair, I'm thinking," said Killbuck, "if the Rapahos are out thar."

"I hope not," continued the other, "for there's a girl amongst them worth more than that."

"Poor beaver !" said La Bonté, looking up from his work. "I'd hate to see any white gal in the hands of Injuns, and of Rapahos worse than all. Where does she come from, stranger ?"

"Down below St Louis, from Tennessee, I've heard them say."

"Tennessee," cried La Bonté,—"hurrah for the old State ! What's her name, stran—" At this moment Killbuck's old male pricked her ears and snuffed the air, which action catching La Bonté's eye, he rose abruptly, without waiting a reply to his question, and exclaimed, "The old mule smells Injuns, or I'm a Spaniard !"

The hunter did the old mule justice, and she well maintained her reputation as the best "guard" in the mountains ; for in two minutes an Indian stalked into the camp, dressed in a cloth capote, and in odds and ends of civilised attire.

"Rapaho," cried Killbuck, as soon as he saw him ; and the Indian catching the word, struck his hand upon his breast, and exclaimed, in broken Spanish and English mixed, "Si, si, me Arapaho, white man amigo. Come to camp—eat heap *carne*—me amigo white man. Come from Pueblo—hunt cibola—me gun break—no *puedo matar nada : mucha hambre*, (very hungry)—heap eat."

Killbuck offered his pipe to the Indian, and spoke to him in his own language, which both he and La Bonté well understood. They learned that he was married to a Mexican woman, and lived with some hunters at the

Pueblo fort on the Arkansa. He volunteered the information that a war party of his people were out on the Platte trail to intercept the Indian traders on their return from the North Fork; and as some "Mormones" had just started with three waggons in that direction, he said his people would make a "roise." Being muy amigo himself to the whites, he cautioned his present companions from crossing to the "divide," as the "braves," he said, were a "heap" mad, and their hearts were "big," and nothing in the shape of white skin would live before them.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Killbuck, "the Rapahos know me, I'm thinking; and small gain they've made against this child. I've knowed the time when my gun cover could'n't hold more of their scalps."

The Indian was provided with some powder, of which he stood in need; and, after gorging as much meat as his capacious stomach would hold, he left the camp, and started into the mountain.

The next day our hunters started on their journey down the river, travelling leisurely, and stopping wherever good grass presented itself. One morning they suddenly struck a wheel trail, which left the creek banks and pursued a course at right angles to it, in the direction of the "divide." Killbuck pronounced it but a few hours old, and that of three waggons drawn by oxen.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "if them poor devils of Mormonites ain't going head first into the Rapaho trap. They'll be 'gone beaver' afore long."

"Ay," said the strange hunter, "these are the waggons belonging to old Brand, and he has started alone for Laramie. I hope nothing will happen to them."

"Brand!" muttered La Bonté. "I knowed that name mighty well once, years ago; and should hate the worst kind that mischief happened to any one who bore it. This trail's as fresh as paint; and it goes against me to let these simple critters help the Rapahos to their own hair. This child feels like helping 'em out of the scrape. What do you say, old hos?"

"I thinks with you, boy," answered Killbuck, "and go in for following this waggon trail, and telling the poor

critters that there's danger ahead of them. What's your talk, stranger?"

"I go with you," shortly answered the latter; and both followed quickly after La Bonté, who was already trotting smartly on the trail.

Meanwhile the three waggons, containing the household gods of the Brand family, rumbled slowly over the rolling prairie, and towards the upland ridge of the "divide," which, studded with dwarf pine and cedar thickets, rose gradually before them. They travelled with considerable caution, for already the quick eye of Antoine had discovered recent Indian sign upon the trail, and, with mountain quickness, had at once made it out to be that of a war party; for there were no horses with them, and, after one or two of the mocassin tracks, the mark of a rope which trailed upon the ground was sufficient to show him that the Indians were provided with the usual lasso of skin, with which to secure the horses stolen in the expedition. The men of the party were consequently all mounted and thoroughly armed, the waggons moved in a line abreast, and a sharp look-out was kept on all sides. The women and children were all consigned to the interior of the waggons; and the latter had also guns in readiness, to take their part in the defence should an attack be made.

However, they had seen no Indians, and no fresh sign, for two days after they left the Boiling Spring River, and they began to think they were well out of their neighbourhood. One evening they camped on a creek called Black Horse, and, as usual, had corralled the waggons, and fortified as well as circumstances would permit, when three or four Indians suddenly appeared on a bluff at a little distance, and, making signals of peaceable intentions, approached the camp. Most of the men were absent at the time, attending to the cattle or collecting fuel, and only old Brand and one of his young grandchildren, about fourteen years old, remained in camp. The Indians were hospitably received, and regaled with a smoke, after which they began to evince their curiosity by examining every article lying about, and signifying their wishes that it should be given to them. Finding their hints

were not taken, they laid hold of several things which took their fancies, and, amongst others, of the pot which was boiling on the fire, and with which one of them was about very coolly to walk off, when old Brand, who up to this moment had retained possession of his temper, seized it out of the Indian's hand, and knocked him down. One of the others instantly began to draw the buckskin cover from his gun, and would no doubt have taken summary vengeance for the insult offered to his companion, when Mary Brand courageously stepped up to him, and, placing her left hand upon the gun which he was in the act of uncovering, with the other pointed a pistol at his breast.

Whether daunted by the bold act of the girl, or admiring her devotion to her father, the Indian drew himself back, exclaimed "Howgh!" and drew the cover again on his piece, went up to old Brand, who all this time looked him sternly in the face, and, shaking him by the hand, motioned at the same time to the others to be peaceable.

The other whites presently coming into camp, the Indians sat quietly down by the fire, and, when the supper was ready, joined in the repast, after which they gathered their buffalo robes about them, and quietly withdrew. Meanwhile Antoine, knowing the treacherous character of the savages, advised that the greatest precaution should be taken to secure the stock; and before dark, therefore, all the mules and horses were hobbled and secured within the corral, the oxen being allowed to feed at liberty—for the Indians scarcely care to trouble themselves with such cattle. A guard was also set round the camp, and relieved every two hours; the fire was extinguished, lest the savages should fire, by its light, at any of the party, and all slept with rifles ready at their sides. However, the night passed quietly, and nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the camp. The prairie wolves loped hungrily around, and their mournful cry was borne upon the wind as they chased deer and antelope on the neighbouring plain; but not a sign of lurking Indians was seen or heard.

In the morning, shortly after sunrise, they were in the act of yoking

the oxen to the waggons, and driving in the loose animals which had been turned out to feed at daybreak, when some Indians again appeared upon the bluff, and, descending it, confidently approached the camp. Antoine strongly advised their not being allowed to enter; but Brand, ignorant of Indian treachery, replied that, so long as they came as friends they could not be deemed enemies, and allowed no obstruction to be offered to their approach. It was now observed that they were all painted, armed with bows and arrows, and divested of their buffalo robes, appearing naked to the breech-clout, their legs only being protected by deerskin leggings, reaching to the middle of the thigh. Six or seven first arrived, and others quickly followed, dropping in one after the other, until a score or more were collected round the waggons. Their demeanour, at first friendly, soon changed as their numbers increased, and they now became urgent in their demands for powder and lead, and bullying in their manner. A chief accosted Brand, and, through Antoine, informed him "that, unless the demands of his braves were acceded to, he could not be responsible for the consequences; that they were out on the 'war-trail,' and their eyes were red with blood, so that they could not distinguish between white and Utah scalps; that the party, with all their women and waggons, were in the power of the Indian 'braves,' and therefore the white chief's best plan was to make the best terms he could; that all they required was that they should give up their guns and ammunition 'on the prairie,' and all their mules and horses—retaining the 'medicine' buffaloes (the oxen) to draw their waggons."

By this time the oxen were yoked, and the teamsters, whip in hand, only waited the word to start. Old Brand foamed whilst the Indian stated his demands, but, hearing him to the end, exclaimed, "Darn the red devil! I wouldn't give him a grain of powder to save my life. Put out, boys!"—and, turning to his horse, which stood ready saddled, was about to mount, when the Indians sprang at once upon the waggons, and commenced their attack, yelling like fiends.

One jumped upon old Brand, pulled him back as he was rising in the stirrup, and drew his bow upon him at the same moment. In an instant the old backwoodsman pulled a pistol from his belt, and, putting the muzzle to the Indian's heart, shot him dead. Another Indian, flourishing his war-club, laid the old man at his feet; whilst others dragged the women from the waggon, and others rushed upon the men, who made brave fight in their defence.

Mary, when she saw her father struck to the ground, sprang with a shrill cry to his assistance; for at that moment a savage, frightful as red paint could make him, was standing over his prostrate body, brandishing a glittering knife in the air, preparatory to thrusting it into the old man's breast. For the rest, all was confusion—in vain the small party of whites struggled against overpowering numbers. Their rifles cracked but once, and they were quickly disarmed; whilst the shrieks of the women and children, and the loud yells of the Indians, added to the scene of horror and confusion. As Mary flew to her father's side, an Indian threw his lasso at her, the noose falling over her shoulders, and, jerking it tight, he uttered a delighted yell as the poor girl was thrown back violently to the ground. As she fell, another deliberately shot an arrow at her body, whilst the one who had thrown the lasso rushed forward, his scalp-knife flashing in his hand, to seize the bloody trophy of his savage deed. The girl rose to her knees, and looked wildly towards the spot where her father lay bathed in blood; but the Indian pulled the rope violently, dragged her some yards upon the ground, and then rushed with a yell of vengeance upon his victim. He paused, however, as at that moment a shout as fierce as his own sounded at his very ear; and, looking up, he saw La Bonté galloping madly down the bluff, his long hair and the fringes of his hunting-shirt and leggins flying in the wind, his right arm supporting his trusty rifle, whilst close behind him came Killbuck and the stranger. Dashing with loud hurrahs to the scene of action, La Bonté, as he charged down the bluff, caught sight of the girl struggling in the hands

of the ferocious Indian. Loud was the war-shout of the mountaineer, as he struck his heavy spurs to the rowels in his horse's side, and bounded like lightning to the rescue. In a single stride he was upon the Indian, and, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into his very breast, he pulled the trigger, driving the savage backward by the blow itself, at the same moment that the bullet passed through his heart, and tumbled him over stone-dead. Throwing down his rifle, La Bonté wheeled his obedient horse, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, again charged the enemy, into the midst of whom Killbuck and the stranger were dealing death-giving blows. Yelling for victory, the mountaineers rushed at the Indians; and they, panic-struck at the sudden attack, and thinking this was but the advanced guard of a large band, fairly turned and fled, leaving five of their number dead upon the field.

Mary, shutting her eyes to the expected death-stroke, heard the loud shout La Bonté gave in charging down the bluff, and, again looking up, saw the wild-looking mountaineer rush to her rescue, and save her from the savage by his timely blow. Her arms were still pinned by the lasso, which prevented her from rising to her feet; and La Bonté was the first to run to aid her, as soon as the fight was fairly over. He jumped from his horse, cut the skin rope which bound her, raised her from the ground, and, upon her turning up her face to thank him, beheld his never-to-be-forgotten Mary Brand; whilst she, hardly believing her senses, recognised in her deliverer her former lover, and still well-beloved La Bonté.

"What, Mary! can it be you?" he asked, looking intently upon the trembling woman.

"La Bonté, you don't forget me!" she answered, and threw herself sobbing into the arms of the sturdy mountaineer.

There we will leave her for the present, and help Killbuck and his companions to examine the killed and wounded. Of the former, five Indians and two whites lay dead, grandchildren of old Brand, fine lads of fourteen or fifteen, who had fought with the greatest bravery, and lay pierced with

arrows and lance wounds. Old Brand had received a sore buffet, but a hatful of cold water from the creek sprinkled over his face soon restored him. His sons had not escaped scot-free, and Antoine was shot through the neck, and, falling, had actually been half scalped by an Indian, whom the timely arrival of La Bonté had caused to leave his work unfinished.

Silently, and with sad hearts, the survivors of the family saw the bodies of the two boys buried on the river bank, and the spot marked with a pile of loose stones, procured from the rocky bed of the creek. The carcasses of the treacherous Indians were left to be devoured by wolves, and their bones to bleach in the sun and wind—a warning to their tribe, that such foul treachery as they had meditated had met with a merited retribution.

The next day the party continued their course to the Platte. Antoine and the stranger returned to the Arkansa, starting in the night to avoid the Indians; but Killbuck and La Bonté lent the aid of their rifles to the solitary caravan, and, under their experienced guidance, no more Indian perils were encountered. Mary no longer sat perched up in her father's Conostoga, but rode a quiet mustang by La Bonté's side; and no doubt they found a theme with which to while away the monotonous journey over the dreary plains. South Fork was passed, and Laramie was reached. The Sweet Water mountains, which hang over the "pass" to California, were long since in sight; but when the waters of the North Fork of Platte lay before their horses' feet, and the broad trail was pointed out which led to the great valley of Columbia and their promised land, the heads of the oxen were turned *down* the stream, where the shallow waters flow on to join the great Missouri—and not *up*, towards the mountains where they leave their spring-heads, from which springs flow several waters—some coursing their way to the eastward, fertilising, in their route to the Atlantic, the lands of civilised man; others westward, forcing a passage through rocky cañons, and flowing through a barren wilderness, inhabited by fierce and barbarous tribes.

These were the routes to choose from: and, whatever was the cause,

the oxen turned their yoked heads away from the rugged mountains; the teamsters joyfully cracked their ponderous whips, as the waggons rolled lightly down the Platte; and men, women, and children, waved their hats and bonnets in the air, and cried out lustily, "Hurrah for home!"

La Bonté looked at the dark sombre mountains ere he turned his back upon them for the last time. He thought of the many years he had spent beneath their rugged shadow, of the many hardships he had suffered, of all his pains and perils undergone in those wild regions. The most exciting episodes in his adventurous career, his tried companions in scenes of fierce fight and bloodshed, passed in review before him. A feeling of regret was creeping over him, when Mary laid her hand gently on his shoulder. One single tear rolled unbidden down his cheek, and he answered her inquiring eyes: "I'm not sorry to leave it, Mary," he said; "but it's hard to turn one's back upon old friends."

They had a hard battle with Killbuck, in endeavouring to persuade him to accompany them to the settlements. The old mountaineer shook his head. "The time," he said, "was gone by for that. He had often thought of it, but, when the day arrived, he hadn't heart to leave the mountains. Trapping now was of no account, he knew; but beaver was bound to rise, and then the good times would come again. What could he do in the settlements, where there wasn't room to move, and where it was hard to breathe—there were so many people?"

He accompanied them a considerable distance down the river, ever and anon looking cautiously back, to ascertain that he had not gone out of sight of the mountains. Before reaching the forks, however, he finally bade them adieu; and, turning the head of his old grizzled mule westward, he heartily wrung the hand of his comrade La Bonté; and, crying *Yep!* to his well-tried animal, disappeared behind a roll of the prairie, and was seen no more—a thousand good wishes for the welfare of the sturdy trapper speeding him on his solitary way.

Four months from the day when La Bonté so opportunely appeared to rescue Brand's family from the Indians on Black Horse Creek, that worthy

and the faithful Mary were duly and lawfully united in the township church of Brandville, Memphis county, State of Tennessee. We cannot say, in the concluding words of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand novels, that "numerous pledges of mutual love surrounded and cheered them in their declining years," &c. &c.; because it was only on the 24th of July, in the year of our Lord 1847, that La Bonté and Mary Brand were finally made one, after fifteen long years of separation.

The fate of one of the humble characters who have figured in these pages, we must yet tarry a while longer to describe.

During the past winter, a party of mountaineers, flying from overpowering numbers of hostile Sioux, found themselves, one stormy evening, in a wild and dismal cañon near the elevated mountain valley called the "New Park."

The rocky bed of a dry mountain torrent, whose waters were now locked up at their spring-heads by icy fetters, was the only road up which they could make their difficult way: for the rugged sides of the gorge rose precipitously from the creek, scarcely affording a foot-hold to even the active bighorn, which occasionally looked down upon the travellers from the lofty summit. Logs of pine, uprooted by the hurricanes which sweep incessantly through the mountain defiles, and tossed headlong from the surrounding ridges, continually obstructed their way; and huge rocks and boulders, tumbling from the heights and blocking up the bed of the stream, added to the difficulty, and threatened them every instant with destruction.

Towards sundown they reached a point where the cañon opened out into a little shelving glade or prairie, a few hundred yards in extent, the entrance to which was almost hidden by a thicket of dwarf pine and cedar. Here they determined to encamp for the night, in a spot secure from Indians, and, as they imagined, untrodden by the foot of man.

What, however, was their astonishment, on breaking through the cedar-covered entrance, to perceive a solitary horse standing motionless in the centre of the prairie. Drawing near, they found it to be an old grizzled mustang, or Indian pony, with

cropped ears and ragged tail, (well picked by hungry mules,) standing doubled up with cold, and at the very last gasp from extreme old age and weakness. Its bones were nearly through the stiffened skin, the legs of the animal were gathered under it; whilst its forlorn-looking head and stretched-out neck hung listlessly downwards, almost overbalancing its tottering body. The glazed and sunken eye—the protruding and froth-covered tongue—the heaving flank and quivering tail—declared its race was run; and the driving sleet and snow, and penetrating winter blast, scarce made impression upon its callous, insensible, and worn-out frame.

One of the band of mountaineers was Marcellin, and a single look at the miserable beast was sufficient for him to recognise the once renowned Nez-percé steed of old Bill Williams. That the owner himself was not far distant he felt certain; and, searching carefully around, the hunters presently came upon an old deserted camp, before which lay, protruding from the snow, the blackened remains of pine logs. Before these, which had been the fire, and leaning with his back against a pine trunk, and his legs crossed under him, half covered with snow, reclined the figure of the old mountaineer, his snow-capped head bent over his breast. His well-known hunting-coat of fringed elk-skin hung stiff and weather-stained about him; and his rifle, packs, and traps, were strewn around.

Awe-struck, the trappers approached the body, and found it frozen hard as stone, in which state it had probably lain there for many days or weeks. A jagged rent in the breast of his leather coat, and dark stains about it, showed he had received a wound before his death; but it was impossible to say whether to this hurt, or to sickness, or to the natural decay of age, was to be attributed the wretched and solitary end of poor Bill Williams.

A friendly bullet cut short the few remaining hours of the trapper's faithful steed; and burying, as well as they were able, the body of the old mountaineer, the hunters next day left him in his lonely grave, in a spot so wild and remote, that it was doubtful whether even hungry wolves would discover and disinter his attenuated corpse.

THE LATE GEORGE FREDERICK RUXTON.

THE readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who for six succeeding months have followed La Bonté and his mountain companions through the hardships, humours, and perils of "Life in the Far West," will surely not learn with indifference, that the gallant young author of those spirited sketches has prematurely departed to his long home, from that Transatlantic land whose prairies and forests he so well loved to tread, and the existence and eccentricities of whose wildest sons he so ably and pleasantly portrayed. Nearly a month has now elapsed since the London newspapers contained the mournful tidings of the death, at St Louis on the Mississippi, and at the early age of twenty-eight, of Lieutenant George Frederick Ruxton, formerly of her Majesty's 89th regiment, known to the reading world as the author of a volume of Mexican adventure, and of the above-named contributions to this Magazine. The former work has too completely gained the suffrages of the public to need commendation at our hands: it divides, with Madame Calderon de la Barca's well-known volumes, the merit of being the best narration extant of travel and general observation in modern Mexico.

Many individuals, even in the most enterprising periods of our history, have been made the subjects of elaborate biography, with far less title to the honour than our late departed friend. Time was not granted him to embody in a permanent shape more than a tithe of his personal experiences, and strange adventures, in three quarters of the globe; indeed, when we consider the amount of physical labour which he endured, and the extent of the fields over which his wanderings were spread, we are almost led to wonder how he could have found leisure even to have written so much. At the early age of seventeen, Mr Ruxton quitted Sandwich, to learn the practical part of a soldier's profession on the field of civil war then raging in the peninsula of Spain. He received a commission in a royal regiment of lancers, under the command of Don Diego Leon, and was actively engaged in several of the most important combats of the campaign. For his marked gallantry on these occasions, he received from Queen Isabella II. the cross of the first class of the order of St Fernando, an honour which has seldom been awarded to one so young. On his return from Spain he found himself gazetted to a commission in the 89th regiment; and it was while serving with that distinguished corps in Canada that he first became acquainted with the stirring scenes of Indian life, which he has since so graphically portrayed. His eager and enthusiastic spirit soon became wearied with the monotony of the barrack-room; and, yielding to that impulse which in him was irresistibly developed, he resigned his commission, and directed his steps towards the stupendous wilds, only tenanted by the red Indian, or the solitary American trapper.

Those who are familiar with his writings cannot fail to have remarked the singular delight with which the author dwells upon the recollections of this portion of his career, and the longing which he carried with him to the hour of death, for a return to those scenes of primitive freedom. "Although liable to an accusation of barbarism," he writes, "I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall, but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Ba you Salade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant cayute which nightly serenaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine-logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well-filled bellies, standing contentedly at rest over their picket-fires, I would sit cross-legged enjoying the genial warmth, and, pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upwards, building castles in its vapoury wreaths, and, in the fantastic shapes it assumed, peopling the solitude with figures of those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the

luxuries of civilised life; and, unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilised of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty, and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing and sighing again once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements."

On his return to Europe from the Far West, Mr Ruxton, animated with a spirit as enterprising and fearless as that of Raleigh, planned a scheme for the exploration of Central Africa, which was thus characterised by the president of the Royal Geographical Society, in his anniversary address for 1845:—"To my great surprise, I recently conversed with an ardent and accomplished youth, Lieutenant Ruxton, late of the 89th regiment, who had formed the daring project of traversing Africa in the parallel of the southern tropic, and has actually started for this purpose. Preparing himself by previous excursions on foot, in North Africa and Algeria, he sailed from Liverpool early in December last, in the *Royalist*, for Ichaboe. From that spot he was to repair to Walvish Bay, where we have already mercantile establishments. The intrepid traveller had received from their agents of the establishments such favourable account of the nations towards the interior, as also of the nature of the climate, that he has the most sanguine hopes of being able to penetrate to the central region, if not of traversing it to the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique. If this be accomplished, then indeed will Lieutenant Ruxton have acquired for himself a permanent name among British travellers, by making us acquainted with the nature of the axis of the great continent of which we possess the southern extremity."

In pursuance of this hazardous scheme, Ruxton, along with a single companion, landed on the coast of Africa, a little to the south of Ichaboe, and commenced his journey of exploration. But it seemed as if both nature and man had combined to baffle the execution of his design. The course of their travel lay along a desert of moving sand, where no water was to be found, and little herbage, save a coarse tufted grass, and twigs of the resinous myrrh. The immediate place of their destination was Angra Peguena, on the coast, described as a frequented station, but which in reality was deserted. One ship only was in the offing when the travellers arrived, and, to their inexpressible mortification, they discovered that she was outward bound. No trace was visible of the river or streams laid down in the maps as falling into the sea at this point, and no resource was left to the travellers save that of retracing their steps—a labour for which their strength was hardly adequate. But for the opportune assistance of a body of natives, who encountered them at the very moment when they were sinking from the influence of fatigue and thirst, Ruxton and his companion would have been added to the catalogue long of those whose lives have been sacrificed in the attempt to explore the interior of this fatal country.

The jealousy of the traders, and of the missionaries settled on the African coast, who constantly withheld or perverted that information which was absolutely necessary for the successful prosecution of the journey, induced Ruxton to abandon the attempt for the present. He made, however, several interesting excursions towards the interior, and more especially in the country of the Bosjesmans.

Finding that his own resources were inadequate for the accomplishment of his favourite project, Mr Ruxton, on his return to England, made application for Government assistance. But though this demand was not altogether refused, it having been referred to, and favourably reported on by, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, so many delays were interposed that Ruxton, in disgust, resolved to withdraw from the scheme, and to abandon that field of African research which he had already contemplated from its borders. He next bent his steps to Mexico; and, fortunately, has presented to the world his reminiscences of that country, in one of the most fascinating volumes which, of late years, has issued from the press. It would, however,

appear that the scheme of African research, the darling project of his life, had again recurred to him at a later period; for, in the course of the present, spring, before setting out on that journey which was destined to be his last we find the following expressions in a letter addressed to us:

"My movements are uncertain; for I am trying to get up a yacht voyage to Borneo and the Indian Archipelago; have volunteered to Government to explore Central Africa; and the Aborigines Protection Society wish me to go out to Canada to organise the Indian tribes; whilst, for my own part and inclination, I wish to go to all parts of the world at once."

As regards his second work, we shall not, under the circumstances, be deemed egotistical, if we here, at the close of its final portion, express our very high opinion of its merits. Written by a man untrained to literature, and whose life, from a very early age, had been passed in the field and on the road, in military adventure and travel, its style is yet often as remarkable for graphic terseness and vigour, as its substance every where is for great novelty and originality. The narrative of "*Life in the Far West*" was first offered for insertion in *Blackwood's Magazine* in the spring of the present year, when the greater portion of the manuscript was sent, and the remainder shortly followed.

The wildness of the adventures which he relates have, perhaps not unnaturally, excited suspicions in certain quarters as to their actual truth and fidelity. It may interest our readers to know, that the scenes described by the author are faithful pictures of the results of his personal experience. The following are extracts from letters addressed to us in the course of last summer:—

"I have brought out a few more softening traits in the characters of the mountaineers—but not at the sacrifice of truth—for some of them have their good points, which, as they are rarely allowed to rise to the surface, must be laid hold of at once, before they sink again. Killbuck—that 'old hos' *par exemple*, was really pretty much of a gentleman, as was La Bonté. Bill Williams, another 'hard case,' and Rube Herring, were 'some' too.

"The scene where La Bonté joins the Chase family is so far true that he did make a sudden appearance; but, in reality, a day before the Indian attack. The Chases (and I wish I had not given the proper name*) did start for the Platte alone, and were stampeded upon the waters of the Platte.

"The Mexican fandango is true to the letter. It does seem difficult to understand how they contrived to keep their knives out of the hump-ribs of the mountaineers; but how can you account for the fact that, the other day, 4000 Mexicans, with 13 pieces of artillery, behind strong intrenchments and two lines of parapets, were routed by 900 raw Missourians; 300 killed, as many more wounded, all their artillery captured, as well as several hundred prisoners; and that not one American was killed in the affair? *This is positive fact.*

"I myself, with three trappers, cleared a fandango at Taos, armed only with bowie-knives—some score Mexicans, at least, being in the room.

"With regard to the incidents of Indian attacks, starvation, cannibalism, &c., I have invented not one out of my own head. They are all matters of history in the mountains; but I have, no doubt, jumbled the *dramatis personæ* one with another, and may have committed anachronisms in the order of their occurrence."

* In accordance with this suggestion, the name was changed to Brand. The mountaineers, it seems, are more sensitive to type than to tomahawks; and poor Ruxton, who always contemplated another expedition among them, would sometimes jestingly speculate upon his reception, should they learn that he had shown them up in print.

Again he wrote to us as follows:—

"I think it would be as well to correct a misapprehension as to the truth or fiction of the paper. It is *no fiction*. There is no incident in it which has not actually occurred, nor one character who is not well known in the Rocky Mountains, with the exception of two whose names are changed—the originals of these being, however, equally well known with the others."

His last letter, written just before his departure from England, a few weeks previously to his death, will hardly be read by any who ever knew the writer, without a tear of sympathy with the sad fate of this fine young man, dying miserably in a strange land, before he had well commenced the adventurous journey whose excitement and dangers he so joyously anticipated:—

"As you say, human nature can't go on feeding on civilised fixings in this 'big village;' and this child has felt like going West for many a month, being half froze for buffer meat and mountain doins. My route takes me *via* New York, the Lakes, and St Louis, to Fort Leavenworth, or Independence on the Indian frontier. Thence packing my 'possibles' on a mule, and mounting a buffalo horse, (Panchito, if he is alive,) I strike the Santa Fé trail to the Arkansa, away up that river to the mountains, winter in the Bayou Salade, where Killbuck and La Bonté joined the Yutes, cross the mountains next spring to Great Salt Lake — and that's far enough to look forward to — always supposing my hair is not lifted by Comanche or Pawnee on the scalping route of the Coon Creeks and Pawnee Fork.

"If anything turns up in the expedition which would 'shine' in Maga, I will send you a despatch.—Meanwhile," &c. &c.

Poor fellow! he spoke lightly, in the buoyancy of youth and a confident spirit, of the fate he little thought to meet, but which too surely overtook him — not indeed by Indian blade, but by the no less deadly stroke of disease. Another motive, besides that love of rambling and adventure, which, once conceived and indulged, is so difficult to eradicate, impelled him across the Atlantic. He had for some time been out of health at intervals, and he thought the air of his beloved prairies would be efficacious to work a cure. In a letter to a friend, in the month of May last, he thus referred to the probable origin of the evil:—

"I have been confined to my room for many days, from the effects of an accident I met with in the Rocky Mountains, having been spilt from the bare back of a mule, and falling on the sharp picket of an Indian lodge on the small of my back. I fear I injured my spine, for I have never felt altogether the thing since, and shortly after I saw you, the symptoms became rather ugly. However, I am now getting round again."

His medical advisers shared his opinion that he had sustained internal injury from this ugly fall; and it is not improbable that it was the remote, but real cause of his dissolution. Up to the time of writing, (21st October,) however, no details of his death have reached his afflicted friends, nor any account of it, other than that given by the public journals. From whatsoever it ensued, it will be a source of deep and lasting regret to all who ever enjoyed opportunities of appreciating the high and sterling qualities of George Frederick Ruxton. Few men, so prepossessing on first acquaintance, gained so much by being better known. With great natural abilities, and the most dauntless bravery, he united a modesty and gentleness peculiarly pleasing. Had he lived, and resisted his friends' repeated solicitations to abandon a roving life, and settle down in England, there can be little doubt that he would have made his name eminent on the list of those daring and persevering men, whose travels in distant and dangerous lands have accumulated for England, and for the world, so rich a store of scientific and general information. And, although the few words we have thought it right and becoming here to devote to his memory, will doubtless be more particularly welcome to his personal friends, we are persuaded that none will peruse without interest this brief tribute to the merits of a gallant soldier, and accomplished English gentleman.

THE NAVAL WAR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE navy of England is the right arm of the British empire. The gallantry of British troops requires no praise of ours, as it admits of no doubt on the part of our enemies. But until some convulsion of the globe shall make England *Continental*, so long must her chief force be naval, her chief defence be by her strength at sea, and her chief victories be gained on the ocean.

The navy has another incomparable adaptation to the especial circumstances of England. Her empire is colonial: the extent of Great Britain itself scarcely equals one of those provinces beyond the ocean which Providence has given into her hands. Their defence, their maintenance, and their existence, must depend on the superiority of our fleet: if it were once extinguished, the British empire must be again contracted within the British Isles.

A third, and perhaps a more important qualification than either, is—that a fleet is the only form of national force which can *never* endanger national freedom.

On those *data*, the question of *national* fleets is easily decided. England is not only the first naval power in the world, but she must *continue* the first; because a fleet is *necessary* to her existence, which it is *not* to that of any other European throne. This is the dictate of nature, and is therefore a *law*. Other powers may possess a fleet as an appendage to their national strength, as suitable to their rank, or as adding to their means of hostilities. Still, to them, a fleet is not a *necessity*. Russia, France, and Spain have no more *necessity* for a fleet, than Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland! But England, without a fleet, would be exposed to invasion on every point of a coast extending two thousand miles. Her wealth is all loose upon the ocean; her chief territories are all beyond

the ocean: thus, *without* a fleet, she would be almost wholly without the means of external defence, of retaliation for injuries, and of the commerce which is the most essential basis of her revenue. The result is, that, while the Continental kingdoms might be powerful states, yet not possess a ship on the seas, England, stripped of her naval superiority, would instantly sink from her high position, would lose the larger portion of her power, would be separated from her most important colonies, would see her revenues decay,—and, if assailed by a foreign enemy, would see her resources suddenly stopped, and must prepare for the last extremities of struggle, hand to hand.

In this view, we do not confine the question to the national fondness for the sea—to that mixture of boldness and skill which predominates in the character of our sailors, and forms the especial qualification of a seafaring people,—nor to national superiority of any kind; but to the simple fact, that the possession of predominant power on the ocean *cannot* be dispensed with by England, while it *can* be dispensed with by every other power of the globe.

There is also another reason for this supremacy; arising from the fact, that England may throw her whole national force into a navy; while other powers, however ambitious of naval eminence, *must* at least divide their force between the land and sea services. France, with its immense frontier, must keep up an immense army during war. Russia, with a frontier from the Niemen to the North Pole, must keep up an immense army at all times. The maintenance of those armies is essential to the national existence, while the maintenance of a fleet is only gratifying to the national ambition. The consequence is as clear as a matter of arithmetic. France

Sketches of the Last Naval War; from the French of Captain GRAVIERE. By the Hon. Captain PLUNKET. 2 vols. Longman.

and Russia, attacking England separately, *must* be ultimately beaten. America, even if she were "a more formidable opponent than either, will also be beaten, and for the same reason. A fleet is not *essential* to her; the undivided force of the States will never be applied to her navy. The national strength will be expanded over inland conquest; the sea-coast towns will be rapidly reduced to insignificance by the superiority of the great inland settlements; and the time will come, when the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, will have no more weight with the inland powers of Louisiana and the prairies, than Brighton or Broadstairs have with the power of London. They will be watering places, or, at best, warehousing places, and will be no more able to keep up a navy, than the Isle of Thanet would be able to keep up the Channel fleet. All this, however, tends only to show, that a fleet is the supreme instrument of British dominion; and that its strength, its skill, and its discipline, should employ the utmost activity, liberality, and vigilance of every Cabinet which desires to do its duty to the empire.

We now proceed to give some account of the interesting and intelligent work of which Captain Phunket has supplied the translation, accompanied with valuable explanatory notes of his own.

Some time since, there appeared in the well-known Parisian *Revue des deux Mondes*, articles on the English and French naval systems, by a French officer, Captain de la Gravière. The object of those papers was less to give a history of the naval war, than to ascertain the causes of that almost unbroken series of triumphs which made the fame of the British fleet; and, on the other hand, which ultimately extinguished the fleet of a nation so brave, ambitious, and enterprising as the French.

M. de la Gravière, to his credit, had not followed the usual "perfidious Albion" style of the French journalists, nor exhibited that jesuitical evasion of fact, and the perpetual peevishness against England, which marks and disgraces French history. He never sinks English success into failure, or

inflates French failure into victory. He writes with the calmness of a man in search of the truth; judges with every visible *intention* of impartiality; examines the private documents of the transactions; and pronounces a judgment which, though obviously and essentially *French*, is perhaps as honest an effort in pursuit of the reality of things, as is compatible with the nature of our clever and lively libellers on the other side of the Channel.

Those volumes begin by some striking remarks of Napoleon at St Helena. This extraordinary man never spoke of his defeat at Acre in 1799 but with bitter regret. He declared that it was his intention, had he taken that fortress, to have marched to Constantinople at the head of the tribes of Mount Lebanon, or to have followed the steps of Alexander to the Indus. His repulse from Acre, he always said, "marred his destiny."

All this verbiage of the great Captain, however, has been sufficiently exposed by the actual event. He could no more have marched to Constantinople than he could have marched to the Indus, nor have marched to the Indus more than he could have marched to the Pole star. With but 40,000 men, (the whole number which landed in Egypt,) it would have been utterly impossible for him to have carried a force through Syria and Asia Minor equal to the attack on Constantinople—even if the Russians were not *at hand*. The march to the Indus would have lain through the deserts of Arabia and Persia, and have stripped him down to a corporal's guard before he had got half-way. A French foot would never have been dipt in that far-famed river, which is now a British Canal. The tribes of Lebanon would no more have recruited his ranks, than they would have given him their sequins. His destiny lay in another direction. No man knew this better; and doubtless he rejoiced, when he found himself on board the frigate carrying him westward, and relieving him of the "glory" of being slaughtered by the Arabs, and engulfed by the sands.

But the inveterate hostility of

Napoleon seemed to rage against England, with the ravening of a mad dog, who dies biting the club which has laid him on the ground. All his anti-English policy was a succession of gross and ruinous blunders. To assail England without a fleet was naturally impossible. To form a fleet for the purpose of assailing her was, therefore, always a new temptation. If, after the First of June, which destroyed the Channel fleet of France, and the burning of the arsenals of Toulon, which destroyed her Mediterranean fleet, France had never built another vessel beyond the tonnage of a coaster, she would have shown her good sense. But Napoleon, when in the plenitude of power, went on building huge vessels, only to see them sent into English ports.

The waste of time, waste of thought, and waste of money, on those projects of English invasion, were among the most capital faults of his extravagant career. He might have made France the great corn country, or the great garden of Europe, with half the sums which he threw away only to be beaten. His fifty ships of the line which were to sweep the Channel, in the absence of our fleet—his one hundred and twenty thousand men on the shore of Boulogne—all only enhanced the naval glory of the great commander; who, after pursuing the French flying squadron of eighteen great ships, with ten, to the West Indies, finished in one day the naval war, extinguished the existence of the French and Spanish navies, and crowned his own gallant career.

The impolicy of these attempts was equally exhibited in another form—they stimulated at once the power and the spirit of England. The monotony of a war of defence would have disgusted the gallantry of the nation, but the victories of the British navy continually cheered the people under the burdens of the war. What minister could have dared to propose a "compromising" peace, on the day after the battle of the Nile? What minister would have dared to propose any peace on the day after Trafalgar? The war, too, broke down more than the French fleet—it buried the Opposition.

The French author divides his history into three periods—the first, that of the battles of Howe and Hood,

of Hotham and Bridport; the second, that of Jervis; the third, (from 1798 to 1805) belonging to Nelson, without an equal, without even a competitor—the most glorious series of successes ever won on the ocean.

The true definition of these volumes is, in fact, a "Life of Nelson"—a hurried, but clear and animated memoir, on a subject which can never be too often repeated to the ear or the heart of Englishmen; but a subject which is here coloured with the inevitable, and yet not unamusing, prejudices of a Frenchman and an enemy. He admits Nelson to have been a naval hero, while he labours to show that his chief successes arose from a lofty disregard of circumstances, a native contempt of rule, a transcendental rashness, which, continually exposing him to the chance of utter ruin, strangely always issued in victory. But those views are wholly imaginary. It is the foreign habit, to be perpetually in pursuit of *astonishment*; to think nothing meritorious which is not *magical*; and to carry into the greatest and gravest operations of public life the passion for the harlequinades of the theatre. The supremacy of Nelson arose from the more substantial grounds, of a thorough knowledge of his profession, of a strict deference for discipline, and a sort of instinctive and unhesitating determination to do the work set before him, with all the powers of his mind and frame. He, of course, possessed personal intrepidity in the most complete degree; but this amounted simply to the exposure of his life on all occasions where duty was to be done. Nelson was no fire-eater—no man of quarrel. We are not aware that he ever fought a duel. But he knew what was due to himself as much as any man—a fact shown by his answer to the Governor of Jamaica, who, having, on some remonstrances to him, rather haughtily observed, "that old generals were not accustomed to take advice from young captains." Nelson retorted by letter—"That he was of the same age as the prime minister of England, (Pitt), and that he thought himself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships, as the premier was of governing the state."

But Nelson could not have gained

his glories alone : he made his captains like himself ; and every sailor in his fleet was ready to die along with him. His art in this was the simple one of justice. He acknowledged every man's merit. The officer who distinguished himself, was sure of receiving due honour from Nelson ; promotion was regulated by service, and every brave man was confident in the recommendation of the admiral. He was also a kind man by nature : he hated punishment on board ; he spoke good-naturedly to the sailors ; he even gave way to any peculiarity which was not injurious to discipline. Some of his crew had become Methodists, and, offended with the general coarse conversation of the ship, desired to have their mess separate. Nelson immediately gave the required permission. The hearts of men naturally follow such a leader.

He had also the powerful sagacity which insures confidence ; and no man doubted that, when Nelson commanded, he was leading to victory. He was, besides, a master of his profession—all his battles were the finest lessons of the tactician. He was never out-manœuvred ; he was never surprised ; he was never even thrown into any difficulty, for which he had not a ready resource. The "Nelson touch" became proverbial ; and the variety, completeness, and brilliancy of his plans for action sometimes excited the most extraordinary emotion, even to tears, among his officers. Something of this kind is said to have occurred on the final summoning of his captains into the cabin of the *Victory*, and laying before them his plan for the battle of Trafalgar.

Nelson had also the power, perhaps the most characteristic of genius, of throwing his thought into those shapes of vividness which penetrate at once to the understanding. When, on steering down for the French line at Aboukir, some one observed to him that the enemy were anchored too near the shore, for the British to pass within them ;—"Where a French ship can swing, a British ship can anchor," was his decisive reply ; and, he instantly rushed in, and placed the French line between two fires. Another of those noble maxims was—"The captain cannot be wrong, who lays his ship alongside the enemy."

It contains the whole theory of British battle. His "I can see no signal," when he was told that Admiral Parker had made the signal for retiring at Copenhagen, would have been immortalised, with the act which accompanied it, among the most brilliant "sayings and doings" of ancient Greece. But his last and well-known signal at Trafalgar surpassed all the rest, as much as the triumph surpassed these triumphs. The addresses of Napoleon to his armies were unquestionably fine performances. They spoke to the Frenchman by his feelings, his recollections, his personal pride, and his national renown. But, with the animation of the trumpet, they had its sternness and harshness. They were invocations to the French idol, that was to be worshipped only with perpetual blood. But the signal at Trafalgar recalled the Englishman only to the feelings of home. The voice of war never spoke a language more capable of being combined with all the purposes of peace. "England expects every man to do his duty" was fitted to bring before the Englishman the memory of his country, his home, his wife and children, all who might feel concerned in his conduct and character in the proud transactions of that great day. We think it the noblest appeal to national feeling ever made by a warrior to warriors.

Yet, what was the especial secret of that supreme rank which Nelson held over all the naval leaders of his time ? Others may have been as intelligent, and indefatigable, and, it is to be hoped, all were as brave. The secret was—that Nelson was never satisfied with what he had done, and that he never *half did* anything. There was no "drawn battle," among his recollections. This is the more remarkable, as, for fifty years before, nearly all our naval battles had been drawn battles. Rodney's defeat of de Grasse was the great exception. British admirals, who were afraid of nothing else, were afraid of losing their masts ! and were content with knocking down those of the enemy. Great fleets met each other, passed in parallel lines, fired their broadsides as they passed, one to the north and the other to the south. They might as well have been firing salutes. The wind soon carried

them out of sight of each other; the admirals sat down in their cabins to write their respective histories of "the battle," which would have been only too much honoured by being called a *brush*; and the fleets went by mutual consent into harbour. In this sort of *War!* the French were as clever as we; and the Suffreins, di Guichens, d'Estaings, and Villeneuves, made their fame on this system of cannonading a mile off, and getting out of the way as quickly as possible.

Rodney first spoiled the etiquette of those affairs, by driving straight forward through the enemy's line, changing the easy parallel for the fighting perpendicular, and compelling at least one-half of the Frenchmen to come to close quarters. This was the method of Jervis, when his captain told him, that the fleet on which he was bearing down in the morning twilight were at least twenty. "If they were fifty," said the brave sailor, "*I'll drive through them*." He drove through them accordingly, and beat the Spaniards, with half their numbers.

Wellington observed, in the Peninsula, that the generals commanding under him were afraid of nothing but responsibility. This fear arose from the ignorant insolence, with which the loungers of the legislature were in the habit of fighting campaigns over their coffee-cups. It is to be hoped that the fashion has since changed. But Wellington demurred to the authority, and Nelson seemed not to have thought of its existence. They both supplied the sufficient answer to the *home* campaigners, by beating the enemy wherever they met him.

We find a striking evidence of the hatred of "doing well enough" in one of Nelson's letters to his wife, on Hotham's battle with the French, under Martin, off Genoa, in 1795. Hotham was one of the old school, and though, in two awkward engagements, he had taken two of the French line, while a third had been burned, Nelson was indignant that the whole French fleet had not been captured. He had urged the admiral to leave the disabled ships in charge of the frigates, and chase the French.

"But," says the letter, "he, much cooler than myself, said, 'we must be

contented—we had done very well.'"

Nelson's evidently disgusted remark on this species of contentment is—"Had we taken ten sail, and suffered the eleventh to escape, when we could have got at her, I could *never* have called it *well done*." In another part he says, "I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the British fleet. I should very soon do much, or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. *Sure I am*, that, had I commanded our fleet on the 14th, the whole French fleet would have graced our triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape." This was the language which, like the impulse of a powerful instinct, predicted the days of Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar.

But the drag-chain on the progress of British intrepidity was at length to be taken off. Hotham was succeeded by Jervis. This eminent officer instantly reformed the whole condition of the Mediterranean fleet. He had evidently adopted the same conception of naval merit, which Nelson had so long kept before his eye. In selecting him for the command of the squadron sent to the Nile, Jervis wrote to the admiralty; "Nelson is an officer, who, whatever you bid him do, is sure to *do more*." And, in this spirit, Nelson was not content with running to Alexandria, and returning to say, that he found no one there; his resolve was, to find the French, wherever they were, and fight them wherever they were found.

One word still for gallant old Jervis, the man who first confirmed the discipline of the navy. His firmness was the secret. When the Irish conspirators on board the Channel fleet had spread the spirit of mutiny in 1797, Jervis was warned from the admiralty that his fleet was in danger. It was suggested to him by some of his officers, to stop the letters from home: "No," said he, "the precaution is useless: I will answer for it that the commander-in-chief of *this* fleet will know how to maintain his authority, if it is threatened."

But he left nothing to chance: he prohibited communication between the ships—he sent for the captains of marines, and ordered that their men should mess and sleep separately from

the sailors; that the sailors should not be suffered to converse in Irish, and that the officers should be on the alert. He hanged the detected mutineers without delay. Forgiveness was out of the question. To Captain Pellew, who had interceded in favour of a mutineer, whose conduct had previously been irreproachable, he replied, "We have, we think, punished only the worthless. It is time, that our men should learn, that no past conduct can redeem an act of treason."

Nothing could be more rational, or even more necessary, than this determination; for treason is the most comprehensive of all crimes. The mere robber, or murderer, commits his single act of guilt—but the guilt of the traitor may cost the lives of thousands. The traitor is never to be regarded as a solitary criminal, and this maxim was never more necessary than at this moment. If laws are to be turned into sentimentality, and conspiracy is to be dealt with like the tricks of children, there must be an end of all security to *honest men*. If the villains who have been lately inflaming the Irish mind into madness, had been hanged by the sentence of the drum-head, within half an hour after their seizure, there would have been no necessity, at this moment, for keeping up a garrison of 15,000 men in Ireland. Martial law is the *only* law fit for the ruffians of the torch and pike, and the gibbet is the only moral which they will ever comprehend. To suppose that the Irish conspirators had even entertained the expectation of forming an established government, or of being suffered by England, to raise a republic—or that any man out of Bedlam could have dreamt of the possibility of waging a successful war against England, while her fleets might starve Ireland in a week, and nothing but English alms even now enable her to live—would be absolute folly. The true object of Irish conspiracy was, and is, and will always be, robbery and revenge; a short burst of rapine and blood, followed by again running away, again begging pardon, again living on alms, and again laughing at the weak indulgence and insulted clemency of England.

Jervis, instead of listening to the cant of men of blood whining about

their wives and children, hanged them; and, by thus ridding his fleet of a nest of villains, saved it from destruction, and perhaps, with it, saved not merely the lives of thousands of brave men, whom their impunity might have debauched into conspiracy, but saved the honour of our naval name, and restored the enfeebled hopes of his country.

We here quote with pleasure from the Frenchman:—"Jervis, in the face of those symptoms, which threatened the British navy with disaffection, sternly devoted himself to the establishment of *implicit obedience*. The efficient organisation of the fleet was the labour of his life, and occupied his latest thoughts. Never rash himself, he nevertheless opened the way for the most daring deeds. Nelson rushed into the arena, and, with the rapidity of lightning, showed the latent results of the change. The governing principle witnessed, rather than decreed the change. Its source, in fact, was *not* in the Admiralty, but in those floating camps, wherein the triumphs which astonish us are gradually elaborated. Official power is but the inert *crucible* which transmutes the subsidies of Parliament into ships. But a quickening principle is wanting to those immense fleets, and the admirals supply it. Jervis and Nelson rapidly transmitted the creative spark, and bequeathed a certain sort of sovereignty under the distrustful eye of the English Admiralty—a kind of dynasty arose—"the mayors of the palace took the sceptre from the do-nothing kings."

All this is comparatively just. But the Frenchman peeps out under the panegyrist, after all. Can it be conceived that any other human being, at the end of nearly half a century, would quote, with the slightest degree of approval, the report of Decrès, the French minister of the marine to Napoleon, in 1805, after all Nelson's victories, and just preceding the most illustrious of them all—Trafalgar?

"The boasting of Nelson," writes Decrès, "equals his silliness, (*ineptie*)—I use the proper word. But he has one eminent quality—namely, that of aiming among his captains *only* at a character for bravery and good fortune. This makes him acces-

sible to counsel, and consequently, in difficult circumstances, if he commands nominally, *others direct really.*"

We have no doubt that, after scribbling this supreme *ineptie*, Decrès considered himself to have settled the whole question, and to have convicted Nelson of being simply a bold block-head—Nelson, the man of the hundred fights—the prince of tacticians—the admiral who had never been beaten, and from whom, at the battle of Aboukir, Decrès himself was rejoiced to make his escape, after having seen the ruin of the French fleet.

We find a good deal of the same sort of petulant perversion, in the narrative of Nelson's conduct at Naples. M. Gravière suddenly becomes moral, and tells us the tent-times-told story of Lady Hamilton. But what is all this to the naval war? Englishmen are not bound to defend the character of Lady Hamilton; and if Nelson was actually culpable in their intercourse, (a matter which actually has never yet been *proved*.) Englishmen, who have some morality,—not Frenchmen, who make a point of laughing at all morality—may upbraid his conduct. But a French stoic is simply ridiculous. There are perhaps not fifty men in all France, who would not have done, and are not doing every day, where they have the opportunity, all that this moralist charges Nelson with having done. Even if he were criminal in his private life, so much the worse for himself in that solemn account which all must render; but he was not the less the conqueror of Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar.

The hanging of Caraccioli also figures among the charges. We regret that this traitor was not left to die of remorse, or by the course of nature, at the age of eighty. We regret, too, that he could allege even the shadow of a capitulation for his security. We equally regret the execution of Ney under a similar shadow. But Caraccioli had been an *admiral* in the Neapolitan service, had joined the rebellion by which rapine and slaughter overspread the country, and had driven the King into exile. No man more deserved to be hanged, by the order of his insulted, and apparently ruined King;—he was

hanged, and *all* rebels ought thus to suffer. They are made for the scaffold.

The men who plunge a kingdom in blood, whose success must be purchased by havoc, and whose triumph makes the misery of thousands or millions, ought to make the small expiation which can be made by their public punishment; and no country *can* be safe in which it is not the custom to hang traitors. Still, those acts, even if they were of an order which might shock the sensibility of a Frenchman to breach of treaty, or the sight of blood, have no reference to the talents and the triumphs of Nelson.

But these volumes suddenly deviate from the history of the great admiral, into remarks on the great living soldier of England. There, too, we must follow them; and our task is no reluctant one; for it enables us at once to enlighten intelligent inquiry, and to offer our tribute to pre-eminent fame. But, in this instance, we argue with our accomplished neighbours on different principles. The Frenchman loves glory—the Englishman its fruits. The Frenchman loves the excitement of war; the Englishman hates it, as mischievous and miserable, and to be palliated only by the stern necessity of self-defence. He honours intrepidity, but it only when displayed in a cause worthy of human feeling. No man more exults in the talent of the field; but it is only when it brings back security to the fireside. The noblest trophy of Wellington, in the eyes of his country, is the thirty years of peace won by his sword!

It has become the fashion of the French to speak of this illustrious personage with something of a sneer at what they pronounce his "want of enterprise." Every thing that he has done is by "*phlegm!*" Phlegm must be a most valuable quality, in that case, for it enabled him to defeat every officer to whom he had been opposed; and there was scarcely any man of repute in the French army to whom he had not been opposed. It is in no spirit of national taunt, or of that hostility which, we will hope, has died away between England and France, that we give the list of the

French marshals whom Wellington has fought, and *always* beaten, and several of them *several times*:—Junot at Vimeira, Soult at Oporto and the Pyrenees, Victor and Sebastiani at Talavera, Massena at Busaco, Marmont at Salamanca, Jourdan at Vitoria, and a whole group of the chief generals of France, with Ney, Soult, and Napoleon himself, at their head, at Waterloo.

But have the British military authors ever doubted the talent, or disparaged the gallantry, of those distinguished soldiers? Certainly not; they have given them every acknowledgment which ability and bravery could demand. Let the French nation read the eloquent pages of Alison, and see the character given by the historian to the leaders in the Italian, German, and Spanish campaigns. Let them read the spirited pages of Napier, and see them decorated almost with the colours of romance. Does either of these popular and powerful authors stigmatise the French generals with "*ineptie*," or characterise their victories, as the mere results of inability either to attack or to run away? Let them be the example of the future French military writers, and let those writers learn that there is a European tribunal, as well as a Parisian one.

But the French altogether mistake the question. Men like Wellington are not the growth of any military school, of any especial army, or of any peculiar nation. Without offering this great soldier any personal panegyric, he was a military *genius*. Since Marlborough, England had produced no such commander of an army, and may not produce another such for a century to come. Nelson was similarly a *genius*: he sprang at once to the first rank of sea-officers; and England, fertile as she is in first-rate sailors and brave men, may never produce another Nelson. Napoleon was a *genius*, and almost as palpably superior to the crowd of brave and intelligent generals round him, as if he had been of another species. The conduct of men of this exclusive capacity is no more a rule for other men, than their successes are to be depreciated to the common scale of military good fortune. The campaigns of Napoleon

in Italy; the sea campaign in which Nelson pursued the French fleet half-round the globe, to extinguish it at Trafalgar; the seven years' continued campaign of Wellington in the Peninsula, finished by the most splendid march in European history, from the frontier of Portugal into the heart of France, have had no example in the past, and can be no example to the future. The principle, the power, and the success, lie equally beyond the limits of ordinary calculation. The evident fact is, that there is an occasional rank of faculty, which puts all calculation out of sight, which is found to produce effects of a new magnitude, and which overpasses all difficulties, by the use of an intellectual element, but occasionally, and but for especial purpose, communicated to man.

We have no doubt whatever of the truth of this solution, and are consequently convinced, that it would have been much wiser in M. Gravière to have attempted to describe the career of Wellington, than to pronounce on the principles of his science; and, above all, than to account for his victories by the very last means of victory—the mere brutishness of standing still, the simple immobility of passive force, the mere unintelligent and insensate working of a machine.

"What a contrast," exclaims the Frenchman, "between these passionate traits (of Nelson) and the *impassive bearing* of Wellington, that *cool and methodical* leader, who maintained his ground in the Peninsula by the *sheer force of order and prudence*! Do they belong to the same nation? Did they command the same men? The admiral, full of enthusiasm, and devoured by the love of distinction, and the general, so *phlegmatic and immovable*, who, entrenched behind his lines at Torres Vedras, or re-forming, without *emotion*, his *broken* squares on the field of Waterloo—(where not a single British square was broken)—seems rather to aim at *wearying out his enemy* than at *conquering him*, and triumphs *only* by his patient and unconquerable firmness."

Must it not be asked, Why did the French suffer him to exhibit this *firmness*? why did they not beat him at once? Do generals win battles

merely by waiting, until their antagonists are tired of crushing them?

But the Frenchman still has a resource—he accounts for it all by the design of a higher power! “It was *thus*, nevertheless, that the designs of Providence were to be accomplished. It gave to the general, destined to meet *incontestably superior* troops (!), whose *first* efforts were *irresistible*, that *systematic* and *temporising* character, which was to *wear out* the ardour of our soldiers.” Having thus accounted for the French perpetuity of defeat on land, by a man of stupidity and stone; he accounts, with equal satisfaction, for the perpetuity of defeat at sea by a man of activity and animation. “To the admiral who was to meet squadrons fresh out of harbour, and easily disconcerted by a sudden attack, Providence gave that fiery courage and audacity which alone could bring about those great disasters, that would *not* have been inflicted under the rules of the old school of tactics.”

The Frenchman, in his eagerness to disparage Wellington as dull, and Nelson as rash, forgets that he forces his reader to the conclusion, that tardiness and precipitancy are equally fit to beat the French. Or if they are *incontestably superior* troops, and their first onset is *irresistible*, how is it that they are beaten at the last, or are ever beaten at all? We also find the curious and rather unexpected acknowledgment, that Providence was always against them, and that it had determined on their *defeat*, whether their enemy were swift or slow.

We are afraid that we have been premature in giving M. de la Gravière credit for getting rid of his prejudices. But we shall set him a better example. We shall not deny that the French make excellent soldiers; that they have even a sort of national fitness for soldiery; that they form active, bold, and highly effective troops: though, for them, as sailors, we certainly cannot say as much. Henry IV. remarked “that he never knew a French king lucky at sea;” and Henry spoke the truth. And the wisest thing which France could do, would be to give up all attempts to be a “naval power,”—which she never has been,

and never can be—and expend her money and her time on the comforts, the condition, and the spirit of her people, both citizens and soldiery.

But, we must assist the French judgment on the character of Wellington: and a slight detail will prove him to be the most *enterprising* leader of troops in the history of modern Europe. Let us first settle the meaning of the word enterprise. It is not a foolish restlessness, a giddy fondness for the flourish of Bulletins, or a precipitate habit of rushing into projects unconsidered and ineffective. It is activity, guided by intelligence; a daring effort to attain a probable success. The French generals, in the commencement of the revolutionary war, dashed at every thing, and yet were not entitled to the praise of enterprise. They fought under the consciousness that, unless they attracted Parisian notice by their battles, they must pay the penalty with their heads. Thus nearly all the principal generals of the early Republic were guillotined. The *levée-en-masse* gave them immense multitudes, who *must* fight, or starve. The Republic had *fourteen* armies at once in the field, who *must* be fed; commissioners from Paris were in the camps; and the general who declined to fight on all occasions, was stripped of his epaulets, and sent to the “Place de Grève.”

But enterprise, in the style which distinguishes a master of strategy, is among the rarest military qualities. Marlborough was almost the only officer, in the last century, remarkable for enterprise, and its chief example was his march from Flanders to attack the French and Bavarian army, which he routed in the magnificent triumph of Blenheim. Wolfe's attack on the heights of Abraham was a capital instance of enterprise, for it showed at once sagacity and daring, and both in pursuit of a probable object,—the surprise of the enemy, and the power of bringing him to an engagement on fair ground.

But enterprise has been the *chief* characteristic of the whole military career of Wellington.

His first great Indian victory, Assaye, (23d September 1802,) was an “enterprise,” by which, in defiance of all difficulties, and with but

5000 men, he beat the army of Scindiah and the rajah of Berar, consisting of 50,000, of which 30,000 were cavalry. There, instead of *phlegm*, he was accused of rashness; but his answer was, the necessity of stopping the enemy's march; and, more emphatic still, a most consummate victory.

On his landing in Portugal, at the head of only 10,000 men, (August 5, 1808,) this man of phlegm instantly broke up the whole plan of Junot. He first dashed at Laborde, commanding a division of 6000 men, as the advanced guard of the main army; drove him from the mountain position of Roliça; marched instantly to meet Junot, whom he defeated at Vimeira; and, on the 15th of September, the British troops were in possession of Lisbon. The French soon embarked by a convention, and Portugal was free! This was the work of a *six-weeks'* campaign by this passive soldier.

The convention of Cintra excited displeasure in England, as the capture of the whole army had been expected, from the high public opinion of the British commander; and the opinion would not have been disappointed, if he had continued in the command. The testimony of Colonel Torrens, (afterwards military secretary to the Duke of York,) on the court of inquiry, was, "That, on the defeat of the French at Vimeira, Sir Arthur rode up to Sir Harry Burrard and said—"Now, Sir Harry, is your time to advance upon the enemy; they are completely broken, and we may be in Lisbon in *three days*." Sir Harry's answer was, 'that he thought a great deal had been done.'" The army was halted, and the French, who felt that their cause was hopeless, sent to propose the convention.

On the 22d of April 1809, Sir Arthur again landed in Portugal, to take the command of the army, consisting of but 16,000 men, with 24 guns. His plan was to drive Soult out of Oporto, fight the French, wherever he found them; and then return and attack Victor on the Tagus. Such was the project of the man of phlegm! He made a forced march of 80 miles, in three days and a-half, from Coimbra, crossed the Douro, drove Soult out of Oporto, ate the dinner which

had been prepared for the Frenchman, and hunted him into the mountains, with the loss of all his guns and baggage. The French army was ruined for the campaign. This was the work of *three weeks* from his landing at Lisbon!

Sir Arthur's next enterprise was an advance into Spain. The kingdom was held by a French force of upwards of 200,000 men, with all the principal fortresses in their possession, the Pyrenees open, and the whole force of France ready to repair their losses. The Spanish armies were ill commanded, ill provided, and in all pitched battles regularly beaten. The French force sent to stop him at Talavera, on his road to Madrid, amounted to 60,000 men, under Jourdan, Victor, and Sebastiani, with King Joseph at the head of the whole. The battle began on the 27th of July, and, after a desperate struggle of two days, with a force of nearly three times the number of the British, ended by the rapid retreat of the French in the night, with the loss of 20 pieces of cannon and four standards. The Spanish army under Cuesta did good service on this occasion, but it was chiefly by guarding a flank. Their position was strong, and they were but little assailed. The British lost a fourth of their number in killed and wounded; the French, 10,000 men.

The purpose of these pages is, not to give a history of the illustrious Duke's exploits, but to show the utter absurdity of the French notion, that he gained all his battles by standing still, until the enemy grew tired of beating him. There is scarcely an instance in all his battles, in which he did not *seek* the enemy, and there is *no instance* in which he did not beat them! This is a sufficient answer to the French theory.

The ruin of the Spanish armies, and the immense numerical superiority of the French, commanded by Massena, compelled the British general, in 1810, to limit himself to the defence of Portugal. Massena followed him at the head of nearly 90,000 men. The British general might have marched, without a contest, to the lines of Torres Vedras; but the man of *phlegm* resolved to fight by the way. He fought at Busaco, (September 27.)

Massena, proverbially the most dashing of the French generals—the “*Enfant gâté de la Victoire*,” as Napoleon styled him—could not believe that any officer would be so daring as to stop him on his road. On being told that the English would fight, and on reconnoitring their position, he said, “I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but, if he does, *I shall have him.*”

Napoleon, at Waterloo, was yet to utter the same words, and make the same mistake. “*Ah! je les tiens, ces Anglais.*” — “To-morrow,” said Massena, “we shall reconquer Portugal, and in a few days I shall drive the leopards into the sea.” The day of Busaco finished this boast, with a loss to the French of 2000 killed, 6000 wounded, and with the loss, which Massena, perhaps, felt still more, of his military reputation for life.

But the lines of Torres Vedras must not be forgotten in any memorial, however brief, to the genius of Wellington. The great problem of all strategists, at that period, was “the defence of Portugal against an overwhelming force.” Dumouriez and Moore had looked only to the frontier, and justly declared that, from its extent and broken nature, it was indefensible. Wellington, with a finer *coup d’œil*, looked to the half-circle of rising grounds stretching from the Tagus to the sea, and enclosing the capital. He fortified them with such admirable secrecy, that the French had scarcely heard of their existence; and with such incomparable skill, that, when they saw them at last, they utterly despaired of an attack. They were on the largest scale of fortified lines ever constructed, their external circle occupying forty miles. The defences consisted of 10 separate fortifications, mounting 444 guns, and manned by 28,000 men. They formed two lines, the exterior mounting 100 guns, the interior (about eight miles within) mounting 200; the remaining guns being mounted on redoubts along the shore and the river. The whole force, British and Portuguese, within the lines, and keeping up the communication to Lisbon, was nearly 80,000 men.

The contrast without and within the lines was of the most striking kind, and formed a new triumph for the feelings of the British general. Without, all was famine, ferocity, and despair; within, all was plenty, animation, and certainty of triumph. Massena, after gazing on those noble works for a month, broke up his hopeless bivouac; retired to Santarem; saved the remnant of his unfortunate army only by a retreat in the night; was hunted to the frontier; fought a useless and despairing battle at Fuentes d’Onore; was beaten, returned into France, and resigned his command. He was thenceforth forgotten, probably died of the loss of his laurels, and is now known only by his tomb in the Cemetery of Paris.

In October of the year 1811, though the British army had gone into winter quarters, the man of “*passive courage*” gave the enemy another example of “enterprise.” The fifth French corps, under Gerard, had begun to ravage Estremadura. General Hill, by the order of Lord Wellington, moved against the Frenchman; took him by surprise at Aroyo de Molinos; fought him through the town, and out of the town; captured his staff, his whole baggage, commissariat, guns, 30 captains, and 1000 men. He drove the rest up the mountains, and, in short, destroyed the whole division—Gerard escaping with but 300 men.

The French field-marshal here amply acknowledged the effect of enterprise. In his despatch to Berthier from Seville, Soult says, — “This event is so disgraceful, that I know not how to qualify it. General Gerard had choice troops with him, yet shamefully suffered himself to be *surprised*, from excessive presumption and confidence. The officers and soldiers were in the houses, as in the midst of peace. I shall order an inquiry, and a severe example.”

The next year began with the two most splendid sieges of the war. A siege is proverbially the most difficult of all military operations, requiring the most costly preparations, and taking up the longest time. Its difficulty is obviously enhanced by the nearness of a hostile force. Wellington was watched by two French armies, commanded by Soult and

Marmont, either of them of nearly equal force with his own, and, combined, numbering 80,000 men. Ciudad Rodrigo was one of the strongest fortresses of the Peninsula; Marmont was on his march to succour it. Wellington rushed on it, and captured it by storm, (January 19.) Marmont, finding that he was too late, retired. Badajoz was the next prize, a still larger and more important fortress. Soult was moving from the south to its succour. He had left Seville on the 1st of April; Wellington rushed on it, as he had done on Ciudad Rodrigo, and took it by one of the most daring assaults on record, (April 7.)

This was again the man who conquered "by standing still." The letter of General Lery, chief engineer of the army of the south, gives the most unequivocal character of this latter enterprise. "The conquest of Badajoz cost me eight engineers. Never was there a place in a better state, or better provided with the requisite number of troops. I see in that event a marked *futility*. Wellington, with his Anglo-Portuguese army, has taken the place, as it were, in the presence of two armies. In short, I think the capture of Badajoz a *very extraordinary* event. I should be much at a loss to account for it in any manner consistent with probability." The language of this chief engineer seems, as if he would have brought all concerned to a court-martial.

The conqueror, after those magnificent exploits, which realised to M. Lery's eye something supernatural—the work of a destiny determined on smiting France—might have indulged his *passiveness*, without much fear even of French blame. He had baffled the two favourite marshals of France—he had torn the two chief fortresses of Spain out of French hands. There was now no enemy in the field. Soult had halted, chagrined at the fall of Badajoz. Marmont had retired to the Tormes. Wellington determined to continue their sense of defeat, by cutting off the possibility of their future communication. The bridge of Almaraz was the only passage over the Tagus in that quarter. It was strongly fortified and garrisoned. On this expedition he despatched his second in

command, General Hill, an officer who never failed, and whose name is still held in merited honour by the British army. The *tête-du-pont*, a strong fortification, was taken by escalade. The garrison were made prisoners; the forts were destroyed, (May 19.) The action was sharp, and cost, in killed and wounded, nearly 200 officers and men.

Wellington now advanced to Salamanca, the head-quarters of Marmont during the winter; and pursued him out of it, to the Arapelles, on the 22d of July. In this battle Marmont was outmanœuvred and totally defeated, with the loss of 6000 killed and wounded, 7000 prisoners, 20 guns, and several eagles and ammunition waggons. The British army now moved on Madrid. King Joseph fled; Madrid surrendered, with 181 guns; and the government of Ferdinand and the Cortes was restored.

But a still more striking enterprise was to come, the march to Vitoria,—the brilliant commencement of the campaign of 1813. Wellington had now determined to drive the French out of Spain. They still had a force of 160,000 men, including the army of Suchet, 35,000. Joseph, with Jourdan, fearing to be outflanked, moved with 70,000 men towards the Pyrenees. On the 16th of May, Wellington crossed the Douro. On the 21st of June he fought the battle of Vitoria, with the loss of 6000 *hors de combat* to the enemy, 150 guns, all their baggage, and the plunder of Madrid. For this great victory Wellington was appointed field-marshal.

The march itself was a memorable instance of "enterprise." It was a movement of four hundred miles, through one of the most difficult portions of the Peninsula, by a route never before attempted by an army, and which, probably, no other general in Europe would have attempted. Its conduct was so admirable, that it was scarcely suspected by the French; its movement was so rapid, that it outstripped them; and its direction was so skilful, that King Joseph and his marshal had scarcely encamped, and thought themselves out of the reach of attack, when they saw the English columns overtopping the heights surrounding the valley of the Zadora.

In his last Spanish battle, the victory of the Pyrenees, where he had to defend a frontier of sixty miles, he drove Soult over the mountains, and was the first of all the generals engaged in Continental hostilities, to plant his columns on French ground!

Those are the facts of *seven years* of the most perilous war, against the most powerful monarch whom Europe had seen for a thousand years. The French army in the Peninsula had varied from 150,000 to 300,000 men. It was constantly recruited from a national force of 600,000. It was under the authority of a great military sovereign, wholly irresponsible, and commanding the entire resources of the most populous, warlike, and powerful of Continental states. The British general, on the other hand, was exposed to every difficulty which could embarrass the highest military skill. He had to guide the councils of the two most self-willed nations in existence. He had to train native armies, which scoffed at English discipline; he had the scarcely less difficult task of contending with the fluctuating opinions of public men in England: yet he never shrank; he never was shaken in council, and he never was defeated in the field.

But by what means were all this succession of unbroken victories achieved? Who can listen to the French babbling, which tells us that it was done, simply by *standing still to be beaten*? The very nature of the war, with an army composed of the raw battalions of England, which had not seen a shot fired since the invasion of Holland in 1794, a period of fourteen years; his political anxieties from his position with the suspicious governments of Spain and Portugal, and not less with his own fluctuating Legislature; his encounters with a force quadruple his own, commanded by the most practised generals in Europe, and under the supreme direction of the conqueror of the Continent—A condition of things so new, perplexing, and exposed to perpetual hazard, in itself implies *enterprise*, a character of sleepless activity, unwearied resource, and unhesitating intrepidity—all the very reverse of passiveness.

That this illustrious warrior did not plunge into conflict on every fruitless

caprice; that he was not for ever fighting for the Gazette; that he valued the lives of his brave men; that he never made a march without a rational object, nor ever fought a battle without a rational calculation of victory—all this is only to say, that he fulfilled the duties of a great officer, and deserved the character of a great man. But, that he made more difficult campaigns, fought against a greater inequality of force, held out against more defective means, and accomplished more decisive successes, than any general on record, is mere matter of history.

His last and greatest triumph was Waterloo,—a victory less over an army than an empire,—a triumph gained less for England than for Europe,—the glorious termination of a contest for the welfare of mankind. Waterloo was a defensive battle. But it was not the rule, but the exception. The object of the enemy was Brussels: "To-night you shall sleep in Brussels," was the address of the French Emperor to his troops. Wellington's was but the wing of a great army spread over leagues to meet the march of the French to Brussels. His force consisted of scarcely more than 40,000 British and Hanoverians, chiefly new troops; the rest were foreigners, who could scarcely be relied on. The enemy in front of him were 80,000 veterans, commanded by Napoleon in person. The left wing of the Allied force—the Prussians—could not arrive till seven in the evening; after the battle had continued eight hours. The British general, under those circumstances, could not move: but he was not to be beaten. If he had 80,000 British troops, he would have finished the battle in an hour. On seeing the Prussian troops in a position to follow up success, he gave the order to advance; and in a single charge swept the French army, the Emperor, and his fortunes, from the field! Thus closed the 18th of June 1815.

Within *three days*, this "man of passiveness" crossed the French frontier, (June 21,) took every town in his way, (and all the French towns on that route are fortified,) and, on the 30th, the English and Prussians invested Paris. On the 3d of July, the capitulation of Paris, garrisoned by

50,000 regular troops and the national guard, was signed at St Cloud, and the French army was marched to the Loire, where it was disbanded.

We have now given the answer which common sense gives, and which history will always give, to the childishness of accounting for Wellington's unrivalled successes by his "doing nothing" until the "invincible" French chose to grow weary of being invincible. The historic fact is, that their generals met a superior general; that their troops met Englishmen, commanded by an officer worthy of such a command; and that "enterprise" of the most daring, sagacious, and brilliant order, was the especial, peculiar, and unequalled character of Wellington.

The volumes of M. Gravière are interesting; but he must unlearn his prejudices; or, if that be nationally impossible, he must palliate them into something like probability. He must do this even in consideration of the national passion for "glory." To be beaten by eminent military qualities softens the shame of defeat; but to be

beaten by mere *passiveness*,—to be driven from a scene of possession by *phlegm*, and to be stript of laurels by the hand of indolence and inaptitude,—must be the last aggravation of military misfortune.

Yet, this stain they must owe to the pen of men who subscribe to the doctrine, that the great soldier of England conquered simply by his *incapacity for action!*

We think differently of the French people and of the French soldiery. The people are intelligent and ingenious; the soldiery are faithful and brave. England has *no* prejudices against either. Willing to do justice to the merits of all, she rejoices in making allies of nations, whom she has never feared as *enemies*. She wants no conquest, she desires no victories. *Her* glory is the peace of mankind.

But, she will not suffer the tombs of her great men to be defaced, nor their names to be taken down from the temple consecrated to the renown of their country.

DANUBE AND THE EUXINE.

DANUBE, Danube! wherefore comest thou
 Red and raging to my caves?
 Wherefore leapest thy swollen waters
 Madly through the broken waves?
 Wherefore is thy tide so sullied
 With a hue unknown to me?
 Wherefore dost thou bring pollution
 To the old and sacred sea?"

Ha! rejoice, old Father Euxine!
 I am brimming full and red;
 Noble tidings do I carry
 From my distant channel bed.
 I have been a Christian river
 Dull and slow this many a year,
 Rolling down my torpid waters
 Through a silence morne and drear;
 Have not felt the tread of armies
 Trampling on my reedy shore;
 Have not heard the trumpet calling,
 Or the cannon's gladsome roar;
 Only listened to the laughter
 * From the village and the town,

And the church-bells, ever jangling,
As the weary day went down.
And I lay and sorely pondered
On the days long since gone by,
When my old primæval forests
Echoed to the war-man's cry ;
When the race of Thor and Odin
Held their battles by my side,
And the blood of man was mingling
Warmly with my chilly tide.
Father Euxine ! thou rememb'rest
How I brought thee tribute then—
Swollen corpses, gash'd and gory,
Heads and limbs of slaughter'd men !
Father Euxine ! be thou joyful !
I am running red once more—
Not with heathen blood, as early,
But with gallant Christian gore !
For the old times are returning,
And the Cross is broken down,
And I hear the tocsin sounding
In the village and the town ;
And the glare of burning cities
Soon shall light me on my way—
Ha ! my heart is big and jocund
With the draught I drank to-day.
Ha ! I feel my strength awaken'd,
And my brethren shout to me ;
Each is leaping red and joyous
To his own awaiting sea.
Rhine and Elbe are plunging downward
Through their wild anarchic land,
Every where are Christians falling
By their brother Christians' hand !
Yea, the old times are returning,
And the olden gods are here !
Take my tribute, Father Euxine,
To thy waters dark and drear.
Therefore come I with my torrents,
Shaking castle, crag, and town ;
Therefore, with the shout of thunder,
Sweep I herd and herdsman down ;
Therefore leap I to thy bosom,
With a loud, triumphal roar—
Greet me, greet me, Father Euxine—
I am Christian stream no more ! ”

THE MÉMOIRS OF LORD CASTLEREAGH.

IN the absence of any real history of Ireland, the memoirs of its distinguished persons are of the first importance. They are the landmarks within which the broad and general track of historic narrative must be led. They fix character—the most necessary aid to the larger views of the historian. They disclose to us those secret springs which regulate the great social machinery; and by an especial faculty, more valuable than all, they bring us face to face with minds of acknowledged eminence, teach us the course which the known conquerors of difficulties have pursued, and exhibit the training by which the championship of nations is to be sustained. As the old lawgiver commanded that beautiful statues should be placed before the Spartan wives, to impress their infants with beauty of countenance and stateliness of form; the study of greatness has a tendency to elevate our nature; and though camps and councils may be above our course, yet the light shed from those higher spheres may guide our steps through the tangled paths of our humbler world.

The present memoir gives evidence of an additional merit in biography: it assists justice; it offers the power of clearing character, which might have been refused to the living; it brings forward means of justification, which the dignity of the injured, his contempt of calumny, or the circumstances of his time, might have locked up in his bosom. It is an appeal from the passion of the hour to the soberness of years. It has the sincerity and the sanctity of a voice from the world of the future.

The Stewarts, ancestors of the Marquis of Londonderry, came originally from Scotland, and, settling in Ireland in the reign of James I., obtained large possessions among the forfeited lands in Ulster. The family were Protestants, and distinguished themselves by Protestant loyalty in the

troubled times of Ireland—a country where trouble seems to be indigenous. One of those loyalists was Colonel William Stewart, who, during the Irish war, under James II., raised a troop of horse at his own expense, and skirmished vigorously against the Popish enemy at the siege of Londonderry. For this good service he was attainted, with all the chief gentry of the kingdom, in the confiscating parliament of James. But the confiscation was not carried into effect, and the estate remained to a long line of successors. The father of the late Marquis of Londonderry was the first of the family who was ennobled. He was an active, intelligent, and successful man. Representing his county in two parliaments, and, acting with the government, he partook of that golden shower which naturally falls from the treasury. He became in succession the possessor of office and the possessor of title—baron, viscount, earl, and marquis—and wisely allied himself with English nobility, marrying, first, a daughter of the Earl of Hertford, and, secondly, a sister of Lord Camden. The subject of this memoir was a son of the first marriage, and was born in Ireland on the 18th of June 1769. From boyhood he was remarkable for coolness and intrepidity, and was said to have exhibited both qualities in saving a young companion in the lake of Strangford. At the age of seventeen he was entered of St John's College, Cambridge, where he seems to have applied himself actively to the general studies of the place—elementary mathematics, classics, logic, and moral philosophy. This sufficiently answers the subsequent taunts at the narrowness of his education.

As his father had been a politician, his son and heir was naturally intended for political life. The first step of his ambition was a costly one. County elections in those days were formidable affairs. The Hillsborough

family had formerly monopolised the county. Young Stewart was put forward, according to custom, as "the champion of independence." He gained but half the day, for the Hillsboroughs still retained one nominee. The young candidate became a member of parliament, but this step cost £60,000.

The sacrifice was enormous, and perhaps, in our day, might startle the proudest rent-roll in England: but, seventy years ago, and in Ireland, the real expenditure was probably equivalent to £100,000 in our day. And it must have been still more distressing to the family, from the circumstance, that the sum had been accumulated to build a mansion; that the expense of the election also required the sale of a fine old collection of family portraits; and that the old lord was forced to spend the remainder of his life in what the biographer states to be an old barn, with a few rooms added. But his son was now launched on public life—a stream in which so many dashing swimmers sink, but in which talent, guided by caution, seldom fails to float along, until nature or weariness finishes the effort, and the man disappears, like all who went before.

The young member, fresh from college, and flushed with triumph over "parliamentary monopoly," was, of course, a Whig. *Plutarch's Lives*, and the history of the classic commonwealths, make every boy at school a Whig. It is only when they emerge from the cloudy imaginations of republicanism, and the fabulous feats of Greek championship, that they acquire common sense, and act according to the realities of things. The future statesman commenced his career by the ultra-patriotism of giving a "written pledge," on the hustings, to the support of "parliamentary reform."

With this act of boyishness he was, of course, taunted in after-life by the Whigs. But his answer was natural and just: it was in substance, that he had been, in 1790, an advocate for Irish reform; and if the Irish parliament had continued under the same circumstances, he would be an advocate for its reform still. But in 1798 a measure had been carried

which made all change perilous: the Popish peasantry had been suffered to obtain the right of voting; and thenceforward he should not aid parliamentary reform.

It is to be observed, that this language was not used under the temptation of office, for he did not possess any share in administration until four years afterwards, in 1797.

The forty-shilling franchise was the monster evil of Ireland. Every measure of corruption, of conspiracy, and of public convulsion, originated in that most mischievous, factious, and false step. It put the whole parliamentary power of the country into the hands of faction; made public counsel the dictation of the populace; turned every thing into a job; and finally, by the pampering of the rabble, inflamed them into civil war, and, by swamping the constituency, rendered the extinction of the parliament a matter of necessity to the existence of the constitution.

To this measure—at once weak and ruinous, at once the triumph of faction and the deathblow of Irish tranquillity; at once paralysing all the powers of the legislature for good, and sinking the peasantry into deeper degradation—we must give a few words.

The original condition of the peasantry in Ireland was serfdom. A few hereditary chiefs, with the power of life and death, ruled the whole lower population, as the master of the herd rules his cattle. English law raised them from this condition, and gave them the rights of Englishmen. But no law of earth could give the Celt the industry, frugality, or perseverance of the Englishman. The result was, that the English artificer, husbandman, and trader, became men of property, while the Celt lingered out life in the idleness of his forefathers. Robbery was easier than work, and he robbed; rebellion was more tempting than loyalty, and he rebelled: the result was the frequent forfeiture of the lands of chiefs, who, prompted by their priests, excited by their passions, and urged by the hope of plunder, were continually rebelling, and necessarily punished for their rebellion. Portions of their lands were distributed as the pay of the soldiery

who conquered them; portions were given to English colonists, transplanted for the express purpose of establishing English allegiance, arts, and feelings in Ireland; and portions devolved to the crown. But we are not to imagine that these were transfers of smiling landscapes and propitious harvests—that this was a renewal of the Goth and Vandal, invading flowery shores, and sacking the dwellings of native luxury. Ireland, in the 16th and 17th centuries, was a wilderness; the fertility of the soil wasted in swamps and thickets; no inns, no roads; the few towns, garrisons in the midst of vast solitudes; the native baron, a human brute, wallowing with his followers round a huge fire in the centre of a huge wigwam, passing from intoxication to marauding, and from beaten and broken marauding to intoxication again. A few of those barons had been educated abroad, but even they, on their return, brought back only the love of blood, the habit of political falsehood, and the hatred to the English name, taught in France and Spain. The wars of the League, the government of the Inquisition, the subtlety of the Italian courts, thus added their share of civilised atrocity, to the gross superstitions and rude revenge of Popish Ireland.

We must get rid of the tinsel which has been scattered by poetry over the past ages of Ireland. History shows, under the embroidered cloak, only squalidness. Common sense tells us what *must* be the condition of a people without arts, commerce, or agriculture; perpetually nurturing a savage prejudice, and exhibiting it in the shape of a savage revenge; ground to the dust by poverty, yet abhorring exertion; suffering under hourly tyranny, yet incapable of enjoying the freedom offered to them; and looking on the vigorous and growing prosperity of the English colonist, with only the feeling of malice, and the determination to ruin him. The insurrection of 1641, in which probably 50,000 Protestant lives were sacrificed, was only one of the broader scenes of a havoc which every age was exemplifying on a more obscure, but not less ferocious scale. The evidence of this indolent

misery is given in the narrowness of the population, which, at the beginning of the last century, scarcely reckoned a million of souls: and this, too, in a country of remarkable fertility, free from all habitual disease, with a temperate climate, and a breadth of territory containing at this hour eight millions, and capable of supporting eight millions more.

The existing condition of Ireland, even with all the difficulties of its own creation, is opulence, peace, and security, compared with its wretchedness at the period of the English revolution.

The measure of giving votes for members of parliament to the Popish peasantry was the immediate offspring of faction, and, like all its offspring, exhibited the fallacy of faction. It failed in every form. It had been urged, as a means of raising the character of the peasantry—it instantly made perfidy a *profession*. It had been urged, as giving the landlord a stronger interest in the comforts and conciliation of his tenantry—it instantly produced the splitting of farms for the multiplication of votes, and, consequently, all the hopeless poverty of struggling to live on patches of tillage inadequate for the decent support of life. It had been urged, as a natural means of attaching the peasantry to the constitution—it instantly exhibited its effects in increased disorder, in nightly drillings and daylight outbreaks; in the assassination of landlords and clergy, and in those more daring designs which grow out of pernicious ignorance, desperate poverty, and irreconcilable superstition. The populace—beginning to believe that concession had been the result of fear; that to receive they had only to terrify; and that they had discovered the secret of power in the pusillanimity of parliament—answered the gift of privilege by the pike; and the “forty-shilling freeholder” exhibited his new sense of right in the insurrection of 1798—an insurrection which the writer of these volumes—from his intelligence and opportunities a competent authority—calculates to have cost 30,000 lives, and not less than three millions sterling!

The forty-shilling franchise has since been abolished. Its practical

abominations had become too glaring for the endurance of a rational legislature, and it perished. Yet the "snake was scotched, not killed." The spirit of the measure remained in full action: it was felt in the force which it gave to Irish agitation, and in the insidiousness which it administered to English party. In Ireland it raised mobs; in England it divided cabinets. In Ireland it was felt in the erection of a rabble parliament; in England it was felt in the pernicious principle of "open questions;" until the leaders of the legislature, like all men who suffer themselves to tamper with temptation, gave way; and the second great stage of national hazard was reached, in the shape of the bill of 1829.

If the projected measure of "ending the popery of Ireland"—in other words, of establishing the worship of images, and bowing down to the spiritual empire of the papacy—shall ever, in the fatuity of British rulers and the evil hour of England, become law; a third great stage will be reached, which may leave the country no farther room for either advance or retrogression.

In the year 1796, the father of the young member had been raised to the earldom of Londonderry, and his son became Viscount Castlereagh. In the next year his career as a statesman began; he was appointed by Lord Camden, (brother-in-law of the second Earl of Londonderry,) Keeper of the Privy Seal of Ireland.

The conduct of the Irish administration had long wanted the first quality for all governments, and the indispensable quality for the government of Ireland,—firmness. It has been said that the temper of the Irish is Oriental, and that they require an Oriental government. Their wild courage, their furious passion, their hatred of toil, and their love of luxury, certainly seem but little fitted to a country of uncertain skies and incessant labour. The Saracen, transported to the borders of the Atlantic, might have been the serf, and, instead of waving the Crescent over the diadems of Asia, might have been cowering over the

turf-fire of the Celt, and been defrauded of the pomps of Bagdad and the spoils of Jerusalem. The decision of one of the magnificent despotisms of the East in Ireland might have been the true principle of individual progress and national renown. The scimitar might have been the true talisman.

But the successive British administrations took the false and the fatal step of meeting the wild hostility of Ireland by the peaceful policy of England. Judging only from the habits of a country trained to the obedience of law, they transferred its quiet formalities into the midst of a population indignant at all law; and, above all, at the law which they thought of only as associated with the swords of the soldiers of William. The government, continually changing in the person of the Viceroy, fluctuated in its measures with the fluctuation of its instruments; conceded where it ought to have commanded; bartered power, where it ought to have enforced authority; attempted to conciliate, where its duty was to have crushed; and took refuge behind partisanship, where it ought to have denounced the disturbers of their country. The result was public irritation and cabinet incapacity—a continual rise in the terms of official barter, pressing on a continual helplessness to refuse. This could not last—the voice of the country was soon an uproar. The guilt, the folly, and the ruin, had become visible to all. The money-changers were masters of the temple, until judicial vengeance came, and swept away the traffickers, and consigned the temple to ruin.

When we now hear the cry for the return of the Irish legislature, we feel a just surprise that the memory of the old legislature should have ever been forgotten, or that it should ever be recorded without national shame. We should as soon expect to see the corpse of a criminal exhumed, and placed on the judgment-seat of the court from which he was sent to the scaffold.

The Marquis of Buckingham, once a popular idol, and received as viceroy with acclamation, had no sooner dared to remonstrate with this impetuous parliament, than he was over-

whelmed with national rebuke. The idol was plucked from its pedestal; and the Viceroy, pursued by a thousand libels, was glad to escape across the Channel. He was succeeded by the Earl of Westmoreland, a man of some talent for business, and of some determination, but by no means of the order that "rides the whirlwind, and directs the storm." He, too, was driven away. In this dilemma, the British cabinet adopted the most unfortunate of all courses—concession; and for this purpose selected the most unfitting of all conceders, the Earl Fitzwilliam—a man of no public weight, though of much private amiability; sincere, but simple; honest in his own intentions, but perfectly incapable of detecting the intentions of others. His lordship advanced to the Irish shore with conciliation embroidered on his flag. His first step was to take the chief members of Opposition into his councils; and the immediate consequence was an outrageousness of demand which startled even his simple lordship. The British cabinet were suddenly awakened to the hazard of giving away the constitution by wholesale, and recalled the Viceroy. He returned forthwith, made a valedictory complaint in parliament, to which no one responded; published an explanatory pamphlet, which explained nothing; and then sat down on the back benches of the peerage for life, and was heard of no more. The Earl was succeeded by Lord Camden, son of the celebrated chief-justice, but inheriting less of the law than the temperament of his father. Graceful in manner, and even aristocratic in person, his councils were as undecided as his mission was undefined. The aspect of the times had grown darker hour by hour, yet his lordship speculated upon perpetual serenity. Conspiracy was notorious throughout the land, yet he moved as tranquilly as if there were not a traitor in the earth; and on the very eve of a conflagration, of which the materials were already laid in every county of Ireland, he relied on the silent spell of the statute-book!

The secretary, Mr Pelham, afterwards Lord Chichester, wanted the meekness, or disdained the shortsightedness of his principal; and, on

the first night of his official appearance in the House, he gave at once the strongest evidence of his own opinion, and the strongest condemnation of the past system; by boldly declaring that "concessions to the Catholics seemed only to increase their demands; that what they now sought was incompatible with the existence of a British constitution; that concession must stop somewhere; and that it had already reached its utmost limit, and could not be allowed to proceed. Here he would plant his foot, and never consent to recede an inch further."

The debate on this occasion continued during the night, and until eight in the morning. All that fury and folly, the bitterness of party and the keenness of personality, could combine with the passionate eloquence of the Irish mind, was exhibited in this memorable debate. The motion of the popish advocates was lost, but the rebellion was carried. The echo of that debate was heard in the clash of arms throughout Ireland; and Opposition, without actually putting the trumpet to their lips, and marshalling conspiracy, had the guilty honour of stimulating the people into frenzy, which the Irishman calls an appeal to the god of battles, but which, in the language of truth and feeling, is a summons to all the sanguinary resolves and satanic passions of the human mind.

The secretary, perhaps foreseeing the results of this night, and certainly indignant at the undisciplined state of the legislative council, suddenly returned to England; and Lord Castlereagh was appointed by his relative, the Viceroy, to fill the post of secretary during his absence. The rebellion broke out on the night of the 23d of May 1798.

In the year 1757, a committee was first established for the relief of Roman Catholics from their disabilities by law. From this justifiable course more dangerous designs were suffered to follow. The success of republicanism in America, and the menaces of war with republican France, suggested the idea of overthrowing the authority of government in Ireland. In 1792, his Majesty's message directed the repeal of the *whole body* of anti-

Romanist statutes, excepting those which prohibited admission into parliament, and into thirty great offices of state, directly connected with the confidential departments of administration. The Romanist committee had already extended their views still farther. The well-known Theobald Wolfe Tone was their secretary, and he prepared an alliance with the republicanised Presbyterians of the north, who, in 1791, had organised in Belfast a club entitled "The United Irishmen."

The combination of the Romanist of the south and the dissenter of the north was rapidly effected. Their mutual hatreds were compromised, for the sake of their common hostility to Church and State. Upwards of 100,000 men in arms were promised by the north; millions, to be hereafter armed, were offered by the south; agents were despatched to urge French expeditions; correspondences were held with America for aid; the whole machinery of rebellion was in full employment; and a civil war was already contemplated by a group of villains, incapable of any one of the impulses of honourable men.

It is memorable that, in the subsequent convulsion, not one of those men of blood displayed the solitary virtue of the ruffian—courage. They lived in subterfuge, and they died in shame. Some of them perished by the rope, not one of them fell by the sword. The leaders begged their lives, betrayed their dupes, acknowledged their delinquencies, and finished their days beyond the Atlantic, inflaming the hostility of America, libelling the government by which their lives were spared, and exemplifying the notorious impossibility of reforming a rebel but by the scaffold.

Attempts have been made, of late years, to raise those men into the reputation of heroism; they might as justly have been raised into the reputation of loyalty. No sophistry can stand against the facts. Not one of them took the common hazards of the field: they left the wretched peasantry to fight, and satisfied themselves with harangues. Even the poetic painting of Moore cannot throw a halo round the head of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

This hero walked the country in woman's clothes, to be arrested in his bed, and perish in a prison. Tone cut his throat. Irishmen are naturally brave; but it is no dishonour to the nation to know that treason degrades the qualities of nature, and that conscience sinks the man of nerve into the poltroon.

It was among the singular instances of good fortune which saved Ireland in her crisis, that Lord Castlereagh assumed the duties of Irish Secretary. Uniting mildness of address with known determination, he was a favourite in the House of Commons, which in those days was proud of its character alike for manners and intrepidity. His indefatigable vigilance, and even the natural vigour of his time of life, rendered him adequate to services and labours which might have broken down the powers of an older man, and which must have been declined by the feeble health of his predecessor, Pelham, who still actually retained the office. Even his family connexion with the Viceroy may have given him a larger share than usual of the immediate confidence of government.

Under all circumstances, he was the fittest man for the time. He protected the country in the most difficult period of its existence. There was but one more service to secure Ireland against ruinous change—the rescue of her councils from the dominion of the mob; and it was his eminent fortune to effect it, by the Union.

There is the most ample evidence, that neither parliamentary reform nor Catholic emancipation were the true objects of the United Irishmen. The one was a lure to the malcontents of the north, the other to the malcontents of the south. But the secret council of the conspiracy—determined to dupe the one, as it despised the other—had resolved on a democracy, which, in its day of triumph, following the steps of France, would, in all probability, have declared itself infidel, and abolished all religion by acclamation. Party in the north pronounced its alliance with France, by commemorating, with French pageantry, the anniversary of the Revolution. The remnants of the old

volunteer corps were collected at this menacing festival, which lasted for some days, and exhibited all the pomp and all the insolence of Paris. Emblematic figures were borne on carriages drawn by horses, with republican devices and inscriptions. On one of those carriages was a figure of Hibernia, with one hand and foot in shackles, and a volunteer presenting to her a figure of Liberty, with the motto, "The releasement of the prisoners from the Bastille." On another was the motto,—“Our Gallic brethren were born July 14th, 1789. Alas! we are still in embryo.” Another inscription was — “Superstitious jealousy the cause of the Irish Bastille; let us unite and destroy it.” The portrait of Franklin was exhibited among them, with this inscription,—“Where Liberty is, there is my country.” Gunpowder and arms were put in store, pikes were forged, and treasonous addresses were privately distributed throughout the country.

It is to be observed, that those acts occurred *before* the accession of Lord Castlereagh to office: their existence was the result of that most miserable of all policies—the sufferance of treason, in the hope that it may die of sufferance. If he had guided the Irish councils in 1792 instead of in 1794, the growing treason would have either shrunk from his energy, or been trampled out by his decision.

It has been the custom of party writers to charge the secretary with rashness, and even with insolence. The answer is in the fact, that, until the year in which the revolt became imminent, his conduct was limited to vigilant precaution—to sustaining the public spirit—to resisting the demands of faction in the House—and to giving the loyal that first and best creator of national courage—the proof that, if they did not betray themselves, they would not be betrayed by their government.

In 1798, the rebellion was ripe. The conspirators had been fully forewarned of their peril by the vigour of public measures. But, disgusted by the delays of France,—conscious that every hour was drawing detection closer round them; and still more, in that final frenzy which Providence suffers to take possession of men abusing its gifts of understanding,—

they at last resolved on raising the flag of rebellion. A return of the rebel force was made by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, stating the number of *armed men* in Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, at 279,896! and the 23d of May was named as the day of the general insurrection.

Government now began to act. On the 12th of March, it arrested the whole body of the delegates of Leinster, assembled in committee in the metropolis. The seizure of their papers gave the details of the treason. Warrants were instantly issued for the arrest of the remaining leaders, Emmett, M'Nevin, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and others. We hasten on. A second committee was formed; and again broken up by the activity of the government. The French agency was next extinguished, by the arrest of O'Connor, the priest Quigley, and others, on the point of leaving England for France. Seizures of arms were made, the yeomanry were put on duty, the loyalists were formed into corps, armed, and disciplined.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald had escaped, and a reward of £1000 was put upon his head. On the 19th of May, only four days before the outbreak, he was arrested in an obscure lodging in Dublin, stabbed one of his captors in the struggle, was himself wounded, and died in prison of his wound.

During this most anxious period, the life of every leading member of government was in imminent peril. Plots were notoriously formed for the assassination of the commander-in-chief, and the chancellor; but Lord Castlereagh was obviously the especial mark for the conspirators. In scorn of this danger, he gallantly persevered; and, on the 22d of May, the very night before the commencement of the insurrection, he brought down to the House the following message from the Lord-lieutenant:—

“That his excellency had received information, that the disaffected had been daring enough to form a plan, for the purpose of possessing themselves, in the course of the *present week*, of the metropolis; of seizing the seat of government, and those in authority within the city. That, in consequence of that information, he had directed every military precaution to be taken which seemed expedient;

that he had made full communication to the magistrates, for the direction of their efforts; and that he had not a doubt, by the measures which would be pursued, that the designs of the rebellious would be effectually and entirely crushed."

To this message the House of Commons voted an immediate answer,—“That the intelligence thus communicated filled them with horror and indignation, while it raised in them a spirit of resolution and energy.” And, for the purpose of publicly showing their confidence and their determination, the whole of the Commons, preceded by the speaker and the officers of the House, went on foot, two by two, in procession through the streets, to the castle, to carry up their address to the Viceroy.

Lord Castlereagh, during this most anxious period, was in constant activity, keeping up the correspondence of his government with the British Cabinet and the generals commanding in Ireland. But, the correspondence preserved in the Memoirs is limited to directions to the military officers—among whom were the brave and good Abercromby, and Lake, Moore, and others who, like them, were yet to gain their laurels in nobler fields.

The rebellion, after raging for six weeks in the south, and exhibiting the rude daring of the peasantry, in several desperate attacks on the principal towns garrisoned by the army, was at length subdued by Lord Cornwallis; who, at once issuing an amnesty, and acting at the head of a powerful force, restored the public tranquillity. This promptitude was fortunate; for in August a debarkation was made by General Humbert in the west, at the head of eleven hundred French troops, as the advanced guard of an army. This force, though absurdly inferior to its task, yet, by the rapidity of its marches, and the daring of its commander, revived the spirit of insurrection, and was joined by many of the peasantry. But the whole were soon compelled to lay down their arms to the troops of the Viceroy. Scarcely had they been sent to an English prison, when a French squadron, consisting of a ship of the line

and eight frigates, with 5000 troops on board, appeared off the northern coast. They were not left long to dream of invasion. On the *very next day*, the squadron under Sir John Borlase Warren was seen entering the French anchorage. The enemy were instantly attacked. The line-of-battle ship, the *Hocche*, with six of the frigates, was captured after a sharp cannonade; and among the prisoners was found the original incendiary of the rebellion, Wolfe Tone, bearing the commission of a French adjutant-general. On his trial and sentence by a court-martial in Dublin, he solicited to be shot as a soldier, not hanged as a felon. But there was too much blood on his head to alter the forms of law for a villain who had returned for the express purpose of adding the blood of thousands to the past. To escape being hanged, he died by his own hand, deplorably, but suitably, closing a life which honesty and industry might have made happy and honourable, by the last and only crime which he could have added to the long list of his treasons.

The administration of Lord Castlereagh was now to be distinguished by another national service of the highest order. The British government had been awakened, by the rebellion, to the *necessity of a union*. The object of the rebels was to separate the two islands by violence: the danger pointed out the remedy, and the object of government was to join them indissolubly by law. The measure had been proposed nearly a century before, by the peerage of Ireland themselves, then shrinking from a repetition of the war of James II., and the sweeping confiscations of the popish parliament. The measure was twice proposed to the British cabinet, in 1703 and 1707. But the restless intrigues of party in the reign of Anne occupied all the anxieties of a tottering government; and the men who found it difficult to float upon the surge, thought themselves fortunate to escape the additional gusts, which might come ruffling the waters from Ireland. The Volunteer armament, with the example of America, if not actually inflaming Ireland to revolution, yet kindling a

beacon to every eye which sought the way to republicanism, again awoke the cabinet to the necessity of a union. The regency question, in which the Irish parliament attempted to divide, not only the countries, but the crown—placing one half on the head of the Prince of Wales, and the other half on the head of the King—again startled the cabinet. But, as the peril abated, the means of protection were thrown by. The hurricane of France then came, and dashed against every throne of Europe, sinking some, shattering others, and throwing clouds, still pregnant with storm and flame, over the horizon of the civilised world. But the vices of France suddenly extinguished the European perils of Revolution. The democracy which, proclaiming universal peace and freedom, had summoned all nations to be present at the erection of a government of philosophy, was seen exulting in the naked display of cruelty and crime. In place of a demigod, Europe saw a fiend, and shrank from the altar on which nothing was to be accepted but the spoil and agonies of man.

Those facts are alluded to, simply to extinguish the gross and common charge, that the British cabinet fostered the rebellion, only to compel the country to take refuge in the Union. It is unquestionable, that the wisdom of its policy had been a maxim for a hundred years; that the plan was to be found in the portfolio of every cabinet; that all administrative foresight acknowledged that the time *must* come when it would be inevitable, yet put off the hour of action; that it haunted successive cabinets like a ghost, in every hour of national darkness, and that they all rejoiced at its disappearance at the return of day. But when rebellion broke out in Ireland itself—when it was no longer the reflection from the glare of American democracy, nor the echo from the howl of France; when the demand of separation was made by the subjects of the British crown, in the sight of England—the necessity was irresistible. There was no longer any alternative between binding in fetters, and binding in law. Then the *resolvement* of Pitt was made, and its performance was committed to the hands

of a fearless and faithful man. Ireland was relieved from the burden of a riotous and impoverished independence, and England was relieved from the contemptible policy of acting by party, which she despised, and paying a parliament to protect a constitution.

But we must hasten to other things. There was, of course, an infinite outcry among all the tribes who lived upon popular corruption. In closing the gates of the Irish parliament, they had been shut out from the mart where they had flocked night and day to sell their influence, their artifices, and themselves. The voluntary slave-trade was broken up; and the great dealers in political conscience regarded themselves as robbed of a right of nature. The kings of Benin and Congo could not be more indignant at the sight of a British cruiser blockading one of their rivers. The calamity was universal; the whole body of parliamentary pauperism was compelled to work or starve. The barrister was forced to learn law; the merchant to turn to his ledger; the country gentleman, who had so long consoled himself for his weedy fallows by the reflection that, if they *grew* nothing else, they could at least grow forty-shilling voters, found "Othello's occupation gone." The whole flight of carrion-crows, whom the most distant scent of corruption brought upon the wing; all the locust race, which never alighted, but to strip the soil; the whole army of sinecurism, the countless generation of laziness and license, who, as in the monkish days, looked to receiving their daily meal at the doors of the treasury, felt the sudden sentence of starvation.

But this, too, passed away. Jobbery, a more than equivalent for the exemption of the land from the viper, became no longer a trade; faction itself, of all existing things the most tenacious of life, gradually dropped off; the natural vitality of the land, no longer drained away by its blood-suckers, began to show itself in the vigour of the public mind; peace did its office in the renewal of public wealth; and perhaps the happiest years of Ireland were those which immediately followed the Union. If Ireland was afterwards overshadowed,

the cause was to be found in that sullen influence which had thrown Europe into darkness for a thousand years.

Lord Castlereagh was now advanced an important step in public life. Mr Pelham, who from ill health had long been an absentee, resigned his office. The services of his manly and intelligent substitute had been too prominent to be overlooked. A not less trying scene of ministerial courage and ability was about to open, in the proposal of the Union; and no man could compete with *him* who had extinguished the rebellion.

A letter from his friend Lord Camden (November 1798) thus announced the appointment:—"Dear Castlereagh,—I am extremely happy to be informed by Mr Pitt that the wish of the Lord-lieutenant that you should succeed Mr Pelham (since he has relinquished the situation of secretary) has been acceded to by the King and his ministers; and that the consent of the English government has been communicated to Lord Cornwallis."

On the 22d of January, a message to the English House of Commons was brought down, recommending the Union, on the ground of "the unremitting industry with which the enemies of the country persevered in their avowed design of separating Ireland from England." On the 31st, Pitt moved eight resolutions as the basis of the measure. Sheridan moved an amendment, which was negatived by one hundred and forty to fifteen votes. In the Lords, the address in answer to the message was carried without a division. It was clear that the question in England was decided.

In Ireland the discussion was more vehement, and more protracted; but the decision was ultimately the same. Parliament went the way of all criminals. It must be allowed, that its scaffold was surrounded with popular clamour, to an extraordinary extent. It faced its fate with national haughtiness, and vigorously proclaimed its own virtues to the last. But, when the confusion of the scene was over, and the scaffold was moved away, none lingered near the spot to wring their hands over the grave.

The unquestionable fact is, that there was a national sense of the un-

fitness of separate legislatures for two countries, whose closeness of connexion was essential to the existence of both. The Protestant felt that, by the fatal folly of conceding votes to the popish peasantry—votes amounting to universal suffrage—parliament must, in a few years, become popish in all but the name. The landlords felt that, the constant operation of party on the peasantry must rapidly overthrow all property. The still more enlightened portion of society felt that every hour exposed the country more perilously to civil commotion. And even the narrowest capacity of judging must have seen, in the smoking harvest, ruined mansions, and slaughtered population of the revolted counties, the hazard of trusting to a native parliament; which, though it might punish, could not protect; and which, in the hour of danger, could not stir hand or foot but by the help of their mighty neighbour and fast friend.

If, in the rebellion, a wall of iron had been drawn round Ireland, and her constitution had been left to the defence furnished by her parliament alone, that constitution would have been but a cobweb; parliament would have been torn down like a condemned building; and out of the ruins would have been instantly compiled some grim and yet grotesque fabric of popular power—some fearful and uncouth mixture of legislation and vengeance: a republic erected on the principles of a despotism; a temple to anarchy, with the passions of the rabble for its priesthood, and the fallen heads of all the noble, brave, and intellectual in the land, for the decorations of the shrine.

The cry of Repeal has revived the recollection of the parliament; but the country has refused to recognise that cry as national, and even the echo has perished. It was notoriously adopted, not for its chance of success, but for its *certainty* of failure. It was meant to give faction a *perpetual* pretext for mendicancy. But the mendicant and the pretext are now gone together. A few childish people, forgetting its uselessness and its errors, alone continue to whine over it—as a weak parent laments the loss of a son whose life was a burden to him, and whose death was a relief. The Union

was one of the highest services of Lord Castlereagh.

In corroboration of those sentiments, if they could require any, it is observable how rapidly the loudest opponents of the measure lowered their voices, and adopted the tone of government. Plunket, the ablest rhetorician of the party—who had made his opposition conspicuous by the ultra-poetic extravagance, of pledging himself to swear his sons at the altar, as Hamilcar swore Hannibal to Roman hostility—took the first opportunity of reconciling his wrath to office, and settled down into a chancellor. Foster, the speaker, who had led the opposition, received his salary for life without a pang, and filled the office of chancellor of the Irish exchequer. Bushe, the Cicero of the house, glowing with oratorical indignation, condescended to be chief-justice. All the leaders, when the battle was over, quietly slipped off their armour, hung up sword and shield on their walls, put on the peace costume of handsome salary, and subsided into title and pension.

No one blamed them then, nor need blame them now. They had all been actors—and who shall reproach the actor, when the lamps are put out and the audience gone, for thinking of his domestic meal, and dropping into his bed? Nature, like truth, is powerful, and the instinct of the lawyer must prevail.

One man alone “refused to be comforted.” Grattan, the Demosthenes of Ireland, for years kept, without swearing it, the Carthaginian oath, which had slipped out of the mind of Plunket. He talked of the past with the rapt anguish of a visionary, and eschewed human occupation with the rigid inutility of a member of La Trappe. Grattan long continued to linger in Ireland, until he was hissed out of his patriotic romance, and laughed into England. There, he found, that he had lost the better part of his life in dreams, and that the world demanded evidence that he had not lived in vain. Fortunately for his own fame, he listened to the demand; forgot his sorrows over the dead in the claims of the living; threw in his share to the general contribution of the national heart against the tyranny of

Napoleon; and by some noble speeches vindicated the character of his national eloquence, and left an honourable recollection of himself in that greatest temple of fame and free minds which the world has ever seen—the parliament of England.

Lord Castlereagh, on the final dissolution of the Irish legislature, transferred his residence to London, where (in July 1802) he took office under the Addington ministry as President of the Board of Control—an appointment which, on the return of Pitt, he retained, until (in 1805) he was placed by the great minister in the office of secretary for the war and colonial department.

The death of Pitt (1806) surrendered the cabinet to the Whigs, and Lord Castlereagh retired with his colleagues. The death of Fox soon shook the new administration, and their own imprudence broke it up, (1807.) The Grey and Grenville party were superseded by Perceval; and Lord Castlereagh returned to the secretaryship at war, which he held until 1809, when his duel with Canning caused the retirement of both.

In the Memoir, the circumstances of this painful transaction are scarcely more than referred to; but the reply to a letter from Lord Castlereagh to the King, distinctly shows the sense of his conduct entertained in the highest quarter.

“The King has no hesitation in assuring Lord Castlereagh that he has, at all times, been satisfied with the zeal and assiduity with which he has discharged the duties of the various situations which he has filled, and with the exertions which, under every difficulty, he has made for the support of his Majesty’s and the country’s interest.

“His Majesty must ever approve of the principle which shall secure the support and protection of government to officers exposing their reputation, as well as their lives, in his service; when their characters and conduct are attacked, and aspersed on loose and insufficient grounds, without adverting to embarrassments and local difficulties, of which those on the spot alone can form an adequate judgment.” This, of course, settled the royal opinion; and the ministerial confidence

shortly after reposed in Lord Castlereagh, in the most conspicuous manner, fully clears his reputation from every stain.

But the letter confirms one fact, hitherto not much known, yet which would alone entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the empire. In allusion to the campaign of Portugal under Moore, and the appointment of a successor, it adds,—“It was also this impression which prompted the King to acquiesce in the appointment of so young a lieutenant-general as Lord Wellington to the command of the troops in Portugal.” Thus, it is to Lord Castlereagh’s sense of talent, and to his public zeal, that we ministerially owe the liberation of the Peninsula. His selection of the great duke, in defiance of the claims of seniority, and probably of parliamentary connexion, gave England seven years of victory, and finally gave Europe the crowning triumph of Waterloo.

But a still more extensive field of statesmanship was now opened to him. Canning had left the Foreign Office vacant; before the close of the year it was given to Lord Castlereagh. Another distinction followed. The unhappy assassination of Perceval left the premiership vacant; and Lord Castlereagh, though nominally under Lord Liverpool, virtually became, by his position in the House of Commons, prime minister.

There never was a moment of European history, when higher interests were suspended on the intrepidity, the firmness, and the wisdom of British council. The Spanish war, difficult, though glorious, was at all risks to be sustained; Austria had taken up arms, (in 1809,) was defeated, and was forced to make the bitter peace that follows disaster. Napoleon, at Erfurth, sat on a throne which looked over Europe, and saw none but vassals. At home, Opposition flung its old predictions of evil in the face of the minister, and incessantly charged him with their realisation. An infirm minister in England at that crisis would have humiliated her by a treaty; that treaty would have been but a truce, and that truce would have been followed by an invasion. But the Secretary never swerved, and his confidence in the courage of England

was rewarded by the restoration of liberty to Europe.

The fortunes of Napoleon were at length on the wane. France had been stripped of her veterans by the retreat from Moscow, and the Russian and German armies had hunted the wreck of the French across the Rhine. But, in sight of final victory, the councils of the Allies became divided, and it was of the first importance to reunite them. An interesting letter of the late Lord Harrowby, to the present Marquis of Londonderry, gives the narrative of this diplomatic mission.

“I cannot recollect dates, but it was at the time when you, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Cathcart, were accredited to the three sovereigns. It was mooted in Cabinet, I think, by Lord Castlereagh, whether it would not be desirable, in order to carry the full weight of the British Government to bear upon the counsels of the assembled sovereigns, that some one person should be appointed who might speak in its name to them all.

“The notion was approved of; and after the Cabinet was over, Castlereagh called me into his private room, and proposed the mission to me. I was, of course, highly flattered by such a proposal from such a person; but I had not a moment’s hesitation in telling him, that I had tried my hand unsuccessfully on a somewhat similar mission to Berlin, where I had also been accredited to the two Emperors; that I had found myself quite incompetent to the task, which had half-killed me; that I thought the measure highly advisable, but that there was one person only who could execute it, and that person was himself. He started at first. How could he, as Secretary of State, undertake it? The thing was unheard of. I then told him, that it was not strictly true that it had never been done: that Lord Bolingbroke went to Paris in a diplomatic capacity when Secretary of State; and that, though in that case the precedent was not a good one, it was still a precedent, and I believed there were more. The conclusion to which this conversation led was, that ‘he would talk it over with Liverpool;’ and the consequence was that, the next day, or the day after, his mission was decided.”

A letter, not less interesting, from Lord Ripon, gives some striking particulars of this mission. Lord Ripon had accompanied him to the Congress. "I allude to his first mission to the Continent, at the close of 1813. I travelled with him from the Hague to Bâle, where he first came in contact with any of the ministers of the Allied powers; and thence we proceeded to Langres, where the headquarters of the Grand Army were established, and where the allied sovereigns, the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia, with their respective ministers, were assembled."

The letter proceeds to state the views of the mission, much of whose success it attributes to the combined suavity and firmness of Lord Castlereagh's conduct. But, an instance of his prompt and sagacious decision suddenly occurred. Blücher's impetuous advance had been checked, with serious loss, by a desperate assault of Napoleon, who, availing himself of this success, had fallen upon all the advanced forces of the Allies. There was wavering at headquarters, and there were even proposals of retiring beyond the Rhine. It was essential to reinforce Blücher, but there were no troops at hand. Lord Castlereagh demanded, "Where were any to be found?" He was answered, that there were two strong corps of Russians and Prussians under the command of Bernadotte; but that he was "very tenacious of his command," and they could not be withdrawn without a tedious negotiation,—in other words, we presume, without fear of giving that clever but tardy commander a pretext for abandoning the alliance altogether. The difficulty was, by a high authority, pronounced *insurmountable*. Lord Castlereagh, who was present at the council, simply demanded, "whether the reinforcement was necessary;" and, on being answered in the affirmative, declared that the order must be given; that England had a right to expect that her allies should not be deterred from a decisive course by any such difficulties; and that he would take upon himself all the responsibility that might arise, regarding the Crown-Prince of Sweden.

The order was issued: Blücher was reinforced; Napoleon was beaten at

Laon; and the campaign rapidly approached its close. Still, formidable difficulties arose. Napoleon, though he had at last found that he could not face the army of the Allies, conceived the daring manœuvre of throwing himself in their rear—thus alarming them for their communications, and forcing them to follow him back through France. The consequences of a desultory war might have been the revival of French resistance, and the ruin of the campaign. The manœuvre became the subject of extreme anxiety in the Allied camp, and some of the chief authorities were of opinion, that he ought to be pursued. "It is said (though the Memoir has not yet reached that part of the subject,) that the decision of leaving him behind, and marching direct on Paris, was chiefly owing to Lord Castlereagh; who pointed out the weakness of taking counsel from an enemy, the advantage of finding the road to Paris open at last, and the measureless political importance of having the capital in their possession.

This advice prevailed: a few thousand cavalry were sent in the track of Napoleon, to entrap him into the idea that he was followed by the Grand Army, while Schwartzberg marched in the opposite direction; and the first intelligence which reached the French army was in the thunderclap which announced the fall of the Empire!

Lord Harrowby's letter, in referring to a subsequent period, gives a curious instance of the chances on which the highest events may turn.

"Now for my other service in the dark. After the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington at Paris, the Government was naturally most anxious to get him away. But how? Under whatever pretext it might be veiled, he would still call it running away, to which he was not partial. But, when Castlereagh was obliged to leave Vienna, in order to attend his duty in parliament, I was fortunate enough to suggest that the Duke should be sent to replace him; and that would be a command which he could not refuse to obey.

"When I mentioned this to the Duke, just after I left you—for I was then quite full of the memory of my

little exploits—he quite agreed that, if he had been at Paris, on the return of Buonaparte to France, it would have been *highly probable that they would have seized him.*

“Small events are great to little men; and it is not *nothing*, to have contributed in the smallest degree to the success of the Congress at Vienna, (nor was it then so called,) and of the subsequent campaign, and to the saving of the Duke for WATERLOO!”

After this triumphant course of political life, with every gift of fortune around him, and perhaps the still higher consciousness of having achieved a historic name, how can we account for the closing of such a career in suicide?

The only probable cause was the intolerable burden of public business, by his having in charge the chief weight of the home department as well as the foreign. His leadership of the House of Commons was enough to have worn him out. Canning once said—“that no vigour of mind or body can stand the wear and tear of a minister, above ten years.” Castlereagh had been immersed in indefatigable toil since 1794. He had stood “the wear and tear” for thirty years. His life was wholly devoted to business. During the summer he rose at five, in winter at seven, and frequently laboured for twelve or fourteen hours in succession.

In person he was tall, with a mild and very handsome countenance in early life, of which we must regret that the portrait in the first volume of the Memoir gives but an unfavourable resemblance. The most faithful likeness is that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the Windsor Gallery of Statesmen, though it has the effeminate air which that admirable painter had the unlucky habit of giving to his men.

The death of Lord Castlereagh seems to have been justly attributed to mental exhaustion, with the addition of a fit of the gout, for which he had taken some depressing medicines. The state of his spirits was marked by the King, on his Majesty's departure for Scotland. At the Cabinet Council, he had been observed to remain helplessly silent, and his signature to public papers had become

suddenly almost illegible. On those symptoms, he was expressly put into the hands of his physician, and sent to Foot's Cray, his villa in Kent. The physician attended him until the Monday following. Early on that day he was hastily summoned, and found his Lordship dead in his dressing-room.

A letter from the Duke of Wellington conveyed the lamentable intelligence to the present Marquis, who was then at Vienna. After some prefatory remarks, the Duke says—“You will have seen, that I witnessed the melancholy state of mind which was the cause of the catastrophe. I saw him after he had been with the King on the 9th instant, to whom he had likewise exposed it. But, fearing that he would not send for his physician, I considered it my duty to go to him; and not finding him, to write to him, which, considering what has since happened, was a fortunate circumstance.

“You will readily believe what a consternation this deplorable event has occasioned here. The funeral was attended by every person in London of any mark or distinction, of all parties; and the crowd in the streets behaved respectfully and creditably.”

The Duke's remarks on “the fortunate circumstance” of applying to the physician, we presume to have meant, the vindication of the Marquis's character from the guilt of conscious suicide. For the same reason, we have given the details. They relieve the mind of the Christian and the Englishman from the conception, that the most accomplished intellect, and the highest sense of duty, may not be protective against the mingled crime and folly of self-murder.

We have now given a general glance at the *matériel* of those volumes. They contain a great variety of public documents, valuable to the future historian, though too *official* for the general reader. One, however, is too curious to be altogether passed by: it is from Lord Brougham, (dated 1812,) offering himself for employment in American affairs:—

“MY LORD,—I am confident that the step which I am now taking can-

not be relinquished by your lordship. Under the present circumstances, I beg to make a tender of my services to his Majesty's government in the conduct of the negotiation with the United States, wheresoever the same may be carried on.

"I am induced to think that I might be of use as a negotiator in this affair. I trust it is unnecessary to add, that I can have no motive of a private or personal nature in making this offer. Should it be accepted, I must necessarily sustain a considerable injury in my professional pursuits," &c.

We think that, in giving these volumes to the country, the present Marquis of Londonderry has not merely fulfilled an honourable fraternal duty, but has rendered a service to public character. Faction had calumniated Lord Castlereagh throughout a large portion of his career. The man who breaks down a fierce rebellion, and who extinguishes a worthless legislature, must be prepared to encounter the hostility of all whose crimes he has punished, or whose traffic he has put to shame. The felon naturally hates the hand which holds the scales of justice, and, if he cannot strike, is sure to malign. The contemptuous dignity with which Lord Castlereagh looked down upon his libellers, and his equally contemptuous disregard of defence, of course only rendered libel more inveterate; and every low artifice of falsehood was exerted against the administration of a man who was an honour to Ireland.

His course in England was in a higher region, and he escaped the mosquitoes which infest the swamps of Irish political life. Among the leaders of English party he had to contend with men of honour, and on the Continent his task was to sustain the cause of Europe. There, mingling with monarchs in the simplicity of a British gentleman, he carried with him all the influence of a great British minister, and entitled himself to that influence by the value of his services. Yet, among the highest distinctions of his statesmanship, we have but slight hesitation in naming the rapid overthrow of the rebellion. The scene was new, the struggle

singularly perplexing. Political artifice was mingled with brute violence. If the spirit of revolt raged in the superstition, the tears, and the rude memories of peasant life, it was still more hazardously spread among the professional ranks, whose ambition was frenzied by the prospect of a republic, or whose guilt was to be screened by its establishment. He has been charged with tyranny and torture in its suppression; his correspondence in these volumes shows the manly view which he took of the true condition of Ireland.

The question of the safety of Ireland has now come before the legislature once again, in all its breadth. Is Ireland to be a perpetual seat of rebellion? Is every ruffian to find there only an armoury? Is every faction to find there only a parade-ground? Is its soil to be a perpetual fount of waters, that can flow only to poison the healthful channels of society? Is the power of government to be employed only in the hideous duties of the gaoler and the executioner? Is the noblest constitution that man has ever seen to be utterly paralysed, from the moment when it touches a soil containing millions of our fellow-subjects?—and to be paralysed by the act of these millions?

These are the questions which well may disturb the pillow of the statesmen of England. We have no hesitation in answering them. As the ruin of Ireland has been the act of a false religion, its renovation must be the act of the true. This is no time for tardiness in this experiment. Revolt has thrown aside its arms, but its antipathy remains. We shall have revolt upon revolt, until the country is turned into a field of battle or a sepulchre. If the rude, vulgar, and cowardly conspirators of the present hour have found followers, what might not be the national hazard if some valorous hand and vivid intellect—some one of those mighty men who are born to take the lead of nations, should marshal the willing multitudes at a time when England was once again struggling for the liberties of Europe? Are we to leave Ireland, with all its natural advantages, to the unchecked

progress of superstition, until, like the Roman Campagna, under the same auspices, it exhibits nothing but a desert, where man by daylight should put on his swiftest speed, and where he should not sleep by night, unless he had already taken measure of his grave?

The Memoir prefixed to the official papers in these volumes touches with singular brevity on the personal characteristics of the late Marquis of Londonderry.

But the true biography of a public man is to be found in his public career. There flattery can deceive no longer, and panegyric is brought to the test of posterity. It fell to the lot of Lord Castlereagh to take a lead in the four most memorable transactions of his time;—in the overthrow of the Irish Rebellion; in the establishment of the Union; in the downfall of the French empire; and in the settlement of the peace of Europe at the Congress of Vienna. Those four are his claims on the living gratitude of his country, and on the homage of the generations to come. The mind which was equal to those tasks must have been a mind of power; the determination which could have sustained him, in defiance of all personal and public danger, must have been of the highest order of personal and public intrepidity; and the patriotism which, in every advance of his official distinctions, and every act of his ministerial duty, directed his steps, as it then raised him above all the imputations of party, now retains his memory in that elevation, which

partisanship can no more reach than it can comprehend. Estimable in all the relations of private life, and honourable in all the trusts of statesmanship, the bitterness of Opposition has never dared to touch his personal character; and even faction has shown its sense of his services, by never venturing to insult his tomb. If the enemies of Ireland remember him with hatred, the historian of Ireland must record him with honour. If a faction in England cannot yet be reconciled to the man who kept it at bay, it must remember him as the statesman who was neither to be bought nor baffled; whose life was a security to the constitution, and whose conduct formed the most prominent contrast to that of those subsequent possessors of office, whom it found the means alternately to corrupt and to control.

It is not our wish to offer a rash and groundless panegyric to any man. We refer simply to the facts—to the eminence of England under his policy, and to its sudden difficulties under the abandonment of his principles. We think Lord Castlereagh entitled to the full tribute which can be paid by national respect to the memory of a statesman distinguished by courage and conduct, by unblemished honesty, and by unfailing honour. We think him fully entitled to bear upon his monument the name of—A GREAT BRITISH MINISTER.

The most passionate avidity for renown cannot desire a nobler name.

A CALL.

THERE is a cry throughout the land,
The needy loudly ask for bread;
Craving and unappeased they stand,
They cannot all be duly fed.
The rich in vain large alms bestow—
They fail to stem the rising tide
Of want, and beggary, and woe,
That hems them in on every side.
Lo! from the stream that overflows,
Fresh gushing rivulets roll wide,
And far from where their source arose,
They bless the land through which they glide.
Shall Britain let such lesson fail?
Shall not her overburthen'd soil,
Afair, where skill and strength avail,
Send forth the hardy sons of toil?

Arise, ye peasants, bold and strong !
 Courage ! relieve your burthen'd land,
 Toward a gracious country throng
 That needs the willing heart and hand :
 There with a cheerful vigour strive
 For the reward denied ye here,
 Through wholesome industry to thrive,
 With lessening labour, year by year.

Your many children, that ye feel
 Here as a burthen on your hands,
 There shall enrich ye through their zeal,
 And tend your flocks, and till your lands.
 No cry for bread shall pierce your ear,
 Full harvests shall requite your toil,
 And, bounteously your age to cheer,
 Shall yield ye corn, and wine, and oil.

Behold the paupers of our land,
 By want made dissolute and rude,
 With sullen heart and wasted hand
 Asking an alms of broken food !
 Behold, and snatch them from despair—
 Give them for effort a fair field,
 With labour their free limbs may bear—
 And toil from vice shall be their shield.

And ye whose lot is cast above
 Want's perilous and grievous woes !
 Be yours a full free work of love,
 The debt that man his brother owes.
 Bestow not that ye prize the least—
 Give knowledge, valour, skill, and worth ;
 Statesman and soldier, lawyer, priest,
 Physician, merchant, go ye forth.

And, Britain's daughters ! give your aid,
 Arise, make ready, cross the wave !
 Ye, for meet help and solace made,
 Go forth to cheer, to bless, to save !
 Let not the exiles vainly ask
 For home and sweet domestic cares ;
 Fulfil your high and gracious task—
 Go forth, join heart and hand with the

And ask ye all, as forth ye go,
 The guidance of a light divine,
 That through the darkest hours shall glow ;
 And steadfast in all peril shine.
 Go forth with a believing heart,
 Your Guard is sure by night and day ;
 Forth through the wilderness depart—
 Ye shall find manna on your way.

WHAT IS SPAIN ABOUT?.

WHILST France, writhing under self-inflicted wounds, is preserved from anarchy only by despotism; whilst Germany, convulsed by the imitative folly of her children, enacts a travestie of Paris tragedies; and Italy, like a froward child, screaming to go alone before she can walk, kicks at her leading-strings, and falls upon her nose—the affairs of a third-rate power, such as Spain has dwindled into, have naturally enough been overlooked and forgotten. It is time to recur to them for a moment. Spain has once been, and yet again may be, a leading member of the European family. Under a better government, she again may see days of prosperity and peace. Again her merchant-fleets may cover the seas, her traders be renowned for enterprise and wealth, her population be commensurate with the extent and productiveness of her territory. And this may occur whilst nations, but yesterday paramount in riches and power, sink by their own madness into impotence and poverty. Her rise will not be more astonishing than their decadence.

At present, it appears the destiny of Spain to be misgoverned at home, and misunderstood abroad. The insurrection now budding into life and vigour in so many of her provinces illustrates this proposition. Originating in the grossest maladministration, out of Spain its scope and nature, and the possible importance of its results, are misconceived and underrated. It differs from any previous revolt since the death of Ferdinand VII., inasmuch as it is less the effort of a party, striving for the success of a principle and a man, than the uprising of a nation struggling to shake off the yoke of a galling and intolerable tyranny. There can be no doubt that a very large majority of the Spanish people heartily wish success to the movement against the existing government of the country. Unfortunately, a majority of this majority confine themselves to wishing, instead of putting their hand to the work, which then would soon be done. Their lukewarmness, however, can hardly be wondered at, when we remember how many of them have

sacrificed property and security to their political convictions, and ruined themselves in the strife of parties. Of these parties, the two most numerous, long opposed to each other, and whose tenets once stood wide as the poles asunder, have forgotten old hatreds, made mutual sacrifices, and joined heart and hand against the common foe. The result is, the division of the country into two camps. On the one hand is the Queen-mother—in whose dexterous fingers Isabella is a mere puppet—Narvaez, O'Donnell, and the rest of the corrupt cabal from the Rue de Courcelles. These have possession of the machinery and *matériel* of the state. They hold the purse, which places at their devotion two armies, one of soldiers, the other of policemen, *employés*, spies, and venal emissaries of all kinds. To use a simile appropriate to the times, they have got upon the engine and tender, coals and water are at their command; but they misguide the train and ill-treat the passengers, clamorous for escape from their control. Spain, let Madrid papers argue and deny as they will, is in a state of general fermentation and violent discontent; on the brink of a convulsion which may very possibly end in the ousting of Isabella II., and in the enthronement of her cousin, the Count de Montemolin. In Spain a republic is an impossibility, and almost without partisans; and if the present queen be swept away by the tide of national indignation against her unscrupulous mother, the crown must naturally devolve upon the son of Don Carlos. At least, he is the only eligible candidate—we may even say, the only possible one. Don Francisco, the Incapable, would of course depart with his wife; his brother, Don Enrique, convicted of instability and of treachery to his party, would have nobody's support; and the Duke of Montpensier is so totally out of the question, so wholly without adherents, as an aspirant to the Spanish throne, that we have difficulty in crediting a statement confidently made by persons worthy of belief, that the recent victim of a great revolution still directs, from his retirement in

this country, intrigues designed to place a crown upon the head of the youngest hope of the house of Orleans. On the other hand, the Carlist party is still strong in Spain—much stronger, comparatively speaking, than it was two or three years ago; for it has clung together and preserved its integrity, whilst other parties have split and become dismembered. And although the bulk of the Spanish people may be less anxious to get any one man, or set of men, into power, than to get rid of those who at present so brutally roughride them; yet the conviction has been gradually gaining strength that, by character, education, and fair promises, the Count de Montemolin offers the best guarantees for that firm, impartial, and just government, under which alone is there a chance of Spain being raised from her present sunken and unprosperous condition. The Progresistas, who fiercely hated and fought against the father, rally round the son, persuaded that from Isabella, so long their idol, they would in vain look for a realisation of their political programme. Of their cordial understanding and co-operation with the Carlists there now can hardly exist a doubt. A very brief retrospect will suffice to explain its causes and foundation.

When Louis Philippe completed the job of the Spanish marriages, the Carlists—who, although grievously stricken and disheartened by the treaty of Bergara, had never entirely ceased to labour for the attainment of their one great end—rested upon their arms, and awaited in comparative inaction the dawn of better days. They abandoned not hope, nor abjured intrigue; but they may be said to have ceased, for a while, to conspire. In their fallen state, with their slender resources, what could they do against the puissant King of the French? For he it was against whom they must contend, did they venture to assail the throne of Isabella, and to dispute the rule of Christina. In England, too, their old enemies, the Whigs, had just come into power; the name of Palmerston was a sound of ill omen to Carlist ears; Bilbao and British marines, Passages and Commodore Hay, were words inseparably coupled, and pregnant with fatal me-

mories to the upholders of legitimacy in Spain. Supposing that, by dint of indefatigable exertions, they succeeded in raising funds, in mustering an army, in entering Spain sword in hand—forthwith they were met by that ugly and unnatural monster, the Quadruple Alliance, waiting, open-mouthed, to blast them to the four winds of heaven. An attempt, under such circumstances, would have been worse than useless; it would have been squandering a chance, and the Carlists had none to throw away. So they waited and watched. Meanwhile, what did the rulers of Spain—the persons governing behind the mask of that poor, ill-brought-up, ill-used princess, Isabella? It was natural to suppose that, having many enemies in the country—many persons and parties whose ambitions and interests were checked and thwarted by their ascendancy—they would endeavour, as far as possible, to conciliate and gain over these, or at any rate to secure the support of the masses, by moderation and good government. A very moderate amount of this latter, be it observed, would have sufficed to gain them popularity, and to give stability to their reign. The nation had endured so much—had suffered so terribly from civil wars, rebellions, reactions, and the like—that all they expected, almost all they asked, was to be kicked gently. They dared not think the screw would be altogether taken off; but, considering the damaged state of their articulations, they did hope it would be a little eased. A man who had undergone a course of knout, might look upon a cat-o'-nine-tails as a blessed exchange, and be ready to hug the drummers who applied it. This was exactly the case with Spain, long drained by war-contributions and ravaged by contending factions. From her state of exhaustion and suffering she had not had time to recover during the honest and conscientious, but brief and too gentle rule of Espartero. Never was there a finer chance for a party coming into power than the Christinos or Moderados had, when they seized the reins. The ball was at their foot, and they had but to pick it up. Instead of that, they kicked it away. A little of the moderation their

political designation implies—a little, a very little, of the patriotism and disinterestedness always so loud in their mouths, and so wanting in their deeds, and they might have won the hearts of their weary, war-worn countrymen. That moderation—they had it not, and when vaunting their patriotism they thought only of their profit. No sooner were they in power than they abandoned themselves to their vicious instincts, and thought but of filling their pockets. Christina reverted to her old system of unscrupulous appropriation; Narvaez, having filled the higher military grades with his creatures, and made the army his own by pampering and flattery, gave free play to the unbounded brutality of his nature. Universal corruption became the order of the day, extending through every administration, from the minister of the crown down to subalterns and clerks. The revenue, increasing in the very teeth of Spanish financiers—and which, by the commonest honesty and the most ordinary amount of ability, might soon have been rendered sufficient to meet the expenditure of the country, and the long-neglected claims of the foreign creditor—was so extravagantly collected, and paid tribute to so many infamous speculators, that it was hardly recognisable in the reduced form in which it ultimately reached the treasury. The country groaned, the honest were indignant, the oppressed murmured, the boldest plotted. Groans and indignation, murmurs and plots, were alike in vain; alike they were arbitrarily silenced and crushed. Narvaez and his bayonets were there, keeping the peace; whilst Christina and her friends, with smooth and smiling countenances, picked up the doubloons. Quick! a short shrift and a sharp cartridge for the first who speaks above his breath. This did for a time, and might have done longer, for in Spain he who holds the purse holds the power: besides which, the red breeks of King Louis Philippe's cohorts showed menacingly along the Pyrenees; and Lord Palmerston, although he had been so scurvily treated in the matter of the marriages, might still, it was thought, be induced, in case of need, to send a frigate or

two, and a battalion of marines, to protect his old ally Christina, should any serious rebellion break out. But one morning the Parisians turned their king out of his house; and the day afterwards, the Spanish government, whilst labouring under delirium of some kind, ejected Mr Bulwer from his; thus throwing, as the saying goes, the haft after the blade, quarrelling with England at the very moment they most needed her assistance, and remaining exposed, without hope of succour, to the assaults and machinations of their numerous enemies. Whereupon there was an immediate cocking of every Carlist beaver in or out of Spain. The old chiefs, who for six years had starved and struggled in the cause of their king, (succumbing finally before a general's treachery rather than to the arms of their foes,) looked out from the nooks where they long had rusted in retirement or exile, and more than one was heard, in the words of the old Jacobite song,

To shout to the north, where his leader shall
roam—

'Tis time now for Charlie, our king, to come
home.

There was a like stir amongst the Progresistas, who were being hanged, banished and imprisoned by the score, on account of revolts and disturbances in which they had less share than the secret agents of their persecutors. Either from presumptuous confidence in their own strength, or because they deemed they had gone too far to recede, and that it was too late to adopt a conciliatory policy, the clever gentlemen in power at Madrid, not content with reviving, by their insane foreign policy, the hopes of two powerful and hostile parties, continued to increase the number of their domestic enemies by persevering in a system of tyranny and persecution. The consequence has been a coalition from which they have every thing to dread—a coalition which has been denied by those interested to place it in doubt, but whose existence each succeeding day renders more manifest.

It may be asked how it is possible for stanch absolutists, such as the Carlists have always been, to coalesce with men of such liberal principles as the Progresistas profess. This question is replied to in three words.

When he accepted his father's renunciation in his favour of his claims upon the crown of Spain, Count Montemolin did not bind himself to adhere to his father's prejudices, or to the less tolerant part of his political creed. During nine years' detention and exile, the young prince, whose adherents claim for him the rights and title of Charles VI. of Spain, has doubtless become convinced of the impossibility of ever bringing back the country he aspires to reign over to the old system of irresponsible absolutism and priestly tyranny,—a system rendered especially odious by the weakness and vices of the two last monarchs who governed by it. The Progresistas, on their part, desire no exclusive favour, no monopoly of power: compelled to withdraw their support from her they once enthusiastically defended, they have no other candidate to put forward. Don Enrique, in whom they once were disposed to confide, basely sold and betrayed them; and as to Espartero, whose ambition has been the subject of such fierce diatribes on the part of the ignorant and the malicious, both in Spain and in England—the idea of his aspiring to regal power appears too ridiculous, to those acquainted with his simple tastes and unobtrusive worth, to be for an instant dwelt upon and seriously refuted. No; all the Progresistas ask is a free press, elections conducted without bribery or bayonets, security for persons and property. Do one of these things exist in Spain now? Let facts reply. We read the answer in the suppression or silence of every Opposition newspaper; in the packed benches of the Cortes; in the imprisonment, banishment, and confiscation, without stated accusation or form of trial, of hundreds of innocent persons. From this tyranny, than which none can be worse, the Count de Montemolin promises relief. The Progresistas accept his pledge, and rally round his standard.

The Madrid government, which, since the commencement of the present year, has constantly provoked petty disturbances, as pretexts for arbitrarily consigning to the dungeon or the colonies as many as possible of those they dislike or fear, now find

themselves face to face with a real insurrection of most formidable aspect. They have cried wolf till the wolf has come, and they run considerable risk of being devoured. In vain they deny their peril, affect to bluster and talk big; their real alarm peeps through the flimsy cloak of bravado. A government confident of its strength, and of the support and sympathies of the governed, does not condescend to treat and tamper with rebels. If the insurgents be so contemptible in numbers and resources as the organs of Narvaez and the Queen-mother daily assert them to be, why not crush them at once, instead of attempting to buy over their chiefs, who, on their part, pocket the bribes and laugh at their seducers? If Cabrera, for weeks together, lay sick and bedridden in a Catalonian village, why was not a detachment, or, if necessary, a division, sent to apprehend him? Such flimsy impostures deceive no one. The truth is, that, with the exception of a few fortified places, the east of Spain is in the hands of the Carlists and Progresistas, who come up to the walls of the cities and levy contributions at the very gates. The north only waits the signal to burst into revolt; in the Castiles alarming demonstrations are daily made, and armed bands show themselves on various points; in the large commercial towns in the south, whose desire for a revision of the present absurd Spanish tariff renders them ardent liberals, discontent smoulders, and in an instant may burst into a flame. There are Andalusian cities where the appearance of Espartero, or of some other popular and influential Progresista, would at once raise the entire population. At present, however, the revolt is in its infancy, and can hardly be said to have begun. Its chiefs avoid encounters, and busy themselves with organisation—which proceeds rapidly, in spite of the marches and countermarches of Messrs Cordova, Pavia, Villalonga, and the other Christino generals, and of the glorious victories narrated in the columns of the *Heraldo* and other equally veracious journals. According to these, Cabrera has already been several times totally routed and driven over the frontier. We have strong grounds

for believing that, up to this moment, —although his lieutenants have been engaged in small affrays, of little or no importance, but terminating, with scarcely an exception, in their favour —he himself has not smelt powder, burned in anger, since he left Spain in 1840. He waits the proper moment, when his arrangements shall be completed, to commence operations upon a large scale; and meanwhile he very judiciously avoids frittering away his strength in profitless skirmishes. By the last advices worthy of credit, he is at the head of six thousand men, well armed and uniformed, and nearly all old soldiers, in high spirits and thorough discipline. This force does not include the numerous detached and irregular bands spread over Catalonia and Valencia, or various bodies of *Progresistas*, who march under their own banner, but are on the best of terms with the *Carlists*, and will co-operate with them in the day of battle. Arms and ammunition are procured without difficulty from France and England. The French Republic has its hands too full to attend seriously to such trifles. Although General Cavaignac, to get rid of the importunities of that blatant knave Sotomayor, did order the arrest of a brace of unlucky *Progresistas*, there is little chance of his carrying out the preventive system to a rigorous extent, or of his depriving the starving French manufacturers of the crust they may obtain by fabricating arms and clothing for the *Carlist* troops. As to England, she is, of course, in no way called upon to prevent the export of Birmingham muskets and Hounslow cartridges, even should she suspect their destination to be different from that entered at the custom-house. Indeed, it is shrewdly suspected that Lord Palmerston would like nothing better than to see his quondam friends ejected from Spain, and to resume amicable relations with that country by accrediting an ambassador to the court of Charles VI.

It is worthy of remark that Cabrera, who made himself so notorious, during the last civil war in Spain, by his barbarous cruelties — provoked, but not justified, by his mother's murder — appears now to have adopted a totally different system, and to have

exchanged his ferocity for moderation and humanity. We hear of no more cold-blooded shooting of prisoners, or wanton and unprovoked aggressions; *Christino* soldiers who have fallen into his hands, or into those of his subordinates, have been disarmed and set at liberty; good treatment has been shown to magistrates and other officials, carried off as hostages or held for ransom. The contributions levied on the country have been regularised, and are willingly paid; the peasantry receive the insurgents as liberators, instead of shunning them as spoilers. Furious at this state of things, which they can neither alter nor conceal, the *Christinos* know not how to show their wrath, or on whom to wreak it; and the means they resort to for the expression of their spite are perfectly suicidal. The unfortunate *Constitucional* of Barcelona, one of the few remaining papers in Spain which now and then venture to speak the truth, is arbitrarily suppressed for drawing a faithful picture of the state of the province; whilst the very next day one of the government generals confirms the truth of the sketch, and the disaffection of the peasants, by enforcing the premature gathering in of the fruits of the earth, to rot and perish in store, and by forbidding the labourer to carry to the field more than six ounces of food, lest he should sell or give it to the *Carlists*—annexing to these stringent enactments others equally onerous and tyrannical. All this time, at Madrid and in other cities, arrests continue; and every day fresh victims are consigned to Ceuta, the Philippines, or the prisons, their relatives and friends being thenceforward added to the host of the disaffected. Why, this is stark-staring madness! — the insanity, preceding perdition, with which God afflicts those he would destroy. To discomfiture and destruction, total and lasting, the party still dominant in Spain are to all appearance hastening. None will pity their fall. They will be condemned not only by all just men, but by the most reckless advocates of political expediency; for they have been blind to their own true interests, as well as unblushingly contemptuous of every principle of morality and good government.

CONSERVATIVE UNION.

No private calamity which has occurred for years has so startled the mind of England as the withdrawal of Lord George Bentinck from the scene of his useful labours. In the prime of life, in the full possession of a vigorous and masculine intellect, at the head of a large and increasing political party, who revered him for his unsullied honour, and loved him for his undaunted courage, he has been taken from us by one of those mysterious visitations which are sent as a token that the destinies of the world are indeed in the hands of God. Short as was his public career, he had won for himself a name which will not lightly die away in the history of his country, and his memory will be cherished among us as that of a man who had the welfare of Britain thoroughly at heart; and who, in an age of degenerate and vacillating statesmanship, had the firmness to tear off the mask from the features of hypocrisy, and to expose the awful consequences of that culpable race for power which has effected the partial disorganisation of this great and once prosperous empire.

The loss of such a man at such a time is indeed far more a public than a private calamity. As such, it has been felt throughout the realm by thousands who understood the true position of Bentinck as the champion of native industry, and the titter uncompromising foe of that selfish and sordid system which seeks to aggrandise the few at the cost of the labouring many. A large proportion even of those who originally yielded to the deleterious doctrines of the free-traders, but who, through sad and wholesome experience, had become alive to the folly and iniquity of the modern scheme, were gathering confidence from his unrelenting exertions, and preparing to rank themselves by his side. In him the British colonies have lost their firmest friend and advocate. The noble struggle which he made this year in behalf of the oppressed and defrauded West Indian planters, was, in the opinion of many who knew him well, the proxi-

mate cause of his death; for a similar amount of physical and intellectual labour has hardly ever been undertaken even by a professional man, and never without the imminent risk of shattering the constitution.

We should ill perform our duty to the public, and to the constitutional party whose cause we have undeviatingly supported, if we omitted to take this last sad opportunity of testifying our respect for the memory of so valuable a man. The tendency of the present age is to estimate merit by success, and to offer its sole homage to the winner of the desperate game. But those who look deeper into the secret springs of human action and impulse, can hardly fail to recognise in Bentinck a character invested with that rare chivalry and devotion which, by common consent, we accept as the attribute of our purest patriots and heroes. Chicannery, deceit, and falsehood were utterly abhorrent to his mind. He had no taste for those state tricks which have superseded the old manly English method, and no sympathy for those who used them. He went into the arena of politics as a soldier might go to battle, confident in the integrity and justice of the cause in which he was engaged, and determined to maintain it to the last against any weight of opposition. It was this resolute and undaunted spirit which at once raised him from comparative obscurity to the rank of a great parliamentary leader; for those who co-operated with him knew well that they were dealing with a man superior to all intrigue, and ready to lay down his life rather than infringe, in the slightest degree, on the pledge which he had offered to his country.

We have no hesitation in saying this, because we are certain that no one will question the sincerity of our conviction. During the last two years, and almost without intermission, we have been compelled to devote a large portion of our space to the consideration of public questions, and of the political difficulties of the

time. On more than one point our views were seriously opposed to those entertained and advocated by Lord George Bentinck; nor have we concealed our opinion that his tactics, however bold, were not the best adapted for accomplishing the object which we have most warmly at heart, the reconstitution of the Conservative party upon such clear and defined principles as may rescue the country from its present perilous position.

We feel that the necessity of such a union is so plain and urgent—that the danger of allowing the affairs of Britain to be longer administered by a feeble but stubborn ministry has been so clearly demonstrated—that we cannot any longer afford to remain inactive, or to indulge in idle recrimination. The safety of the country peremptorily demands the adoption of a different policy, and the resumption of the reins of government by hands that are capable of holding them. It is for the gentlemen of England to decide whether they shall adopt such a course by uniting cordially hand and heart to retrieve us from our present embarrassments, or sit idly by as mere spectators of a fatal course of legislation. The present crisis is by far too serious to be viewed with indifference, or through the coloured glass of obsolete party interest. The welfare of the empire is at stake, and that is a subject with which none of us can dare to dally.

What are the differences which at present separate one section of the Conservatives from the other? They resolve themselves simply into the adhesion of a few talented, but we must say obstinate men, to a leader whose tortuous policy has been the main cause of our present unhappy position. We have no wish to say hard things even of Sir Robert Peel. We believe, and devoutly hope, that his reign of office is over, and that no combination of circumstances may occur to bring him back, even for the shortest period, into power; and, believing and hoping this, we are content to let him alone, and leave him to the judgment of that posterity which he is so peculiarly prone to invoke. But we ask those who have clung with such extreme tenacity to his cause, seriously to view

the effect of the late legislative measures upon the community at large—to consider how far the result of the free-trade scheme has corresponded with the nature of its promise—and to reflect upon the present precarious state of our oldest and most valuable dependencies. We blame no one for having entertained an opinion conscientiously differing from our own. There may not be any disgrace in having consented to an experiment which, when put into practice, has resulted in an absolute failure; but there is disgrace, ay, and infinite dishonour, in refusing to acknowledge an error when its consequences are made palpably manifest, and in persisting to gloss it over for the sake of an egotistical consistency. We do not believe that high-minded and honourable men will be guilty of such vain and frivolous conduct; and it is in that belief that we make our present most urgent appeal.

Look at the effect of our present free-trade laws, not only upon the revenue, but upon the internal industry of Britain. Is it not clear and utterly beyond dispute, that our exports, for which we have sacrificed every thing, are greatly on the decline, and that our imports are steadily increasing? Not even the merest tyro in political science,—not even the dullest dolt that clamoured at the meetings of the League,—will venture to affirm that this is a state of things which can continue without entailing ruin on the country; and yet the Whigs, with that insensibility and sottishness which is as much their characteristic as obstinacy, have announced for next session their intention of pushing the experiment further! For a year we have had no budget, a circumstance entirely without a parallel in parliamentary history. The excess of the national expenditure above the revenue has been stated at the enormous sum of a million and a half, though we believe that in reality three millions would not cover the deficiency; and a considerable item even of that revenue is to be cut off from us, when the act repealing the corn law shall come into full operation. We cannot look for any improvement in trade whilst we leave our markets open to the produce of foreign

labour, and allow the wealthy classes to be supplied with almost all their articles of consumption from an unremunerating source. We must again look to the customs as our main source of revenue, and more than that, as our absolute salvation from the anarchy which must ensue, if the hundred small non-exporting trades of the country are to be sacrificed for the monopoly of the few, and the millions engaged in these pursuits made beggars and driven to desperation.

And what is the state of the monopoly? How have the manufacturers gained? Let **FOUR MILLIONS** of diminished exports on the *half year* only, and the suppression of the Manchester return of the number of unemployed operatives in the very metropolis of the League, bethereby. Ycs—it has come to this pass, that the free-traders **DARE** not publish to the world the results of their own madness. In the month of June last, there were within a fraction of **EIGHT THOUSAND** workmen without employment in Manchester alone, and the numbers were increasing so fast, that it was deemed expedient to discontinue the startling return. How can we be surprised that Chartism and disaffection are rankling in men's minds, when we take such deliberate pains to make them paupers?

We are told that the state of the Continent is such that our export market is impeded. Let us for the moment admit that such is the case, and let us see what sort of argument that furnishes for the continuance of the present system. Is it deliberately proposed that we are to remain with our ports open, until France and Germany, and Spain and Italy, are tranquillised? Are the prophets of peace still so sanguine of the speedy realisation of their visions? Are we to wait for years—with an increasing debt, a diminished revenue, and still further stagnation of employment—until our brethren on the other side of the Channel have reconciled their jarring theories of Red Republics and of unity, adjusted their boundaries, and again betaken themselves to the arts of peace? Our own constitution may well be shattered before that consummation can arrive! But the truth is, that, in many respects, the Continen-

tal disturbances are not unfavourable to our export trade. If, on the one hand, they have occasioned a less degree of consumption; on the other, they have paralysed industry and depreciated capital abroad. Belgium, it is true, is a formidable competitor for our staples in the foreign market; but, notwithstanding, we do not expect any serious diminution in this branch of our foreign trade. The evil of which we complain is chronic, and it has not been caused by any sudden or violent convulsions.

It is to our colonies that we must look for the cause of our diminished exports. It was our paramount duty and obligation to have fostered these, and to have made them, by a wise system of reciprocity, at once the best supporters of our power, and the most sure and steady consumers of our manufactured produce. We have done nothing of this. On the contrary, the course which we have thought proper to pursue towards those integral portions of the empire has been marked by tyranny and injustice. We have ruined the West Indies, and yet we wonder why they do not consume our cottons! Our weak and ridiculous legislation, without foresight and without principle, has not only retarded the progress of the colonies, but absolutely frightened them out of our market; and unless a very different system is speedily adopted, we may have bitter occasion to rue our folly, and to curse the selfishness of the men who, from mere lust of personal power, have sacrificed the best interests of the nation.

How, then, have the manufacturers gained by free trade? On the one hand, they have not been able, by inviting and giving every facility to imports, to increase the quantity of their export; on the other, they have closed up several of their surest markets. The full extent of our egregious folly has not yet become visible to the public. The manufacturers, by a sort of retributive justice, are the persons who are feeling it the most, and ere long they will be compelled to acknowledge it. It is seriously affecting the trade and commerce of our greatest cities. The number of vessels which have cleared out of the Clyde from the port of

Glasgow during the last nine months, is in the proportion of 382 to 602 for the same period in the previous year! Glasgow, as every one knows, owed its rise and opulence to its connexion with the colonies, more especially the West Indies; and here is the heaviest blow which probably was ever heard of in the history of commerce, struck, through free trade, at the second city of Britain. It is good that we should know these things; better if, by revolving them, we can turn experience to advantage. Let the electors throughout the kingdom, more especially in the towns, meditate seriously before they are again called on to use their political franchise; let them reflect on their own diminished prosperity, and beware of that hollow liberalism combined with quackery which is the stain and the curse of the age.

To this position we have been brought by a bad commercial policy, originated by mean and mercenary men, and most unhappily adopted by a minister who became a convert towards the close of a long official life. We have seen and felt the system as it works; and the only question now for our consideration is, whether we are to suffer it to endure? If we do so, it is vain to deny that we are on the verge of general ruin. There is not a symptom of improvement. Day by day the cry of distress waxes louder, and yet we hesitate to take the necessary steps for effecting our own emancipation. There is hardly one man in the country—the bailie of Blairgowrie perhaps excepted—who can have, or feels, the slightest confidence in the abilities of Lord John Russell. Such a cabinet as this, in point of political decrepitude and imbecility, was never yet formed; and it could not live for an hour save for the unseemly dissensions in the Conservative camp. These cannot be permitted to last. There is no merit in personal devotion when pushed beyond its proper sphere; and the best service which Sir Robert Peel can render to his sovereign, is utterly to abjure all pretension of ever returning to power. Surely he can have no wish to head a reactionary movement, or expose himself to the obloquy of recanting the last edition of his views.

There is another reason why the Con-

servatives are imperatively called upon to unite. Recent disclosures of a very startling nature have forced upon us the conviction, that the Whigs are worse than weak, and that they cannot be depended on as steadfast guardians of the crown. There is more in the famous letter written by Mr Thomas Young, formerly private secretary to Lord Melbourne, than meets the eye. We attach no undue importance to this epistle—we shall not stoop so low as to examine the motives and intention of its author. His own attempted explanation is, if possible, more damning than the treasonable missive itself. We could only, were we to exhaust our whole powers of illustration, repeat what has been already stated in the masterly article of the *Standard*. It is as clear as day, that at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, the underlings of the Whig administration were cognisant of a hideous project for a violent and bloody revolution, and that, to take the mildest point of view, they concealed that knowledge from their masters. Franks were obtained from the Home Office, for the purpose of suborning the loyalty of at least one officer, high in his Majesty's service, and proposing to him the odious part of a leader in a popular insurrection. Whether that letter, written as it probably was in the fullest confidence, ought or ought not to have seen the light, especially after the lapse of so many years, is a matter with which we have no concern. That is a question which is only personal to Mr Young and his correspondent; but we have the document, and the whole nation is entitled to inquire into its tenor. And never, upon any accusation of so grave a nature, was a more miserable defence preferred. In fact there can be, and there is, no escape from the legitimate conclusion. At that time a section of the Whigs were ready, for the sake of carrying their own scheme, not only to have connived at, but to have lent their whole influence to a popular outbreak and rising, which might, in all human probability, have been subversive of the constitution of the country. Lord Melbourne might not have known of that letter: we go farther, and state our positive opinion that he was utterly ignorant

of its existence, because, however we may have differed from him in politics, he is a man whose personal honour and loyalty have always been free from a stain. We believe—and are glad in stating it—that he was utterly ignorant of the vile treason which was hatching in his own department; but we shall not extend the same shelter of belief to others of his unpatriotic party. That treason was meditated is plain; and very thankful shall we be if the higher order of the Whigs shall take the pains, by disavowing and repudiating the acts of their subordinates, and by withdrawing from those implicated the unmerited rewards of their sedition, to clear themselves from the heavy suspicion which this document undoubtedly affixes on their loyalty. It is a disclosure too grave to be met with a light explanation. The fact of meditated treason, known to Whig officials, has transpired, and we are entitled to know how far upwards the rank contagion had spread.

That letter, apart from its historical value, is important at the present moment, inasmuch as we think that no one can peruse it without feeling convinced that, in any struggle for power, the Whigs would have no scruple in sacrificing principle to their interest. They have done so already repeatedly, and their tactics have always been to retain or recover office by making large concessions to the demands of the Radical or the Irish party. We are not without apprehension that they are, even now, contemplating some move of a similar nature, to be made during the ensuing session of Parliament, for the purpose of retrieving some portion of their lost popularity. The Radical party have openly threatened to withdraw their support from the ministry unless some increase of the suffrage shall be granted; and an agitation to that effect would be particularly palatable to the free-traders, as it might tend, in some degree, to draw public attention from the utter failure of their schemes. Any movement, in such a direction, would be followed by the most disastrous consequences. A further infusion of the popular element into the House of Commons, would simply lead to greater encroachments on the consti-

tution, more reckless experiments upon the stability of our trade and commerce, and more culpable bidding by ministries for popularity in every shape. Where is to be the end of such an agitation—unless, indeed, we were to follow the notable examples of France and Germany, and adopt universal suffrage—if, on each occasion when the country is suffering under the pressure of noxious laws, no mode of relief can be suggested, save through an extension of the Reform Bill? We should have thought that the success of the first experiment was not quite so conspicuous as to invite another of the same nature. The impudence of the Radical faction is really almost incredible. Mr Cobden and his confederates have got free trade, from the effects of which we are presently languishing; and they now propose to revive our spirits and replenish our purses by stocking the House of Commons with an additional importation of men of precisely the same caste and opinions as their own! We suspect that the funds would scarce be lively if the country were assured that forty Brights, instead of one, were seated in our National Assembly.

We therefore again implore the Conservatives to unite without loss of time, since in their hands alone can we have a thorough guarantee for the safety of the crown, the stability of the national churches, and for the integrity of the constitution. Let all lukewarmness, all promptings of personal ambition, all latent rancour, and all absurd and unreciprocated confidence, be given to the winds at once; and let us seriously and diligently apply ourselves to the task of recalling to Britain and her colonies that measure of prosperity which we possessed before evil counsels prevailed, and which, even now, is not beyond our power to recall. The industrious classes of the community, impoverished and straitened as they have been, have a right to this service from the high-minded gentlemen of England. The power and the ability are with us, if we only testify the disposition; and surely it is madness to remain at idle feud while the enemy are visible at the gate.

These remarks are not based upon mere speculation. We are well assured that, during the last few months,

much progress has been made towards a thorough fusion of the two sections of the Conservative party, upon clear and common grounds. All difficulties would by this time probably have been removed, but for the scruples of two or three gentlemen who are supposed to possess the private confidence of Sir Robert Peel, and who have hitherto identified themselves with his fortunes. Now, as it must be perfectly apparent to any man of common reflection, that the bulk of the Conservatives never can, under any circumstances, consent to act under the leadership of Peel; as he himself has, over and over again, publicly stated that no motive or consideration would induce him to return to power—it is absolutely incomprehensible to us how such scruples can exist in the minds of the individuals to whom we allude, if they really believe in the sincerity of this last declaration of their leader. No one wants him to take office, and he says that he will not accept it. So far all are agreed. If we believed that any one of these distinguished and honourable men is convinced that the commercial policy of the last three years has been wise and sound, and that, with any amount of trial, it can terminate otherwise than fatally for the interests of the country, we should have no right to address them upon a subject so momentous as this, and certainly no desire for one moment to gain their co-operation. But we can very well distinguish betwixt a feeling of strong attachment to an individual whose talents they have been accustomed to respect, but whose views they have only partially penetrated, and a settled conviction in the soundness of the policy which it has been his destiny to originate. We believe that, hitherto, the former sentiment, and not the latter one, must be taken as the true explanation of their conduct—that they are unwilling to abandon the man, although they have lost their faith in the efficacy of his measures. Now, if this be the case, how can they justify themselves for opposing, upon such slender grounds, the reconstruction of the Conservative party? They must be well aware that Sir Robert Peel has forfeited for ever the confidence of a large majority of those who,

a few years ago, were his most steadfast and faithful followers, and that far more through his own deliberate acknowledgment of double-dealing, than from a mere change of opinion upon any one point of commercial policy, however important it might appear. It may be the misfortune of Peel, rather than his fault, that he cannot estimate the proper value of plain manly confidence and unshrinking candour; that he has invariably declined the straight for the crooked path; and that an excess of ingenuity—a vast misfortune for a statesman—has tempted him to meddle, repeatedly and almost incessantly, with interests far too important to be approached except with extreme deliberation. These are the considerations which must preclude him from being restored to his former rank as leader of the great Conservative party; and we notice them now, not as matter of blame to him, but in explanation of the general feeling. And we go further than this. We say that, in order to render the Conservative union enduring, it will be absolutely necessary to reconstruct the party upon clear, avowed, solid, and proclaimed principles, so that no doubt whatever may be left as to the course which in future is to be pursued. Instead of that shifting and wavering policy which has paralysed our colonies, terrified our merchants, and depressed the money market, we must resolve upon a definite plan for the future, which shall restore confidence, and secure us, so far as may be, against the recurrence of similar disasters. We must also determine whether the present currency laws are to be maintained, or whether they shall undergo such alterations as shall prevent them from aggravating the pressure in circumstances of unforeseen difficulty. On all these points Sir Robert Peel stands strongly and unfortunately committed. Even since he has been in opposition, he has shown no symptoms of the slightest relaxation of his last adopted ideas; and it is quite impossible for us to forget that, through his influence, the Whigs were enabled to carry that bill which is universally acknowledged to be the death-warrant of our West Indian colonies. Under these circumstances, the devotion of his few adhe-

rents is not only an act of Quixotry, but a serious injury to the party which has a right to expect their services and their aid; and, however much we may respect the talents of the gentlemen to whom we have alluded, we must tell them that the period for a definite selection has arrived, and that, by standing in the way of Conservative reconciliation and union, they are not performing their proper duty either to their country or their Queen.

With such financiers as Goulburn and Herries in the Commons,—with such eminent statesmen as Lords Stanley, Lyndhurst, and Aberdeen in the House of Peers, there can be no doubt of the strength and the success of the Conservative party if once more thoroughly united. We have always regarded the unfortunate division as one of the most serious disasters that ever befell the country, not only because it destroyed the cohesion and severed the councils of a body which, under any circumstances, would have been strong enough to keep both the Whigs and the Radicals in check, but also because it engendered much apathy and some disgust amongst men who were the most valuable supporters of Conservative principles, and who, in consequence, ceased for a time to take any active interest in public affairs. The unseemly election contests which repeatedly took place in England, between parties mutually designating themselves Protectionists and Peelites, —sometimes terminating in the defeat of both, or in the triumph, through their idle rivalry, of a liberal candidate, who otherwise never could have succeeded—did a great deal to widen the breach, and to lessen the mass of the opposition; and we revert with considerable pride and satisfaction to the fact, that in Scotland no such unnatural dissension was exhibited, but that men belonging to every shade of Conservatism were eager to act in concert, whenever a candidate appeared. We can make allowance for some exasperation on both sides, under such very peculiar and novel circumstances; but we hope that we have seen the last of these discreditable and weakening contests.

Let, then, the short period which is left between the present time and the reassembling of Parliament be em-

ployed by all the friends of the old Conservative cause for the promotion of union, and the establishment of a thoroughly good understanding amongst ourselves. Let all former causes of offence be cordially forgiven: let us consider what we are to do, and whom we are to follow; and, these dispositions made, let them be adhered to with integrity and honour. The Whig faction is utterly effete and incapable of maintaining its ground. The free-traders stand before the nation as detected charlatans and impostors. There is no enemy to fear, if we only go on boldly and do our duty. But if we hesitate and hang back at the present crisis, and decline to assume a position which might soon enable us to apply an effectual remedy to the most pressing disorders of the country, can we be surprised if the masses, irritated and provoked, seeing no one great party in the state ready to come to their assistance, should begin to clamour for organic changes; or if the colonies, weary of their suffering, and despairing of sympathy, should question the worth of the bonds which bind them to the mother country?

Thus far we have thought it our duty to speak in all sincerity and plainness. We know well that these sentiments are far from being confined to ourselves. We feel assured that many of the wisest and best men who ever adorned her Majesty's councils, or those of her royal predecessors, are deeply desirous that the present anomalous state of party should be corrected, and unwholesome separation be superseded by cordial union. This, we firmly believe, could be effected without any sacrifice of principle, and the sooner it is accomplished the better.

There is but one topic more to which we would fain allude before concluding the present article. The late rebellious outbreaks in Ireland seem, in certain quarters, to have revived the notion of the expediency of a state endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We place very little faith in the sincerity of an announcement which some time ago was put forth, on hierarchical authority, in the public prints, to the effect that, even were such an endowment to be offered, it would be peremptorily and indignantly refused. But, sincere or not, that

statement may serve as an answer to the writer in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*, who supports the endowment scheme with an unction which we were certainly not prepared to expect. His argument, from first to last, implies the same unhappy yielding to agitation and terrorism, which, when applied to civil matters, has ended in open rebellion, and which, if applied to ecclesiastical affairs, would infallibly result in the total overthrow and annihilation of the Protestant Church in Ireland. Does he really believe that—to assume no argument of a graver nature—the people of Great Britain will be ready, in the present desperate state of their finances, to submit to additional taxation for the purpose of establishing, in permanent comfort, the true instigators of the disturbances which have caused us so much anxiety and pain? Why, if such endowment can be vindicated upon any intelligible principle, is it to be confined to the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland alone, and not extended to the dissenting denominations throughout the width and breadth of the land? On what plea could the Free and Episcopal churches in Scotland, or the Wesleyan Methodists of England, be excluded, if such a proposition were for a moment to be seriously maintained? Thereviewer professes to reject, *in toto*, any idea of the confiscation of existing church property, and therefore he must fall back, as his sole resource, upon government endowment, which means simply a new tax on the people of Great Britain, for the benefit of Ireland—a country which is already exempted from her share of our heaviest burdens, and annually receiving eleemosynary aid to an amount which has grievously contributed to increase our late monetary pressure. It may be that some such project is in contemplation, for we never have been able to comprehend, without some such motive as this, the extraordinary anxiety exhibited by the present Whig government in carrying through their bill for the establishment of Diplomatic relations with Rome, at the very moment when the last fragment of temporal power was passing from the hands of the Pope. But whether this be so or not—whether this is a

mere private crotchet, or a prepared scheme, to come forth in due season—we are perfectly satisfied that it will be met throughout the country with a righteous storm of indignation. The Protestantism of Britain has been its strength and its glory; and it was only when called upon to choose between that sacred principle and the hardly less revered one of loyalty, that our forefathers thought themselves justified in summoning an alien to the British throne. What cost us then both tears and blood is an operating principle now; and if, through the grace of God, we have seen order maintained and rebellion crushed at home, at a period when half of Europe is plunged in the horrors of anarchy, we do not fear the charge of bigotry, if we attribute our preservation as much to the religious establishments of the land, as to the free institutions which Protestantism has enabled us to maintain. Loyalty is not a thing to be bought: it is a spontaneous feeling, unpurchaseable at any price; and if the Irish Catholic clergy have it not now, the most liberal endowment will work no change in their political feelings.

One of the arguments most commonly urged by those who advocate this system of endowment, is, we think, both erroneous in its assumption and weak in its application. They maintain that the Catholic clergy, if in the pay of the state, would have less power over the peasantry of Ireland than at present. Is that altogether a state of matters which it would be desirable to bring about? Would it be well to sap the influence of this moral police? There is not a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland at this moment who does not know, that were he to give open countenance to rebellion, he would not only be amenable to the laws of his country, but, under a firm executive government, would be selected as the earliest example. The situation of Ireland is such, that we can never calculate upon the loyalty of a large portion of its population. Centuries have rolled by, and still the Celtic race persist in being aliens from our own. We cannot tame them, cannot cultivate them, cannot win their hearts by any imaginable sacrifice. They persist in

their cry of Ireland for the Irish, and will not see that the thing is as impossible as the re-establishment of the Saxon heptarchy, and, were it possible, would be tantamount to delivering them over to the horrors of a barbarian war. It is no use disguising the fact—we must deal with men as they are; and who can doubt that there does exist a great amount of rooted disaffection among the peasantry of Ireland? And now it is seriously proposed to cure that disaffection, by taking means calculated to weaken the influence of the priesthood over the peasantry! In other words, to give up the only hostages we hold, and leave the most turbulent and uneducated population of Europe, freed even from religious control, to be worked up to frenzy by the first lay demagogue who has the art to make them believe that treason is a synonymous term with patriotism. Even worldly wisdom would repudiate such a surrender, and the argument is so weak, that it bears with it its own refutation.

We have gained nothing whatever by tampering with Roman Catholicism in Ireland. Neither the moral nor the social condition of the people has been improved thereby; on the contrary, each successive step towards conciliation has been met by augmented turbulence. We cannot afford to push the experiment farther; and surely it would be a strange thing, if, while the Romish clergy themselves distinctly repudiate such an arrangement, and refuse to become the stipendiaries of the British government, any body of men who may be called to the responsible situation of her Majesty's advisers, should persist in tendering the obnoxious and repugnant boon: least of all do we expect that any such proposal can emanate from the Conservatives. We know that upon this point various opinions have been expressed, and that Lord George Bentinck was at one time supposed to be not unfavourable to such a scheme. No man, we firmly believe, ever had the good of Ireland more thoroughly at heart; and, had his plan for ameliorating the Irish distress been adopted last year, and the money

which was uselessly squandered, been applied to the construction of permanent works eminently calculated to open up and develop the resources of the country, we might ere this time have seen the foundation laid of a new era of social and industrial prosperity. But the Whig Cabinet, perverse to the last, could not bring themselves to acknowledge that the political sagacity of an opponent was greater than their own; and, therefore, the money which we gave with so lavish a hand, has disappeared without leaving the smallest trace of its employment. But, in ecclesiastical matters, Lord George Bentinck professed a latitudinarianism which was not responded to by the great bulk of his party. They were not disposed to unchristianise the high assembly of Britain by the introduction of men who openly avowed their denial of the faith of the Saviour; nor would they consent to put forth their hands against the ark of the national churches. And therefore it was that, upon more than one occasion, the Protestant party, while cheerfully acknowledging the great public services of the late departed nobleman, did not attempt to conceal that, upon points so serious as these, there could be no sympathy of opinion between him and them.

The single arrow may be easily splintered, but, to use the memorable words of Genghis-Khan, "So long as the sheaf is bound together in three places—in love, honesty, and good accord—no man can have power to grieve us; but, if we be divided from these three places, that one of us help not the other, we shall be destroyed and brought to nothing." We recommend the moral contained in the apologue of the old Asiatic chief to the serious consideration of all men belonging to the Conservative party; for this they may rely upon, that, not only is prolonged discord an act of egregious folly, but that any one who refuses, in the present troublous times, to lend a hand to the reknitting of the severed tie, cannot, in the estimation of good men, be considered a friend to his country. And if this be so, what faith can we repose in him who cut the cords asunder?

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MRS HEMANS.

FELICIA HEMANS and the poetesses of England! Such would probably be the form in which the toast would run, if literary toasts were the fashion, or such a mode of compliment the one exactly suited to the case. Not that we would venture positively to assert that Mrs Hemans stands at the head of our poetesses, the first absolutely in point of genius,—though there is but one name, that of Joanna Baillic, which occurs to us, at the moment, as disputing with hers that pre-eminence, —but because she, in a more complete manner than any other of our poetesses, represents the mind, the culture, the feelings, and character, of the English gentlewoman. Her piety, her resignation, her love of nature and of home, —that cheerfulness easily moved by little incidents, that sadness into which reflection almost always settled, —all speak of the cultivated woman bred under English skies, and in English homes. Her attachment to the privacy of life, her wise dislike and avoidance of the *éclat* of literary renown, and the dull, dry, fever-heat of fashionable circles, tend to complete her qualifications as a fitting representative of her fair countrywomen. The cultivation of her mind, in its weakness as well as elegance, savoured, perhaps, too much of what we are compelled to call feminine. Alive at all times to beauty in all its forms, to music, to tender and imaginative thought, she seems to have been almost equally averse to whatever bore the aspect of an analysis of feeling, or an approach to a severe investigation of truth. Present her with the beautiful, but spare her all scientific dissection of it. Let the flower live as her companion; do not rend it to pieces to

show its conformation. Let but the faith be tender and *true to the heart*, and disturb her not with rude inquiries whether it possess any other truth or not. That too much melancholy (at least for her own happiness) which is traceable in her poems, arose in part from events in her life, but in part, also, from this too partial and limited cultivation of the mind. The feelings were excited or refined, but the reasoning powers not enough called forth: no task-work was therefore given to the active intellect; and a mind that could not be at rest was left to brood over sentiments, either the sad heritage of all mortality, or the peculiar offspring of afflictions of her own. We are not imputing, in this remark, any shadow of blame to her; we make the remark because we think that, eminent as she was, she still suffered much from the unwise and arbitrary distinction which is made in the education of the two sexes.

The difference between the mental qualities of the sexes is owing, we apprehend, far more to education than to nature. At all events, there is no such natural difference as warrants the distinction we make in the mental discipline we provide for them. There are certain professional studies with which no one thinks of vexing the mind of any one, man or woman, but those who intend to practise the professions; but why, in a good English library, there should be one half of it, and that the better half, which a young woman is not expected to read —this we never could understand, and never reflect on with common patience. Why may not a Locke, or a Paley, or a Dugald Stewart, train

the mind of the future mother of a family? or why may not an intelligent young woman be a companion for her brother or her husband in his more serious moods of thought, as well as in his gayer and more trifling? Would the world lose any thing of social happiness or moral refinement by this intellectual equality of the two sexes? You vex the memory of a young girl with dictionaries and vocabularies without end; you tax her memory in every conceivable manner; and at an after-age you give the literature of sentiment freely to her pillage; but that which should step between the two—the culture of the reason—this is entirely forbidden. If she learns a dozen modern languages, she does not read a single book in any one of them that would make her think. Even in her religious library, the same distinction is preserved. Books of sentimental piety—some of them maudlin enough—are thrust with kindest anxiety and most liberal profusion upon her: any work of theology, any work that discusses and examines, is as carefully excluded.

We are not contending that there is no difference whatever in the mental constitution of the two sexes. There may be less tendency to ratiocination in woman; there is certainly more of feeling, a quicker and more sensitive nature. One sees this especially in children. Mark them in their play-hours, in their holiday freedom, when they are left to themselves to find matter of enjoyment,—how much more pleasure does the girl evidently derive from any beautiful or living thing that comes before it than the boy! We have an instance of it almost as we write. There is a group of children on the beach. The little girl is in perfect ecstasies, as she looks at the sparkling waves that come bounding to her feet; she shouts, she leaps, she herself bounds towards them, then springs back as they approach, half frightened and half pleased—she knows not how to express her delight at this great playfellow she has found. Meanwhile the boy, her brother, does nothing but throw stones at it—of that he seems never wearied. The beach is a perfect armoury to him, and he pelts the graceful waves

remorselessly. What is their grace to him? So, too, in an inland scene, a garden or a lawn, we have often noticed what exquisite pleasure a little girl will feel, as she watches a sparrow alight near her upon the ground, in search of crumbs or other food. Her little frame quite thrills as this other little piece of life comes hopping and pecking about her. She loads it, but with suppressed voice, with all the endearing epithets her vocabulary supplies. She is evidently embarrassed that they are so few: she makes up by their frequent repetition. She absolutely *loves* the little creature, with all whose movements she seems to have the keenest sympathy. Her brother, the boy, he has nothing for it but his unfeeling stone, or he flings his hat at it. Unfeeling, fortunately, the stone is not; for, if his skill as a marksman responded to his destructive zeal, there is nothing that a stone would kill that would be left alive, or that a stone would break that would be left whole. A mere blind animal-activity seems, at that very interesting age, to distinguish the future lord of the creation.

At an after period of life, when thought has educated the youth into feeling, the picture is often entirely reversed. Then, unless the man be bred up a mere pleasure-hunter, seeking what he calls amusement in town or country, the superior education he has received makes him the more feeling, the more imaginative, because the more reflective of the two. That brother who once shocked his little sister by his stupid and cruel amusements, now looks with something like contempt at the frivolous tastes and occupations—at the system of poor artificial enjoyments—to which that sister has betaken herself. Now, if they are at the sea-side together, it is he who finds companionship in the waves, who finds thought grow more expanded, freer and bolder, in the presence of the boundless ocean. She, too, dotes upon the sea, and sits down beside it—to read her novel. Now, if they ride or walk through the country together, it is his eye that sees the bird upon the bough—hers is on the distant dust some equipage is making.

But matters are mending, and will continue to mend. There are so many women of richly cultivated minds who have distinguished themselves in letters or in society, and made it highly feminine to be intelligent as well as good, and to have elevated as well as amiable feelings, that by-and-by the whole sex must adopt a new standard of education. It must, we presume, be by leaders of their own starting out of their own body, that the rest of the soft and timid flock must be led.

Yes, we are mending. Very different are our times from those when Madame de Genlis published her little work, *De l'Influence des Femmes sur la Littérature Française comme Protectrices des Lettres, et comme Auteurs*. She had to contend, with the same acrid energy, for the privilege of a lady to write, as a Turkish dame of the present century might be supposed to display, who should contend for the privilege of walking abroad unveiled, or rather unmuffled. And even she herself thinks it necessary to give certain rules to young women who write—as she would to young women who dance—how to comport themselves with consummate propriety; as not to enter into controversy, or use big words—in short, to deal with printer's ink without soiling the most delicate fingers. As to that argument drawn from the supposed neglect of domestic duties—which it seems, in those days just emerging from barbarity, was still heard of—she dismisses it very briefly. “Comme ces devoirs dans une maison bien ordonnée, ne peuvent jamais prendre plus d'une heure par jour, cette objection est absolument nulle.” As there is much implied in that “maison bien ordonnée,” and as Madame de Genlis did not write for simple gentle-folks, it is to be hoped that the one hour per diem may admit of extension without any forfeiture of literary privileges. In her time, too, there was thought to be a sort of feud between authors and authoresses—a thing which in our day is quite inconceivable—for she writes, apropos of a charge of plagiarism, against La Fontaine, in the following indignant strain:—“Quelles que soient la bonhomie et la candeur d'un auteur, il

sait que, par une loi tacite mais universelle, il est toujours dispensé de convenir qu'il doit à une femme une idée heureuse. Dans ce cas seulement le plagiat et le silence sont également légitimes.”

We have changed all that: we have had too many instances of women of talent and of genius to doubt their ability to excel—we make no exception—in any branch of literature whatever. We give them, on the other hand, no monopoly of elegance or grace, or delicacy of touch, as some affect to do. These qualities they are very likely to display; but they will be superior in them to authors of the male sex, only just so far as they are superior to those authors in genius and talent. There is still a practice in many critics to detect the style feminine from the style masculine. The sooner this is laid aside the better. There are styles which, speaking metaphorically, one may say have a feminine grace, or a feminine weakness. Such an observation has been made, by Sir James Mackintosh, on the style of Addison. But to pretend to say of a given page of composition whether a man or a woman has penned it, is absurd. We often hear it said, that none but a woman could have written the letters of Madame de Sévigné. If Cowper had been a woman, people would have said the same thing of his letters. They are unrivalled, at least in our own language, for grace and elegance, and wit and playfulness. No woman, we believe—and the epistolary style is supposed to belong by especial right to the female pen—has ever written such charming letters as those to Lady Hesketh, and his old friend Thomas Hill. As to the letters of Madame de Sévigné, they so evidently come from a mother to a daughter, that it is impossible to forget for a moment the sex of the writer. But if the qualities which have given them literary celebrity are to be pronounced feminine, half the literature of France is of the same gender. Still less can we tolerate the affectation that pretends to discern a certain weakness, a tremulousness of the hand, when the pen is held by a woman. There is grace and elegance, but, forsooth, a certain hesitation—a

want of vigour and certainty of touch. Nonsense. Take *Our Village*, by Miss Mitford, and the *Sketch-Book*, by Washington Irving: they are both of the graceful and elegant order of style; but the lady writes the English language with far more freedom, ease, and vigour, than the gentleman. The poetic element is mingled in her diction with far more taste and judgment. It glitters through her prose as the sunlight in the green tree—throwing its gold amongst the foliage, yet leaving it the same green, and simple, and refreshing object as before.

No—we will grant to woman no monopoly in the lighter elegancies, and presume nothing against her ability to excel in the graver qualities of authorship. We have said that Mrs Hemans was peculiarly the poetess of her countrywomen, but we do not mean to imply by this that her style is peculiarly feminine—for we do not pretend to know what a feminine style is; we thus characterised her because the sentiments she habitually expresses are those which will almost universally find a response in the minds of her countrywomen.

It seems an ungracious thing to say, but we do wish that the biographical notice of Mrs Hemans, appended to the last edition of her works, had not been written by a sister. So near a relative may be presumed, indeed, to know more of the person whose life she undertakes to narrate than any one else; but she may not know what to tell us. Her very familiarity with the subject is against her: she cannot place it at a distance from her, and regard it with a freshness of view; she does not think of recording, she does not even remember, what to her has none of the interest of novelty. A sister who should give to any impartial biographer the materials he required of her, would be found to contribute far more to our knowledge of the person whose life was written, than by holding the pen herself. Besides, a sister can have none, and show none, but sisterly feelings; and though these are very proper and amiable, we want something more.

The two or three events which we learn from this biographical notice,

and which bear upon the education of the poetess, are soon recorded, and they are the only class of events we feel particularly interested in. Felicia Dorothea Browne—such was the maiden name of Mrs Hemans—was born at Liverpool, 25th September 1793. She is described as distinguished “almost from her cradle by extreme beauty and precocious talents.” When of the age of seven years, her father, who had been a merchant of considerable opulence, met with a reverse of fortune, and the family retired to Wales, “where for the next nine years they resided at Gwrych, near Abergelle, in Denbighshire, a large old mansion, close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains,”—a change of residence which was, at all events, highly propitious for the development of the poetic character. “In the calm seclusion of this romantic region, with ample range through the treasures of an extensive library, the young poetess passed a happy childhood, to which she would often fondly revert amidst the vicissitudes of her after-life. Here she imbibed that intense love of nature which ever afterwards ‘haunted her like a passion,’ and that warm attachment for the ‘green land of Wales’—its affectionate, true-hearted people; their traditions, their music, and all their interesting characteristics— which she cherished to the last hours of her existence.” A pleasant picture this—the large old house near the sea, and amongst mountains, with Welsh harpers and Welsh traditions, and great store of books, and the little girl ranging at will through all. This, and the picture we have of the young student conning her Shakspeare, her choicest recreation, “in a secret haunt of her own—a seat amongst the branches of an old apple-tree—where she revelled in the treasures of the cherished volume”—are all we learn of her childhood, and all perhaps that remained to tell.

Our poetess was very soon in print. Few have commenced their life of authorship so early. In 1808 some friends, “perhaps more partial than judicious,” published a collection of her poems, written at and before the age of fourteen, in a quarto volume. “Its appearance” our fair biographer

tells us, "drew down the animadversions of some *self-constituted* arbiter of taste." We never heard of any critics being constituted by royal patent, or any mode of popular election—certainly not by a committee of authors. Self-constituted! why did not the lady call him a self-conceited knave, while she was about it? Just or unjust, there would have been some meaning in the phrase, at least. We suspect, for our part, that these friends, "more partial than judicious," who published the rhymes of a young girl of fourteen in a quarto volume, were themselves strangely constituted arbiters of taste.

Not long after this first publication of her poems, the next great event of her life took place—her introduction to Captain Hemans. "The young poetess was then only fifteen, in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early. The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets, of a rich golden brown; and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it." No wonder that so fair a being should excite the admiration of a gallant captain. And the love on both sides was ardent and sincere: it supported the absence of three years; for Captain Hemans, soon after their introduction, was called upon to embark with his regiment for Spain. On his return, in 1812, they were married. Of their domestic happiness, or unhappiness, nothing is said; but six years after, in 1818, we are simply told that the Captain went to Rome—and never returned. The separated pair never met again.

"To dwell on this subject," says her biographer, "would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled

on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation; and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs Hemans and her husband never met again."

We are not in general anxious to pry into the domestic afflictions of any pair whom wedlock has mismatched. If we feel a little curiosity to know more than the sister has told us, in this instance, it is merely from a wish to learn how far the poetic temperament of Mrs Hemans could be assigned as the real cause of her matrimonial unhappiness. Did the Captain grow weary of the society of one whose feelings were pitched in too high a key for him to sympathise with?—was there too much of poetry mingled with the daily food of life?

"Men, by St Thomas! cannot live like bees."

Did he yearn for something more homely, as she, on her side, yearned for something more elevated? Had he been made to feel that he did not approach the ideal of her imagination, and that the admiration she once had given was withdrawn? Or should we say of her, in lines of her own:—

There are hearts
So perilously fashioned, that for them
God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
To waken, and not break, their thrilling
strings.

Of this perhaps some future biographer may tell us. There are many passages in her poetry which show an intense longing for the sympathy of other minds; which show that, while her feelings were of a rare order for their refinement and elevation, she yet sought—what for such a one it was difficult to obtain—for the kindred sympathy of others. She could not worship her goddesses alone. This tendency of mind many of her verses indicate; and there is one sweet little poem where, if our fancy does not mislead us, she secretly reproves herself for having exacted too much in this respect from others: we do not say from any one in particular, for the verses bear reference to a brother, not a husband. Yet some personal reminiscence, or regret of this kind, might lead to the strain of thought so beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

KINDRED HEARTS.

Oh! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow:
Few—and by still conflicting powers,
Forbidden here to meet;
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky
Where the rich sunset burns:
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amidst violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night;
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watched through sickness by thy bed—
Call *his* a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend;
Like sister-flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend;
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given—
Oh! lay thy lonely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto heaven.

We follow no further the events of her biography. We have here all that reflects a light upon the poems themselves. That Welsh life among the mountains—the little girl with her Shakspeare in the apple-tree—that beauty of fifteen, full of poetry and enthusiasm and love—marriage—disappointment—and the living afterwards, with her children round her, in a condition worse than widowhood;—here is all the comment that her biography affords on her sweet and melancholy verse.

And how vividly the verse reflects the life! How redolent of nature is her poetry! how true her pictures of mountain, and forest, and river, and sky! It requires that the reader should have been himself a long and accurate observer of rural scenes, to follow her imagination, and feel the truth of her rapid and unpretending descriptions.

It is singular how, without the least apparent effort, all the persons she brings before us are immediately localised on the green earth—trees wave around them, flowers spring at their feet, as if this were quite natural and unavoidable. How sweet a part does the quiet charm of nature take in the piece called

THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

Oh! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?

The summer birds are calling
The household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound.
And a thousand bright-veined flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?

Oh! thou hast wandered long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song
In thine altered heart hath died.

Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.

There is something very touching in the simplicity of these pleasures, contrasted with what imagination immediately suggests of the career and the tastes of the prodigal.

One great spectacle in nature alone, seems strangely to have lost its fascination upon our poetess—she never kindled to the sea. She seemed to view it as the image only of desolation and of ruin; to have associated it only with tempests and wreck, and have seen in it only the harmless waste of troubled waters. More than once she adopts a scriptural phrase—“And there shall be no more sea,” as an expression of singular joy and congratulation. We question whether a single reader of her poems has ever felt the force of the expression as she did. The sea, next to the sky, is the grandest and most beautiful thing given to the eyes of man. But, by some perverse association, she never saw it in its natural beauty and sublimity, but looked at it always as the emblem of ruthless and destroying power. In *The Last Song of Sappho*, it is singular how much more the dread

sea, into which Sappho is about to fling herself, possesses her imagination than the moral tempest within of that hapless poetess :—

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea !

Sound in thy scorn and pride !

I ask not, *alien world*, from thee

What my own kindred earth has still denied.

Yet glory's light hath touched my name,

The laurel-wreath is mine—

With a lone heart, a weary frame, .

O restless deep ! I come to make them thine !

Give to that crown, that burning crown,

Place in thy darkest hold !

Bury my anguish, my renown,

With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.

And with what an indignant voice, and with what a series of harshest epithets, does she call upon the sea to deliver up its human prey, in the fine spirited poem, called—

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,

Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?

Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-coloured shells,

Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain !

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !

We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more !—what wealth untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,

Torn from ten thousand royal Argosies !

Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !

Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more !—thy waves have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !

Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry—

Dash o'er them, ocean ! in thy scornful play !

Man yields them to decay.

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !

High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !

They hear not now the booming waters roar,

The battle-thunders will not break their rest.

Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !

Give back the true and brave.

Give back the lost and lovely !—those for whom

The place was kept at board and hearth so long !

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song.

Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-thrown,

But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down ;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head—

O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;

Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !

Restore the dead, thou sea !

But if she loved in nature, pre-eminently, the beautiful and the serene— or what she could represent as such to her imagination—it was otherwise with human life. Here the stream of thought ran always in the shade, reflecting in a thousand shapes the sadness which had overshadowed her own existence. Yet her sadness was without bitterness or impatience—it was a resigned and Christian melancholy ; and if the spirit of man is represented as tossed from disappointment to disappointment, there is always a brighter and serener world behind, to receive the wanderer at last. She writes *Songs for Summer Hours*, and the first is devoted to Death ! and a beautiful chant it is. Death is also in Arcadia ; and the first thing we meet with in the land of summer is the marble tomb with the “Et in Arcadia Ego.” One might be excused for applying to herself her own charming song,—

TO A WANDERING FEMALE SINGER.

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffered !

Unto feeling deep and strong,

Thou hast trembled like a harp's frail string—

I know it by thy song !

Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—

But well—oh ! but too well—

Thou hast suffered all that woman's heart

May bear—but must not tell.

Thou hast wept and thou hast parted,

Thou hast been forsaken long ;

Thou hast watch'd for steps that came not back—

I know it by thy song !

By its fond and plaintive lingering

On each word of grief so long,

Oh ! thou hast loved and suffered much—

I know it by thy song !

But with this mournful spirit we

have no quarrel. It is, as we have said, without a grain of bitterness; it loves to associate itself with all things beautiful in nature; it makes the rose its emblem. It does so in the following lines to

THE SHADOW OF A FLOWER.

'Twas a dream of olden days,
That Art, by some strange power,
The visionary form could raise
From the ashes of a flower:

That a shadow of the rose,
By its own meek beauty bowed,
Might slowly, leaf by leaf, uncloze,
Like pictures in a cloud.

A fair, yet mournful thing!

For the glory of the bloom
That a flush around it shed,
And the soul within, the rich perfume,
Where were they?—fled, all fled!

Naught but the dim, faint line
To speak of vanished hours—
Memory! what are joys of thine?
Shadows of buried flowers!

We should be disposed to dwell entirely on the shorter pieces of Mrs Hemans, but this would hardly be just. There is one of her more ambitious efforts which, at all events, seems to demand a word from us. *The Vespers of Palermo* is not perhaps the most popular, even of her longer productions—it is certainly written in what is just now the most unpopular form—yet it appears to us one of the most vigorous efforts of her genius. It has this advantage too—it can be happily alluded to without the necessity of detailing the plot—always a wearisome thing, to both the critic and the reader: every body knows the real tragedy of the Sicilian Vespers. The drama is unpopular as a form of composition, because the written play is still considered as a production, the chief object of which is missed if it is not acted; and the acting of plays is going into desuetude. When the actings of tragedies shall be entirely laid aside, (as it bids fair to be,)—that is, as an ordinary amusement of the more refined and cultivated classes of society—and the drama shall become merely a class of literature, like all others, for private perusal—then its popularity, as a form of composition, will probably revive. For there is one order of poetry—and

that the more severe and manly—which seems almost to require this form. When an author, careless of description, or not called to it by his genius, is exclusively bent on portraying character and passion, and those deeper opinions and reflections which passion stirs from the recesses of the human mind, the drama seems the only form natural for him to employ.

The opinion we have ventured to express on the inevitable decease of the acting drama—of tragic representations—as a general amusement of an age increasing in refinement, will probably subject us, in certain quarters, to an indignant reproof. Shakspeare, and the legitimate drama! seems, with some, to have all the sacredness of a national cause. Shakspeare, by all means—Shakspeare for ever! eternally!—only we would rather read him—if we could creep up there—with little Felicia Browne in the apple-tree. Shakspeare supports the stage—so far as it remains supported—not the stage Shakspeare. And can he support it long? Consider what sort of amusement it is which tragic representation affords—for of comedy we say nothing—consider that it must either thrill us with emotions of a most violent order, (which the civilised man in general avoids), or it becomes one of the saddest platitudes in the world. Your savage can support prolonged ennui, and delights in excitement approaching to madness; your civilised man can tolerate neither one nor the other. Now your tragedy deals largely in both. It knows no medium. Every body has felt that, whether owing to the actor or the poet, the moment the interest of the piece is no longer at its height, it becomes intolerable. You are to be either moved beyond all self-control, which is not very desirable, or you are to sit in lamentable sufferance. In short, you are to be driven out of your senses, one way or the other. Depend upon it, it is a species of amusement which, however associated with great names—though Garrick acted, and Dr Johnson looked on—is destined, like the bull-fights of Spain, or the gladiatorial combats of old Rome, to fall before the advancing spirit of civilisation.

But to Mrs Hemans' *Vespers of Palermo*. It was not the natural bent of genius which led her to the selection of the dramatic form; and when we become thoroughly acquainted with her temperament, and the feelings she loved to indulge, we are rather surprised that she performed the task she undertook with so much spirit, and so large a measure of success, than that she falls short in some parts of her performance. Nothing can be better conceived, or more admirably sustained, than the character of Raimond de Procida. The elder Procida, and the dark revengeful Montalba, are not so successfully treated. We feel that she has designed these figures with sufficient propriety, but she has not animated them; she could not draw from within those fierce emotions which were to infuse life into them. The effort to sympathise, even in imagination, with such characters, was a violence to her nature. The noble and virtuous heroism of the younger Procida was, on the contrary, no other than the overflow of her own genuine feeling. Few modern dramas present more spirit-stirring scenes, than those in which Raimond takes the leading part. Two of those we would particularly mention—one when, on joining the patriot-conspirators, and learning the mode in which they intended to free their country, he refuses, even for so great an object, to stain his soul with assassination and murder; and the other, where, towards the close of the piece, he is imprisoned by the more successful conspirators—is condemned to die for imputed treachery to their cause, and hears that the *battle* for his country, for which his spirit had so longed, is going forward. We cannot refrain from making a quotation from both these parts of the drama. We shall take the liberty of omitting some lines, in order to compress our extracts.

The conspirators have met, and proclaimed their intended scheme—

Sicilians. Be it so!

If one amongst us stay the avenging steel
For love or pity, be his doom as theirs!
Pledge we our faith to this.

Raim. (*rushing forward indignantly.*) Our faith to this!

No! I but *dreamt* I heard it: Can it be?
My countrymen, my father!—Is it thus

That freedom should be won?—Awake!—
awake

To loftier thoughts!—Lift up, exultingly,
On the crowned heights, and to the sweeping
winds,

Your glorious banner!—Let your trumpet's
blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call
aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall
bear

The stranger's yoke no longer!—What
is he

Who carries on his practised lip a smile,
Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits
Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its
beatings?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil
from,

And our blood curdle at—ay, yours and
mine—

A murderer! Heard ye?—Shall that name
with ours

Go down to after days?

Mont. I tell thee, youth,
Our souls are parched with agonising thirst,
Which must be quenched though death were
in the draught:

We must have vengeance, for our foes have
left

No other joy unblighted.

Pro. O, my son!

The time has passed for such high dreams as
thine:

Thou knowest not whom we deal with. We
must meet

Falsehood with wiles, and insult with re-
venge.

And, for our names—whate'er the deeds by
which

We burst our bondage—is it not enough

That, in the chronicle of days to come,
We, through a bright "For ever," shall be
called

The men who saved their country.
Raim. Many a land

Hath bowed beneath the yoke, and then
arisen,

As a strong lion rending silken bonds,
And on the open field, before high heaven,

Won such majestic vengeance as hath made
Its name a power on earth.

Mon. Away! when thou dost stand
On this fair earth as doth a blasted tree,

Which the warm sun revives not, then return
Strong in thy desolation; but till then,

Thou art not for our purpose;—we have need
Of more unshrinking hearts.

Raim. Montalba! know,
I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my voice

Might yet have power among you, I would,
say,

Associates, leaders, be avenged! but yet

As knights, as warriors!

Mon. Peace! Have we not borne
Th' indelible taint of contumely and chains?

We are *not* knights and warriors: Our bright
crests

Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.
Boy! we are *slaves*—and our revenge shall be

Deep as a slave's disgrace.

Raim. Why, then, farewell:

I leave you to your counsels. What proud hopes
This hour hath blighted!—yet, whate'er
betide,
It is a noble privilege to look up
Fearless in heaven's bright face—and this is
mine,
And shall be still. [Exit.]

Our other extract is from a later scene in the drama, which we think very happily conceived. Rainond, accused of treachery, and condemned to die by his own father, is in chains and in prison. The day of his execution has arrived, but the Sicilians are called on to give battle before their gates; he is left alone, respited, or rather forgotten, for the present. His alternation of feeling, as he at first attempts to respond to the consolations of the priest Anselmo, and then, on hearing of the battle that is being fought for his country, breaks out into all that ardent love of glory, which was the main passion of his soul, is very admirably expressed.

Ans. But thou, my son!
Is thy young spirit mastered, and prepared
For nature's fearful and mysterious change?

Raim. Ay, father! of my brief remaining task

The least part is to die! And yet the cup
Of life still mantled brightly to my lips,
Crowned with that sparkling bubble, whose
proud name

Is—glory! Oh! my soul from boyhood's
morn

Hath nursed such mighty dreams! It was
my hope

To leave a name, whose echo from the abyss
Of time should rise, and float upon the winds
Into the far hereafter; there to be
A trumpet-sound, a voice from the deep tomb,
Murmuring—Awake, Arise! But this is past!
Erewhile, and it had seemed enough of shame
To sleep forgotten in the dust; but now,
Oh God! the undying record of my grave
Will be—Here sleeps a traitor! One whose
crime

Was—to deem brave men might find nobler
weapons

Than the cold murderer's dagger!

Ans. O my son!
Subdue these troubled thoughts! Thou
wouldst not change

Thy lot for theirs, o'er whose dark dreams
will hang

The avenging shadows, which the blood-
stained soul

Doth conjure from the dead!

Raim. Thou'rt right. I would not.
Yet 'tis a weary task to school the heart,
Ere years or griefs have tamed its fiery spirit
Into that still and passive fortitude
Which is but learned from suffering. Would
the hour

To hush these passionate throbbings were at
hand!

Ans. It will not be to-day. The foe hath
reached

Our gates, and all Palermo's youth, and all
Her warrior men, are marshalled and gone
forth.

Thy father leads them on.

Raim. (starting up.) They are gone forth!
my father leads them on!

All—all Palermo's youth! No! one is left,
Shut out from glory's race! They are gone
forth!

Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad—
It burns upon the air! The joyous winds
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud white
foam

Of battle's roaring billows! On my sight
The vision bursts—it maddens! 'tis the flash,
The lightning-shock of lances, and the cloud
Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze
Of helmets in the sun! Such things are
Even now—and I am here!

Ans. Alas, be calm!

To the same grave ye press—thou that dost
pine

Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule
The fortunes of the fight.

Raim. Ay, thou canst feel
The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto thee
All men alike, the warrior and the slave,
Seem, as thou say'st, but pilgrims, pressing on
To the same bourne.

Vittoria, who had taken a leading
part in the conspiracy, now rushes in,
bringing the intelligence that the
Sicilians are worsted—are in flight.
Procida still strives—

But all in vain! The few that breast the
storm,

With Guido and Montalba, by his side,
Fight but for graves upon the battle-field.

Raim. And I am here! Shall there be
power, O God!

In the roused energies of fierce despair,
To burst my heart—and not to rend my
chains?

Vittoria, however, gives orders for
his release, and he rushes forth to the
field, where he turns the tide of battle,
and earns that glorious death he sighed
for.

The failure of the play at Covent
Garden theatre was attributed,
amongst the friends of the authoress,
to the indifferent acting of the lady
who performed the part of Constance.
In justice to the actress, we must con-
fess she had a most difficult part to
deal with. There is not a single
speech set down for Constance which,
we think, the most skilful recitation
could make effective. The failure of
Mrs Hemans, in this part of the
drama, is not very easily accounted
for. Constance is a gentle, affectionate

spirit, in love with the younger Pro-
cida, and the unfortunate cause of the
suspicion that falls upon him of being
a traitor. It is a character which, in
her lyrical effusions, she would have
beautifully portrayed. But we sup-
pose that the exclusion from her
favourite haunts of nature—the in-
ability of investing the grief of her
heroine in her accustomed associations
of woods, and fields, and flowers—the
confinement of her imagination to
what would be suitable to the boards
of a theatre—embarrassed and cramped
her powers. Certain it is, she seems
quite at a loss here to express a strain
of feeling which, on other occasions,
she has poured out with singular
fluency and force. Constance has no
other manner of exhibiting her dis-
tress but swooning or dreaming, or
thinking she must have been dream-
ing, and recovering herself to the
remembrance of what no mortal so
situated could ever have forgotten—
the most common, and, to our taste,
one of the most unfortunate expedients
that dramatists and novelists have re-
course to. We are loath to quote
any thing half so uninteresting as
instances of this practice; we shall
content ourselves with giving, in a
note below, two brief passages to ex-
emplify what we mean.*

It ought to be borne in remem-
brance, however, that the *Vespers of
Palermo*, although not the "first"
with respect to publication, was the
first written of Mrs Hemans' dramatic
works. It was produced in solitude,
and away from the bustle of theatres,
and, be it also confessed, probably
with a very scanty knowledge of what
stage-representation required. Indeed,
the result proved this to be the case.
The *Siege of Valencia*, written on a
different principle, although probably
even less adapted for stage represen-
tation, possesses loftier claims as a
composition, and, as a poem, is de-
cidedly superior. Its pervading fault
consists in its being pitched on too
high a key. All the characters talk
in heroics—every sentiment is strained
to the utmost; and the prevailing
tone of the author's mind characterises
the whole. We do not say that it
is deficient in nature—it overflows
alike with power and tenderness; but
its nature is too high for the common
purposes of humanity. The wild,
stern enthusiasm of the priest—the
inflexibility of the father—the waver-
ing of the mother between duty and
affection—the heroic devotion of the
gentle Ximena, are all well brought
out; but there is a want of indivi-
duality—the want of that, without

* Vittoria has told Constance that Raimond is to die; she then leaves her with
the priest Anselmo—

Con. (*Endeavouring to rouse herself.*) Did she not say
That some one was to die? Have I not heard
Some fearful tale? Who said that there should rest
Blood on my soul? What blood? I never bore
Hatred, kind father! unto aught that breathes;
Raimond doth know it well. *Raimond! High Heaven!*
It bursts upon me now! and he must die!
For my sake—e'en for mine!

Is it very probable that a person in the situation of Constance should have to go
this round of associations to recall what had just been told her, that her lover was to
be tried for his life?

Constance, in order to save him by surrendering herself, rushes to the tribunal,
where this mock trial is taking place. Their judges sentence both. Constance swoons
in the arms of Raimond, and then ensues this piece of *unaffected* bewilderment.

Con. (*slowly recovering.*)
There was a voice which call'd me. Am I not
A spirit freed from earth?—Have I not pass'd
The bitterness of death?

Ans. Oh, haste, away!

Con. Yes, Raimond calls me—(*There he stands beside her!*)

He, too, is released

From his cold bondage. We are free at last,
And all is well—away!

[*She is led out by Anselmo.*]

which elaboration for the theatre is vain, and with which, compositions of very inferior merit often attract attention, and secure it.

Passing over *Sebastian of Portugal*, and the two or three sketches in the *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, as of minor importance, *De Chatillon* is the only other regular drama that Mrs Hemans subsequently attempted. Unfortunately for her, the *Vespers*, although long prior in point of composition, had not been brought out when the *Siege of Valencia* was written; and, consequently, she could not benefit by the fate and failure which was destined for that drama. This is much to be lamented, for *De Chatillon*, as a play, far exceeds either in power and interest. The redundancies in imagery and description, the painting instead of acting, which were the weaker side of its precursors, were here corrected. It is unfortunate that it wanted the benefit of her last corrections, as it was not published till some years after her death, and from the first rough draft—the amended one, which had been made from it, having been unfortunately lost. But, imperfect in many respects as it may be found to be, it is beyond compare the best and most successful composition of the author in this department. Without stripping her language of that richness and poetic grace which characterises her genius, or condescending to a single passage of mean baldness, so commonly mistaken by many modern dramatists as essentially necessary to the truth of dialogue, she has in this attempt preserved adherence to reality, amid scenes allied to romance; brevity and effect, in situations strongly alluring to amplification; and, in her delineation of some of the strongest as well as the finest emotions of the heart, she has exhibited a knowledge of nature's workings, remarkable alike for minuteness and truth.

When we consider the doubtful success which attended the only drama of Mrs Hemans which was brought out, we cannot wonder that she latterly abandoned this species of writing, and confined herself to what she must have felt as much more accordant with her own impulses. The most laboured of all her writings was *The Forest Sanctuary*, and it would appear that,

in her own estimation, it was considered her best. Not so we. It has many passages of exquisite description, and it breathes throughout an exalted spirit; but withal it is monotonous in sentiment, and possesses not the human interest which ought to have attached to it, as a tale of suffering. To us *The Last Constantine*, which appears to have attracted much less attention, is in many respects a finer and better poem. Few things, indeed, in our literature, can be quoted as more perfect than the picture of heroic and Christian courage, which, amid the ruins of his empire, sustained the last of the Cæsars. The weight of the argument is sustained throughout. The reader feels as if breathing a finer and purer atmosphere, above the low mists and vapours of common humanity; and he rises from the perusal of the poem alike with an admiration of its hero and its author.

The Last Constantine may be considered as the concluding great effort of Mrs Hemans, in what of her writings may be said to belong to the classical school. She seems here first to have felt her own power, and, leaving precept and example, and the leading-strings of her predecessors, to have allowed her muse to soar adventurously forth. *The Tales and Historic Scenes*, the *Sceptic*, *Dartmoor*, and *Modern Greece*, are all shaped according to the same model—the classical. The study of modern German poetry, and of Wordsworth, changed, while it expanded, her views; and the *Forest Sanctuary* seems to have been composed with great elaboration, doubtless, while in this transition state. In matter it is too flimsy and ethereal for a tale of life; it has too much sentiment and too little action. But some things in it it would be difficult to rival. The scenery of Southern America is painted with a gorgeousness which reminds us of the Isle of Palms and its fairy bowers; and the death and burial at sea is imbued with a serene and soul-subduing beauty.

Diminishing space warns us to betake ourselves again to the lyrics and shorter pieces, where so much poetry “of purest ray serene” lies scattered. Of these we prefer such as are apparently the expressions of spontaneous feelings of her own to those which are

built upon some tale or legend. It happens too, unfortunately, that in the latter case we have first to read the legend or fable in prose, and then to read it again in verse. This gives something of weariness to the *Lays of Many Lands*. Still less fortunate, we think, is the practice Mrs Hemans indulges in of ushering in a poem of her own by a long quotation—a favourite stanza, perhaps—of some celebrated poet. We may possibly read the favourite stanza twice, and feel reluctant to proceed further. For instance, she quotes the beautiful and well-known passage from Childe Harold upon the spring, ending with—

I turned from all she brought to all she
could not bring ;

and on another occasion, that general favourite, beginning—

And slight, withal, may be the things which
bring ;

and then proceeds to enlarge upon the same sentiments. Her own strain that follows is good—but not so good. Is it wise to provoke the comparison?—and does it not give a certain frivolity, and the air of a mere exercise, to the verse which only repeats, and modifies, and *varies*, so to speak, the melody that has been already given? Or if the quotation set out with is looked on as a mere prelude, is it good policy to run the risk of the prelude being more interesting than the strain itself? The beautiful passage from Southey—

They sin who tell us love can die, &c.,

is too long to be quoted as merely a key-note to what is to follow, and is too good to be easily surpassed.

But this is a trifling remark, and hardly deserving of even the little space we have given to it. It is more worthy of observation, that Mrs Hemans, a reader and admirer of German poetry, contrived to draw a deep inspiration from this noble literature, without any disturbance to her principles of taste. A careful perusal of her works, by one acquainted with the lyrical poetry of Germany, will prove how well and how wisely she had studied that poetry—drawing from it just that deeper spirit of reflection which would harmonise with her own mind, without being tempted to imitate what, either in thought or in

manner, would have been foreign to her nature.

We fancy we trace something of this Teutonic inspiration in the poem, amongst others, that follows :—

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

A mighty and a mingled throng
Were gathered in one spot ;
The dwellers of a thousand homes—
Yet midst them voice was not.
The soldier and his chief were there—
The mother and her child :
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swopt darkly by ;
After that heart-sick hope deferred,
They met—but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
For the deep quiet's sake ;
Your tread the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace ?
How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease ?

Was it some pageant of the air,
Some glory high above,
That linked and hushed those human souls
In reverential love ?

Or did some burdening passion's weight
Hang on their indrawn breath ?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words ?
Fear—the strong fear of death ?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,
Lay on each lonely heart !
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,
Thousands—but each apart.

In any notice of Mrs Hemans' works, not to mention *The Records of Woman* would seem an unaccountable omission. Both the subject, and the manner in which it is treated especially characterise our poetess. Of all these *Records* there is not one where the picture is not more or less pleasing, or drawn with more or less power and fidelity. Estimated according to sheer literary merit, it would perhaps be impossible to give the preference to any one of them. Judging by the peculiar pleasure which its perusal gave us, we should select, for our favourite, *The Switzer's Wife*. Werner Stauffacher was one of the three confederates of the field of Grutli. He had been marked out by the Austrian bailiff as a fit subject for pillage,

but it was to the noble spirit of his wife that he owed the final resolution he took to resist the oppressor of his country. The whole scene is brought before us with singular distinctness. It is a beautiful evening in the Alpine valley,—

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his
dear,

Even as man sits, whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no
more

Th' accustomed joy in all which evening brings
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hushed before him, sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien,—he marked it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-haired child
Rang from the greensward round the sheltered spot,

But seemed unheeded; until at last the boy
Raised from his heaped up flowers a glance of
joy,

And met his father's face; but then a change
Passed swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quiet sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the
knee

So often climbed, and lift his loving eyes,
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man
shook;

But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look
Through tears half-quivering, o'er him bent
and said,

"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy
heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love
away?"

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair
brow,

Missing the smile from thine? Oh, cheer
thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en
now!

Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
Was loosened from his soul.

He then tells how the oppressor's
envious eye "had been upon his heritage," and to-morrow eve might find
him in chains. The blood leaves her
check, and she leans back on the linden
stem, but only for a moment; the
free Alpine spirit wakes within her—

And she that ever through her home had
moved

With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet
smile

Of woman, calmly loving and beloved

And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that
hour—

Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered might
As it found language:—"Are we thus op-
pressed?"

Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do;—and be it
done!

Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me.
Trust me to heaven, my husband; this, thy
son,

The babe whom I have borne thee, must be
free!

And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong
on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills, thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all but seeing thee subdued—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois' paths, and through the forests
go;

And tell in burning words thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets
glow,
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—away!
Bless but thy child and leave me—I can
pray!"

It is ever thus with all her women,
—gentle, courageous, full of self-devotion,
and, alas! of sorrow and suffering.
This is her ideal of woman, from
which she rarely departs—a heart
overflowing with tenderest affection—
ill-requited—yet refusing to receive
any earthly boon as a substitute for
the returned affection it seeks. Fame
is no compensation—

Away! to me, a woman, bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Genius when she sings to Love is made
to say—

They crown me with the glistening crown,
Borne from a deathless tree;

I hear the pealing music of renown—
O Love, forsake me not!

Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee!

They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth;

From thee, from thee, is caught that golden
glow!

Shed by thy gentle eyes,
It gives to flower and skies
A bright new birth!

Genius singing to Love.

It is not often we find the super-
stitutions of dark and ignorant ages

dealt with in so gentle and agreeable a manner as by Mrs Hemans. She seizes, in common with others, the poetic aspect these present, but diffuses over them, at the same time, a refinement of sentiment gathered entirely from her own feelings. A subject which from another pencil would have been disagreeable and offensive to us, is made by her graceful touches to win upon our imagination. Witness the poem called *The Wood Walk and Hymn*; we will quote the commencement of it.

WOOD WALK AND HYMN.

' Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart; w
Touch—for there is a spiri

WOODWORT

FATHER—CHILD.

Child.—There are the aspens with their
silvery leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling; though the
lime
And chestnut boughs, and these long arch-
ing sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture!

Father.—Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?

Child.—No, father; doth he say the fairies
dance
Amidst the branches?

Father.—Oh! a cause more deep,
More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan
leaves!

The cross, he deems, the blessed cross,
whereon
The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to
death,

Was framed of aspen wood; and since that
hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent
down

A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

An eminent critic in the *Edinburgh Review* has spoken of the neatness and perfect finish which characterise female writers in general, and Mrs Hemans in particular. Now, these qualities imply a certain terseness and concentration of style, which is no more a peculiarity of all authoresses than of all authors, and which we should not pronounce to be peculiarly characteristic of Mrs Hemans' poetry. To us it often appears wanting in this very conciseness; we occasionally wish that some lines and verses were excluded—not because they are faulty in them-

selves, but because they weaken the effect, and detract from the vigour of the whole: we wish the verses, in short, were more closely packed together, so that the commencement and the close, which are generally both good, could be brought a little nearer to each other. It is not so much a redundancy of expression, as of images and illustrations, that we have sometimes to complain of in Mrs Hemans. She uses two of these where one would not only suffice, but do the work much better. There is every pleasing little poem, called *The Wandering Wind*: we will quote—first, because it is thus pleasing; and, secondly, because we think it would have been rendered still more so had there been somewhat more of concentration and terseness in the style. The lines which we have printed in italics, and which contain the pith and marrow of the whole, would then have struck upon the ear with more distinctness and prominence.

THE WANDERING WIND.

The wind, the wandering wind
Of the golden summer eve—
*Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves?*
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The wind, the wandering wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the cavern'd hill,
*'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.*
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the wind, the wandering wind!

The verses beginning "I dream of all things free" might also be cited as an instance of this tendency to over-amplify—a tendency which seems the result of a great affluence of poetical imagery. This would be a more powerful poem merely by being made shorter. We wait too long, and the imagination roves too far, before we arrive at the concluding lines, which

contain all the point and significance of the piece :—

"My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free."

Of the measures and the melody of a lyrical poet something is expected to be said. But what we feel we have chiefly to thank Mrs Hemans for here is, that, in the search after novelty and variety of metre, she has made so few experiments upon our ear, and that she has not disdained to write with correctness and regularity. She has not apparently laboured after novelties of this kind, but has adopted that verse into which her thoughts spontaneously ran. An author who does this is not very likely to select a rhythm, or measure, which is incongruous with the subject-matter of his poem; nor, do we think, could many instances of such a fault be detected in Mrs Hemans.

We will close our extracts with a strain that fairly exemplifies the serene and lucid current of sentiment, and the genuine natural pathos, of our poetess. It is thus she makes the Hebrew mother sing to her first-born, whom she has devoted to the Lord.

Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

How the lone paths retrace where thou wert
playing

So late along the mountains at my side?

And I, in joyous pride,

By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair
Beholding thee so fair!

And oh! the home whence thy bright smile
hath parted,

Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away!

While through its chambers wandering,
weary-hearted,

I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

Under the palm-tree thou no more shalt
meet me,

When from the fount at evening I return,

With the full water urn;

Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings
greet me,

As midst the silence of the stars I wake,

And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall
round thee,

Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy
bed?

Wilt thou not vainly spread

Thine arms when darkness as a veil hath
wound thee,

To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,

A cry which none shall hear?

What have I said, my child? What! He not
hear thee,

Who the young ravens heareth from their
nest?

Shall He not guard thy rest,
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with
joy?

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave
thee

A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!

And, precious as thou art,

And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have
thee,

My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore farewell! I go—my soul may
fail me,

As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks.

But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor be-
wail me,

Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—Farewell!"

We must now draw to a conclusion. One great and pervading excellence of Mrs Hemans, as a writer, is her entire dedication of her genius and talents to the cause of healthy morality and sound religion. The sentiment may be, on occasion, somewhat refined; it may be too delicate, in some instances, for the common taste, but never is it mawkish or morbid. Never can it be construed into a palliative of vice—never, when followed out to its limits, will it be found to have led from the paths of virtue. For practical purposes, we admit that her exemplars are not seldom too ideal and picturesque. The general fault of her poetry consists in its being rather, if we may use the term, too *romantic*. We have a little too much of banners in churches, and flowers on graves,—of self-immolated youths, and broken-hearted damsels;—too frequent a reference to the Syrian plains, and knights in panoply, and vigils of arms, as mere illustrations of the noble in character, or the heroic in devotion. Situations are adduced as applicable to general conduct, which have only occurred, or could only have occurred, in particular states of society, and are never likely, from existing circumstances, to

occur again. Far better this, however, than a contrary fault; for it is the purpose of poetry to elevate, and not to repress. Admitting that the effervescence is adventitious, still it is of virtuous growth, and proceeds from no distortion of principle. If not the reflection of human nature as it actually is, it is the delineation of the *fata morgana* of a noble mind—of something that occurs to us “in musings high,” and which we sigh to think of as of something loftier and better, to which that nature would willingly aspire. We can readily conceive, that to a woman of the exquisite taste possessed by Mrs Hemans, any attempt at the startling or *bizarre*, either in conception or subject, was a thing especially to be avoided. We do not mean to imply by this, that, as every true poet must have, she had not a manner of her own. To this honour, no author of our day has higher or less equivocal claims. She knew what to admire in others, but she felt that she had a mission of her own. To substantiate this, we have only to suppose her productions blotted out from our literature, and then remark whether or not any blank be left; for, wherever we have originality, we have accession. We admit that originality is of all shades and grades, from a Burns to a Bloomfield, from a Crabbe to a Clare—still the names of the second and the fourth are those of true poets, as well as those of the authors of “The Cottar’s Saturday Night,” and “Sir Eustace Gray,”—Parnassus, as Dr Johnson observes, having its “flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its cedars of perennial growth, and its laurels of eternal verdure.” In the case of Mrs Hemans, this question is set at rest, from her having become the founder of a school, and that only eclipsed in the number of its adherents and imitators by those of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth. In America especially has this been the case; a great part of the recent poetry in that country—more particularly that of its female writers—has been little more than an echo of her *Records of Woman*, and *Lays of Many Lands*, and lyrical strains; and, from Mrs Sigourney — “the American Mrs

Hemans” — downwards, there are only corroborative proofs of a Cis-atlantic fact, that no copyist, however acute and faithful, has ever yet succeeded in treading on the kibes of his master, far less of outstripping him in the struggle for excellence.

Like all original writers, Mrs Hemans has her own mode and her own province. In reading the poetry of Wordsworth, we feel as if transferred to the mountainous solitudes, broken only by the scream of the eagle and the dash of the cataract, where human life is indicated but by the shieling in the sheltered holm, and the shepherd boy, lying wrapt up in his plaid by the furze-bush; with his “little flock at feed beside him.” By Scott we are placed amid the men and things of departed ages. The bannered castle looms in the distance, and around it are the tented plain—the baron and his vassals—all that pertains to “ladye-love and war, renown and knightly worth.” We have the cathedral-pomp, and the dark superstition, and the might that stands in the place of right,—all the fire and air, with little of the earth and water of our elemental nature. The lays of Wilson reflect the patriarchal calm of life in its best, and purest, and happiest aspects—or, indeed, of something better than mere human life, as the image of the islet in the sunset mirror of the lake is finer and fairer than the reality. Coleridge’s inspiration is emblemized by ruins in the silver and shadow of moonlight,—quaint, and queer, and fantastic, haunted by the whooping owl, and screamed over by the invisible night-hawk. Campbell reminds of the Portland vase, exquisite in taste and materials, but recalling always the conventionalities of art.

When placed beside, and contrasted with her great cotemporaries, the excellences of Mrs Hemans are sufficiently distinct and characteristic. There can be no doubt of this, more especially in her later and best writings, in which she makes incidents elucidate feelings. In this magic circle—limited it may be—she has no rival. Hence, from the picturesqueness, the harmony, the delicacy and grace, which her compositions display, she is peculiarly the poet of her own

sex. Her pictures are not more distinguished for accuracy of touch than for elegance of finish. Every thing is clear, and defined, and palpable; nothing is enveloped in accommodating haze; and she never leaves us, as is the trick of some late aspiring and mystical versifiers, to believe that she must be profound because she is unintelligible. She is ever alive to the dignity of her calling, and the purity of her sex. Aware of the difficulties of her art, she aspired towards excellence with untiring perseverance, and improved herself by the study of the best models, well knowing that few things easy of attainment can be worth much. Her taste thus directed her to appropriate and happy subjects; and hence it has been, as with all things of sterling value, that her

writings have not been deteriorated by time. They were not, like the ice-palace of the Empress Catherine, thrown up to suit the whim of the season, or directed to subjects of mere occasional interest, to catch the gale of a passing popularity. Mrs Hemans built on surer foundations, and with less perishable materials. The consequence is, that her reputation has been steadily on the increase. Of no one modern writer can it be affirmed with less hesitation, that she has become an English classic; nor, until human nature becomes very different from what it now is, can we imagine the least probability that the music of her lays will cease to soothe the ear, or the beauty of her sentiment to charm the gentle heart.

ON THE MISERIES OF IRELAND, AND THEIR REMEDIES.

IN resuming this subject, we feel that we cannot be justly accused of going out of our own province, or of meddling with matters which concern only our neighbours. In the present state of this country, we not only recognise the people of Ireland as our fellow-subjects, but we practically feel, as we ought to do, that their miseries are reflected upon us. This might be illustrated in various ways, but there is one illustration which comes peculiarly home to all people of this country at this moment. Much has been said and written, of late years, on the sanitary condition of the great towns of this country, and on the importance of thorough cleansing and draining, as a preservative against the epidemic diseases which have so often lately afflicted, and in some instances nearly decimated, our population; and when we state that, in the neighbouring city of Glasgow, during last year only, the mortality was one in nineteen of the population, and that the number of deaths exceeded the number of births by more than sixteen thousand,—that the mortality from fever, in particular, is known very generally to fall upon those who, in a worldly point of view, are the most valuable lives in society, and that a new and still more appal-

ling epidemic is already among us—we have surely said enough to show that there cannot be a more important or serious object of contemplation, or of inquiry, than the means of purification and sanitary improvement of such graves of the human race, as so many parts of that and others of our great towns are at this moment.

It is equally certain that “atmospheric impurity” has been justly charged as the most general and effective of all the causes, which so depress the vital energies as to dispose the living human body to suffer, and sink under, such visitations of Providence.

But, in order to understand how this prolific cause of evil acts on the human race, it is necessary not only to look to the draining, sweeping, and cleaning of streets, courts, and closes, but to enter the houses, and attend to the “conditions of existence” of their inmates, in the lowest and most unhealthy portions of all our great towns. When we do this, we find that, in all those houses which are the chief seats of epidemic disease, there are congregated together in small and dirty rooms such masses of destitute human beings, usually ill-clothed and inadequately protected from cold, that it is mere mockery to speak of

improving the atmosphere of their rooms, especially during the night, by any appliances to the streets or courts from which they are entered, or even by any means of ventilation to which, at least in cold weather, the inmates will submit.

It is even in vain that we issue directions for the cleansing of the rooms, or regulations, in the case of lodging-houses, for limiting the number of persons to be taken into them, or that we form model lodging-houses, in which a certain number of persons may be decently accommodated. All such measures have a good effect on a certain number of the people; but those among whom the epidemic diseases are always found making most progress have no means of availing themselves of these advantages: they can no more pay for clean or well-aired rooms than they could pay for any of the luxuries of civilised life. "Their state of destitution binds them firmly to one description of locality," and forces them to congregate together in masses, necessarily implying such a contamination of the atmosphere in which they live, as no such measures can counteract for six hours.

Now, if we inquire further into the history of the inhabitants who live crowded together in this miserable way, we shall find, no doubt, a certain number, in every great town, in whom this state of destitution is the result of disease, death of relations, or personal profligacy; and of the best means to be adopted to limit the evils resulting from these causes, we do not propose to speak at present, only observing that they may be and are met much more effectually in some countries and some towns than in others. But we maintain, also, with perfect confidence, from much personal observation and many inquiries, that at this moment, in all the great towns of this country, the most numerous class of the destitute poor, among whom epidemic diseases prevail—from whom they extend to other ranks of society, and by whose illness or death their families

become a burden on all other ranks—are not more profligate or less deserving of compassion and assistance than the great body of our labouring classes, and have no distinctive peculiarity but this, that *they are Irish*.* Many of them have had possession of bits of land, others have been labourers, or are families of labourers: they have formed part of that enormous immigration of human beings, from Ireland to Britain, which has been going on for many years, which has given Irish labourers to all our public works, has formed an Irish quarter in every one of our great towns, and has impressed all the promoters of our schemes of philanthropy with the intimate conviction, that "if we would cut off the sources of mendicity and misery, we must first cut off Ireland;" i.e., looking on the Irish as fellow-subjects, if we wish to perform towards them, or towards all who suffer in common with them, the great Christian duty of charity, we must endeavour to ascertain and counteract, in Ireland itself, whatever causes have swelled that flood of poverty and destitution which has been so prolific of evils to us.

Now, without entering on any abstruse discussions, either metaphysical or economical, we think it quite possible to state certain principles, drawn from observations of human nature, and generalised in the same manner as any general truths in physical science, by which the phenomenon in question may be explained; and the only truly effective remedies that can be devised for the present peculiarly miserable condition of Ireland must be applied and regulated.

In the present state of that country, all her peculiar sufferings may be ranked under the single head of redundant population, or, what is the same thing, an overstocked labour market,—a population greater than is required for all the works, productive or unproductive, for which the possessors of capital, or the richer classes generally, are willing to pay; and, in consequence, great numbers of

* The numbers of Irish in the fever wards of the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, in 1847, were, to the number of native Scotch, as 100 to 38; and in the fever hospitals of Glasgow, as 100 to 62; and the number of Irish were to the number of English in those wards, in both towns, as 100 to less than 2.

the lower classes whose employment is precarious, whose wages are scanty, whose mode of life is irregular and debased, who are continually liable to disease from poor living and insufficient clothing, and whose sufferings under disease and destitution are greater, and extend their effects more among the higher classes in their own country, and among neighbouring nations—England, Scotland, even America—than those of any other nation in Europe. As long as this miserable condition of the Irish poor exists, it must be regarded both as a national disgrace, indicating that, notwithstanding the boasted excellence of our constitution, the British government is really less effective as regards one-third of its subjects, in securing the main object of all governments, *ut cives feliciter vivant*, than that of any other civilised country.

Now, whatever secondary causes for a redundant population may be assigned, all who attend carefully to the subject must admit that the great, primary, and fundamental cause for it in all countries is, the power of reproduction granted by nature to human beings, and which is capable of multiplying the species more rapidly than the means of their subsistence can be increased.

If it be true that this is a general law of human nature, and yet that, in other countries, where ample time and opportunity have been afforded for similar indications of redundant population to show themselves, these are altogether absent, the first question for consideration is not, why are not the resources of Ireland more developed, but why has not the population accommodated itself better to the resources that exist? Comparing Ireland with other countries long inhabited, we find that in many others,—viz. in Switzerland, in many districts of England, in Sweden, Norway, &c.,—although the resources of the country and the demand for labour are small, the population has accommodated itself to them; it has remained nearly stationary for ages, or has gradually increased only as the productions of the country and the demand for labour extended; and the miseries of redundant population are comparatively unknown.

Continuing this line of inquiry, we observe that the most powerful and the only desirable check on population, by which it is habitually restrained from passing the limits which the demand for labour may be regarded as imposing, is that to which political economists give the name of *moral restraint*, by which we know that men and women, in all ranks of society, may frequently, and, to a certain degree, uniformly limit the reproduction of the species greatly within the bounds of its possible increase, rather than allow their progeny to incur any imminent risk of descent in the scale of society, and of abject destitution.

If we next inquire what are the circumstances in which this beneficial limitation on our population operates most efficiently, and what are those which counteract its influence, we shall find distinctly and unequivocally—whether we limit our observations to individuals, where we can assure ourselves of the most influential motives of conduct, or extend our views to large communities, and so avoid the fallacies attending partial collections of facts—that the only security for the existence of moral restraint is the habit of comfort, and the feeling of artificial wants which that habit gradually imposes on the human mind; and that those who are brought up in a state of destitution, who are themselves strangers to that habit and feeling in early life, hardly ever look forward to the means of securing the supply of these wants for their children, and yield to the instincts of nature, as to the propagation of their species, almost as blindly and recklessly as animals do.

If this be so, it is obvious that the first subject for consideration, as to the social state of any country, and the only means by which we can hope to avert the evils, which the known tendency of human nature to multiply more rapidly than the means of its subsistence would otherwise involve, is to extend and secure the habit of comfort among the poorer classes of society, and preserve them from sinking into those habits of alternate physical suffering and reckless indulgence, which abject destitution implies. And we have the more confidence in this conclusion, as it is

in strict accordance with the distinct, authoritative, and frequently repeated injunction of Scripture, as to the duty of those who have the means, to supply the wants of the poor.

This being so, the question as to the means of preventing or correcting the evils of redundant population in any country, resolves itself simply into the question, how the lower ranks of society there may be best and most permanently preserved in habits of comfort? And this question, likewise, is held to be sufficiently decided by experience.

A moment's reflection is enough to show that there can be no claim on the higher ranks in any country to place the poor—*i. e.*, those who are unable to work from age, sex, or infirmity, or who are unable to find work—on a better footing than the lowest of those who can maintain themselves by labour, and that any such attempt would speedily tend to disorder and do injury to the whole frame of society, and especially to the working classes; but it is confidently maintained, that a country in which these classes are regularly and uniformly preserved, by the contributions of the higher ranks, from falling into lower habits than those which prevail among the poorest of the people who maintain themselves by regular labour,—is also that in which the population will adapt itself most strictly to the demand for labour—remaining, if necessary for this purpose,—quite stationary for ages together.

There are different modes in which the contributions of the rich for these purposes have been received and applied; but it may be stated with perfect confidence, as the result of experience, that the only truly and uniformly effectual means is, to give them the security and uniformity of a legal enactment. For several ages, the general mode throughout Europe was through the intervention of the Christian church; for “the distribution of alms and food by the clergy was not merely a voluntary charity, but was a legal obligation. It was a rule of ecclesiastical discipline throughout Europe, and was a condition expressed in all the grants by which they held their possessions, and in every appropriation of benefices to the regu-

lar orders.” The maintenance of the religious houses was thus the poor-law of the Middle Ages; and when their property was alienated, the necessity of another law, to secure the same object, soon became manifest throughout the greater part of Europe.

We need not inquire how it has happened that no such law for the benefit of the poor has succeeded to the alienation of the church lands from the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, during the long interval that has elapsed between that event and the present time; but, on the contrary, that various laws, securing to the higher ranks the undisturbed possession of their property, and repressing all claims of the lower ranks, have succeeded to that change. It is enough for our purpose to state the fact, and to observe that, consistently with the principles above stated, all the results which have followed were naturally to be expected. That unprofitable but important portion of every social fabric—the poor, as distinguished from the working classes—has been left to precarious and insufficient charity. The consequences have been, a general reduction of the diet, clothing, lodging, and whole habits of the whole lower classes; frequent destitution, and its uniform attendant, a peculiar liability to epidemic diseases; much vagrancy and mendicity; the general prevalence of an irregular, precarious, reckless mode of life; a general failure of the grand preventive check on population; a continually-increasing redundancy; a minute subdivision of the land to support this redundancy, and a ruinous competition for these small portions of land, keeping the cultivators of the soil in a constant dependence on the proprietors; much voluntary emigration; and, both among the emigrants and the lower orders at home—all feeling these miseries, but few of them rightly comprehending the cause—a blind hatred at their rulers, very generally diffused. In thus asserting the powerful operation of this legal neglect of the poor in producing the miseries of Ireland, it is not, of course, intended to deny that various causes have co-operated in different parts of the country—*e. g.*, the ignorance of the

people, and the effect of the Roman Catholic religion in checking, rather than encouraging, any habits of thought or reflection; the absence of so many proprietors, and their habitual estrangement from the cultivators of the soil; political excitement, and the bad passions generated by it and religious dissensions: all these have been injurious; but the experience of other nations may show us that they could not have produced this specific effect on population, if they had not been aided by that general predisposing cause of redundancy—*neglect of the poor*.

This state of things has, however, naturally rendered residence in Ireland much less agreeable to the feelings of the proprietors of the soil, than residence in almost any other country. Those sufferings of their neighbours and dependants, which the laws of other countries would have imposed on them the duty of mitigating at their source, have, in consequence, fallen rarely under their personal observation; while the frauds and falsehoods by which poverty, when taking the form of mendicity, always attempts to arrest attention and procure sympathy, have been constantly obtruded on them. Add to this, that they have continually been told that the peculiarity of their situation, which absolved them from any legal obligation to relieve the wants of their poor—which secured to them the rights of property, and released them from its obligation—was a wise and judicious regulation, and a great advantage to themselves and their country; and without attributing to the Irish proprietors, and particularly to the absentees, more carelessness or selfishness than we must all admit to be a common attribute of human nature, we can easily understand that the general conduct of the Irish proprietors and capitalists must be such as to aggravate, instead of relieving, the miseries resulting from the over-population of their country.

To this state of things we do not pretend to apply a single specific; but we assert with confidence, that experience has sufficiently demonstrated the efficacy and expediency of several powerful remedies, and that, by the combined influence of these, a gra-

dual improvement may be certainly obtained.

The first step has been already taken in the enactment of a law—unfortunately delayed till nearly half a century had elapsed after the union with England,—probably imperfect, and brought first into operation at a time of famine, therefore beginning to act in the most unfavourable circumstances possible, but by which the right to relief, under circumstances of destitution, is granted to every description of the poor. By the gradual operation of this law, correcting the habits of vagrancy and mendicity, it may be expected that the process of degradation hitherto extending among the Irish poor may be corrected, and the same motives which, in other nations, are found to restrain excessive population, will gradually be introduced. But a more immediate effect of the law is on the views and habits of the proprietors. When the aged poor, the sick poor, the widows and orphans, and the unemployed poor, become immediately a charge on the land and capital of the country, it becomes the obvious and undoubted interest of every proprietor and capitalist, first, to throw all obstacles in his power in the way of early marriages, and excessive reproduction of the species; and, secondly, to exert himself to procure for the existing population as much as possible of remunerative employment. Such employment as he would hardly regard as remunerative, with a view only to his own profits, becomes an object of real importance to him, when the alternative is the maintenance of able-bodied labourers in idleness. That these motives are already operating extensively among the Irish proprietors, appears from their general complaint of the hardship of being obliged to maintain the poor in unremunerating employment, and from their increased anxiety to clear their estates of cottars and small crofters, among whom the most rapid redundancy of population shows itself. If the law is firmly and steadily administered, they will not be allowed to rid themselves of the burden of these poor; and the true question will be, Whether they are to maintain them in idleness, or devise for them

reproductive labour? Thus it may be hoped that the resources of the country will be gradually developed, and its power of supporting industry be increased contemporaneously with a diminution of vagrancy and mendicity, and an improvement of the habits of the people.

But it must be observed, that this expectation proceeds on two suppositions—*first*, That resources not yet developed for the maintenance of industry do exist in the country; and, *secondly*, That the proprietors have the means and the knowledge necessary to enable them to avail themselves of these. The first of these, we are fully assured, is truly the case; but the latter supposition, although we may expect it to be realised in the course of time, is certainly very far from being an element in the existing condition of the country; nor can it become so within such a time as would be requisite to enable us to reckon on it as a means of meeting a pressing emergency. And although the newly-enacted Irish Poor-Law is equally just as that under which all English proprietors have for centuries held their possessions, yet it must be admitted that, in the present circumstances of Ireland, as to redundancy of population, it must fall with peculiar severity on that country, and that, in some districts, the sacrifice thus required of the proprietors—particularly on such of them as may not comprehend the means which we believe to be in their power, for the improvement of the country—may almost amount to a confiscation of their property.

Now, if the foregoing exposition of the main cause of the redundant population in Ireland is correct, it follows that the legislature of this country, which has so long approved and sanctioned that state of the laws which withhold from the suffering population of Ireland the right of relief, as it has shared the national sin, ought also to share the sacrifices by which the consequences of that sin may be expiated. For a time, therefore, and particularly after the famine which has befallen their country, the proprietors and capitalists in Ireland may reasonably expect a certain amount of aid from the legislature of England (grant-

ed, of course, with proper safeguards against abuse or misapplication), to enable them to perform their newly-prescribed duties towards their own poor.

Now, there are two modes of relief, both to the proprietors and the poor in Ireland, which may be afforded by government, or rather which may be aided and directed by government, to a much greater degree than has been yet done—certainly at a much less expense than the relief-works of the year 1846, when several millions, contributed from the British treasury, were expended on the roads in Ireland, with an injurious rather than beneficial effect;—and the results of which, if they are carried into effect with common prudence, may be expected to be so distinctly beneficial, as assuredly to reconcile the British public to the expenditure.

The first is Emigration to the colonies, on a larger scale than has been yet undertaken, and with a more earnest desire, on the part of government, to make it a really effective means of relief than has been yet shown—the arrangements to be made, and the vessels to be contracted for and victualled, at the public expense, and the emigrants, therefore, having no further pecuniary burdens imposed on them than the means of supporting themselves from the time of their landing until they can procure employment. Even this last difficulty of emigrants may undoubtedly be much lessened by a little pains, and a little well-directed expense, on the part of the colonial governments, to ascertain during the winter season, and make known to those arriving in spring, the precise districts where there is the most demand for their labour; and it seems impossible to doubt that, if there were a regular provision made by government, for a few seasons, for receiving, from the different parts of Ireland, families recommended by the clergy of all persuasions in the different districts, as proper for emigration, and unable to afford the passage-money, and for removing these families at the public expense to Canada or Australia—directing them at once to the proper points—a very considerable relief could be afforded to the most crowded

districts in Ireland, at the same time that the danger of such sufferings during the passage, and after arrival in the colonies, as befel too many of the emigrants of 1847, and deterred too many of their countrymen from following their example, may be almost certainly avoided.

Emigration, however, even on these terms, (which it is certainly within the power of government to arrange,) should only be recommended to those who can command the means of tolerably comfortable outfitting, and subsistence for a short time after their arrival in the colonies. For a much larger number of the Irish poor, the resource so perseveringly advocated by Mr P. Scrope and others, is the only one yet shown to be really available, viz., their employment on some of the waste lands, ascertained to be reclaimable, which abound in Ireland itself. The improvement of these, chiefly by spade labour, would give employment to nearly all the labourers now in Ireland; and, when reclaimed, they might be divided into allotments of from five to eight acres each, which should afterwards become the property of the men by whose labour they have chiefly been reclaimed, on the payment of a moderate quit-rent.

There may be some difference of opinion as to the details of this plan, and particularly as to the kind and extent of the direct assistance which the government should give; and we know that in all countries, and perhaps more especially in Ireland, there will be a disposition on the part of many persons to avail themselves of and to abuse this public aid, by no means confined to the poorest classes of society, and against which it behoves a beneficent government to be constantly on their guard. The simplest mode of procedure seems to be, that the waste lands destined for this purpose (and on which government officers, employed at a great expense to the public, have already reported)—should be purchased by government, by compulsion if necessary—in all the distressed parts of the country; that these should be presented to the different poor-law unions, on condition of their being reclaimed by the labours of their able-bodied paupers, and in conformity with plans to be proposed,

and the execution of which shall be superintended by persons employed by government. The preliminary operations of drainage, and of making roads for the benefit of these lands only, may likewise be undertaken by government; and with this aid, and under this direction, it is reasonable to expect, that the operations by which certain of the waste lands are to be reclaimed, and the unions to be gradually provided with productive farms, let to industrious cottars, may serve as a model for similar improvements by individuals. There are difficulties of detail, which the government of the United Kingdom may be expected to foresee and to surmount. But as to the principle that it is wise and right for the legislature of Britain;—nay, that it is incumbent on that legislature, looking to its duty towards all classes of the people, to the extent of misery in Ireland, and the disgrace and injury thereby brought on itself, to the legal neglect of the poor in Ireland, so long sanctioned by the British legislature, and to the deficiency of capital actually existing in that country,—to direct and aid the operations by which its surplus population may be reduced, and its resources for the maintenance of population in future may be augmented; and that these operations, if skilfully conducted, must eventually lead to a great increase, both of wealth and of happiness, in Ireland and in the colonies,—are propositions which we hold to be fully demonstrated, and which, we think, the periodical press of this country cannot at this moment be better employed than in keeping constantly before the public, and impressing, by all possible means, on the attention of the legislature. The property of those lands remaining, in part, in the poor-law unions, the produce raised on them will contribute to the support of the poor, and the relief of the rate-payers in Ireland, in all time coming.

That the opinion we have thus given of the feasibility and of the wisdom of the plan of bringing the idle hands of Ireland to bear on the waste lands, is supported by men of thorough knowledge of the subject, of all parties of the state, may be easily shown. Preparations for such a mea-

sure were made, and plans of the drainage requisite for the purpose were laid down, at an expense of nearly £50,000 to the country, and deposited in the archives of the Irish government, so long ago as 1814, by the Bog Commission. It was part of the recommendation of the Poor-Law Inquiry Commission in 1836; it was strongly recommended in the report by the Commission of Inquiry into the Tenure of Land, presided over by Lord Devon; it has been frequently proposed, and fully and ably discussed in various publications both by speculative reasoners, and by practical men,—by Mr Mill, in his standard work on Political Economy; by Mr Thornton, in his pamphlets on Over-Population, and on Peasant Proprietorship; by Mr Fagan, member for Wexford, in his work on the Improvement of Ireland by means of her Waste Lands; by Mr Poulett Scrope, in several pamphlets as well as speeches in Parliament, to which nothing like an intelligent answer has been returned; by Mr Douglas, and several other writers in England; by Mr French, and several other Irish members; by public meetings in Ireland—one of them, of the freeholders in Waterford, presided over by Lord Stuart de Decies;—nay, it was announced in the beginning of 1847, under the name of a Waste Lands Bill, by Lord John Russell, as an accompaniment of his Poor-Law Bill, but withdrawn without any reason for the change ever having been assigned. Whether this was done, as has been stated, as a compromise with certain Irish landlords on their withdrawing their opposition to the latter bill, or not, is a matter of small importance to the country, although, certainly, of very considerable importance to the character of any such landlords for judgment or intelligence. A much stronger measure of what appears to them as justice towards the cottar population of Ireland, has been strongly recommended by several intelligent foreigners who have visited and examined the country. But, without quoting any of these authorities in favour of the proposal, let us merely ask what answer can be re-

turned to the following simple statements in support of it by an intelligent and practical author:—"An addition of three million acres of cultivable surface would be an incalculable advantage, and contribute to the health, comfort, and happiness of millions of our fellow-subjects. *We ought not to be behind the Chinese in this work of civilisation.* During my recent examination of the middle and northern districts of China, I noticed every where a great extent of reclaimed land. Every inlet where the sea formerly encroached on the land was embanked, drained, and cultivated. No capital or labour was spared to augment the surface capable of yielding sustenance to man; and I feel satisfied that, *if the extent of bog-land now existing in Ireland were in the central provinces of China, five years would not elapse without its being made fertile and productive.* Ought the people of England or of Ireland to show inferiority to the Chinese in the most requisite of all labour? Ought the government, in deference to some abstract principle, to refuse the fulfilment of the first natural duty—the providing food for its subjects?"*

Examples are not wanting in Ireland itself to show the feasibility of this plan of relief to its poverty. "Mr Stuart French, of Monaghan, has reclaimed three hundred acres of mountain-land in four years, and raised its value from two shillings to thirty-five shillings per acre. The entire cost was repaid by the crops in three years. Mr Reade, of Wood-Park, county Galway, reclaimed five hundred acres of moorland and mountain at a cost of from £10 to £17 per acre, which was repaid by the crop of the second year, and the land, formerly worth two shillings and sixpence per acre, now pays twenty shillings per acre annually. This same Mr Reade, who has made the experiment on a large scale, and can speak from experience, says, *there are 128,000 acres of such reclaimable wastes in Galway, where thousands have died during the past year*, and many are now (April 1848) dragging out a miserable and

useless existence. Mr Coulthurst, in county Cork, reclaimed a bog farm for which the tenants could not pay four shillings per acre. The drainage and reclamation cost £16 per acre, which was repaid before the fifth year, and the land is now rated at the poor-law valuation at £4 per acre. Sir Charles Sligh, Bart., and his amiable lady, have effected great good on their estate in Donegal, by locating the surplus population on the waste lands, and assisting the poor farmers to cultivate them. This English family gave up their rents for two years, and *permanent employment has been found for six times as many persons as the land could formerly support; and its produce has been multiplied tenfold.*"*

It may be asked, why are these examples not followed? and doubts have been thrown out as to the accuracy of the statements of the able inquirers who have reported on the Irish waste lands, because they are not actually reclaimed. One simple reason has been stated by Lord Cloncurry, viz., that "arterial drainage on a large scale is indispensable as a commencement, cutting through many properties, deepening river-beds, perhaps to a considerable distance. Hence government alone can set on foot such undertakings on that comprehensive scale, and with that engineering skill, which is necessary."† But a more general answer will suggest itself to any one who knows the general habits and circumstances of the great Irish proprietors. Many of them have not the habits of life or the knowledge which would enable them to superintend or judge of such improvements; and many more have not the means of encountering even the small expense which will be requisite in their commencement. Further, it is always to be observed, that, in the present state of the country, another mode of greatly and rapidly improving the value of their estates, without any such outlay either of skill or capital, always presents itself to the Irish proprietors—viz., that of clearing their estates of the cottar population, and throwing them into large farms,

to be cultivated in the improved English or Scotch style of agriculture—or even into pasture; the objection to which is simply that, in that case, they would not require for their cultivation more than a third part of the population now located on them, and, therefore, that this is a system relieving the landlords only, and greatly aggravating all the evils which make the management of Ireland an object of concern to the nation at

This leads us to consider the question, which is the most momentous of any that can be proposed on this topic—If the plan of locating the idle hands of Ireland on her waste lands is not adopted, what other resource exists for the relief of the redundant population, which is, as we have stated, so enormous and unquestionable a burden on England and Scotland? It is clear that, in Ireland itself, as the law now stands, two plans only are thought of, and if government does not bring forward a third plan, one or other of these must quickly predominate. Either the main body of the landlords, who are known to be quite incredulous as to any improvements being effected by their cottar tenants, must be allowed to pursue their own system of keeping them on hand—i.e., only as tenants-at-will—and clearing their lands of them as rapidly as possible, with a view to large farms or sheep-pastures; or else that system must be adopted, which is demanded generally by the tenantry and by the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland, of giving to the tenants one form or other of what has been called "fixity of tenure"—i.e., such security against a ruinous rise of rent, or dispossession, as may induce them to exert all their energies, and sometimes to bring forth concealed capital, for the improvement of the soil, and, in many instances, for the reclamation of wastes;—this party maintaining that the main cause of the generally wretched condition of the cottars, and imperfect cultivation of the soil, is not the indolence of the people, but their knowledge that they are constantly liable to a rise of

* *Ireland before and after the Union.* By R. M. MARTIN, Esq., 3d edit., p. 90.

† Mr SCROPE'S Letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, April 26, 1848.

rent, or expulsion from their farms, immediately on its being perceived that they are effecting any improvement.

These are the two remedies for the existing state of matters in Ireland, which these two parties wish to apply, and unless a third plan be adopted by government, one or other of these must quickly predominate. Now, let us consider the results to be expected in either case.

If government does nothing, but merely protects, by an armed force, the proprietors and their agents from the fury of the people, the system of clearance of the estates will be more and more acted on; and we must reckon on one-half or even two-thirds of the still existing population on most of the estates being turned adrift. No doubt the poor-law will make these outcasts a heavy burden on the proprietors; and it is held by many, and very probably with justice, that, instead of turning their cottar tenants adrift, and then having to deal with them as unemployed poor, if they were to accord to them such a tenant-right as exists generally, as a voluntary compact, in Ulster, they might expect the poor-rate to be so much less, the cultivation so to improve and extend, and the payment of rents to become gradually so much more punctual, that their own condition would be gradually amended. But it is certain that *this is not the view that they take of their own position* at this moment, nor that on which they will voluntarily act; *for if it were, the tenant-right, or at least the practice of granting long leases, would be as general in other parts of Ireland as it now is in Ulster, or in Scotland.*

This being so, the poor-law, giving the right to relief to the ejected poor, must either be enforced or not enforced. If it is enforced, and no other resource for the relief of those people is presented, there is every prospect of many of the unions becoming bankrupt, and the proprietors being involved in the ruin. We know that this consummation is already proclaimed by many of the proprietors in Ireland and their friends as nigh at hand; and the only advantage which in that case can be said to be derived from the poor-rate is, that the ruin and degra-

dation, otherwise confined to the lower ranks, will have extended, as in justice they should, to every class of society. Again, if the poor-law is not enforced, and the redundant population is thrown, as heretofore, on its own resources, we have *first*, that *res pessimi exempli*—a law openly violated—that the rich may escape its inflictions, and the poor be deprived of its protection; and *secondly*, we have no other prospect before us but a continuance and increase of all that misery, vagrancy, famine, and pestilence in Ireland, and all that extension of these evils to the great towns of England and Scotland, which have made our connexion with Ireland the bane of this country.

On the other hand, if the legislature were to adopt the only effectual means of restraining the clearances by the landlords—*i. e.*, to grant the desired boon of fixity of tenure, at the existing rent, to all the tenants—or even absolutely require leases of a certain duration to be given to them all—it cannot be denied that they would commit the grave political offence of extensive interference not only with portions of private property, (which, all admit, may be justly taken, on reasonable compensation, for public objects,) but with the whole income of many individuals. This offence is of such a character, that we can hardly expect to see a measure involving it ever adopted by any legislature in this country; and it must be confessed that, however well adapted such a measure may be to the exigency of the present time in Ireland, the precedent thereby established would go far to justify many acts, as regards other possessions of property, which can hardly be called by any other name than spoliation.

These are the considerations which lead us to believe that, in the present circumstances of Ireland—a population having grown up in the absence of any poor-law—with which a law, enacted tardily, and at a most disastrous period, cannot be expected to cope—the newly-acquired right to existence of the Irish poor must be aided and supported—as was always desired by Mr P. Scrope, and all the more enlightened advocates of that measure, and at one time proposed by the present

Premier—by another measure, on the part of government, whereby *employment may be procured for them, the resources of the country improved, and the proprietors taught, by example much more effectually than they can ever be by precept, how these duties, now legally imposed on them for the benefit of the poor, may be made to consist with improvement of their own position.*

What is often said of the impolicy of government coming into the market for the purchase and improvement of lands in Ireland, as deterring private speculators from coming forward, and checking the influx of really productive capital, would be a very fair allegation, if the object in view were merely the economical one of raising the value of the land and the income of the landed proprietors. But this is not adverting to the real difficulty of the case, *the existence of a redundant population—the result of the causes above explained, but now possessing a legal right to existence in the country—much more numerous than is required for that improved cultivation of the soil, which would be the most obviously and rapidly profitable to the proprietors.* The problem for solution is, not simply how to enrich the country, but how to enrich it without exterminating any part of this redundant population. This is no object for private speculators, looking only to pounds, shillings, and pence; but it is, or should be, an object of paramount importance to the government of a country, to whom even an increase of wealth ought to be desirable, not for its own sake, but because it is the essential condition, and therefore the exponent, of an extension of human happiness; to whom, therefore, the lives of the poor ought to be at least as sacred as the purses of the proprietors and capitalists in Ireland.

Taking this view of the duty of government, we may cordially acquiesce in the statement of Mr Thornton, quoted and approved by Mill, that the great want of Ireland at this moment is, not the influx of capital (as it might be if we were at liberty to disregard the lives of the people, and look only to the wealth of the country,) but the protection and encouragement of its industry, and such an increase of its

capital only as may be consistent with, or even produced by, an increase of the labour of all its able-bodied inhabitants. And it is because it is evident that the existing proprietors cannot in general perceive how this is to be done, or command the means of doing it, that the interference of government appears to be the only possible means of rescuing that unhappy country from misery.

Many high authorities are fully convinced that the improvement of the cultivated portion of the land, and even of the rents of the proprietors, may be equally well effected by the *petite culture*, by keeping the cottars in their places, and merely giving them instruction as to cultivation, and security for a fair share of the profits of the improvements they effect—as by clearing the land of them, and enlarging the farms. All who have studied the subject, seem to be agreed as to the very general “almost superhuman” industry of peasant proprietors, in all parts of the world, and among all races of men. “The idea of property, however,” says Mr Mill, “does not necessarily imply that there should be no rent, any more than that there should be no taxes. It merely implies, that the rent should be a fixed charge, not liable to be raised against the possessor by his own improvements, or by the will of a landlord.” “Give a man a secure possession of a bleak rock,” says Arthur Young, “and he will turn it into a garden; give him only a nine-years’ lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert.” It is accordingly stated by this author, and by others, as the result of experience, that long leases, at a low rent, will effect wonders, even in Ireland; and in proof of this, Mr Mill refers to the example of a company, called the Irish Waste Land Improvement Society, who have undertaken improvements in Ireland, not by creating large farms, and cultivating them by hind labour, but by farms only of a size sufficient for a single family—giving, however, small advances of capital, and a temporary security of tenure by thirty-one years’ leases. Col. Robinson, the manager of this Society, reports of their operations in 1845,—“These 245 tenants and their families have, by spade husbandry, reclaimed and

brought into cultivation 1032 acres of land, previously unproductive waste, on which they raised, last year, crops valued at £3896, being the proportion of £15, 18s. each tenant; and their live stock, now on the estates, is valued, according to present prices in the neighbouring markets, at £4162, being at the rate of £16, 19s. for each—£1304, a sum equal to their present annual rent, having been added since February 1844;” and he adds, “By the statistical tables and returns, it is proved that the tenants, in general, improve their little farms, and increase their cultivation and crops, in *nearly direct proportion to the number of available working persons* of both sexes of which their families consist.” The occupants of larger farms than 20 acres, he states to be “a class too often deficient in the enduring industry indispensable for the successful prosecution of mountain improvements.”* Mr Mill’s general conclusion is, that “under the new Irish Poor-Law there are no means for the landlords for escaping ruin,” (as has been stated above,) “unless, by some potent stimulant to the industrial energies of the people, they can largely increase the produce of agriculture; and since there is no stimulant available so potent as a permanent interest in the soil, either the present landlords, or their English mortgagees, to whom the estates of the more impoverished landowners must inevitably pass, would find it to their advantage, if not to grant at once this permanent interest to their tenants, at least to hold out to them the prospect of acquiring it.”† To the same purpose, Sir Robert Kane states his belief that “there are not people enough in Ireland for the small-farm system” if it were carried on in the manner which the experience of other countries has shown to be practicable, and which requires only a certain amount of instruction and of encouragement to the tenants, to enable them to raise at least as much produce, and pay a better rent, than large farms would do.‡ But although this appears

a very probable, as well as hopeful view, of the position of the cultivated parts of Ireland, and of the prospects of individual proprietors undertaking to reclaim the wastes, yet it is obvious that we can have no security for the landlords taking this view of their position, and that it would be a very questionable stretch of power to compel them to act upon it. And what we wish particularly to urge is, that *it is not necessary to come to any decision* on the disputed question of the grand or *petite culture* as applicable to the cultivated districts of Ireland, because the waste lands fortunately furnish a resource which is *clear addition* to the existing means of maintaining the agricultural population, available at a small preliminary expense only, which, we maintain, ought to be borne by the government of this country. The redundant population being thus disposed of, all the landlords will be left at liberty to try whatever modes of improving their estates they may think fit—subject always to this salutary check, that if by any of these modes they render an additional part of the population redundant, they will be compelled, by the poor-law, to pay more or less for them.

The digest of Lord Devon’s report shows, that there were in Ireland, when it was drawn up, “326,089 occupiers of land, whose holdings were under eight acres each, and that the consolidation of these small holdings, up to eight acres, would require the removal of about 192,363 families; but, then, the *first class of improvable waste lands* in Ireland (on which we wish to see them employed) would furnish to all those removed families locations of about eight acres each—or, the first and second qualities of improvable waste land, taken together, would furnish them with locations of twenty acres each.” These facts seem fully sufficient to justify Mr Mill’s conclusion, (formerly quoted,) that if we “suppose such a number drafted off to a state of independence and comfort, together with a very mode-

* Mill’s *Principles of Political Economy*, vol. i. p. 387.

† Ibid. 398.

‡ See the *Large and Small Farm Question, considered in regard to the Present Circumstances of Ireland*.

rate additional relief by emigration, the introduction of English capital and farming over the *remaining surface* of Ireland (at least where the proprietors may think it necessary) would at once cease to be chimerical.* At least we feel justified by these facts, by all the statements here made, and by the authorities by whom this plan has been recommended, in demanding that a measure which promises so much relief, not only to the miseries of Ireland, but to the various philanthropic designs in this country—which are so continually thwarted by the influx of Irish poor—should be fairly and openly canvassed; and that, if any serious objections can be stated to it, they should be publicly brought forward and discussed.

As to the simply economical objection, on the score of the outlay that would be required, we do not lay stress on the statement made on no less authority than Lord Devon's Commission, that, in fact, it ought to cost nothing; and that the improved rental of the land ought to bring in a return of ten per cent on the capital invested in the speculation. We may admit that this is too sanguine a view of the matter—that the sums advanced by the government of this country will probably be tardily and only partially repaid. Still, when we reflect on the facts that have been stated as to the actual cultivation of waste lands in Ireland, and on the concurrent opinion of so many able and experienced men, who have examined the country carefully, and report specifically on the facilities for the improvement of its different parts, it seems impossible to doubt, that, if the expenditure of the sums advanced by government is superintended and controlled by the talent and experience which the country may expect that the government can command, the repayment of a considerable part of the outlay, particularly of that which may be advanced on the credit of the poor-law unions, may be expected within a few years. And even if there were ultimately a loss to the extent of one-half of the £10,000,000, which has been stated

as the probable expense of the whole change, the money will at all events have gone to the immediate relief of Irish suffering, and been better spent than what was formerly voted for that purpose; and we cannot think that a nation which spent a larger sum, only two years ago, in the mere relief of the sufferings of the Irish people, without any attempt at improvement, and very generally with a deteriorating (because not previously considered) effect on the resources of the country—and which spent £20,000,000 only a few years ago with very questionable effect, but certainly without being grudged, in attempting to assuage the sufferings, and raise the condition of the negroes in the West Indies—can repent the loss of a fourth part of that sum, in an attempt which can hardly by possibility fail of producing considerable effect, to provide remunerative employment for the hordes of Irish labourers in their own country, and arrest those grievous calamities which their diffusion over this country has brought on themselves, and on so many others who have come in contact with them.

In thus stating the grounds of a very decided opinion as to the measure supplementary to the new poor-law, which is most essentially required for Ireland, we do not of course mean to deny, that various other means may be adopted, with more or less of good effect, in furtherance of the same grand object. We have no doubt that both religious and secular education are of the utmost importance to the civilisation and improvement of every country; and although we do not regard education, as some authors do, as the main remedy for the evils of over-population, (being thoroughly persuaded that nature has provided for this object more surely than education can, by that growth of artificial wants in the human mind, which is the result and the reward of pains taken to relieve suffering and secure comfort during youth,) we are as anxious as any of our contemporaries for the extension of education in Ireland. We believe that instruction in agriculture, as

well as encouragement to industry, is very much needed in most parts of Ireland; and that measures for the direct communication of such instruction, both to landlords and tenants, may be very useful. We believe that in Ireland, as in this country, there is great need of sanitary regulations; and we trust that the draining, cleaning, and paving of the Irish towns will be regarded with as much interest as similar purifications in England and Scotland. But we think no one who reflects on the subject can fail to perceive two truths, and to acknowledge their direct bearing on the subject of Irish misery—*first*, that to a people nurtured in destitution and amidst scenes of suffering, something of the great mental stimuli of *employment* and *hope* must be applied, in order to enable them to appreciate, or permanently to profit by, any kind of education; and,

secondly, that in the existence of laws securing sustenance to all the poor of a country, and at the same time enabling the higher ranks to exact labour as the price of that sustenance, we possess a security such as no other social arrangements can afford, for habitual attention to all means of bettering the condition of the poor, on the part of those who have it in their power to apply those means, and on whose exertions their successful application must necessarily depend. Thus the poor-laws of Ireland, and the subsidiary measures for procuring employment for the poor there, so far from being opposed to any wise system of instruction, or of sanitary improvement, must be regarded as in truth an essential preliminary to the truly beneficial operation of any system that may be devised for either of these purposes.

THE CAXTONS.
PART VIII. CHAPTER XXV.

THANK entered, in the front drawing-room of my father's house in Russell Street—an Elf!!! clad in white,—small, delicate, with curls of jet over her shoulders;—with eyes so large and so lustrous that they shone through the room, as no eyes merely human could possibly shine. The Elf approached, and stood facing us. The sight was so unexpected, and the apparition so strange, that we remained for some moments in startled silence. At length my father, as the bolder and wiser man of the two, and the more fitted to deal with the eerie things of another world, had the audacity to step close up to the little creature, and, bending down to examine its face, said, "What do you want, my pretty child?"

Pretty child! was it only a pretty child after all? Alas! it would be well if all we mistake for fairies at the first glance could resolve themselves only into pretty children!

"Come," answered the child, with a foreign accent, and taking my father by the lapel of his coat—"come! poor papa is so ill! I am frightened! come—and save him—"

"Certainly," exclaimed my father quickly: "where's my hat, Sisty? Certainly, my child! we will go and save papa."

"But who is papa?" asked Pistratus—a question that would never have occurred to my father. He never asked who or what the sick papas of poor children were, when the children pulled him by the lapel of his coat—"Who is papa?"

The child looked hard at me, and the big tears rolled from those large luminous eyes, but quite silently. At this moment, a full-grown figure filled up the threshold, and, emerging from the shadow, presented to us the aspect of a stout, well-favoured young woman. She dropped a curtsy, and then said, meekly,

"Oh, miss! you ought to have waited for me, and not alarmed the gentlefolks by running up stairs in that way. If you please, sir, I was

settling with the cabman, and he was so imperent: them low fellows always are, when they have only us poor women to deal with, sir,—and —"

"But what is the matter?" cried I; for my father had taken the child in his arms, soothingly, and she was now weeping on his breast.

"Why, you see, sir, (another curtsy,) the gent only arrived last night at our hotel, sir—The Lamb, close by Lunnun Bridge—and he was taken ill—and he's not quite in his right mind like:—so we sent for the doctor, and the doctor looked at the brass plate on the gent's carpet-bag, sir,—and then he looked into the *Court Guide*, and he said, 'There is a Mr Caxton in Great Russell Street,—is he any relation?' and this young lady said, 'That's my papa's brother, and we were going there.'—And so, sir, as the Boots was out, I got into a cab, and miss would come with me, and —"

"Roland—Roland ill!—Quick—quick, quick!" cried my father; and, with the child still in his arms, he ran down the stairs. I followed with his hat, which, of course, he had forgotten. A cab, by good luck, was passing our very door; but the chambermaid would not let us enter till she had satisfied herself that it was not the same she had dismissed. This preliminary investigation completed, we entered and drove to The Lamb.

The chambermaid, who sat opposite, passed the time in ineffectual overtures to release my father of the little girl, who still clung nestling to his breast,—in a long epic, much broken into episodes, of the causes which had led to her dismissal of the late cabman, who, to swell his fare, had thought proper to take a "*circumbendibus*!"—and with occasional tugs at her cap, and smoothings down of her gown, and apologies for being such a figure, especially when her eyes rested on my satin cravat, or drooped on my varnished boots.

Arrived at The Lamb, the cham-

bermaid, with conscious dignity, led us up a large staircase, which seemed interminable. As she mounted the region above the third story, she paused to take breath, and informing, apologetically, that the house was full, but that, if the "gent" stayed over Friday, he would be moved into No. 54, "with a look-out and a chimbley." My little cousin now slipped from my father's arms, and, running up the stairs, beckoned to us to follow. We did so, and were led to a door, at which the child stopped and listened; then taking off her shoes, she stole in on tiptoe. We entered after her.

By the light of a single candle, we saw my poor uncle's face: it was flushed with fever, and the eyes had that bright, vacant stare which it is so terrible to meet.—Less terrible is it to find the body wasted, the features sharp with the great life-struggle, than to look on the face from which the mind is gone,—the eyes in which there is no recognition. Such a sight is a startling shock to that unconscious habitual materialism with which we are apt familiarly to regard those we love: for, in thus missing the mind, the heart, the affection that sprang to ours, we are suddenly made aware that it was the something *within* the form, and not the form itself, that was so dear to us. The form itself is still, perhaps, little altered; but that lip which smiles no welcome, that eye which wanders over us as strangers, that ear which distinguishes no more our voices,—the *friend* we sought is not there! Even our own love is chilled back—grows a kind of vague superstitious terror. Yes, it was not the matter, still present to us, which had conciliated all those subtle nameless sentiments which are classed and fused in the word "*affection*,"—it was the airy, intangible, electric *something*,—the absence of which now appals us.

I stood speechless—my father crept on, and took the hand that returned no pressure:—The child only did not seem to share our emotions,—but, clambering on the bed, laid her cheek on the breast and was still.

"Pisistratus," whispered my father at last, and I stole near, hushing my breath—"Pisistratus, if your mother were here!"

I nodded; the same thought had

struck us both. His deep wisdom, my active youth, both felt their nothingness then and there. In the sick-chamber, both turned helplessly to miss the *woman*.

So I stole out, descended the stairs, and stood in the open air in a sort of stunned amazement. Then the tramp of feet, and the roll of wheels, and the great London roar, revived me. That contagion of practical life which lulls the heart and stimulates the brain,—what an intellectual mystery there is in its common atmosphere! In another moment I had singled out, like an inspiration, from a long file of those ministrants of our Trivia, the cab of the lightest shape and with the strongest horse, and was on my way, not to my mother's, but to Dr M—— H——, Manchester Square, whom I knew as the medical adviser to the Trevanions. Fortunately, that kind and able physician was at home, and he promised to be with the sufferer before I myself could join him. I then drove to Russell-Street, and broke to my mother, as cautiously as I could, the intelligence with which I was charged.

When we arrived at The Lamb, we found the doctor already writing his prescription and injunctions: the activity of the treatment announced the danger. I flew for the surgeon who had been before called in. Happy those who are strange to that indescribable silent bustle which the sick-room at times presents—that conflict which seems almost hand to hand between life and death—when all the poor, unresisting, unconscious frame is given up to the war against its terrible enemy; the dark blood flowing—flowing; the hand on the pulse, the hushed suspense, every look on the physician's bended brow; then the sinaplasms to the feet, and the ice to the head; and now and then, through the lull or the low whispers, the incoherent voice of the sufferer—babbling, perhaps, of green fields and fairland, while your hearts are breaking! Then, at length, the sleep—in that sleep, perhaps, the crisis—the breathless watch, the slow waking, the first *same* words—the old smile again, only fainter—your gushing tears, your low—"Thank God! thank God!"

Picture all this ; it is past : Roland has spoken—his sense has returned—my mother is leaning over him—his child's small hands are clasped round his neck—the surgeon, who has been

there six hours, has taken up his hat, and smiles gaily as he nods farewell—and my father is leaning against the wall, with his face covered with his hands.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALL this had been so sudden that, to use the trite phrase—for no other is so expressive—it was like a dream. I felt an absolute, an imperious want of solitude, of the open air. The swell of gratitude almost stifled me—the room did not seem large enough for my big heart. In early youth, if we find it difficult to control our feelings, so we find it difficult to vent them in the presence of others. On the spring side of twenty, if any thing affects us, we rush to lock ourselves up in our room, or get away into the streets or the fields ; in our earlier years we are still the savages of Nature, and we do as the poor brute does,—the wounded stag leaves the herd, and, if there is any thing on a dog's faithful heart, he slinks away into a corner.

Accordingly, I stole out of the hotel, and wandered through the streets, which were quite deserted. It was about the first hour of dawn, the most comfortless hour there is, especially in London ! But I only felt freshness in the raw air, and soothing in the desolate stillness. The love my uncle inspired was very remarkable in its nature : it was not like that quiet affection with which those advanced in life must usually content themselves, but connected with the more vivid interest that youth awakens. There was in him still so much of vivacity and fire, in his errors and crotchets so much of the self-delusion of youth, that one could scarce fancy him other than young. Those Quixotic exaggerated notions of honour, that romance of sentiment, which no hardship, care, grief, disappointment, could wear away, (singular in a period when, at two-and-twenty, young men declare themselves *blasés* !) seemed to leave him all the charm of boyhood. A season in London had made me more a man of the world, older in heart than he was. Then, the sorrow

that gnawed him with such silent sternness. No—Captain Roland was one of those men who seize hold of your thoughts, who mix themselves up with your lives. The idea that Roland should die—die with the load at his heart unlightened, was one that seemed to take a spring out of the wheels of nature, an object out of the aims of life—of my life at least. For I had made it one of the ends of my existence to bring back the son to the father, and restore the smile, that must have been gay once, to the downward curve of that iron lip. But Roland was now out of danger,—and yet, like one who has escaped shipwreck, I trembled to look back on the danger past ; the voice of the devouring deep still boomed in my ears. While rapt in my reveries, I stopped mechanically to hear a clock strike—four ; and, looking round, I perceived that I had wandered from the heart of the city, and was in one of the streets that lead out of the Strand. Immediately before me, on the door-steps of a large shop, whose closed shutters wore as obstinate a stillness as if they had guarded the secrets of seventeen centuries in a street in Pompeii,—reclined a form fast asleep ; the arm propped on the hard stone supporting the head, and the limbs uneasily strewn over the stairs. The dress of the slumberer was travel-stained, tattered, yet with the remains of a certain pretence : an air of faded, shabby, penniless gentility made poverty more painful, because it seemed to indicate unfitness to grapple with it. The face of this person was hollow and pale, but its expression, even in sleep, was fierce and hard. I drew near and nearer ; I recognised the countenance, the regular features, the raven hair, even a peculiar gracefulness of posture : the young man whom I had met at the inn by the way-side, and who had left me alone with the Savoyard

and his mice in the churchyard, was before me. I remained behind the shadow of one of the columns of the porch, leaning against the area rails, and irresolute whether or not so slight an acquaintance justified me in waking the sleeper—when a policeman, suddenly emerging from an angle in the street, terminated my deliberations with the decision of his practical profession; for he laid hold of the young man's arm and shook it roughly,—“You must not lie here, get up and go home!” The sleeper woke with a quick start, rubbed his eyes, looked round, and fixed them upon the policeman so haughtily that that discriminating functionary probably thought that it was not from sheer necessity that so improper a couch had been selected, and with an air of greater respect he said, “You have been drinking, young man,—can you find your way home?”

“Yes,” said the youth, resettling himself,—“you see I have found it!”

“By the Lord Harry!” muttered the policeman, “if he be'n't going to sleep again! Come, come! walk on, or I must walk you off.”

My old acquaintance turned round. “Policeman,” said he, with a strange sort of smile, “what do you think this lodging is worth?—I don't say for the night, for you see that is over, but for the next two hours? The lodging is primitive, but it suits me; I should think a shilling would be a fair price for it, eh?”

“You love your joke, sir,” said the policeman, with a brow much relaxed, and opening his hand mechanically.

“Say a shilling, then—it is a bargain! I hire it of you upon credit. Good-night, and call me at six o'clock.”

With that the young man settled himself so resolutely, and the policeman's face exhibited such bewilderment, that I burst out laughing, and came from my hiding-place.

The policeman looked at me. “Do you know this—this?”

“This gentleman?” said I, gravely.

“Yes, you may leave him to me;” and I slipped the price of the lodging into the policeman's hand. He looked at the shilling—he looked at me—he looked up the street and down the street—shook his head, and walked

off. I then approached the youth, touched him, and said—“Can you remember me, sir; and what have you done with Mr Peacock?”

STRANGER (*after a pause.*)—I remember you; your name is Caxton.

PISISTRATUS.—And yours?

STRANGER.—Poor-devil, if you ask my pockets—pockets, which are the symbols of man; Dare-devil, if you ask my heart. (*Surveying me from head to foot*)—The world seems to have smiled on you, Mr Caxton! Are you not ashamed to speak to a wretch lying on the stones?—but, to be sure, no one sees you.”

PISISTRATUS (*sententiously.*)—Had I lived in the last century, I might have found Samuel Johnson lying on the stones.

STRANGER (*rising.*)²—You have spoilt my sleep; you had a right, since you paid for the lodging. Let me walk with you a few paces; you need not fear—I do not pick pockets—yet!

PISISTRATUS.—You say the world has smiled on me; I fear it has frowned on you. I don't say “courage,” for you seem to have enough of that; but I say “*patience*,” which is the rarer quality of the two.

STRANGER.—Hem! (*Again looking at me keenly*)—Why is it that you stop to speak to me—one of whom you know nothing, or worse than nothing?

PISISTRATUS.—Because I have often thought of you; because you interest me; because—pardon me—I would help you if I can—that is, if you want help.

STRANGER.—Want!—I am one want! I want sleep—I want food;—I want the patience you recommend—patience to starve and rot. I have travelled from Paris to Boulogne on foot, with twelve sous in my pocket. Out of those twelve sous in my pocket I saved four; with the four I went to a billiard-room at Boulogne; I won just enough to pay my passage and buy three rolls. You see I only require capital in order to make a fortune. If with four sous I can win ten francs in a night, what could I win with a capital of four sovereigns, and in the course of a year?—that is an application of the Rule of Three which my head aches too much to

calculate just at present. Well, those three rolls have lasted me three days; the last crumb went for supper last night. Therefore, take care how you offer me money, (for that is what men mean by help.) You see I have no option but to take it. But I warn you, don't expect gratitude!—I have none in me!

PISISTRATUS.—You are not so bad as you paint yourself. I would do something more for you, if I can, than lend you the little I have to offer: will you be frank with me?

STRANGER.—That depends—I have been frank enough hitherto, I think.

PISISTRATUS.—True; so I proceed without scruple. Don't tell me your name or your condition, if you object to such confidence; but tell me if you have relations to whom you can apply? You shake your head: well, then, are you willing to work for yourself? or is it only at the billiard-table—pardon me—that you can try to make four sous produce ten francs?

STRANGER (*musings*).—I understand you; I have never worked yet—I abhor work. But I have no objection to try if it is in me.

PISISTRATUS.—It is in you: a man who can walk from Paris to Boulogne with twelve sous in his pocket, and save four for a purpose—who can stake those four on the cool confidence in his own skill, even at billiards—who can subsist for three days on three rolls—and who, on the fourth day, can wake from the stoniness of a capital with an eye and a spirit as proud as yours, has in him all the requisites to subdue fortune.

STRANGER.—Do you work?—you?

PISISTRATUS.—Yes—and hard.

STRANGER.—I am ready to work, then.

PISISTRATUS.—Good. Now, what can you do?

STRANGER (*with his odd smile*).—Many things useful. I can split a bullet on a penknife: I know the secret tierce of Coulon, the fencing-master: I can speak two languages (besides English) like a native, even to their slang: I know every game in the cards: I can act comedy, tragedy, farce: I can drink down Bacchus himself: I can make any woman I please in love with me—that is, any woman

good-for-nothing. Can I earn a handsome livelihood out of all this—wear kid gloves, and set up a cabriolet?—you see my wishes are modest!

PISISTRATUS.—You speak two languages, you say, like a native,—French, I suppose, is one of them?

STRANGER.—Yes.

PISISTRATUS.—Will you teach it?

STRANGER (*haughtily*).—No. *Je suis gentilhomme*, which means more or less than a gentleman. *Gentilhomme* means well born, because free born,—teachers are slaves!

PISISTRATUS (*unconsciously imitating Mr Trevanion*).—Stuff!

STRANGER (*looks angry, and then laughs*).—Very true; stilts don't suit shoes like these! But I cannot teach: heaven help those I should teach!—Anything else?

PISISTRATUS.—Anything else!—you leave me a wide margin. You know French thoroughly;—to write as well as speak?—that is much. Give me some address where I can find you,—or will you call on me?

STRANGER.—No! Any evening at dusk I will meet you. I have no address to give; and I cannot show these rags at another man's door.

PISISTRATUS.—At nine in the evening, then, and here in the Strand, on Thursday next. I may then have found something that will suit you. Meanwhile—(*slides his purse into the Stranger's hand*). N.B.—Purse not very full.)

STRANGER, with the air of one conferring a favour, pockets the purse; and there is something so striking in the very absence of all emotion at so accidental a rescue from starvation, that PISISTRATUS exclaims,—

“I don't know why I should have taken this fancy to you, Mr Darcdevil, if that be the name that please you best. The wood you are made of seems cross-grained, and full of knots; and yet, in the hands of a skilful carver, I think it would be worth much.”

STRANGER (*startled*).—Do you? do you? None, I believe, ever thought that before. But the same wood, I suppose, that makes the gibbet could make the mast of a man-of-war. I tell you, however, why you have taken this fancy to me,—the strong sympathise with the strong. You, too, could subdue fortune!

PISISTRATUS.—Stop; if so—if there is congeniality between us, then liking should be reciprocal. Come, say that; for half my chance of helping you is in my power to touch your heart.

STRANGER (*evidently softened*).—

If I were as great a rogue as I ought to be, my answer would be easy enough. As it is, I delay it.—Adieu—on Thursday.

STRANGER vanishes in the labyrinth of alleys round Leicester Square.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON my return to The Lamb, I found that my uncle was in a soft sleep; and after an evening visit from the surgeon, and his assurance that the fever was fast subsiding, and all cause for alarm was gone, I thought it necessary to go back to Trevanion's house, and explain the reason for my night's absence. But the family had not returned from the country. Trevanion himself came up for a few hours in the afternoon, and seemed to feel much for my poor uncle's illness. Though, as usual, very busy, he accompanied me to The Lamb, to see my father, and cheer him up. Roland still continued to mend, as the surgeon phrased it; and as we went back to St James's Square, Trevanion had the consideration to release me from my oar in his galley, for the next few days. My mind, relieved from my anxiety for Roland, now turned to my new friend. It had not been without an object that I had questioned the young man as to his knowledge of French. Trevanion had a large correspondence in foreign countries, which was carried on in that language, and here I could be but of little help to him. He himself, though he spoke and wrote French with fluency and grammatical correctness, wanted that intimate knowledge of the most delicate and diplomatic of all languages to satisfy his classical purism. For Trevanion was a terrible *word-weigher*. His taste was the plague of my life and his own. His prepared speeches (or rather perorations) were the most finished pieces of cold diction that could be conceived under the marble portico of the Stoics,—so filed and turned, trimmed and tamed, that they never admitted a sentence that could warm the heart,—or one that could offend the ear. He had so great a horror of a vulgarism that, like Canning, he

would have made a periphrasis of a couple of lines to avoid using the word 'cat.' It was only in extempore speaking that a ray of his real genius could indiscreetly betray itself. One may judge what labour such a super-refinement of taste would inflict upon a man writing in a language not his own to some distinguished statesman, or some literary institution,—knowing that language just well enough to recognise all the native elegances he failed to attain. Trevanion, at that very moment, was employed upon a statistical document, "intended as a communication to a Society at Copenhagen, of which he was an honorary member. It had been for three weeks the torment of the whole house, especially of poor Fanny, (whose French was the best at our joint disposal.) But Trevanion had found her phraseology too mincing, too effeminate, too much that of the *boudoir*. Here, then, was an opportunity to introduce my new friend, and test the capacities that I fancied he possessed. I therefore, though with some hesitation, led the subject to "Remarks on the Mineral Treasures of Great Britain and Ireland," (such was the title of the work intended to enlighten the *savans* of Denmark;) and, by certain ingenious circumlocutions, known to all able applicants, I introduced my acquaintance with a young gentleman who possessed the most familiar and intimate knowledge of French, and who might be of use in revising the manuscript. I knew enough of Trevanion, to feel that I could not reveal the circumstances under which I had formed that acquaintance, for he was much too practical a man not to have been frightened out of his wits at the idea of submitting so classical a performance to so disreputable a scapegrace. As it was, however, Trevanion, whose mind at that moment

was full of a thousand other things, caught at my suggestion, with very little cross-questioning on the subject, and, before he left London, consigned the manuscript to my charge.

"My friend is poor," said I timidly.

"Oh! as to that," cried Trevanion hastily, "if it is a matter of charity, I put my purse in your hands; but don't put my manuscript in his! If it is a matter of business, it is another affair, and I must judge of his work before I can say how much it is worth—perhaps nothing!"

So ungracious was this excellent man in his very virtues!

"Nay," said I, "it is a matter of business, and so we will consider it."

"In that case," said Trevanion, concluding the matter, and buttoning his pockets, "if I dislike his work, *nothing*; if I like it, twenty guineas. Where are the evening papers?" and in another moment the member of parliament had forgotten the statist, and was pishing and tutting over the *Globe* or the *Sun*.

On Thursday, my uncle was well enough to be moved into our house; and on the same evening, I went forth to keep my appointment with the stranger. The clock struck nine as we met. The palm of punctuality might be divided between us. He had profited by the interval, since our last meeting, to repair the more obvious deficiencies of his wardrobe; and though there was something still wild, dissolute, outlandish, about his whole appearance, yet in the elastic energy of his step, and the resolute assurance of his bearing, there was that which Nature gives to her own aristocracy,—for, as far as my observation goes, what has been called the "grand air" (and which is wholly distinct from the polish of manner, or the urbane grace of high breeding,) is always accompanied, and perhaps produced, by two qualities—courage, and the desire of command. It is more common to a half-savage nature than one wholly civilised. The Arab has it, so has the American Indian; and I suspect it was more frequent among the knights and barons of the middle ages than it is among the polished gentlemen of the modern drawing-room.

We shook hands, and walked on a

few moments in silence; at length thus commenced the STRANGER,—

"You have found it more difficult, I fear, than you imagined, to make the empty sack stand upright. Considering that at least one third of those born to work cannot find it, why should I?"

PISISTRATUS.—I am hard-hearted enough to believe that work never fails to those who seek it in good earnest. It was said of some man, famous for keeping his word, that "if he had promised you an acorn, and all the oaks in England failed to produce one, he would have sent to Norway for an acorn." If I wanted work, and there was none to be had in the Old World, I would find my way to the New. But, to the point: I have found something for you, which I do not think your taste will oppose, and which may open to you the means of an honourable independence. But I cannot well explain it in the streets, where shall we go?

STRANGER (after some hesitation).—I have a lodging near here, which I need not blush to take you to—I mean, that it is not among rogues and castaways.

PISISTRATUS (*much pleased, and taking the stranger's arm.*) Come, then.

Pisistratus and the stranger pass over Waterloo Bridge, and pause before a small house of respectable appearance. Stranger admits them both with a latch-key—leads the way to the third story—strikes a light, and does the honours to a small chamber, clean and orderly. Pisistratus explains the task to be done, and opens the manuscript. The stranger draws his chair deliberately towards the light, and runs his eye rapidly over the pages. Pisistratus trembles to see him pause before a long array of figures and calculations. Certainly it does not look inviting; but, pshaw! it is scarcely a part of the task, which limits itself to the mere correction of words.

STRANGER (*briefly.*)—There must be a mistake here. Stay!—I see,—[He turns back a few pages, and corrects with rapid precision an error in a somewhat complicated and abstruse calculation.]

PISISTRATUS (*surprised.*)—You seem a notable arithmetician.

STRANGER.—Did I not tell you that I was skilful in all games of mingled skill and chance? It requires an arithmetical head for that: a first-rate card-player is a financier spoilt. I am certain that you could never find a man fortunate on the turf, or at the gaming-table, who had not an excellent head for figures. Well, this French is good enough apparently: there are but a few idioms, here and there, that, strictly speaking, are more English than French. But the whole is a work scarce worth paying for!

PSISTRATUS.—The work of the head fetches a price not proportioned to the quantity, but the quality. When shall I call for this?

STRANGER.—To-morrow. [And he puts the manuscript away in a drawer.]

We then conversed on various matters for nearly an hour; and my impression of this young man's natural ability was confirmed and heightened. But it was an ability as wrong and perverse in its directions or instincts as a French novelist's. He seemed to have, to a high degree, the harder portion of the reasoning faculty, but to be almost wholly without that arch beautifier of character, that sweet purifier of mere intellect—the *imagination*. For, though we are too much taught to be on our guard against imagination, I hold it, with *Shakespeare*, to be the divinest kind of reason we possess, and the one that leads us the least astray. In youth, indeed, it occasions errors, but they are not of a sordid or debasing nature. Newton says that one final effect of the comets is to recruit the seas and the planets by a condensation of the vapours and exhalations therein; and so even the erratic flashes of an imagination really healthful and vigorous deepen our knowledge and brighten our lights; they recruit our seas and our stars. Of such flashes my new friend was as innocent as the sternest matter-of-fact person could desire. The fancies he had in profusion, and very bad ones; but of imagination not a *scintilla*! His mind was one of those which live in a prison of logic, and cannot, or will not, see beyond the bars: such a nature is at once positive and sceptical. This boy had thought proper to

decide at once on the numberless complexities of the social world from his own harsh experience. With him the whole system was a war and a cheat. If the universe were entirely composed of knaves, he would be sure to have made his way. Now this bias of mind, alike shrewd and unamiable, might be safe enough if accompanied by a lethargic temper; but it threatened to become terrible and dangerous in one who, in default of imagination, possessed abundance of passion: and this was the case with the young outcast. Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but the cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy—his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere—had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious, arrogant—bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellent cynicism, his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed in him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honour. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no apparent wish for fame, or esteem, or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed, not shine, not serve,—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit, and enjoy the pleasures which the redundant nervous life in him seemed to crave. Such were the more patent attributes of a character that, ominous as it was, yet interested me, and yet appeared to me redeemable,—nay, to have in it the rude elements of a certain greatness. Ought we not to make something great out of a youth under twenty who has, in the highest degree, quickness to conceive and courage to execute? On the other hand, all faculties that can make contain those that can

attain goodness. In the savage Scandinavian, or the ruthless Frank, lay the germs of a Sidney or a Bayard. What would the best of us be, if he were suddenly placed at war with the whole world? And this fierce spirit *was* at war with the whole world—a war self-sought, perhaps, but it was war not the less. You must surround the savage with peace, if you want the virtues of peace.

I cannot say that it was in a single interview and conference that I came

to these convictions; but I am rather summing up the impressions which I received as I saw more of this person, whose destiny I had presumed to take under my charge.

In going away, I said, "But, at all events, you have a name in your lodgings: whom am I to ask for when I call to-morrow?"

"Oh, you may know my name now," said he, smiling: "it is Vivian—Francis Vivian."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I remember one morning, when a boy, loitering by an old wall, to watch the operations of a garden spider, whose web seemed to be in great request. When I first stopped, she was engaged very quietly with a fly of the domestic species, whom she managed with ease and dignity. But just when she was most interested in that absorbing employment, came a couple of May-flies, and then a gnat, and then a blue-bottle,—all at different angles of the web. Never was a poor spider so distracted by her good fortune! She evidently did not know which godsend to take first. The aboriginal victim being released, she slid half-way towards the May-flies; then one of her eight eyes caught sight of the blue-bottle! and she shot off in that direction;—when the hum of the gnat again diverted her; and in the middle of this perplexity, pounce came a young wasp in a violent passion! Then the spider evidently lost her presence of mind; she became clean demented; and after standing, stupid and stock-still, in the middle of her meshes, for a minute or two, she ran off to her hole as fast as she could run, and left her guests to shift for themselves. I confess that I am somewhat in the dilemma of the attractive and amiable insect I have just described. I got on well enough while I had only my domestic fly to see after. But now that there is something fluttering at every end of my net, (and especially since the advent of that passionate young wasp, who is fuming and buzzing in the nearest corner!) I am fairly at a loss which I should first grapple with—and, alas! unlike the spider, I have

no hole where I can hide myself, and let the web do the weaver's work. But I will imitate the spider as far as I can; and while the rest hum and struggle away their impatient, unnoticed hour, I will retreat into the inner labyrinth of my own life.

The illness of my uncle, and my renewed acquaintance with Vivian, had naturally sufficed to draw my thoughts from the rash and unpropitious love I had conceived for Fanny Trevanion. During the absence of the family from London, (and they stayed some time longer than had been expected,) I had leisure, however, to recall my father's touching history, and the moral it had so obviously preached to me; and I formed many good resolutions, that it was with an untrembling heart that I welcomed Miss Trevanion at last to London, and with a firm heart that I avoided, as much as possible, the fatal charm of her society. The slow convalescence of my uncle gave me a just excuse for discontinuing our rides. What time Trevanion spared me, it was natural that I should spend with my family. I went to no balls or parties. I even absented myself from Trevanion's perijodical dinners. Miss Trevanion at first rallied me on my seclusion with her usual lively malice. But I continued worthily to complete my martyrdom. I took care that no reproachful look at my gaiety that wrung my soul should betray my secret. Then Fanny seemed either hurt or disdainful, and avoided altogether entering her father's study; all at once, she changed her tactics, and was seized with a strange desire for knowledge, which brought her into

the room to look for a book, or ask a question, ten times a-day. I was proof to all. But, to speak truth, I was profoundly wretched. Looking back now, I am dismayed at the remembrance of my own sufferings: my health became seriously affected; I dreaded alike the trial of the day and the anguish of the night. My only distractions were in my visits to Vivian, and my escape to the dear circle of home. And that home was my safeguard and preservative in that crisis of my life. Its atmosphere of unpretending honour and serene virtue strengthened all my resolutions; it braced me for my struggles against the strongest passion which youth admits, and counteracted the evil vapours of that air in which Vivian's envenomed spirit breathed and moved. Without the influence of such a home, if I had succeeded in the conduct that probity enjoined towards those in whose house I was a trusted guest, I do not think I could have resisted the contagion of that malign and morbid bitterness against fate and the world which love, thwarted by fortune, is too inclined of itself to conceive, and in the expression of which Vivian was not without the eloquence that belongs to earnestness, whether in truth or falsehood. But, somehow or other, I never left the little room that contained the grand suffering in the of the veteran soldier, whose lip, often quivering with anguish, was never heard to murmur; and the tranquil wisdom which had succeeded my father's early trials, (trials like my own,) and the loving smile on my mother's tender face, and the innocent childhood of Blanche, (by which name the Elf had familiarised herself to us,) whom I already loved as a sister,—without feeling that those four walls contained enough to sweeten the world, had it been filled to its capacious brim with gall and hyssop.

Trevanion had been more than satisfied with Vivian's performance—he had been struck with it. For though the corrections in the mere phraseology had been very limited, they went beyond verbal amendments—they suggested such words as improved the thoughts; and, besides that notable correction of an arithmetical error, which Trevanion's mind

was formed to over-appreciate, one or two brief annotations on the margin were boldly hazarded, prompting some stronger link in a chain of reasoning, or indicating the necessity for some further evidence in the assertion of a statement. And all this from the mere natural and naked logic of an acute mind, unaided by the smallest knowledge of the subject treated of! Trevanion threw quite enough work into Vivian's hands, and at a remuneration sufficiently liberal to realise my promise of an independence. And more than once he asked me to introduce to him my friend. But this I continued to elude—heaven knows, not from jealousy, but simply because I feared that Vivian's manner and way of talk would singularly displease one who detested presumption, and understood no eccentricities but his own.

Still Vivian, whose industry was of a strong wing, but only for short flights, had not enough to employ more than a few hours of his day, and I dreaded lest he should, from very idleness, fall back into old habits, and reseek old friendships. His cynical candour allowed that both were sufficiently disreputable to justify grave apprehensions of such a result; accordingly, I contrived to find leisure in my evenings to lessen his *ennui*, by accompanying him in rambles through the gas-lit streets, or occasionally, for an hour or so, to one of the theatres.

Vivian's first care, on finding himself rich enough, had been bestowed on his person; and those two faculties of observation and imitation which minds so ready always eminently possess, had enabled him to achieve that graceful neatness of costume peculiar to the English gentleman. For the first few days of his metamorphosis, traces indeed of a constitutional love of show, or vulgar companionship, were noticeable; but one by one they disappeared. First went a gaudy neckcloth, with collars turned down; then a pair of spurs vanished; and lastly, a diabolical instrument that he called a cane—but which, by means of a running bullet, could serve as a bludgeon at one end, and concealed a dagger in the other—subsided into the ordinary walking-stick adapted to our peaceable metropolis.

A similar change, though in a less degree, gradually took place in his manner and conversation. He grew less abrupt in the one, and more calm, perhaps more cheerful, in the other. It was evident that he was not insensible to the elevated pleasure of providing for himself by praiseworthy exertion—of feeling for the first time that his intellect was of use to him, *creditably*. A new world, though still dim—seen through mist and fog, began to dawn upon him.

Such is the vanity of us poor mortals, that my interest in Vivian was probably increased, and my aversion to much in him materially softened, by observing that I had gained a sort of ascendancy over his savage nature. When we had first met by the roadside, and afterwards conversed in the churchyard, the ascendancy was certainly not on my side. But I now came from a larger sphere of society than that in which he had yet moved. I had seen and listened to the first men in England. What had then dazzled me only, now moved my pity. On the other hand, his active mind could not but observe the change in me; and, whether from envy or a better feeling, he was willing to learn from me how to eclipse me, and resume his earlier superiority—not to be superior chafed him. Thus he listened to me with docility when I pointed out the books which connected themselves with the various subjects incidental to the miscellaneous matters on which he was employed. Though he had less of the literary turn of mind than any one equally clever I have ever met, and had read little, considering the quantity of thought he had acquired, and the show he made of the few works (chiefly plays) with which he had voluntarily made himself familiar, he yet resolutely sate himself down to study; and though it was clearly against the grain, I augured the more favourably from tokens of a determination to do what was at the present irksome for a purpose in the future. Yet, whether I should have approved the purpose—had I thoroughly understood it—is another question! There were abysses, both in his past life and in his character, which I could not penetrate. There was in him both a reckless

frankness and a vigilant reserve. His frankness was apparent in his talk on all matters immediately before us; in the utter absence of all effort to make himself seem better than he was. His reserve was equally shown in the ingenious evasion of every species of confidence that could admit me into such secrets of his life as he chose to conceal: where he had been born, reared, and educated; how he came to be thrown on his own resources; how he had contrived, how he had subsisted, were all matters on which he seemed to have taken an oath to Harpocrates, the god of silence. And yet he was full of anecdotes of what he had seen, of strange companions, whom he never named, but into whose society he had been thrown. And, to do him justice, I remarked that, though his precocious experience seemed to have been gathered from the holes and corners, the sewers and drains of life, and though he seemed wholly without dislike to dishonesty, and to regard virtue or vice with as serene an indifference as some grand poet who views them both merely as ministrants to his art, yet he never betrayed any positive breach of honesty in himself. He could laugh over the story of some ingenious fraud that he had witnessed, and seem insensible to its turpitude; but he spoke of it in the tone of an unrepining witness, not of an actual accomplice. As we grew more intimate, he felt gradually, however, that *pudor*, or instinctive shame, which the contact with minds habituated to the distinctions between wrong and right unconsciously produces,—and such stories ceased. He never but once mentioned his family, and that was in the following odd and abrupt manner,—

"Ah!" cried he one day, stopping suddenly before a print-shop, "how that reminds me of my dear, dear mother."

"Which?" said I eagerly, puzzled between an engraving of *Raffaello's* "Madonna," and another of "The Brigand's Wife."

Vivian did not satisfy my curiosity, but drew me on in spite of my reluctance.

"You loved your mother, then?" said I, after a pause.

"Yes, as a whelp may a tigress."

"That's a strange comparison."

"Or a bull-dog may the prize-fighter, his master! Do you like that better?"

"Not much; is it a comparison your mother would like?"

"Like!—she is dead!" said he, rather falteringly.

I pressed his arm closer to mine.

"I understand you," said he, with his cynic repellant smile. "But you do wrong to feel for my loss. I feel for it; but no one who cares for me should sympathise with my grief."

"Why?"

"Because my mother was not what the world would call a good woman. I did not love her the less for that—and now let us change the subject."

"Nay; since you have said so much, Vivian, let me coax you to say on. Is not your father living?"

"Is not the Monument standing?"

"I suppose so,—what of that?"

"Why, it matters very little to either of us; and my question answers yours!"

I could not get on after this, and I never did get on a step farther. I must own that, if Vivian did not impart his confidence liberally, neither did he seek confidence inquisitively from me. He listened with interest if I spoke of Trevanion, (for I told him frankly of my connexion with that personage, though you may be sure that I said nothing of Fanny,) and of the brilliant world that my residence with one so distinguished opened to me. But if ever, in the fulness of my heart, I began to speak of my parents, of my home, he evinced either so impertinent an *ennui*, or assumed so chilling a sneer, that I usually hurried away from him, as well as the subject, in indignant disgust. Once especially, when I asked him to let me introduce him to my father—a point on which I was really anxious, for I thought it impossible but that the devil within him would be softened by that contact—he said with his low, scornful laugh—

"My dear Caxton, when I was a child, I was so bored with 'Telemachus,' that, in order to endure it, I turned it into travesty."

"Well."

"Are you not afraid that the same

wicked disposition might make a caricature of your Ulysses?"

I did not see Mr Vivian for three days after that speech; and I should not have seen him then, only we met, by accident, under the Colonnade of the Opera-House. Vivian was leaning against one of the columns, and watching the long procession which swept to the only temple in vogue that Art has retained in the English-Babel. Coaches and chariots, blazoned with arms and coronets—cabriolets (the brougham had not then replaced them) of sober hue, but exquisite appointment, with gigantic horses and pigmy "tigers," dashed on and rolled off before him. Fair women and gay dresses, stars and ribbons—the rank and the beauty of the patrician world—passed him by. And I could not resist the compassion with which this lonely, friendless, eager, discontented spirit inspired me—gazing on that gorgeous existence in which it fancied itself formed to shine, with the ardour of desire and the despair of exclusion. By one glimpse of that dark countenance, I read what was passing within the yet darker heart. The emotion might not be amiable, nor the thoughts wise, yet, were they unnatural? I had experienced something of them—not at the sight of gay-dressed people, of wealth and idleness, pleasure and fashion; but when, at the doors of parliament, men who have won noble names, and whose word had weight on the destinies of glorious England, brushed heedlessly by to their grand arena; or when, amidst the holiday crowd of ignoble pomp, I had heard the murmur of fame buzz and gather round some lordly labourer in art or letters. That contrast between glory so near, and yet so far, and one's own obscurity, of course I had felt it—who has not? Alas, many a youth not fated to be a Themistocles, will yet feel that the trophies of a Miltiades will not suffer him to sleep! So I went up to Vivian, and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Ah!" said he, more gently than usual, "I am glad to see you—and to apologise—I offended you the other day. But you would not get very gracious answers from souls in purgatory, if you talked to them of the happiness of heaven. Never speak to

me about homes and fathers! Enough, I see you forgive me. Why are you not going to the opera? You can!"

"And you too, if you so please. A ticket is shamefully dear, to be sure; still, if you are fond of music, it is a luxury you can afford."

"Oh, you flatter me if you fancy the prudence of saving withholds me! I did go the other night, but I shall not go again. Music!—when you go to the opera, is it for the music?"

"Only partially, I own: the lights, the scene, the pageant, attract me quite as much. But I do not think the opera a very profitable pleasure for either of us. For rich idle people, I dare say, it may be as innocent an amusement as any other, but I find it a sad enervator."

"And I just the reverse—a horrible stimulant! Caxton, do you know that, ungracious as it will sound to you, I am growing impatient of this 'honourable independence!' What does it lead to?—board, clothes, and lodging,—can it ever bring me any thing more?"

"At first, Vivian, you limited your aspirations to kid gloves and a cabriolet—it has brought you the kid gloves already, by-and-by it will bring the cabriolet!"

"Our wishes grow by what they feed on. You live in the great world—you can have excitement if you please it—I want excitement, I want the world, I want room for my mind, man! Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly—and sympathise with you, my poor Vivian; but it will all come. Patience! as I preached to you while dawn rose so comfortless over the streets of London. You are not losing time—fill your mind, read, study, fit yourself for ambition. Why wish to fly till you have got your wings? Live in books now: after all, they are splendid palaces, and open to us all, rich and poor."

"Books, books!—ah, you are the son of a bookman! It is not by books that men get on in the world, and enjoy life in the meanwhile." #

"I don't know that; but, my good fellow, you want to do both—get on in the world as fast as labour can, and enjoy life as pleasantly as indolence may. You want to live like the butterfly, and yet have all the honey of the

bee; and, what is the very deuce of the whole, even as the butterfly, you ask every flower to grow up in a moment; and as a bee, the whole hive must be stored in a quarter of an hour! Patience, patience, patience!"

Vivian sighed a fierce sigh. "I suppose," said he, after an unquiet pause, "that the vagrant and the outlaw are strong in me; for I long to run back to my old existence, which was all action, and therefore allowed no thought."

While he thus said, we had wandered round the Colonnade, and were in that narrow passage that runs from Piccadilly into Charles Street, in which is situated the more private entrance to the opera; and close by the doors of that entrance, two or three young men were lounging. As Vivian ceased, the voice of one of these loungers came laughingly to our ears.

"Oh!" it said, apparently in answer to some question, "I have a much quicker way to fortune than that; I mean to marry an heiress!"

Vivian started, and looked at the speaker. He was a very good-looking fellow. Vivian continued to look at him, and deliberately, from head to foot; he then turned away with a satisfied and thoughtful smile.

"Certainly," said I gravely, (construing the smile,) "you are right there; you are even better-looking than that heiress-hunter!"

Vivian coloured; but before he could answer, one of the loungers, as the group recovered from the gay laugh which their companion's easy coxcombry had excited, said,—

"Then, by the way, if you want an heiress, here comes one of the greatest in England; but instead of being a younger son, with three good lives between you and an Irish peerage, one ought to be an earl at least to aspire to Fanny Trevanion!"

The name thrilled through me—I felt myself tremble—and, looking up, I saw Lady Ellinor and Miss Trevanion, as they hurried from their carriage towards the entrance of the opera. They both recognised me, and Fanny cried,—

"You here! How fortunate! You must see us into the box, even if you run away the moment after."

"But I am not dressed for the opera," said I, embarrassed.

"And why not?" asked Miss Trevanion; then, dropping her voice, she added, "Why do you desert us so wilfully?"—and, leaning her hand on my arm, I was drawn irresistibly into the lobby. The young loungers at the door made way for us, and eyed me, no doubt, with envy.

"Nay!" said I, affecting to laugh, as I saw Miss Trevanion waited for my reply. "You forget how little time I have for such amusements now,—and my uncle—"

"Oh, but mamma and I have been to see your uncle to-day, and he is nearly well—is he not, mamma? I cannot tell you how I like and admire him. He is just what I fancy a Douglas of the old day. But mamma is impatient. Well, you must dine with us to-morrow—promise!—not *adieu*, but *au revoir*," and Fanny glided to her mother's arm. Lady Ellinor, always kind and courteous to me, had good-naturedly lingered till this dialogue, or rather monologue, was over.

On returning to the passage I found Vivian walking to and fro; he had lighted his cigar, and was smoking energetically.

"So this great heiress," said he smiling, "who, as far as I could see—under her hood—seems no less fair than rich, is the daughter, I presume, of the Mr Trevanion whose effusions you so kindly submit to me. He is very rich, then? You never said so, yet I ought to have known it: but you see I know nothing of your *beau monde*—not even that Miss Trevanion is one of the greatest heiresses in England."

"Yes, Mr Trevanion is rich," said I, repressing a sigh—"very rich."

"And you are his secretary! My dear friend, you may well offer me patience, for a large stock of yours will, I hope, be superfluous to you."

"I don't understand you."

"Yet you heard that young gentleman as well as myself; and you are in the same house as the heiress."

"Vivian!"

"Well, what have I said so monstrous?"

"Pooh! since you refer to that young gentleman,—you heard, too,

what his companion told him,—'one ought to be an earl, at least, to aspire to Fanny Trevanion!'"

"Tut! as well say that one ought to be a *millionnaire* to aspire to a million!—yet I believe those who make millions generally begin with pence."

"That belief should be a comfort and encouragement to you, Vivian. And now, good-night,—I have much to do."

"Good-night, then," said Vivian, and we parted.

I made my way to Mr Trevanion's house, and to the study. There was a formidable arrear of business waiting for me, and I sate down to it at first resolutely; but, by degrees, I found my thoughts wandering from the eternal blue-books, and the pen slipped from my hand, in the midst of an extract from a Report on Sierra Leone. My pulse beat loud and quick; I was in that state of nervous fever which only emotion can occasion. The sweet voice of Fanny rang in my ears; her eyes, as I had last met them, unusually gentle—almost beseeching—gazed upon me wherever I turned; and then, as in mockery, I heard again those words,—"One ought to be an earl, at least, to aspire to"—Oh! did I aspire? Was I vain fool so frantic?—household traitor so consummate? No, no! Then what did I under the same roof?—why stay to imbibe this sweet poison, that was corroding the very springs of my life? At that self-question, which, had I been but a year or two older, I should have asked long before, a mortal terror seized me; the blood rushed from my heart, and left me cold—icy cold. To leave the house! leave Fanny!—never again to see those eyes—never to hear that voice!—better die of the sweet poison than of the desolate exile! I rose—I opened the windows—I walked to and fro the room: I could decide nothing—think of nothing; all my mind was in an uproar. With a violent effort at self-mastery, I approached the table again. I resolved to force myself to my task, if it were only to re-collect my faculties, and enable them to bear my own torture. I turned over the books impatiently, when, lo! buried amongst them, what met my eye—archly, yet reproachfully? the face of Fanny her-

self! Her miniature was there. It had been, I knew, taken a few days before, by a young artist whom Trevanion patronised. I suppose he had carried it into his study to examine it, and so left it there carelessly. The painter had seized her peculiar expression—her ineffable smile—so charming, so malicious; even her favourite posture,—the small head turned over the rounded Hebe-like shoulder—the eye glancing up from under the hair. I know not what change in my madness came over me; but I sank on my knees, and, kissing the miniature again and again, burst into tears. Such tears! I did not hear the door open—I did not see the shadow steal over the floor; a light hand rested on my shoulder, trembling as it rested. I started—Fanny herself was bending over me!

“What is the matter?” she asked tenderly. “What has happened?—your uncle—your family—all well? Why are you weeping?”

I could not answer; but I kept my hands clasped over the miniature, that she might not see what they contained.

“Will you not answer? Am I not your friend?—almost your sister? Come, shall I call mamma?”

“Yes—yes; go—go.”

“No, I will not go yet. What have you there?—what are you hiding?”

And innocently, and sister-like, those hands took mine; and so—and so—the picture became visible! There was a dead silence. I looked up through my tears. Fanny had recoiled some steps, and her cheek was very flushed, her eyes downcast. I felt as if I had committed a crime—as if dishonour clung to me; and yet I repressed—yes, thank Heaven! I repressed the cry that swelled from my heart, that rushed to my lips—“Pity me, for I love you!” I repressed it, and only a groan escaped me—the wail of my lost happiness! Then, rising, I laid the miniature on the table, and said, in a voice that I believe was firm—

“Miss Trevanion, you *have* been as kind as a sister to me, and therefore I was bidding a brother's farewell to your likeness; it *is* so like you—this!”

“Farewell!” echoed Fanny, still not looking up.

“Farewell—*sister*! There—I have boldly said the word; for—for”—I hurried to the door, and, there turning, added, with what I meant to be a smile—“for they say at home that I—I am not well; too much for me this; you know mothers will be foolish; and—and—I am to speak to your father to-morrow; and—good-night—God bless you, Miss Trevanion!”

REPUBLICAN FIRST-FRUIT.

WHEN reviewing, in last month's Magazine, the accumulated French novels of the summer, we reserved two, partly on account of incompleteness and tardy arrival, but chiefly as worthy of a separate notice. They belong to a branch of literature not much cultivated in France of late years, but which revives and flourishes by favour of recent convulsions, and of the present feverish political atmosphere of the country. Political satire, even in the gay disguise of fiction, was not quite a safe venture during the reign of Louis Philippe the king. Bearing in mind certain arbitrary infractions of the liberty of the press, it might well have proved a dangerous one under the rule of Cavaignac the dictator. Nevertheless, here are two books of sharp jests, that must be caustic to the cuticle of the heroes and votaries of the republican regime. In style different, their aim is identical: it is nothing less than an exposure of the faults, follies, and deceptions of the French republic. One is comedy, the other broad farce; whilst the latter plunges into burlesque, the former rarely oversteps the limits of polished satire, and often but faithfully depicts—with altered names, but with scarcely a touch of caricature—scenes and personages in the great serio-comic drama enacting in France since February last. There can be no dispute as to the comparative merits of the books, nor, indeed, can a comparison be instituted between them. *Jérôme Paturot* has, in some parts, almost the weight of history, and it would not be surprising to see it hereafter so referred to. It is the work of a man of acknowledged talent, an esteemed and experienced writer, a member of the legislative chamber both before and since the expulsion of the King of the French. If occasionally rather diffuse, M. Louis Reybaud is always witty and shrewd: he is an

acute observer; and, to crown our praise, he is evidently of staunch Tory principles. There is a strong good sense, a calm contempt of cant and of pseudo-liberalism, a stripping, whipping, and pickling of humbug, in his *Jérôme Paturot*, at any time agreeable to behold, but peculiarly refreshing just now, by its contrast with the folly, hypocrisy, and fanaticism of many of his countrymen. We are glad to find there still are Frenchmen capable of thinking and writing so soundly and sensibly—a fact which, with every disposition to judge the nation favourably, recent events have almost made us doubt. "*Jérôme Paturot in quest of the best possible Republic*" is more than witty, spirited, and amusing. Its strong good sense and sledge-hammer truths may and must influence, in a right direction, the minds of many of its French readers. Should any of these be so obtuse as not fully to appreciate Jérôme's sly wit and pungent epigrams, to them *Monsieur Bonardin* addresses himself, secure of comprehension: him every one will understand. The dramatised narrative of his misadventures, commencing on the morrow of the republic's proclamation, and comprised in thirteen decades, was doubtless suggested by the perusal of *Paturot*, and this the anonymous author tacitly acknowledges, rather than attempts to conceal. He chooses his hero in the same respectable trade to which Jérôme devoted his time and industry, when the ambitious cravings of his restless youth had subsided, and before increasing wealth, the epaulets of a captain of nationals, and the glitter of a citizen-king's court, turned him from the paths of commerce, to climb an eminence whence he finally got a fall. *Paturot* and *Bonardin* are both *bonnetiers*, or hosiers—venders of unpoetical white nightcaps, pointed and tasselled, and of other wares woven

Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche de la Meilleure des Républiques. PAR LOUIS REYBAUD. Volumes 1 to 3. Paris: 1848.

Monsieur Bonardin, ou les Agrémens de la République—Proverbe en plusieurs Décades. Paris: 1848.

of cotton. Either on account of the prosaic associations suggested by these useful manufactures, or for some other reason, to us unknown, the *bonnetier* is a favourite character with French writers when they wish to portray a good, simple-hearted, steady-going, pusillanimous Parisian bourgeois. Bonardin is all this: a bachelor and an epicure, he leads a monotonous but happy existence in the society of Babet and Criquet, his housekeeper and clerk; loves his dinner, his bed, and his ease; and, although a corporal in the national guard, has attained the mature age of fifty-five in profound ignorance of the process of loading and firing a musket. In short, he is the last man in the world to make or meddle with the revolution, whose passive victim, from the mere fact of his lot being cast in Paris, he unfortunately becomes. Paturot is another sort of character. Originally simple enough, his wit has been sharpened by deceptions and reverses. Although to many of our readers M. Reyband's former works* are already well known, we briefly sketch, for the use of those who have not met with them, the career of Jérôme Paturot previously to the advent of the republic. Aspiring, as a young man, to higher occupations than the sale of cottons, he refused a partnership with his uncle, a thriving hosier, to dabble in literature, art, journalism, and various unlucky speculations. Reclaimed at last, he settled down to stockings; married Malvina, a warm-hearted, ready-witted, high-spirited grisette, who had long shared his precarious fortunes; throve apace, went to court, was elected deputy, and at last, by extravagance and mismanagement, found himself ruined, and was fain to retire into a provincial nook, to vegetate upon the wretched salary of a petty government appointment. Here, soured by misfortune, he grumbled himself into republicanism. But when the republic came, he, the only pure and genuine "republican of the eve" in the town, was elbowed aside by mushroom "republicans of the morrow," and deprived of his place;

whereupon his wife sent him to Paris, to recover it or get a better one, and followed him herself, after bringing about, by an active canvass and clever manoeuvres, the election to the National Assembly of one Simon—an honest, ignorant miller, with a strong arm, a thick head, and a sonorous voice—at whose house the Paturots had occasionally paused for refreshment in their country walks, and through whom Malvina reckons on advancing her husband's interests, and on commanding a vote in the Chambers.

At Paris, Paturot meets an old friend, Oscar, an artist, remarkable for a large beard and a small talent, and for a vanity that nothing can intimidate. In his society, and in the intervals of his place-hunting—to all appearance a fruitless chase—Jérôme begins a course of "Life under the Republic," his rambles and adventures serving as pegs whereon to hang cutting satire of the anomalies and absurdities of the new order of things. At first he is greatly struck by the gay aspect of the town.

"Paris was in continual festival—its busy life exchanged for complete idleness. Eager for amusement, the crowd quitted the workshop, to pick and choose amongst the pastimes offered them. These were abundant; archery, games at the ring, lotteries in the open air—a perpetual fair. It seemed a new Cogaigue, and a people exempt from all cares for the future. Happy shepherds! fortunate sheep! Theological diversions for those; for these a free field and plenteous pasture. Thus were the parts distributed in this eclogue worthy of Gessner. Now and then, it is true, there were a few more fireworks than were ordered, and some of the illuminations were not quite spontaneous; but these were imperceptible blemishes in a glorious picture. In pursuit of an idea, I was tempted to think I had found it realised on my path without trouble or effort, and as a gift of circumstances.

"Nevertheless I had my doubts, my fears, that this apparent joy was a

* *Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche d'une Position Sociale*, and *Mémoires de Jérôme Paturot*. 2 vols.

mask to mysterious sufferings. In these joyous cries and bursts of enthusiasm, there was a something harsh and artificial, which roused my suspicions. At the bottom of this feverish activity, I sought labour, serious labour—the health of the soul and the bread of the body—and I found it not. These men, so ardent in their rejoicings, daily borrowed from the commonwealth a portion of its substance, giving nothing in return. Could this last? Did they themselves think it could? The inquiry was worth making. I addressed myself to persons of all ranks and classes. The problem was simple enough. If the republic was really the joy and pride of France, it of course insured the happiness of individuals.”

The result of Jérôme's inquiries was that the joy was on the surface, not in the heart. The spectacle he had before him was the pitiable one of a people getting drunk upon its own acclamations, raising a senseless clamour to drown the fiend of misery, which approached their door with swift and certain step. Already the bony foot of the monster was on many a threshold. Paturot questioned a banker. “Alas!” was the reply,—“see you not what occurs? Twenty first-class banking-houses unable to meet their engagements; others will follow. Those who continue to pay decline business and announce their winding up. Before two months there will be no cashing a bill in all Paris. Every body is suspected—you, I, the bank, the treasury. Credit is lost, confidence extinguished.” This was discouraging; but Jérôme, not satisfied with one testimony, passed on to a manufacturer. “Manufactures!” said this man, a republican of the very first water—“you ask the state of manufactures, citizen! you might as well ask after a dead man's health. I employed two thousand workmen; now I employ one hundred, and only for humanity's sake do I keep them. Our country asked us to make her a present of two hours' work a-day. We sacrificed our interest to a principle, and did so. But two hours' work is a loss of ten per cent, and as my average gain was only five, you understand I am obliged to stop my looms. If the public would pay a better price

for our stuffs, well and good; but there seems little chance of that. Poor customers, citizen,—a parcel of ruined men. For half-nothing I would be off to America, with my foremen and my patents.” The fundholder's account of the matter was no better. “Buy my stock?” said he to his interrogator—“shall have it cheap. My fives cost me 122, and my threes 84: I had confidence, sir—the word explains every thing. Now the threes are at 34, and the fives at 50. I have railway shares of all the lines—Orleans, North, Rouen, &c. God knows the hard cash I paid for them! To-day they are worth the paper: here they are, blue, green, and red. I would as soon have shares in the Mississippi. I had treasury bonds—cash lent, payable at will; I reckoned on it. Door shut. Come another day, my good man, and we will see what we can do. If you are in a hurry, go on 'Change. You will get 500 francs for 1000.” Heart-sick, Paturot descended the social scale, but the song was every where the same. “I fought in July and in February,” said the shopkeeper; “I helped to take the Louvre and the Tuileries; I was seen upon the barricades, musket in hand. What is my reward? a shop full of goods, and an empty till. For two months past, not a purchaser. Debtors will not pay, and creditors will be paid.” As a last forlorn hope, Jérôme accosted an artisan. “You want to know my opinion, citizen? You shall have it, in two words. The thing is a failure, and must be done over again. ‘Lend a hand to the Revolution,’ they said to us, ‘and this time you shall not be forgotten.’ Very good; word passed, bargain accepted. In a turn of the hand, the thing is done. Here are your goods, where's your money? There the difficulty began. ‘Let us organise labour,’ they exclaimed at the Luxembourg. Very well; organise, citizens—take your time. The workman has his savings, he will wait. Three days, four days, pass in speeches, embraces, mutual congratulations. The workman has deputed comrades who sit upon the benches of the peers; it is always an honour, if it does not fill the belly. He takes patience, and forgets himself for the general good, until

a voice is heard from the Luxembourg saying, 'We are going to try to organise labour.' The deuce, says the workman; the first day they organise, and now they try to organise; that is not like progress. Meanwhile, he is on the street, more pinched than ever. Little by little his money goes, and his credit too. He returns to his workshop; door shut, nothing doing. He tries another; same answer. Whilst they 'tried to organise,' work had disappeared. I am wrong—nominal work was still to be had—alms in the guise of labour. Sooner break my arm than have recourse to it."

The reader will recognise in these passages exact statements of facts. The artisan's last reference is, of course, to the national workshops, whither we shall presently accompany M. Reybaud's hero. The disease of the social body, of which Paturot's inquiries gave him warning, soon became too prevalent for concealment; and, as usual in such cases, a host of quacks started up, puffing their panaceas. This, however, was not till the self-appointed, but more regular physicians of the Republic had made desperate attempts at a cure. Attempts and quackeries were alike recorded in the journals of the day. M. Reybaud writes a chronicle, and deserves our gratitude for its lucid and pointed style. The first prescription of the lawful practitioner was a national loan, to be subscribed at par. On reflection, however, the drug was thought too expensive, the electuary did not advance beyond the state of a project, and, of course, the patient was no better. The next remedy was a wooden one, but none the worse for that. "It was resolved to apply to the diseased organs a portion of the crown-forests, millions of ash and birch trees—antiquated elms, and historical limes—all the vegetable riches of the country! What treasury would not be saved at this price? The responsible doctor could not doubt success; he hugged himself for the bright idea. Well! heaven, jealous of his genius, frustrated his combinations. Unfortunately, the forests could not be applied to the patient's relief in their natural state. The ash-trees positively refused to enter the public cash-box in the form of an

essence; the birches were equally obstinate, the elms no less so. It was necessary to transmute them into metal, and there was the difficulty. With time, the thing might have been done; but what avails distant succour to a dying man?" Other plans were then suggested; decree followed decree with startling rapidity, but without avail; distress gained ground, and the crisis reached its height. Entire streets closed their shops and counting-houses. Time-honoured names found their way into the gazette; some of their owners nobly sustaining the shock, others yielding to despair and rushing to suicide. It was a frightful and unexpected scene of ruin, which surprised the financial world in the midst of the abuse of credit, and of a fever of speculation.

"How arrest the evil? What dyke oppose to this growing devastation? There was no lack of saviours—they swarmed; nor of miraculous plans—the walls were covered with them. Every day hundreds of individuals presented themselves, offering to contract with the country for a supply of felicity. In their eyes, all this misfortune was but a mistake; to remedy it they had sure balsams and magic charms. It was a new profession that suddenly started up, that of saviour of the country, with or without government guarantee."

The quacks were the leaders of the clubs, several of which were visited by Oscar and Paturot; and Jérôme was surprised to find how little freedom of discussion was allowed amongst men professing universal equality. Contradiction to the great orator of the hour and place was usually a signal for the expulsion of the rash offender, unless the follower of Fourier interposed, and expressed his willingness to enter the lists of argument. Cabet and the Icarians are capably shown up. At the end of the discussion, which more resembled a lecture, the pontiff of the community produced a packet of letters, received from the colony where his Utopian schemes were to be carried out, and read extracts to his admiring auditors, interlarding them with reflections of his own. "Father," the despatch began, "all goes well; fraternity intoxicates us. We cannot

sleep at night for the mosquitoes; but, like every thing else, these insects are in common: that thought consoles us."

"Poor dear children!"

"We have been visited by a great drought; it was common to us all. Grass failed for the flocks, and meat for man. But with fraternity all is light—even our diet. Yesterday morning we went to draw water from the Taïr. The river was dry; we got nothing but locusts."

"Divine! pastoral! like a page of the Bible."

"To-day a tribe of Sioux paid us a neighbourly visit. We invited them to join our brotherhood. They scalped two of our brethren. Father, this concerns us greatly. Two scalped and the others not. Where is the equality? They should have scalped us all."

"Touching scruple!"

"You are expected here with the liveliest impatience, and will be received with open arms. We run short of shirts; hasten to send us some, or we shall find ourselves in the condition of a primitive people. Father, bless your children."

"THE COLONY OF THE TAÏR."

There is more caricature in this than M. Reybaud generally permits himself. The reading of the despatch from the communist pioneers was followed by a collection, whose announcement nearly cleared the room, and whose result was pitifully small, the enthusiasm of the assembly having expired upon the road from the lips to the pocket. Jérôme departed in disgust. He was scarcely better pleased at the next club he visited, whose orator harped perpetually upon one string, whence it was impossible to detach him. "Let us associate all men's capital, labour, and talent," said he emphatically. "It is the salvation and reconciliation of all interests." Jérôme, who had always disliked "those sententious aphorisms which resemble pompous signs before empty shops," could not forbear an interruption, and requested the speaker to explain his words. But it was impossible to drag the socialist from his formula. His reply was a repetition of the same nonsense in other words. "Do what I would, I could not detach him from these common-

place and pompous generalities. A controversy ensued, and I tried to bring it round to the boreal crown and the cardinal aromas. He refused to follow; and at last, finding himself hard pressed, he made me the offer of a ministry of progress. If there had been no door, I certainly should have jumped out of window." After a visit to Louis Blanc at the Luxembourg, Paturot repaired to the national workshops, whose administration occupied the park and pavilions of Monceaux.

"The following problem being given:—How to realise the least possible work with the greatest possible number of workmen;

"And supposing it is desired to discover the institution, existing or to exist, which shall most completely fulfil the end proposed;

"The solution will necessarily be—
THE NATIONAL WORKSHOP."

"Never perhaps did a fact of this nature present itself, especially with such proportions. Before us, it had occurred to no one to confound alms with work. Nobody ever thought of cloaking alms with the appearance of a useless labour. In a few individual cases of misery, this way of concealing the donor's hand may leave some illusion to him who receives; but the assistance afforded by the public treasury to an entire army, to a hundred thousand men, admits of no doubt as to its nature. It is nothing more or less than English pauperism in the rudimental state."

Jérôme had heard Oscar speak of these national workshops, one of whose brigades contained, according to the artist's account, the flower of Parisian society—five sculptors, twelve painters, and a whole company of authors. One of the sculptors had fixed his own task at twenty-five pebbles a-day. Monday he carried them from right to left; on Tuesday from left to right, and so on. The twenty-five pebbles had already brought him in seventy-five francs, three francs a pebble, and in time he hoped to get them up to a napoleon a-piece. Each workman received two francs a-day when employed; one franc when idle. Eight francs a-week were guaranteed to him, at work or not. Paturot, who doubted Master Oscar's

details, resolved to use his own eyes, and set out for Monceaux. The gates were besieged by discontented workmen, clamorous to see the director, who was in no haste to show himself. Work was the cry, on account of the additional franc gained by a day of nominal labour. And work there was none for three-fourths of the sixty thousand men (subsequently 120,000) then upon the roll of the national workshops. And even when the director, to save the park gates from destruction, made his appearance and heard their complaints, they still were hard to please. They would find terrace-making at the Champ de Mars :—they were tired of that. They might break stones at Asnières ;—many thanks ; it spoiled their hands. Would they condescend to plant early potatoes in the fields of St Maur ? They should have the eating of them when ripe. The offer was treated with contempt. At last they were suited. A nurseryman at Ville d'Avray was to deliver a lot of saplings to plant upon the Boulevards, in lieu of those trees planted after the revolution of 1830, which just began to afford an appearance of shade when they were swept away by that of 1848. It was a pleasant walk to Villed'Avray, across the Bois de Boulogne and by St Cloud ; and the national workmen set out, two hundred and fifty in number. The nurseryman was astounded at their arrival. He had already hired two carts, for fifteen francs, to convey the two hundred and fifty acacias, which were carefully packed in mould and matting. Torn from their envelopes, they were shouldered by the workmen. On the way back to Paris, rain came on, and at Sevres a halt was called : the trees were piled by the roadside, and the bearers crowded the wine-houses. Paturot and Oscar, who had accompanied them on their walk, entered the tavern patronised by Comtois and Percheron, in whom M. Reybaud typifies the Parisian populace. Comtois was a giant, strong as a horse, and gentle as a lamb ; Percheron, weaker of arm, was stronger of head, and far more glib of tongue. "The one represented the strength and goodness of the people, the other its turbulence and causticity." One was resistance, the

other restless progress. These two men, who thereafter frequently figure in the book, attracted Paturot's particular attention. A few bottles of wine won their hearts ; they proposed his health, and offered to elect him deputy at the next election. Speeches followed, and bitter complaints of a government that neglected the workman. Percheron was then called upon for a song, and gave parodies of the *Marseillaise* and of the *Mourir pour la Patrie*, which he converted into *Nourris par la Patrie*. When he came to the last couplet of the *Marseillaise*, his comrades called out for the flag accompaniment.

"As at the *Français*, Percheron ! as at the *Français* !

"Really ! What epicures ! Nothing but the best will serve you, it seems. Well, my boys, you shall be satisfied."

"At the same time he arranged a couple of napkins in the fashion of a flag, draping himself with them picturesquely ; then, rolling his eyes in their orbits, he threw himself on his knees, and assumed the airs of a Pythoness who has diligently studied posture before her mirror."

The parodies, rich in thieves' slang, at an end, and the bottles empty, the grateful pensioners of the national workshops resumed their march, cutting practical jokes, and cudgel-playing with the acacias, which were considerably deteriorated by the proceeding. "Such," says Jérôme Paturot, "was the end of this memorable day, during which Oscar and myself were enabled to appreciate a national workshop and the services it rendered. The account was easily made up. Two hundred and fifty men had carried two hundred and fifty saplings. Two francs for each man's day's work, and three francs for each acacia, made five hundred francs on the one hand, and seven hundred and fifty on the other. Total cost, twelve hundred and fifty francs. Not one of the plants survived the consequences of the breakfast, notwithstanding which there was the expense of planting them, and afterwards that of digging them up. Double work, double charges. Such were the national workshops ; such the profits of the institution."

The allusion in the tavern-scene to Mademoiselle Rachel is not the only cut administered by M. Reybaud to the tragedy-queen of the French republican stage.

Jérôme and Oscar, strolling one evening down the Rue Richelieu, found a crowd at the theatre doors. The Provisional Government treated the people to the play. The whole mass of tickets was divided amongst the twelve mayors of Paris, who distributed them in their *arrondissements*. But somehow or other a considerable number had got into the hands of the ticket merchants, and for twenty francs Paturot and his companion obtained a couple of stalls. The play over, the hour of the *Marseillaise* arrived. ●

"The tragedian approached the foot-lamps, a tricoloured flag in her hand. Her manner of singing the republican hymn at once carried away and revolted the hearer. It was like the roar of the lioness urging her male to the combat. The tone was not of our period; its energy and ferocity had no sufficient motive. It breathed vengeance—where was the injury to revenge? conquest—and where the territory to conquer? Even as an artistical study, the effect should have been more measured, more restrained. That effect was nevertheless great, and was felt by every one in the theatre. Under the flash of that glance and the power of that voice, a sort of low shuddering ran along the benches, and was broken only by a universal acclamation. The enthusiasm sustained itself thus to the last couplet, which was of itself a scene and a *tableau*."

The song over, a workman in a blouse leaped upon the stage, bent his knee before the actress, and presented her with a bouquet of choice flowers and a paper. The manager, at the demand of the audience, read the latter aloud. It was the following acrostic in honour of Rachel:—

R eine de l'empire magique,
A vous ce don de l'ouvrier ;
C harmez-nous par votre art magique,
H éroïne au royal cimetier,
E t chantez d'un accent guerrier
L' hymne ardent de la république.

This apropos piece of gallantry drew down thunders of applause, to which the members of the Provisional Gov-

ernment there present contributed their share. But Paturot had recognised, to his great surprise, in the bouquet-bearer, the smart young scamp of whom he had purchased his admission, and whom he had noticed as being evidently a leading character amongst the not very reputable fraternity of ticket-mongers. Curious to penetrate the secret of his sudden metamorphosis, he followed him, and overheard his conversation with his colleagues. The bouquet had cost fifty francs, the acrostic five, flowers of literature being cheaper under the republic than those of the hothouse. Mitouflet's comrades are bewildered by his extravagance, until he divulges the secret that—government pays. "Happy nation!" exclaims Jérôme, "whom a benevolent government finds in bread and tragedies! What more can it desire?"

No class of society escapes M. Reybaud's satire. Under the title of "The Victims of Events," he devotes a chapter to the authors, artists, and actors whom the revolution has deprived of bread. They deserve their fate, he maintains; they have abandoned the true for the worship of false gods, they have dealt in maleficent philters instead of wholesome medicines; they have used their power to mislead and corrupt, not to guide and rightly direct, those who pinned their faith on their performances. They were mischievous quacks, not conscientious physicians. The literary sufferers are the first whom he exhibits. "Some employed history as a die, and struck with it a coin of very base metal." Take that, M. Dumas. "Others fomented violent instincts in the bosom of the masses, and invited them to sacrilegious revolts, exhibiting only the impurities of civilisation, and conducting the people to anger by the road of disgust." This, we need hardly say, is levelled at the Sue school. But the names of these men, one day so loud in the ears of the multitude, the next were drowned in the tumult of revolutions. "To fill the cup of bitterness to the brim, it was not honour alone that remained on this calamitous field of battle. The bank-notes shared the same fate. Who would have predicted this, in those opulent days, when a piece of

gold was found at the end of every line, like the natural product of a seemingly inexhaustible mine? Who would have foretold it in those hours of success, amidst the intoxications of luxury, and in the indulgence of a thousand caprices worthy an Eastern prince? Every road was then strewn with emeralds, every path covered with rubies. There was no style of living that Imagination, with its fairy fingers, could not sustain. She gave her favourites every thing—coaches and lackeys, open house, and a prince's retinue. How remote is that happy time! What a falling off in that Asiatic existence! Where are the emeralds? where the rubies? The bank-note is a figment; gold a chimera. Money and glory have gone down into the same tomb. . . . But the man of style was not easy to vanquish. He braved neglect, and, deeming himself a necessary element in the world's economy, he set to work again—only, following the example of the modern divinities, he took care to transform himself. Hitherto, politics had appeared to him of secondary importance, and he had abandoned them to colourists of an inferior grade. Events had rendered them worthy of the great pens of the age. 'Aha!' said the man of style—'Aha! they force us to it: very well, they shall see. We lived quietly in the sanctuary of art, asking but sequins and perfumes of the external world. Provided the sherbet was cool and the amber bright, what cared we for the rest? But now they besiege us in our favourite asylum. Distress is at the door, pressing and menacing. To arms, then, to institute a new system of politics.' And the man of style entered the arena of politics, ferula in hand, and spur on heel." But only to encounter a lamentable break-down. It is pretty evident whom M. Reybaud had in view when making this sketch, here greatly abridged, but which is very exact and amusing in its details, and must be particularly gratifying to Alexander Dumas. He then takes up the painters, and exposes the system of mutual puffing and hired criticism. The comedian has his turn: "But lately he reigned and laid down the law. Each note of his

voice was a priceless treasure; his gestures were current coin. For him the bank had not enough notes, nor fame enough trumpets. The mob crowded round him, when he walked abroad, as round a prince of the blood. Vienna and Petersburg disputed him; the two worlds were his domain. How believe that such an idol should one day be hurled from his pedestal? Nevertheless it came to pass. He beheld vacant benches and an empty treasury. He had been improvident, and misery sat down by his hearth. Perhaps he then remembered how he had defied fate, and squandered wealth; how he had abused every thing—his health and his talent, the public and himself. Had he not given into that vein of falsehood and monstrosity, which made the theatre a school of perversity, and art an instrument of disorder? Had he not degraded the stage by creakings of snuff-boxes and misplaced hiccups? Had he not ridiculed, in a celebrated type, instincts the most sacred and worthy of respect? Such excesses escape not punishment." There is much truth in this. But is it a fact, that Frederick Lemaitre (here evidently selected as the type of his profession) has thus suddenly lost his popularity and sunk into poverty? The last time we saw his name in a French theatrical feuilleton, his successful appearance in a new piece was recorded. Has he not also, since the revolution, drawn crowds to witness his performance of Robert Macaire, the piece to which M. Reybaud more particularly alludes, and which was prohibited under the monarchy, because Lemaitre, in acting the part of the swindler Robert, used to make himself up to resemble Louis Philippe, and introduced unpleasant hits at the King of the French? There is no question, however, that Lemaitre is an instance of the prostitution of great talents. With more respect for himself and for the public, he might have aspired to a high place in the profession, with one of whose lower walks he has all his life remained contented.

Meanwhile, secret hands were at work preparing a movement, of which the national workshop was to be the chief instrument. One morning, when stone-breaking at the Porte Maillot,

Percheron took Comtois aside to inform him that the clubs had decided on an outbreak. Comtois does not at first relish the idea, and is anxious to return to his hammer and pebbles, but Percheron, who, by reason of his superior intelligence, is one of six workmen to whom the plan has been communicated, bewilders the simple giant by the sunny prospects he exposes. This time it is the people who will reap the profits of the revolution. No more kid gloves and varnished boots; the blouse will be the passport to the good things of this life. No more wages. All Frenchmen are to be partners. An immense association; real equality; the workman well dressed, well fed, well housed, and always with twenty-five francs in his pocket, guaranteed by the state. The *bourgeois*, the rich man, is to be entirely abolished. Under pain of death, no one is to have more than a hundred francs in his possession. Costly furniture, plate, carriages, liveries, fine houses, jewellery, statues, pictures—all are to be suppressed. Poor stupid Comtois, venturing to inquire what will become of servants, jewellers, coach-makers, &c. &c., is forthwith snubbed by his smarter comrade. "They will do something else; there is to be work for every body." The communists have found an apt scholar in Percheron. Comtois reflects, admits they can always break stones, and agrees to place himself, upon the following Monday, at the orders of the conspirators. Upon that day (the famous 15th May) the fate of the Poles is to be discussed in the National Assembly; and, under colour of a demonstration in their favour, a clean sweep is to be made of the representatives of the people.

There had been so much talk about this debate, that Madame Paturot resolved to witness it, and by great exertions she obtained a ticket. She could no longer reckon on Simon for admission, the ungrateful miller having passed over to the enemy, and yielded himself captive to the fleshpots and flatteries of the "Provisional." Jérôme, who had a presentiment of danger, urged her not to go, the more so as she would have to go alone, for he could get no order. But the ex-grisette, all courage and confidence,

laughed at the notion of danger, despised caution, and betook herself to the Chamber. Paturot and Oscar sauntered on the Boulevards. Nothing indicated a disturbance, until they reached the Porte St Denis. There the scene changed as suddenly as at shifter's whistle. A multitude of heads covered the Boulevard, green branches forming above them an undulating canopy of verdure. The throng moved steadily in one direction: songs and cries broke from its bosom. The name of Poland was predominant. Oscar caught the infection and repeated the cry, "*Vive la Pologne!*" In vain Paturot remonstrated. The artist's beard bristled with excitement. He had passed seven years of his childhood in the same room with a portrait of Poniatowski taking his famous leap into the Elster. After that, would Jérôme have him forget Poland? Forbid it, heaven! And "*Vive la Pologne!*" "The column advanced, with its leafy trophies—the clubs, the national workshops, (Comtois and Percheron in the van,) with flags and banners, cards in their hatbands, and other rallying signs. There was a certain degree of order. Here and there, at street corners, were seen the great leaders of the manifestation, presidents of clubs, or persons to whom captivity had given celebrity, encouraging their men by word and gesture, now by a short speech, or apropos cheer, then by a shake of the hand. Oscar knew all these heroes of revolt, these princes of the prison." And knowing them, the impetuous artist was at least convinced that Poland was only the pretext. He ceased his ill-advised hurras, and resumed the part of a mere observer. As the column advanced, the shops shut. The air was full of menacing sounds. Thousands of Poles and Italians, bearing the banners of their respective countries, joined the mob. Uniforms abounded, officers' epaulets were not rare: even those corps charged with the police of the city contributed their quota to the concourse. The multitude pressed forward with the confidence of people who dispose of an empire. The chiefs of the insurrection were not men to enter the field unadvisedly, and their countenances betrayed a conscious-

ness of strength. Their passage afforded evidence of a vast complicity. They advanced, without obstacle or impediment, even to the very doors of the Assembly. A few bayonets upon the bridge leading to the palace were overthrown in an instant, and the building was forthwith surrounded by furious groups. The gates were burst by Comtois and his companions: the Assembly was invaded. "A shameful page in our history!" exclaims M. Reybaud. "A sad and fatal commencement! Time itself cannot efface the stain. Upon the roll of history will remain recorded the fact, worthy of a barbarian horde, that, during three hours, an Assembly, chosen by the voices of the whole nation, was left exposed, defenceless, to the outrages of turbulent scholars, and to the contact of impure adventurers."

Uneasy about his wife, Jérôme Paturot tried to enter the house, but one of the insurgents replaced the usual guardian of the gate, and demanded the card of his club. No admission without proof of his belonging to the Droits de l'Homme, or the Conservatory, or the Palais National. So Jerome waited outside. Suddenly a cry was raised, "To the Hotel de Ville!" and there was an instant rush in that direction. Oscar, who hitherto had watched for Malvina at one entrance of the Chamber, whilst his friend stood sentry at the other, could resist no longer. He had a relapse of the revolutionary vertigo.

"To the Hotel de Ville!" shouted the mob.

"Hurra for the Hotel de Ville!" repeated Oscar. "It is not exactly the way to the land of the Jagellons; but what matter? What a curious people! Nothing will serve them but to take the Hotel de Ville every week."

And away went Oscar to share in the capture. The rescue had come, and the mob was expelled from the Chamber. Jérôme, who could see nothing of Malvina, returned to his lodgings in great alarm. After a while a porter brings him a letter. It is from Madame Paturot, giving, in the well-known *grisette*-dialect, an account of her adventures, written down in the interval between the expulsion of the rioters and the resumption of the

sitting. It is about ten times as long as could be written in the time, but it is necessary to narrate what passed within the Chamber, as well as what occurred without; and no one is more capable than Malvina. In her picturesque and popular style, she gives a graphic bulletin of the strange events she has witnessed. The recital acquires additional interest, when we remember that M. Reybaud is a member of the Assembly, and was doubtless present at the scene described. After a certain amount of satirical gossip touching the appearance of the Assembly, dress of the members, and the like, Malvina proceeds to the event of the day: "A black-coated orator occupied the tribune, recalling the memories of the Empire, and dwelling warmly on the exploits of the Polish lancers, when a formidable noise made itself heard. It seemed to come sometimes from without, sometimes from beneath the ground. I began to think coiners had established themselves in the palace vaults, or that the Allies had re-entered Paris to blow up the bridge of Jena. The noise had nothing sustained or regular,—it was in great bursts, followed by sudden silence. It is best to tell things as they are, my dear; no use flattering people. The first impression the Assembly experienced was disagreeable enough: there were some of the elect of the people, who may not have admitted it to themselves, but who would have liked to be elsewhere. A mere matter of preference! A deputy is a man, after all, and the roar at the door of the palace had nothing very soothing. However, the first emotion did not last; the sentiment of duty overcame it. They sat down and waited the event. I don't deny they listened less to Poland than to what passed outside, but their bearing was becoming, and their countenance good. You may believe me, for I am a judge."

Presently crash went the door, and there entered a legion of ruffians in blouses. The spectators' galleries and the body of the house were alike invaded. All the doors gave way, and the Chamber was thronged. The atmosphere was infected by the obscene multitude, reeking with wine and tobacco. Filthy flags were waved over

the heads of the deputies. The vilest language was heard; the utmost confusion prevailed; not one of the intruders seemed to know why he was there, or what he came to do. The president was under a kind of arrest, guarded on one side by an artilleryman with drawn sabre, on the other by a ruffian dressed as a workman; and every moment the banners of the clubs were waved over his head. Sometimes he was almost pushed out of his arm-chair by the popular orators, who got astride upon its back, or stood upon his table. "The representatives," Madame Paturot speaks, "kept their seats, and did the Roman senator very tolerably. The rioters did not meddle much with them, except with two or three, who had scuffles with the insurgent leaders. Simon was one of those. His seat was under the gallery, and an insurgent, risking a perilous leap from the elevation, alighted upon his shoulders. Our miller was not accustomed to such treatment. A sack of flour—well and good; but a man was too much. He took this one by the collar, and shook him nearly to death. The fellow bellowed for assistance, but Simon's strength deterred interference, and the affair went no further. Others of the elect of the people were less fortunate, and received at the hands of their constituents a new baptism, not prescribed by the constitution. What then, Jerome? Who loves well chastises well. Thus did these sovereigns of the street testify their affection." The orator's tribune was besieged by the chiefs of the insurrection—all anxious to speak. It was continually assaulted and taken; one speaker pulled down, and another taking his place, to be, in his turn, expelled. Those who succeeded in making themselves heard, proposed absurdities. One clamoured for Poland; another would levy an impost of a thousand millions, to be paid by the rich; a third declared a traitor to his country whosoever should cause the drums to beat alarm; a fourth notified to the Assembly that it was then and there dissolved. This last announcement raised a hurricane. "The mob no longer shouted—it roared. The president still protesting, his arm-chair was carried by assault. In

an instant every thing was swept away. The *bureau* of the Assembly was filled with workmen, who assumed heroic postures, stamped upon and broke every thing. The representatives could do nothing in this scene of devastation. One by one they retired. The clubs remained masters of the field of battle, and the Red banner floated in the hall. The scene attained the utmost height of confusion. The clubs had the power, or thought they had, but knew not what to do with it. Lists were made out, and again destroyed. Names were proclaimed, and forthwith hissed. It was the Tower of Babel. Who can say how it would have ended but for the interference of the *mobile*? Brave *mobile*! At the very moment they were least expected, their drums resounded close at hand." The sound was enough for the rioters, who ran in every direction, and in ten minutes the hall was clear. Malvina subjoins her indignant reflections on these extraordinary scenes, casts a considerable deal of dirt upon the beards of the Provisional Government, and is curious to know what sort of fricasee Buonaparte would have made of such a set of braggarts and incapables.

Madame Paturot had borne herself with her accustomed valour in the midst of the scuffle, and was then under Simon's protection. Jerome, no longer anxious on her account, is about to retire to rest, when a tremendous noise is heard on the staircase, and Oscar rushes in, imploring shelter and concealment, and declaring himself a state criminal. He had been to the Hotel de Ville with the insurgents; Percheron and Comtois had recognised him, and, in memory of his having stood treat at Ville d'Avray, had elected him general on the spot. The Hotel de Ville taken, it was necessary to appoint a government. A party of workmen established themselves in a sumptuous saloon, on velvet cushions and rich carpets, to deliberate on this important point. Percheron had his list cut and dried in his head. It was heard with acclamation, at once adopted, and inscribed upon a slate hung against the wall. The three first names ran thus:—

OSCAR, President of the Council.
 PÉCHERON, Minister of Finance.
 COMTOIS, Minister at War.

Surprised by the national guards just after the issue of a decree providing for its personal comforts, the new government was suddenly broken up. Assisted by Comtois, who forced two or three doors with his shoulder, Oscar escaped, pursued by horrible visions of an army of police on his track, of capture, a dungeon, or perhaps the scaffold. With the greatest difficulty Paturot persuades him that his retreat is not an object of diligent inquiry on the part of the executive, and that, during the day's brief anarchy, too many lists of new governments have been drawn up for particular attention to be paid to that, at whose head figures the name of the crack-brained artist. As a good precaution, however, he advises Oscar to shave his beard and his head, and take a course of cold douches, measures calculated to mislead as to his identity, and to calm the effervescence of his ideas.

But Oscar is incorrigible. A mob is for him an irresistible magnet. He must join it, and, having joined it, he must swell the cry for the crotchet of the hour. For a time (a *long time* Paturot calls it, in consideration of the popular fickleness) the republic had been the ruling mania, and held undisputed sway with the multitude. Alone she waved her banners to the breeze, and filled the air with clamour, defying opposition. Suddenly a new sound was borne upon the gale, an echo of military glories not yet forgotten; a new standard was unfurled, inscribed with the names of Austerlitz and Jena. "The Empire raised its head; it had its emblems and its rallying-cries; it had also its candidates. The manifestation was sudden as it was unexpected. It had been thought that the Old Guard and the Emperor were done with: the latter slept under the granite of the Invalids; the former, sculptured on the Vendôme column, mounted spirally towards heaven. Dear and sacred memories! why disturb you by absurd pretensions? Why load you with the responsibility of ridiculous enterprises? Your greatest honour, your highest title, is your isolation in history, de-

tached from past and future, like a terrible and luminous meteor." The people did not reason thus. They wanted change, a new toy, no matter what. Every night, from eight to ten, crowds assembled on the boulevard near the gates of St Denis and St Martin, (the old resort of the disaffected,) and animated discussions went on. Groups were formed, orators stood forth, the throng increased, the circulation was impeded, until at last the armed force appeared and the mob dispersed. For some time this was the order of every night. "Revolutionary emotions yielded the ground to imperial emotions. Vincennes was eclipsed by the fort of Ham. Was it calculation or impulse? Perhaps both: calculation on the part of the chiefs, impulse and enthusiasm on that of the people. Strange people, lovers of noise and gunpowder, who rush into the street without a motive, and fight to the death ignorant why or wherefore!"

Oscar was easily seized by the imperial mania. His dreams were of dinners at the sovereign's table, of the run of the palace, princely estates, and diamond snuff-boxes. According to him, art had never received such patronage as from Napoleon: and he greatly distressed and alarmed his friend Jérôme, by spouting under gas-lamps highly-coloured harangues concerning the marvels of the imperial palace, and of the King of Rome's baptism. As Paturot drags him away one evening from his *al-fresco* audience, they are followed and accosted by Comtois, who carries them off to a wine-house, to make an important communication to the general, as he persists in calling Oscar since the memorable day at the Hotel de Ville. The Emperor, he solemnly and mysteriously informs the friends, has arrived in Paris. His exact whereabouts in the capital is not known. Some say he is in the *lanterne* at the Pantheon, examining the city with his telescope; others are positive he has gone down into the Catacombs at the head of 42,000 Indians: but the general opinion, according to Comtois, is, that he has a plan for reducing Paris in three minutes by the clock. Comtois is of such evident good faith, that Paturot tries to undeceive him,

telling him the Emperor is dead. Thereupon the giant smiles contemptuously, and, when Jérôme persists, he looks upon him with suspicion. Then he condescends to give the reason of his credulity. His father had served in the dragoons of the Empress, and had stood sentry a hundred times at Napoleon's door, had followed him to the wars, had never left him, in short. "Comtois,"—these had been his last words to his son—"when they tell you the Emperor is dead, answer at once 'It is a lie of the enemy. The English spread the report; it is their interest to do so.' Yes, my son, though you be alone and unsupported, always maintain he is *not* dead, and add that he will come back. In the court-yard of Fontainebleau he promised us he would, and he has never broken his promise."—"You understand, general," concluded Comtois to Oscar; "after that, there is not a word to be said. What can you have stronger than that?—a dragoon of the Empress, a mustache that grew gray in the service of the Emperor. It is authentic, at any rate." In the midst of this curious conversation, a private cab drives up to the door, and a gentleman sends in for Comtois, who presently returns, his face beaming with joy. The Emperor has inquired after him—after him, Comtois, native of Baume-les-Dames, son of a dragoon of the Empress! Who would not fight for such a man? Comtois is ready to empty his veins in his service. In a few days the coronation will take place—the Pope will come to Rheims on purpose—the Emperor has one thousand five hundred millions in his pocket to distribute to the needy, and has decided there shall be no more poor. All opposition will be in vain. Comtois is well assured England will scatter gold in Paris to raise opponents to Napoleon; but what, then?—the imperialists are not without means of stimulating the people. And thereupon Comtois, after assuring himself there are no eavesdroppers, draws from under his blouse—a magnificent stuffed eagle. With this on the top of a flagstaff, and his father's uniform on his back, Comtois feels himself invincible. Paturot is unfeeling enough to inquire if he proposes

exhibiting it for money. Comtois indignantly repudiates the idea. "It is our banner, sir," he says; "our banner for the great day. By it the sons of the Empire will be recognised. See the noble bird, the glorious fowl! I have already cut a pole* to stick it upon. As to the tricolor flag, every body has got that. One government hands it over to another. But the eagle! the eagle is not so easily tamed; it has but one master, and that is the Emperor. The Emperor is come back; it is the eagle's turn!"

And Comtois departed, ready to brave any odds on behalf of his Emperor, and under shadow of the eagle's wing. "We have seen," says M. Reybaud, "how he understood the plot in which he was associated. This illusion was common at the time. More than one Parisian artisan, more than one villager of western France, believed he deposited in the electoral urn a vote in favour of the Emperor. The name preserved all its *prestige*, but did not delegate it. The inheritance was too heavy to support. It resembled the iron crown; none might touch it with impunity. There was much obscurity and misconception in what then occurred; more than one appeal was made to ignorance and credulity. The stuffed eagle had found a victim, the living eagle made others. Ambition played its part, and more than one personage beheld, in the perspective of the plot, visions of grand-crosses and senatorships."

We find M. Reybaud too veracious, in other parts of the book, to cast a doubt on his assertion that, in the year 1848, and in Paris, after Napoleon's coffin has been opened at Courbevoie, and his corpse deposited in the church of the Invalids, there still are to be found men sufficiently stupid and credulous to believe the Emperor alive, and to await his return. In the provinces, and especially in those most remote from the capital, we know, from actual observation, that within a very few years the Emperor's existence was an article of faith with thousands, who, like Comtois, looked upon the report of his death as a mere invention of the enemy. Although the imperial veterans are now scarcely more plentiful in France than the Peninsular

heroes in this country, there still remain a sprinkling, who infect their children and grandchildren with their own superstitious fancies regarding Napoleon. The lower classes of provincial Frenchmen are not remarkable for intelligence, and they receive the traditions of the *vieux de l'Empire*, collected under the summer-porch, and in the winter-night's gossip, with a sort of semi-credence which a trifling corroborative circumstance ripens into implicit belief. The mutilated, red-ribboned relic of the Grande Armée, who tells, from beneath the shadow of the domestic vine, or from the bench at the *auberge* door, such thrilling tales of past campaigns, of Austerlitz' glory and Moscow's snows, shakes his gray head doubtingly when he hears it said that Napoleon has perished, a captive and in solitude, on a rock of the distant ocean. The gesture is not lost on the gaping bumpkins, who greedily devour the old man's reminiscences. They muse on the matter whilst tracing the next morning's furrow, or perhaps, taken next day by the greedy conscription, they meet, at the regiment, some ancient corporal who confirms the impression they have received. The traditions of the barrack-room are all imperial; how should they be otherwise? Were not those the days when every recruit went to battle with a marshal's baton in his havresack,—when no rank, honours, or riches were beyond the grasp of the daring and fortunate soldier? The six years' service expires; the soldier returns to his plough—an election arrives, the name of Napoleon is every where placarded—interested persons tell the newly-fledged voter, as the gentleman in the cab told Comtois, that the *Petit Tondou* has returned to France. The *soldat-laboureur*, whose prejudices are much strengthened, and his intelligence but little brightened, by his term of military service, doubts, hopes, is bewildered, and finally, in the uncertainty, votes for a stuffed bird instead of a genuine eagle.

We have dwelt so long upon Jérôme Paturot that we can afford but a few lines to his brother in hosiery. Poor Monsieur Bonardin! Never, since humanity first took to stocking-

wearing, was a vender of that useful article more scurvily treated than he was by the French republic of 1848. The 25th of February beheld him a prosperous man and an ardent republican,—“a republican of the morrow,” certainly, but no worse for that; four months of liberty and fraternity brought him to ruin and suicide. At first, all his anticipations are rose-coloured. Increase of trade, an unlimited demand for hosiery, must be the consequences of the new order of things. He is fully persuaded great days are coming for the renowned establishment at the sign of the Spinning Monkey. The day after the revolution he opens his shop as usual, but only to be bullied by an *ouvrier* who steps in to buy a red cap, finds none but white, curses Bonardin for a Carlist, and carries off his national guardsman's musket. Uproar recommences in the street; the shop is shut, and continues so for some days. The end of the month arrives; there are payments to be made, and M. Bonardin sends Criquet to the bank with bills for discount—first-rate paper at short date. Criquet brings them back; the best signatures no longer find cash. M. Bonardin is in all the agonies of a punctual paymaster who sees a chance of his signature's dishonour, when suddenly he is summoned to his duty as national guard. On his return, after a sleepless night and a fagging day, he has scarcely got amongst the blankets, when he is roused by voices in the street calling out, in a measured chant, for lamps at his windows.

“M. Bonardin, awaking in alarm, and jumping out of bed—

What is that? (*Cries in the street, ‘Des lampions! des lampions!’*) Good! here they are again with their infernal lamps! Impossible to sleep under this republic!

Voices of boys in the street.—Hallo! first floor! Spinning Monkey! Lamps! lamps!

M. Bonardin.—What a nuisance! (*calling out*)—Babet! Babet!

The boys shouting.—Lamps or candles! . . . break the ugly monkey's windows, if he does not light up directly!

M. Bonardin.—Lord bless me! . . . Babet! Babet! . . .

Babet, (running in,)—What is it, sir?

M. Bonardin.—Don't you hear them? Cut a candle in eight pieces—directly. Not a minute to lose!

The boys.—It's a *Carlisse*, (*Carlisle*.) Hallo, there! lamps or candles!

M. Bonardin, (in his nightgown, opening the window.)—Directly, citizens, directly! A minute's patience!

The boys.—Ah! there's the old monkey himself! Bravo! bravo!

• *D'un sang impur engraissons nos sillons!* •

M. Bonardin, (flourishing his night-cap.)—Yes, yes, my friends, *d'un sang impur!* . . . Certainly, by all means; *Vive la République!*

The boys.—*Vive la République!* Down with the *Carlisses!* • (*Babet enters with candle-ends; M. Bonardin retreats behind his bed-curtains.*) Ah! there's the monkey's wife lighting up at last. Bravo! bravo! *Vive la République!* The monkey's wife not bad-looking in her night-dress!

Babet, (shutting the window.)—Do you hear, sir, those ragamuffins call me your wife?

M. Bonardin.—Well! are you not flattered?

Babet.—Yes, indeed, the monkey's wife! It's flattering! They take me for an ape, then?

M. Bonardin.—If they will only let me sleep at last. Midnight already.

Babet.—Pray, sir, is this to last long? This is our sixth illumination. A whole packet of fives gone already!

M. Bonardin.—No, no, Babet—it is only the first moment. Recollect, the republic is but ten days old. . . . A single decade, no more.

Babet.—A proper business it has been, your decade! Alarms at every hour of the day and night; the shop shut three-quarters of the time, and no buyers when it is open! A nice decade! And then the bank, that refuses your paper; and then your bills, which you can't pay; and then . . .

M. Bonardin.—Let me sleep, my poor Babet. . . . All that is very true; but what matter? We have got the republic; and you know as well as I do—THERE ARE NO ROSES WITHOUT THORNS."

With this trite saying, the epigraph

of the book, Bonardin, a bit of a philosopher in his way, consoles himself, at the close of each disastrous decade, for the annoyances and calamities he has experienced in its course. These are countless, and of every kind. Now it is a polite note from the tax-gatherer, requesting him to pay down, in advance, the whole of the year's taxes, including an extraordinary contribution just decreed by government. Then Crique, who has imbibed communist principles, insists on sharing his master's profits, and M. Bonardin is afraid to refuse. Crique, however, is glad to fall back upon his wages, on finding that, instead of profit, the shop leaves a heavy loss. Next comes a scamp of a nephew, emancipated from Clichy by the abolition of imprisonment for debt, who gets his uncle into various scrapes; and a drunken godson, one Pacot, a soldier, who knocks his sponsor under the table, on pretence of his being reactionary. Bonardin goes to Rouen to assist at a wedding, and the railway takes him into a cross-fire, the town being in full revolution. Rent-day arrives, and he sets out as usual with receipts and a canvass-bag to collect the quarter's rent from the occupants of the five upper stories of his house; but nobody pays. The workman in the attics takes the receipt and refuses the money, threatening to hang out the black flag if his landlord insists. One tenant feigns madness—another declares himself ruined—a third denies himself. Poor Bonardin returns home with a heavy heart and an empty bag. In short, his misfortunes are innumerable. He is mixed up in revolts against his will, and without his knowledge; is sent to prison, thumped with musket-butts, hidden in a cask, robbed in the national workshop. Finally, at the end of the thirteenth decade, he stands upon the bridge leading to the National Assembly, his face partly concealed by a handkerchief, singing republican songs and asking alms. None give them. "I am a proprietor, my poor man," says one; "I can give you nothing." "Impossible, my good fellow," says the next; "I am a manufacturer." "No change," says a third; "I am a shopkeeper, and I sell nothing." "Sorry for you, my

friend," replies another, "but I am an artist. In these times, that is as much as to tell you I have not a sou in the world." "Alas!" exclaims a fifth, "I would relieve you with pleasure, but I am a poor *employé*, and the revolution has struck off a quarter of my salary." "What ill luck!" cries Bonardin; "the revolution has ruined every body, it seems. But this is about the time when the representatives of the people repair to the National Assembly. They are generous, the worthy representatives. The millions they daily vote away sufficiently prove it. Courage! people who spend so many millions will perhaps give me a few coppers." He is mistaken; the deputies pass, but none give him any thing; whereupon he concludes they have not yet received their five-and-twenty francs. And as the republic will not give him bread, he resolves to seek water in the river, climbs the parapet, and throws himself into the Seine — thus tragically terminating the volume, which, up to that point, is a farce, both broad and long, crammed with jokes and double-entendres of various merit, but all exhibiting, in a light as unfavourable as it is true, the disastrous effects of the revolution upon the trade and prosperity of Paris.

We hoped to have included in this review the fourth volume of *Jérôme Paturot*, but it has not yet reached us, only a portion of it being publish-

ed. The work comes out in parts, and it is said the fourth volume will be the last of the series. In that case, it will probably close with the June revolt. If M. Reybaud likes, and dares, he may find in subsequent events abundant food for his satirical chronicle. Perhaps he will think fit to wait Cavaignac's exit before criticising his performance. There are numerous points in the brief history of the republic upon which he has not yet touched. We hope yet to accompany Jérôme to the bell of an imprisoned journalist, to the court-martials upon the June insurgents, to debates in the Assembly, and to consultations in the cabinet. A retrospective flight to the days of the Convention, and an incidental inquiry into the antecedents of M. Cavaignac the father, of whose exploits the son has expressed himself so proud, were not without interest. But the subject we are especially curious to see M. Reybaud take up, is that of French journalism in 1848. He might fill a most amusing volume with an elucidation of its mysteries and rivalries; and we cannot believe, after reading the bold judgments and revelations contained in the three published volumes of *Jérôme*, that he would be deterred from the task by apprehension of editorial wrath, whether expressed in the field or in the feuilleton, by a challenge or a criticism.

PROPHECIES FOR THE PRESENT.

PROPHECIES and miracles, we are told, have long since ceased upon the earth, as permitted only, by Divine goodness, to those ages when faith was not firmly established, and revelation needed the active and visible interference of Divine influence to make its way into the heart of obstinate and denying man. This is a doctrine which, in these present times of reason, we are naturally inclined to accept. But yet there are circumstances, occurring even in our day, which sometimes surprise the imagination, and even startle that reason which is so ready to assert its supremacy. It is thus that we have regarded with much curiosity, more wonder, and an impression which it is difficult to drive away from our minds, certain strange documents relative to the most important events of modern history, which, if their authenticity be accepted, are among the most striking revelations emanating from a prophetic spirit. They appear before us avowed prophecies, coming from seemingly well-authenticated sources, and backed by such assurances in the genuineness of their antiquity, from credible mouths, as takes off from them that paleo-post-future sort of suspicion, that inevitably attaches itself to predictions, which make their appearance to the world after fulfilment. In laying them before our readers, we are able to offer some little proof, as far as it goes, in support of their authenticity; and we still call to them the attention of those who may nevertheless refuse their credence, as highly interesting documents of a strange character, relating to past, present, and even future political events. As they do, in truth, refer also to a future still to be accomplished, as well as to the present, our readers, it is to be hoped, may be able to judge for themselves how far the predictions as to the future will bear out those which now already relate to the past, and to what, if such an expression may be pardoned, might be called the present just gone by.

Two of these revelations bear the character of direct and avowed prophecies, given *as such* by holy men,

and are imbued throughout with that mystic spirit, which, however incomprehensible as regards the future, becomes clear to an extraordinary degree of distinctness when applied to the test of the past: they wear, in fact, the strange air of predictions never intended to be comprehended until after their fulfilment; as if, even although the inspired soul of certain individual men had been permitted to raise itself, in its ecstasy, from the earth into those unknown realms where past and future are confounded in eternity, and shake off for the time the mortal trammels of our limited understanding, but retain still afterwards the consciousness and the power to reveal what there it saw; yet, by some mysterious dispensation, the revelations should not be allowed to be expounded in the clearness of their truth, so as to be comprehensible to the intellects of the uninspired and undeserving herd. Why, then, should the future be revealed, it might be asked, if the revelation should serve nothing to mankind? With such deep and awful mysteries we have not to deal: we cannot answer: we are of the blind who cannot lead the blind. At all events, if these documents be forgeries—mere devices fabricated after facts—and that they cannot be so *entirely*, will be seen hereafter—certainly a degree of genius that is almost incomprehensible presided over their fabrication, with this strange stamp of vague oracular language, which is only comprehensible in its after-application.

Such are two of these prophetic writings. As they are supposed to proceed from the mouths of religious men, renowned for the sanctity of their lives, they naturally refer more to the condition of the Christian church, and to the fate of the "faithful," than immediately to political events; but yet so closely is the destiny of the faithful of the Christian world mixed up inevitably with the destiny of men and countries in general, that the political events of our day are there set down in prediction, with all the minuteness which the vague and mystic language of pro-

phetic revelation, dimly depicting what even the inspired eye can only dimly trace in cloudy vision, "through a glass darkly," is able to bestow upon detail. The third revelation assumes to be no more than an interpretation of the prophetic book of the New Testament, and repudiates all supposition of aiming at any spirit of prophecy in itself; a portion, however, of this interpretation of a part of Scripture so obscure as the book of the Revelation, is so remarkable in its application to present events, as to wear the very air of prophecy that its interpreter repudiates.

The longer and more important of the two prophecies, which have both appeared in France, and refer chiefly to events immediately connected with French history, is one popularly designated as the "Prophecy of Orval:" it has been already translated into English, and published,* with a preface, an introduction, and explanatory notes, chiefly referring to the authenticity of the document, and to its possession in the hands of a variety of credible and respectable persons during the whole of the present century, and some of the later years of the last. The little pamphlet has been got up with much intelligence, and apparently with a strictly conscientious spirit. We cannot here follow the editor through all the details he lays before us, to prove that the prophecy has been copied from a book printed at Luxembourg in the year 1544, and recopied, by gentlemen of standing and respectability, from copies already made, as early as the year 1792—or through all the evidence adduced, some years ago, in such respectable religious French papers as the *Invariable*, and the *Propagateur de la Foi*, accompanied by notes from the editor himself, with regard to his own personal experience, and the testimony he has received from personages worthy of the highest credit, known to himself. It is to be said, however, that the extracts of letters and of other authorities, which could they be forgeries, would assuredly be some of the most ingenious of the kind, even if they had any end or aim in their fabrication;

and it ought to be added, that a great part of this testimony is compiled from a brochure called *The Oracle for 1840*, and published by a certain Henry Dujardin in Paris, in the month of March 1840, consequently anterior, at all events, to the remarkable circumstances of the present day. On these matters we must refer our readers to the interesting little pamphlet itself. The authority upon which rests the fact that the prophecy, generally known under the title of "*Les Prévisions d'Orval*," and entitled "Certain Previsions revealed by God to a Solitary, for the Consolation of the Children of God," was actually printed at Luxembourg in the year 1544, seems every way as conclusive as possible in such matters of ancient lore; and the writer of this present paper has only to add that he himself has seen in Paris the whole prophecy, as far as it is still in existence, printed in a newspaper of the year 1839, (he believes, as far as his memory reaches, in the *Journal des Villes et des Campagnes*), and consequently, to his own knowledge, published to the world previously, at least, to the events of the present year; that an old English lady, upon whose faith he can implicitly rely, positively declared to him that she had it in her hands as early as the year 1802, and thus even before the crowning of Napoleon as Emperor; and that its reappearance, since the breaking out of the revolution of this year, excited so much sensation in the French capital, that measures were taken by the republican government of the day to establish a sort of *surveillance* over persons known to possess and propagate the prediction—a fact also mentioned by the editor of the English pamphlet—as conspirators against the stability of the republic. With these premises, we proceed to do no more than lay before our readers the prophecy in question, claiming for the notice that follows such credence as every man's conviction or scepticism, imagination or cooler reason, may choose to bestow.

The Abbey of Orval, from which the prediction has taken its title, was, it appears, a religious institution, situated in the diocese of Treves, on

the frontiers of Luxembourg; and it is said that the abbot and the monks, when they fled from their convent, during the siege of Luxembourg by the French revolutionary army, to the "refuge" in the town, conveying a part of their archives as well as their sacred vessels with them, first communicated the printed copy of the *Previsions of a Solitary* of 1544 to Marshal Bender, who commanded the army, and other French gentlemen, by whom copies were then taken as a matter of curiosity, and put in circulation. Tradition at that time attributed the prediction to a monk of the name of Philip Olivarius, although the exact period of the existence of the "Solitary" does not appear to have been well known. What at present remains, or is supposed to remain, commences only with the history of Napoleon Buonaparte, although the "Oracle" of Henri Dujardin speaks of the prediction relative to the death of Louis XVI. as having excited considerable sensation among the emigrant circles of that time; and the circumstance of the absence of any events anterior to the prophecy, as it stands at present, is accounted for by a remark made in the *Propagateur de la Foi*, that, when it was discovered, at the conclusion of the last century, the copyists generally neglected to transcribe what related to the past, and contented themselves only with that portion, the accomplishment of which was still to come.

The prophecy, as will be seen, is astoundingly and suspiciously minute in its details; but yet, when the predictions as to the future are considered—to our eyes at present so vague and mysterious, and still perhaps in their fulfilment, if so it should prove, as exact in detail,—it may well be imagined that the portions which now refer to the past, may in their day have appeared equally mysterious and vague. It runs as follows, as it now stands:—

"At that time a young man, come from beyond the sea into the country of Celtic Gaul, shows himself strong in counsel. But the mighty to whom he gives umbrage will send him to combat in the land of Captivity. Victory will bring him back. The sons of Brutus will be confounded at his

approach, for he will overpower them, and take the name of emperor. Many high and mighty kings will be sorely afraid, for the eagle will carry off many sceptres and crowns. Men on foot and horse, carrying blood-stained eagles, and as numerous as gnats in the air, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be filled with consternation and carnage; for he will be so powerful, that God shall be thought to combat on his side. The church of God, in great desolation, will be somewhat comforted, for she shall see her temples opened again to her lost sheep, and God praised. But all is over, the moons are passed."

It must be remarked here, that the moons, continually alluded to in the prophecy, may be found, by the calculation of thirteen lunar months to a year, to arrive at an extraordinary accuracy of prediction as to the date of the events prophesied: those which have been mentioned above must be considered to refer probably to a period of time alluded to in the portion of the "Previsions" supposed to be lost.

"But all is over; the moons are passed. The old man of Sion cries to God from his afflicted heart; and behold! the mighty one is blinded for his crimes. He leaves the great city with an army so mighty, that none ever was seen to be compared to it. But no warrior will be able to withstand the power of the heavens; and behold! the third part, and again the third part, of his army has perished by the cold of the Almighty. Two lustres have passed since the age of desolation; the widows and the orphans have cried aloud to the Lord, and behold! God is no longer deaf. The mighty, that have been humbled, take courage, and combine to overthrow the man of power. Behold, the ancient blood of centuries, with them, and resumes its course, and its abode in the great city, the great man returns humbled to the country beyond the sea from which he came. God alone is great! The eleventh moon has not yet shone, and the bloody scourge of the Lord returns to the great city; the ancient blood quits it. God alone is great! He loves his people, and has blood in abhorrence; the fifth moon has shone upon many

warriors from the east. Gaul is covered with men, and with machines of war; all is finished with the man of the sea. Behold again returned the ancient blood of the Cap! God ordains peace, that His holy name be blessed. Therefore shall great peace reign throughout Celtic Gaul. The white flower is greatly in honour, and the temples of the Lord resound with many holy canticles. But the sons of Brutus view with anger the white flower, and obtain a powerful edict, and God in consequence is angry on account of the elect, and because the holy day is much profaned; nevertheless God will await a return to Him during eighteen times twelve moons. God alone is great! He purifies His people by many tribulations; but an end will also come upon the wicked. At this time a great conspiracy against the white flower moves in the dark, by the designs of an accursed band; and the poor old blood of the Cap leaves the great city, and the sons of Brutus increase mightily. Hark! how the servants of the Lord cry aloud to him! The arrows of the Lord are steeped in His wrath for the hearts of the wicked. Woe to Celtic Gaul! The cock will efface the white flower; and a powerful one will call himself king of the people. There will be a great commotion among men, for the crown will be placed by the hands of workmen who have combated in the great city. God alone is great! The reign of the wicked will wax more powerful; but let them hasten, for behold! the opinions of the men of Celtic Gaul are in collision, and confusion is in all minds."

It must here be again remarked that, as regards the accomplishment of the events which follow immediately in the prophecy, the writer has himself seen this record in a printed form—since the fulfilment, it is true, but in a newspaper published in the year 1871.

"The king of the people will be seen very weak: many of the wicked will be against him; but he was *ill-seated*; and, behold! God hurls him down." How striking is the expression, "*mal assis*!" To proceed: "Howl, ye sons of Brutus! Call unto you the beasts that are about to devour you. Great God! what a

noise of arms! a full number of moons is not yet completed, and, behold, many warriors are coming!"

This advance of many warriors upon the capital is an event which, according to the prophecy, must be accomplished before a full number of moons is completed, or, it would seem, within the year from the date of the outbreak of the Revolution. These warriors are not said to come from any foreign lands. May they be supposed—in accepting the truth of the prediction—to refer to the march of the national guards of the departments upon Paris, from all parts of France, at the time of the outbreak of June? or do the words remain still to be verified in a more striking manner? The period of the "ten times six moons, and yet again six times ten moons," of which mention is about to be made, is peculiarly vague and uncertain, as are the predictions, as far as time is concerned, of all the events to come. According to the calculation adopted, this period of time would be that of about nine years and a quarter. Is the accomplishment of the awful prediction that follows, to be delayed for such a space of time? An enlightened churchman has conceived that this calculation of moons refers to the past period, during which the church was oppressed, and the anger of the Lord excited in the first French Revolution, when the "measure of wrath was filled." But, then, is the desolation to come to be accomplished also, like "the advance of the many warriors," before "a full number of moons is completed"—i. e., within a year? This is one of the mysterious obscurities already alluded to, which are the attributes of all prophecy, and of which time alone can give a solution—if a solution is to be given. The details relative to the more immediately ensuing events are precise enough: it is only the date of their accomplishment that seems involved in the dimness of insolvable obscurity. Thus runs the denunciation—the prediction of desolation to be poured out like another "vial of wrath" over the doomed city of Paris.

"It is done! The mountain of the Lord hath cried in its affliction unto God. The sons of Judah have cried

unto God from the land of the foreigner; and, behold! God is no longer deaf. What fire accompanies His arrows! Ten times six moons, and yet again six times ten moons, have fed His wrath. Woe to the great city! Behold the kings armed by the Lord! But already hath fire levelled thee with the earth. Yet the faithful shall not perish. God hath heard their prayer. The place of crime is purified by fire. The waters of the great stream have rolled on towards the sea all crimsoned with blood. Gaul, as it were dismembered, is about to reunite. God loves peace. Come, young prince, quit the isle of captivity. Listen! from the lion to the white flower! come!"

It may be well understood now why the republican government of France attaches so much importance to the fact of the propagation of this prophecy, which formally predicts the return of the last bud of the white flower, or lily of the Bourbons. Its publication was looked upon as a *manœuvre* of the Legitimist faction, to prepare the minds of men for the advent of Henri V., and, by exciting men's imaginations, to tend towards the accomplishment of the prediction—with the foreknowledge that hazarded predictions will often help to accomplish themselves by the very natural course of events which they, in themselves, produce. At all events, the promulgators of such a prophecy, which definitively predicted the overthrow of the republic, were to be considered as being among its enemies, and were carefully watched in their movements as such. The writer of the present paper, however, who was in Paris during the period when the "Provisions of Orval" first began to create a sensation, can confidently assert that copies were handed about, even among the silenced Legitimists, as curious and interesting documents only, and without the least pretence of that *arrière pensée*, which the government of the republic chose to ascribe to its circulation. The allusion to the "lion," is peculiarly obscure. Belgium and England are the only countries that bear a lion on their arms. A union with a daughter of the dynasty reigning in the former, can scarcely be contemplated, since

the young prince alluded to is already married. A strict alliance with one or the other country—or perhaps more especially with England, as more generally typically represented by the lion—might be supposed to bear out the fulfilment of the prediction. The Orval prophecy then goes on to predict the firm establishment of the child of the "white flower" on his throne.

"What is foreseen, that God wills. The ancient blood of centuries will again terminate long struggles. A sole pastor will be seen in Celtic Gaul. The man made powerful by God will be firmly seated. Peace will be established by many wise laws. So sage and prudent will be the offspring of the Cap, that God will be thought to be with him. Thanks to the Father of Mercies, the Holy Sion chants again in her temples to the glory of one Lord Almighty."

The future provisions of the prophecy become necessarily more and more obscure; although those, which more immediately follow, are sufficiently distinct, much as their accomplishment may be a matter of very necessary doubt.

"Many lost sheep come to drink at the living spring. Three kings and princes throw off the mantle of heresy, and open their eyes to the faith of the Lord. At that time two third parts of a great people of the sea will return to the true faith. God is yet blessed during fourteen times six moons, and six times thirteen moons. But God is wearied of bestowing his mercies; and yet, for the faithful's sake, he will prolong peace during ten times twelve moons. God alone is great! The good is passed away. The saints shall suffer. The Man of Sin shall be born of two races. The white flower becomes obscured during ten times six moons, and six times twenty moons. Then it shall disappear to be seen no more. Much evil, and little good, will there be in those days. Many cities shall perish by fire. Israel then returns entirely to Christ the Lord. The accursed and the faithful shall be separated into two distinct portions. But all is over. The third part of Gaul, and again the third part and a half, will be without faith. The same will be among other nations. And behold! six times three moons, and

four times five moons, and there is a general falling off, and the end of time has begun. After a number, not complete, of moons, God will combat in the persons of His two just ones. The Man of Sin shall carry off the victory. But all is over! The mighty God has placed before my comprehension a wall of fire. I can see no more. May He be blessed evermore. Amen."

Thus terminates the reputed prophecy of the Solitary of Orval. The conclusion has been supposed to imply a prediction of the end of the world; and, by the calculation of the number of as many moons as are mentioned, that event would thus take place within a period of fifty years from the present time. But it does not appear absolutely to follow that the "wall of fire" placed before the comprehension of the inspired Solitary, that he should see no more, should be referred to the "end of all things," because he has exclaimed just previously—"But all is over!" This expression he has already used before in a different sense. Any disquisition, however, upon the uncertain fulfilment of a very uncertain prophecy, would be again a discursive ramble, that would lead us much too far out of our beat.

The other French prophecy, to which allusion has been made, professes to be only of a much later date. It is said to have emanated from a Jesuit priest, who died towards the end of the last century at Bordeaux, in the "odour of sanctity," and to have been communicated by him to a novice residing with him in an establishment of the Jesuits at Poitiers, some time previous to the outbreak of the first French Revolution. It is supposed to have been transcribed and preserved by the novice, who afterwards became himself a Jesuit priest, and by him to have been given into the hands of several persons, who still possess it, or who may have in turn given circulation to it. Not much importance was attached to it until the events of the Revolution, which confirmed so many of its predictions, were accomplished; and again, since the events of the present year, it has been called to men's minds. Like the Orval prophecy, its predictions, as regards what is now past,

have been wonderfully distinct, and, relative to the events of this present year, no less so. With respect to its existence previously to these latter events, the writer can also give testimony, as in the case of the Orval prophecy, that it was transcribed as far back as the year 1836, from the mouth of the *superieure* of a convent in Lyons, who testified that she had heard it from the novice to whom it was first delivered. The authenticity of its prophetic revelations can thus be proved as far as regards the present day. It bears, in many respects, a great analogy to the Previsions of the Solitary of Orval, and the predictions it delivers coincide in most respects with the latter: but it contains distinct references to other events, of which the Orval prophecy makes no mention. As the revelation also of a holy churchman, prophetically inspired, its contents naturally refer, in a great measure, to the state of the church, or perhaps even to the condition of the order of the Jesuits alone. The whole is necessarily couched in mysterious language in this respect: and it ought, perhaps, to be premised that the "counter-revolution" alluded to refers to the triumph of the priesthood in general, or, as was before said, of the Jesuit order. The portions of this prophecy which have fallen into the writer's hands refer only to the events immediately following the fall of Napoleon; although he has been assured that, in other copies, it goes back to circumstances antecedent to the first Revolution.

"There will then be a reaction," says the portion now before us, "which shall be thought to be the counter-revolution—it will last during some years, so that people shall suppose that peace is really restored: but it will be only a patchwork—an ill-sewn garment. There will be no schism; but still the Church shall not triumph. Then shall come disturbances in France: a name hateful to the country shall be placed upon the throne. It will not be until after that event that the counter-revolution shall take place. It will be done by strangers. But two parties will first be formed in France, who will carry on a war of extermination. One

party will be much more numerous than the other, but the weaker shall prevail. Blood will flow in the great towns, and the convulsion shall be such that men might think the last day to be at hand. But the wicked will not prevail, and in this dire catastrophe shall perish of them a great multitude. They will have hoped to have utterly destroyed the Church; but for this they will not have had time, for the fearful crisis shall be of short duration. There will be a movement when it will be supposed that all is lost; but still all shall be saved. The faithful shall not perish; such signs will be given them as shall induce them to fly the city. During this convulsion, which will extend to other lands, and not be for France alone, Paris shall be so utterly destroyed, that when, twenty years afterwards, fathers shall walk with their children, and the children shall ask, 'Why is that desolate spot?' they shall answer, 'My children, here once stood a great city, which God destroyed for its crimes.' After this fearful convulsion, all will return to order, and the counter-revolution shall be made. Then shall the triumph of the Church be such that, nothing like it shall be ever seen again, for it will be the last triumph of the Church on earth."

In one respect, at least, this prophecy has already taken a step towards fulfilment. "Two parties shall be formed in France." Does not the struggle between the Moderates and the Red-Republicans still harass the land? "They will carry on a war of extermination." Have they not already commenced it in June in the streets of Paris? "One party will be much more numerous than the other." The Moderate party is well known to have an immense majority throughout the country. "But the weaker shall prevail"—for a time, that is—goes on to say the fearful prediction. That result lies yet in the womb of fate. The probabilities of its fulfilment we shrink from investigating—the more so, as it is a conviction which has always instinctively forced itself upon our minds. In all their previsions on this subject, the two prophecies, as far as they go, perfectly agree. We do not even

leave the sceptical the pleasure of finding out that "doctors differ." The collision of parties—the devouring beasts—and the eventual destruction of the "great city" in the struggle—are circumstances foretold in both, with a graphic force which gives them almost the minuteness of details relative to a history of the past. The triumph of the Church, after this great convulsion, is likewise prophesied by both. The Orval previsions, more diffuse as to general history, alone connect this event with the restoration of a Prince of the Lily. On the contrary, however, the prediction of the Jesuit—as yet only occupied with the interests of his Church—now goes on to foretell historical events, of which the Orval prophecy makes no mention. The two do not contradict each other, but each mentions circumstances of which the other does not speak.

"These events shall be known to be at hand," continues the Poitiers prophecy, "by the sign that England shall begin to suffer throes of pain, even as it is known that the summer is nigh when the fig-tree puts forth its leaves. England shall experience a revolution, which will be of sufficient duration to give unhappy France time to breathe. Then it shall be by the assistance of France that England shall be fully restored to peace."

Certainly there appears at present no probability of any accomplishment of this part of the prediction. And, whatever vague faith we may place in our innermost hearts upon the authenticity of these prophecies, we should be very glad to find ourselves, and avow ourselves, and even proclaim ourselves, utter dupes, rather than witness the slightest approach to a fulfilment of the last paragraph of the Jesuit priest's oracular revolutions. He has given us, however, a fair chance of learning the truth of his prediction, or of giving him the lie in his coffin, by an answer, which the tradition preserved by the excellent *supérieure* of the convent of the Sacré Cœur at Lyons reports that he made, when asked as to the period of the fulfilment of his prophecies—for he had not, like the Solitary of Orval, been at all precise in his arithmetical calculations of moons, or other methods

of bestowing dates, as we have seen. His answer is said to have been, that those who saw the first French Revolution, and who lived through this crisis, would bless God for having preserved them to be witnesses of the great triumph of His Church: Consequently, the events foretold ought to receive their fulfilment in a period of time within the probable life of a man born before the epoch of 1789; and thus, reckoning the "threescore years and ten" as the utmost limit of man's natural life, before the year 1859. We ourselves, and all our readers, it is to be hoped, have thus the probabilities before us of testing the powers of prophecy of the good old gentleman of Poitiers. And yet, if they are to be verified to the letter as concerns "Old England," we cannot add "May we be there to see."

Beyond these two prophecies, there are others which at the present time abound in France; but as we are unable to offer any evidence whatever as to their authenticity of antiquity, we shall not enter into their details, much less into any disquisition as to their credibility. Most of them predict the utter destruction of Paris by fire, during a convulsion occasioned by insurrection and civil war. The best known are those of Bug de Thilas, a prophet of the Pyrenees in the sixteenth century—a Breton traditional prediction, which enters into very minute and graphic details relative to the great fire of Paris, and fixes the epoch for this disaster in the nineteenth century; and the far better known and somewhat famous *Prophétic Lorraine*, in verse, in which the same event is foretold. This latter prophecy enters into very minute poetical descriptions of the great catastrophe, and warns the Parisian that he will perish entirely by his own fault. It is more especially curious, inasmuch as a calculation has been made by a good, hearty, and sound believer in such predictions, in which it is shown that, by taking the most striking and important words of the prediction, and reckoning each letter as a number, according to its standing in the alphabet—"a" as 1, "b" as 2, "c" as 3, &c.—the sum total of all the letters, thus reckoned, will amount to eighteen hundred and forty-nine. Of course,

also, the prediction made by Lady Hester Stanhope to Lamartine, as recorded by that author in his *Voyage en Orient*, and founded by herself on cabalistic and astronomical calculations, found enthusiastic commentators in France, when the poet at last reached the object of his ambition, and became a statesman, by being placed at the summit of power in the revolutionary government.

The other prediction, or rather prophetic deduction from analytical interpretations of the Book of Revelations, to which allusion has been made, is too singular not to take its place also among these supposed "foreshadowings of coming events." At the same time, we do not attempt to rank it in any way in the same category with those strange and doubtful revelations already given. It is based upon a system of reasoning and calculation: a key is given as the real and true one, for the opening of the door of mysteries of acknowledged divine origin. How far this key may be the right one or the wrong, or how far it may be permitted to use it, are, once more, subjects for disquisition into which it is not for us to enter. The contrast between the nature of the revelations of the Roman Catholic ascetics, and of those of the Protestant clergyman, is striking enough to preclude any analogy between them. On the one hand, we have confident predictions; on the other, the cool, calm, searching, calculations of a system of minute reasoning;—on the one, the supposed bestowal of the flash of light; on the other, the careful groping in the mystical darkness of sacred writings, in order with true conscience to find the right way;—on the one, the pictorial, graphic, highly-coloured language of the presumed "*divine afflatus*;" on the other, the deductions of speculative reasoning;—on the one, the supposed flame coming from above; on the other, the cautious steps planted on the earth;—in short, on the one, supposed inspiration; on the other, evident and acknowledged reason. We do not pretend to class them together; but as they all refer to the same periods of history, they find mention together in this notice.

The Rev. Robert Fleming was the Protestant minister of the Scotch

churches at Rotterdam and Leyden, and afterwards of the Presbyterian church of Lotbury, during the reign of William III. ; he was renowned for his piety as well as his learning, and was even much favoured by the reigning monarch. His *Discourse concerning the Rise and Fall of Papacy*, in which the prophetic deductions have been formed, was published in the year 1701. The species of mystical history of the Romish church, which forms the main subject of his work, is sought for entirely, by the author, in the prophetic enunciations of the Book of Revelations ; and in order to attach a great interest to his interpretations, and the deductions thence drawn, it is necessary to accept *à priori*, as a matter of faith, those *postulata*, which the author considers certain at his very outset, and which he sets down as incontrovertible, — namely, that “the Revelations contain the series of all the remarkable events and changes of the state of the Christian church to the end of the world ;” that “The mystical Babylon *doth* typify Rome in an anti-Christian church state ;” that “The seven heads of the beast *are* indubitably the seven forms of government that obtained successively among the Romans ;” and that, consequently, “The grand apocalyptic question answers the great antichrist,” which is thus assumed to be Papal Rome. Once more, it is not our present purpose to enter into any theological discussions: we do no more than place before our readers the curious and interesting deduction of a divine, celebrated for his piety, his learning, and his sacred research. The key with which Fleming proceeds to open the mysteries of what he calls “the dark apocalyptic times and periods,” is certainly of singularly ingenious construction. He commences by entering into a proof that the different periods mentioned, of 1260 days, of forty-two months, and of “a time, times, and a half,” are absolutely synchronical, and refer exactly to the same period of time, being meant to describe the duration of the anti-Christian kingdom ; and that each day must be taken to mean prophetically a year, or Julian year of that age. By a similarly ingenious calculation, rela-

tive to the dates and times of days, he ascribes the period, as regards the church, to the so-called rotations of the all-enlightening sun ; and as refers to the Beast, to the rotations of the unstable moon. Upon these calculations he goes on, with singularly marvellous ability, and an infinite patience of minute reckoning, to comment upon the apocalyptic prophecies. He traces thus the regular series of the prophecy, in the opening of the seven seals, which, in his application of historical events, he refers to the condition of the Christian church during the Roman empire ;—of the seven trumpets, as bearing relation to the gradual growth and increase of the anti-Christian enemies of the church ; —and, lastly, of the seven vials, as plagues and judgments poured out upon that Babylon, which he assumes to be “Rome Papal ;” and the vials, more especially, he argues upon as types of the struggles between the Roman and the Reformed parties, each vial typifying an event, or conclusion of some new periodical attack of the former upon the latter. It is ~~not~~ necessary to follow the ingenious and indefatigable commentator through all his explanations of the other vials ; we only refer to his deductions as bearing upon “Prophecies for the Present.” Our business lies chiefly with his interpretation of the fifth vial, inasmuch as, by his system of calculation, he predicts the fulfilment of this vial for a period, which, by a singular coincidence at least, he fixes between the two dates of 1794 and 1848. It is the express mention of this latter year which naturally attracts the attention as an extraordinary coincidence, at a moment when, in that year, so many convulsions, and so many events important in the history of the world, have taken place. There is no precise prophetic deductions, however, attached by the interpreter to this latter *datum*, except that he fixes it as the period of the fall, or at least of the tottering and probable decline, of the Papal power ; and, in the present wavering condition of the temporal power of the sovereign pontiff, the deduction has, at least, a singular bearing upon the events of the latter year specified. It was at the period of the former year, however, that the

interpretations of Fleming, made at a time when France was in the zenith of her power, and there seemed no probability whatever of their justice, excited at first a great sensation; probably at the time of their delivery they were looked upon merely as matters of interesting and patient analysis. In commenting upon the fourth vial of the Revelations, which he mentions as likely to expire about the year 1794, he says—"the pouring out of this vial on the sun must denote the humiliation of some eminent potentates, whose influence and countenance cherish and support the Papal cause. And these, therefore, may be principally understood of the houses of Austria and Bourbon." In continuing to give his opinion concerning the events connected with this vial, and much posterior to the time in which he lived, we have the following striking expressions also, which, even in their serious importance, are not without their quaint humour:—"Perhaps the French monarchy may begin to be considerably flummled about that time; for whereas the French king takes the sun for his emblem; and this for his motto—'*Nec pluribus impar*,' he may at length, or rather his successors, and the monarchy itself, (at least before the year 1794,) be forced to acknowledge that (in respect to neighbouring potentates) he is even *singulis impar*." The extraordinary coincidence between these intimations and the date fixed by the interpreter, when the first French Revolution took place, could not fail to strike the minds of those who were acquainted with his work. Accordingly, the *Discourse* was republished in 1792, and was read and commented upon with avidity; and now that, in the year he named as 1848, another of his prophetic intimations came to be more or less exemplified, and another coincidence was destined to strike the minds of men, after the sagacious and learned interpreter had been dead nearly a century and a half, the whole discourse has been again republished in a variety of forms, and very widely circulated.

It has been "in fear and trembling" that we have ventured to approach any subject of so sacred a character, inasmuch as it refers to undeniable

divine revelations, and bears upon one of the books of the Holy Scriptures: the matter, however, was so intimately connected with our present subject, that it could not be well avoided. Upon the absolute acceptance of Fleming's interpretations, and upon his assumption, *à priori*, that the "scarlet woman of Babylon" and the anti-Christ do verily typify the Papal power, we must needs be still more cautious of entering into any argument: it is not for us to reason upon the "how, when, and where" of the anti-Christian "denying spirit."

As connected with "Prophecies for the Present," the writer may yet add one other, which was known to him in Germany many years ago. The latter part of it runs as follows:—"I would not be a king in 1848. I would not be a soldier in 1849. I would not be a gravedigger in 1850." There was an awful solemnity in these last words, that always struck fearfully upon the imagination: "I would be any thing you will in 1851." Again, also, there is a vague ambiguous sense in this latter expression, that gives a shudder to the whole frame. "What you will!" Does the term refer to future hope in better days, or is it the recklessness of despair? There were, attached to this prophecy, other remarks respecting the preceding years: they referred to the corn-blade and the vine-plant; but they have now passed too much out of the writer's memory to be exactly recorded.

Before we quit the subject of the "Prophecies for the Present," it may be as well to allude to a comparison of the coincidences between the events of the revolution of July and that of the present year, which has been ingeniously compiled by a certain M. Langlois. The analogy between the circumstances of these different epochs forms a curious page in modern history, and is not without its peculiar interest; and also, as far as the events of the earlier epoch were singularly prophetic of those of the latter, these striking coincidences may almost be said to belong to the predictions of the day.

In the elder branch of the Bourbons, the Duke de Berri, the son of Charles X., espoused a foreign princess, and

had by her a son, who was regarded as the heir to the throne: in the younger, the Duke of Orleans, the son of Louis Philippe I., likewise espoused a foreign princess, and had by her a son, likewise regarded as the eventual heir of the dynasty. The father of the Duke de Bordeaux was assassinated on the 13th of February 1820; the father of the Count of Paris died by an accident on the 13th of July 1842. In both the years preceding the fall of either monarch, the price of provisions was at an excessive height, the want was great, and the cold such that the Seine was frozen over—a circumstance which did not occur between the winters of 1829 and 1847. In both instances, the anti-liberal tendencies of the heads of the state, after most inviting promises, called forth from their best friends remonstrances upon the course they were pursuing, and warnings of an approaching crisis, which in both instances were rejected. In both instances, the last speech of the crown to the parliament assembled, contained words concerning the “culpable manœuvres,” or “blind inimical passions,” of the Opposition which created the discontent, and called forth the protest of several deputies, and the resolution to hold the famous banquet. The capture of the Dey of Algiers, and that of Abd-el-Kader, which immediately preceded each catastrophe, were both in vain considered as triumphs by the ministry of the day. The ordinances of July suspended the liberty of the press; an ordinance in February prohibited the banquet. In both cases these ordinances caused a commotion in the capital, and a species of presentiment of revolution on the Monday evening; on the following day the revolt broke out, and lasted during three days, commencing on the Tuesday, and terminating on the Thursday; and the power fell into the hands of the insurgents. The gendarmerie in the one case, the municipal guard—another name for the same corps—in the other, offered the chief defence of royalty, were overcome, and finally disbanded. Charles X.

fell from his throne at the age of seventy-four, Louis Philippe at the same age; the one in July, the month in which the Duke of Orleans died—the other in February, the month in which the Duke de Berri was assassinated. Each monarch abdicated in favour of his grandson; each was met by the fatal cry, “*Il est trop tard.*” In each case a provisional government was established, and the royal family was obliged to quit the French territory; both the monarchs sought a refuge in England. Here, however, the “coincidences” offer a striking dissimilitude. The one monarch was accompanied, in his departure, by his guards and numbers of faithful servitors—the other fled poor, wretched, and in disguise, abandoned by those who had called themselves his friends: the one shed tears on landing in the country of exile—the other hailed it with joy. In both cases, the ministers of the fallen king were impeached. In even smaller circumstances, other coincidences have been recorded. During the combats of both revolutions, the temperature was excessively warm for the season of the year—a circumstance not wholly without its weight, if the well-known barometric nature of the Parisian temperament be considered; and a few days after, in both years, an extraordinarily terrific tempest burst over the capital, obscured it for many hours in darkness, and swept down the new flag placed aloft upon the column of the Place Vendôme.

Coincidences, predictions, revelations—all may, perhaps, be looked upon, by the sceptically reasoning mind of plain matter-of-fact, with scorn. To such, then, they are here only given as curious matters of historical interest. At the same time, in the uncertainty as to the issue of the convulsions under the throes of which Europe is at present writhing, the troubled mind may surely attach itself to the obscure revelations of such strange announcements, and endeavour clearly to see its way through their dimness, without too much deservng the stigma usually attached to superstitious credulity.

SIGISMUND FATELLO.

CHAP. I.—THE OPERA.

It was a November night of the year 184-. For a week past, the play-bills upon the convenient but unsightly posts that disfigure the boulevards, had announced for that evening, in conspicuous capitals, the first performance of a new opera by a popular composer. Although the season of winter gaieties had scarcely begun, and country-houses and bathing-places retained a portion of the fashionable population of Paris, yet a string of elegant carriages, more or less cornetted, extended down the Rue Lepelletier, and deposited a distinguished audience at the door of the Académie de Musique. The curtain fell upon the first act; and a triple round of applause, of which a little was attributable to the merits of the opera, and a good deal to the parchment palms of a well-drilled *claque*, proclaimed the composer's triumph and the opera's success, when two men, entering the house at opposite sides, met near its centre, exchanged a familiar greeting, and seated themselves in contiguous stalls. Both belonged to the class which the lower orders of Parisians figuratively designate as *gants jaunes*; the said lower orders conscientiously believing primrose gloves to be a covering as inseparable from a dandy's fingers as the natural epidermis. The younger of these two men, the Viscount Arthur de Mellay, was a most unexceptionable specimen of those *lions dorés* who, in modern French society, have replaced the *merveilleux*, the *roués*, and *raffinés* of former days. Sleek of face and red of lip, with confident eye and trim mustache, his "getting up" was evidently the result of deep reflection on the part of the most tasteful of tailors and scrupulous of valets. From his varnished boot-heel to the topmost wave of his glossy and luxuriant *chevelure*, the severest critic of the mode would in vain have sought an imperfection. Born, bred, and polished in the genial atmosphere of the noble faubourg, he was a credit to his club, the admiration of the vulgar, the pet

of a circle of exclusive and aristocratic dames, whose approving verdict is fashionable fame. His neighbour in the stalls, some years older than himself, was scarcely less correct in externals, although bearing his leonine honours much more carelessly. Like Arthur, he was a very handsome man, but his pale face and fair mustache contrasted with the florid cheek and dark hair of his companion. The Austrian baron Ernest von Steinfeld had acquired, by long and frequent residences in Paris, rights to Parisian naturalisation. He had first visited the French capital in a diplomatic capacity, and, after abandoning that career, had spent a part of every year there as regularly as any native *habitué* of the club Grammont, the Chantilly race-course, and the Bois de Boulogne. Although a German and a baron, he was neither coarse, nor stupid, nor smoky. He did not carry a tobacco-pipe in his pocket, or get muddled at dinner, or spit upon the floor, or participate in any other of the nastinesses common to the majority of his tribe. A nobleman in Austria, he would have been accounted a gentleman, and a highly bred one, in any country in the world. He was of old family, had been much about courts, held a military rank, possessed a castle and fine estate in the Tyrol, mortgaged to the very last *zwanziger* of their value, was somewhat *blasé* and troubled with the spleen, and considerably in debt, both in Vienna and Paris. He had arrived in the latter capital but a fortnight previously, after nearly a year's absence, had established himself in a small but elegant house in a fashionable quarter, and as he still rode fine horses, dressed and dined well, played high and paid punctually, nobody suspected how near he was to the end of his cash and credit; and that he had sacrificed the last remnant of his disposable property to provide ammunition for another campaign in Paris—a campaign likely to be final, unless a wealthy heiress, a prize in the lottery,

or an unexpected legacy, came in the nick of time to repair his shattered fortunes.

The second act of the opera was over. The applause, again renewed, had again subsided, and the hum of conversation replaced the crash of the noisy orchestra, the warbling of Duprez, and the passionate declamation of Madame Stolz. The house was very full; the boxes were crowded with elegantly dressed women, a few of them really pretty, a good many appearing so by the grace of gas, rouge, and costume. The curtain was no sooner down than de Mellay, compelled by the despotism of the pit to silence during the performance, dashed off at a colloquial canter, scattering, for his companion's benefit, a shower of criticisms, witticisms, and scandal, for which he found abundant subjects amongst his acquaintances in the theatre, and to which the baron listened with the curled lip and faint smile of one for whose palled palate caviar no longer has flavour, scarcely vouchsafing an occasional monosyllable or brief sentence when Arthur's gossip seemed to require reply. His eyes wandered round the house, their vision aided by the double glasses of one of those tremendous opera-telescopes by whose magnifying powers, it is said, the incipient wrinkle and the borrowed tint are infallibly detected, and the very *tricot* of Taglioni is converted into a cobweb. Presently he touched the arm of Arthur, who had just commenced an animated ocular flirtation with a blue-eyed belle in a stage-box. The baron called his attention to a box on the opposite side of the theatre.

"There is a curious group," he said.

"Oh, yes," replied de Mellay carelessly, levelling his glass for a moment in the direction pointed out. "The Fatellos." And he resumed his mute correspondence with the dame of the azure eyes.

Steinfeld remained for a short space silent, with the thoughtful puzzled air of a man who suspects he has forgotten something he ought to remember; but his efforts of memory were all in vain, and he again interrupted Arthur's agreeable occupation.

"Whom did you say?" he inquired; indicating, by a glance rather than by

a movement, the group that had riveted his attention.

"The Fatellos," replied de Mellay, with a sort of surprise. "But, pshaw! I forget. You were at Venice last carnival, and they have not been twelve months at Paris. You have still to learn the affecting romance of Sigismund and Catalina: how the red knight from Franconie did carry off the Paynim's daughter,—his weapons adapted to the century—bank-notes and bright doubloons, in lieu of couched lance and trenchant blade. Why, when they arrived, all Paris talked of them for three days, and might have talked longer, had not Admiral Joinville brought over from Barbary two uncommonly large baboons, which diverted the public attention. They call them beauty and the beast—the Fatellos, I mean, not the baboons."

The persons who had attracted Steinfeld's notice, and elicited this uncomplimentary tirade from the volatile viscount, occupied one of the best boxes in the theatre. In front were two ladies, likely to be the more remarked from the contrast their appearance offered with the Parisian style of beauty. Their jet-black hair, large almond-shaped eyes, and complexion of a rich glowing olive, betrayed their southern origin. Behind them sat a man of five-and-thirty or forty; a tall, high-shouldered, ungainly figure, with a profusion of reddish hair, and a set of Calmuck features of repulsive ugliness. His face was of an unhealthy paleness, excepting about the nose and cheekbones, which were blotched and heated; and the harsh and obstinate expression of his physiognomy was ill redeemed by the remarkably quick and penetrating glance of his small keen gray eyes.

"Do you mean to say yonder ungainly boor is the husband of one of those two beautiful women, who look as if they had stepped out of a legend of the Alhambra, or of a vintage-piece by Leopold Robert?"

"Certainly—husband of one, brother-in-law of the other. But I will tell you the whole story. Sigismund Fatello is one of those men born with a peculiar genius for money-getting, who, if deposited at the antipodes

without a shoe to their foot, or a sou in their pocket, would end by becoming *millionnaires*. Although little heard of in good society till a year ago, he has long been well known on the Bourse, and in foreign capitals, as a bold financier and successful speculator. Two years ago he had occasion to go to the south of Spain, to visit mines offered by the Spanish government as security for the loan of two or three of his millions. Amongst other places he visited Seville, and was there introduced to Don Geronimo Gomez Garcia Gonfalon, (and a dozen other names besides,) a queer old *hidalgo*, descended from Boabdil of the Bloody Crescent, or some such Moorish potentate. The don dwelt in the shadow of the Giralda, and possessed two daughters reputed fair;—you see them there—judge for yourself. With one of these Fatello fell desperately in love, and asked her in marriage. The lady, who had no wish to abandon her native land for the society of so ugly and unpleasant a helpmate, demurred. But the suitor was urgent and the papa peremptory. Old Boabdil had an immense opinion of Fatello, was dazzled by his wealth and financial reputation, and insisted on his daughter's marrying him, vowing that he himself was poor as a poet, and that if she refused she should go to a nunnery. After the usual amount of tears, threats, and promises, the marriage took place. The descendant of the Saracen made an excellent bargain for his child. Fatello, infatuated by his passion, would have agreed to any conditions, and made immense settlements on the beautiful Catalina. His father-in-law, like an old semi-African hunk as he was, pleaded poverty, hard times, forced contributions, and so forth, as excuses for giving his daughter no other portion than a few rather remarkable diamonds, and some antiquated plate dating from the kings of Granada, and better suited for a Moorish museum than a Christian sideboard. Fatello, whose dealings with the Spanish government had given him no very exalted idea of the opulence of Spanish subjects, cared not for the old boy's *maravedis*, and credited his plea of poverty. A few

weeks afterwards, Fatello and his wife being still in Seville, Boabdil retired for his usual siesta, but not re-appearing at the usual hour, a servant went to awaken him, and found him purple with apoplexy. The unfortunate Saracen never spoke again. The next day he was buried, (they lose no time in those warm latitudes); and behold, when the will was opened, he had left upwards of three millions of reals to his disconsolate daughters—about four hundred thousand francs to each of them. When the decencies had been observed in the way of mourning, and Fatello had finished his affairs, he brought his wife and her sister to Paris, took a magnificent hotel in the Faubourg St Honoré, and gave Lucullan dinners, and entertainments such as are read of in the Arabian Nights, but rarely seen in the nineteenth century."

"And were his *fêtes* well attended?"

"Not quite immediately. At first everybody asked who this Mr Fatello was, and nobody could tell. All sorts of queer stories were got up about him. Some said he was a Polish Jew, formerly well known in Prague, and who had commenced his fortune by attending horse-fairs. Others, misled by his name, which has an odd Italian sound—swore he was a Lombard, continuing the financial and speculative traditions of his race. He himself claims to be of a good Alsatian family; and I believe the truth is, that his father was a small proprietor in a northern department, who sent his son to Paris, as a boy, to seek his fortune, which, by virtue of industry and arithmetic, he has been lucky enough to find. But people got tired of asking *who*, and changed the interrogation to *what*. This was much more easily answered—'The signature of Sigismund Fatello is worth millions upon every Exchange in Europe,' was the prompt reply. You know our good Parisians, or rather, you know the world in general. If John Law, or Dr Faustus, returned upon earth, with wealth proceeding from the devil or a swindle, and gave banquets and balls, their rooms would not long be empty. No more were those of Fatello, against whom, however, nothing improper was ever substantiated,

except a want of ancestors,—a venial offence, in these days, to be charged against a millionaire! With a citizen king, and Jews in the chamber, or upon *argent* is the truest blazonry, my word for it."

"By their assistance, then, he has got into good society?" said Steinfeld.

"Into almost the best. He has not made much progress beyond the Seine; but on this side the water, he is every where in good odour. They make much of him at the Tuileries and in diplomatic circles; and in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, amongst the aristocracy of finance, his money gives him right to a high place. And if he plays the *Amphitryon* this winter in the style he did the last, there is no saying whether some of our stiff-necked countesses of the *vieille roche* may not relent, and honour his halls with their transcendental presence. His entertainments of all kinds are quite superlative; and if he be a plebeian and a brute, his wife and sister, on the other hand, are graceful as gazelles, and date from the deluge. He is an ugly-looking monster, certainly," added the handsome viscount; "but fortune has atoned for nature's stinginess. A man may forget his resemblance to a chimpanzee, when he has millions in his strong box, one of the finest houses, and best filled stables, and prettiest wives in Paris,—when he possesses strength and health, and has every prospect of living long to enjoy the goods the gods have showered upon him."

"Wrong in the last particular,—quite wrong, my dear viscount," said a bland and unctuous voice behind de Mellay. The young men turned and found themselves face to face with a comely middle-aged personage, whose smug costume of professional black was relieved by a red ribbon in the button-hole, and who, gliding into the stall in their rear, whilst they were engrossed with their conversation, had overheard its latter sentences.

"Ha! doctor," exclaimed the viscount, "you here, and eaves-dropping! How am I wrong, most sapient and debonair of Galens?"

Dr Pilori was a physician in high practice, and of a class not uncommon in Paris,—at once a man of pleasure and a votary of science. With a fair

share of talent and an inordinate one of self-conceit, he had pushed himself forward in his profession, applying himself, in conformity with the Parisian rage for *spécialités*, particularly to one class of complaint. The lungs were the organ he had taken under his special protection: his word was law in all cases of pulmonary disease. He was physician to an hospital, member of the Legion of Honour, and of innumerable learned societies; his portrait graced the shop-windows of medical booksellers, whilst his works, on maladies of the lungs, occupied a prominent place on their shelves. His patients were numerous and his fees large. So far the man of science. The man of pleasure occupied a gorgeous apartment in the vicinity of the *Madeleine*; gave smart and frequent soirées, (as one means of increasing his connexion,) where singers of the first water gave their notes in payment of his advice. He was frequently at the opera,—occasionally at the *Café de Paris*,—lived on bad terms with his wife, and on good ones with a ballet-dancer, and was in request as an attendant at duels amongst the young dandies of the clubs, with most of whom he was on a footing of familiarity amounting almost to intimacy.

"How am I wrong, doctor?" repeated de Mellay.

"In your prediction of Fatello's longevity. Of course it is of him you speak?"

"Of no other. What ails him?"

"He is dying of consumption," gravely replied Pilori.

The viscount laughed incredulously, and even Steinfeld could not restrain a smile, so little appearance was there of a consumptive habit in the robust frame, and coarse, rough physiognomy of the financier.

"Laugh if you please, young gentlemen," said the doctor. "It is no laughing matter for Monsieur Fatello, I can tell you. His life is not worth a year's purchase."

"You have been prescribing for him then, doctor," said Arthur maliciously.

"I have," said the physician, suffering the hit to pass unnoticed. "No longer ago than yesterday he consulted me for a trifling indisposition, and, in studying his idiosyncrasy,

I detected the graver disease. What do you think he called me in for? I ought not to tell these things, but the joke is too good to keep. He was annoyed about the blotches on his face—anxious for a clear complexion. In what strange places vanity finds a corner! Poor fellow! he little thinks how soon the worms will be at work upon his cuticle."

"You did not tell him, then?" said de Mellay, still doubtful of the doctor's sincerity, and with a sort of shudder at his dissecting-room style.

"What was the use? The seeds of decay are too deeply set to be eradicated by the resources of art. Although to a non-medical eye he presents little appearance of pulmonary derangement, the malady has already taken firm hold. Probably it is hereditary. It advances slowly but surely, and will not be turned aside. The forms of that terrible disease are many and various, from the *pulmonia fulminante* of Spain, and the *galloping consumption* of our island neighbours, to those more tedious varieties whose ravages extend over years, to kill as surely at last. But I do not tell you that I *shall* not inform M. Fatello of his condition. It is our duty to strive to the last, even when we have no hope but in a miracle. I shall see him to-morrow and break the matter to him."

"And send him to Italy or Madeira, I suppose," said Steinfeld, with an appearance of greater interest than he had previously taken in the conversation.

"What for? As well let him die in Paris, where he will at least have all the alleviations the resources of art and high civilisation can afford.

But enough of the subject. And you, young gentlemen, say nothing of what I have told you, or you will damage my reputation for discretion."

The rise of the curtain put a period to the conversation, and, before the act was over, a box-keeper delivered a letter to Dr Pilori, who, after reading it, rose with a certain air of importance and solicitude, and hurried out of the theatre,—his sortie provoking a smile amongst some of the habitual frequenters of the stalls, who were accustomed to see this manœuvre repeated with a frequency that gave it the air of an advertisement. The opera over, Steinfeld and de Mellay left the house together, and, whilst driving along the boulevard, the sentence of death pronounced so positively by Pilori upon Fatello, was the subject of their conversation. The viscount was incredulous, took it for a hoax, and would have amused the club by its repetition, and by a burlesque of Pilori's dogmatical and pompous tone, had not Steinfeld urged him to be silent on the subject, lest he should injure the indiscreet physician. Arthur promised to say nothing about it, and soon forgot the whole affair in the excitement of a *houillotte-table*. Steinfeld, equally reserved, neither forgot the doctor's prophecy, nor doubted the conviction that dictated it. De Mellay's gossip about the Fatellos had doubtless excited his curiosity, and given him a wish to know them,—for, two days afterwards, his elegant *coupé* drove into the court of their hotel, and a dandified secretary of legation presented, in due form, the Baron Ernest von Steinfeld to the wealthy financier and his handsome wife and sister.

CHAP. II.—THE MASQUERADE.

Three months had elapsed, and Paris was in full carnival. Since the beginning of the year, the town had been kept in a state of unusual excitement by the anticipation of a ball, for which the rich and fashionable Countess de M—— had issued invitations to her immense circle of friends and acquaintances. The position of the countess—who, herself the daugh-

ter of an illustrious house, and reckoning amongst her ancestors and their alliances more than one sovereign prince and constable of France, had married a man enriched and ennobled by Napoleon—gave her peculiar facilities for collecting around her all that was distinguished and fashionable in Paris, and for blending the various coteries into which political differences,

as much as pride of descent on the one hand, and pride of purse on the other, split the higher circles of Parisian society. Her invitations included stiff-necked legitimists from the dull but dignified streets of St Germain's faubourg, noble as a La Tremouille or a Montmorency, and still sulking against the monarchy of the 7th August; wealthy *parvenus* from the Chaussée d'Antin, military nobles of imperial fabrication, Russian princes, English lords, Spanish grandees, diplomatists by the dozen, and a prince or two of the reigning family. Under ordinary circumstances, Madame de M—— might have hesitated to bring together so heterogeneous an assemblage—to have mingled in the same saloons all these conflicting vanities, opinions, and prejudices; but the character of her entertainment removed the inconveniences of such confrontation. It was no ordinary ball or common-place rout of which the palatial mansion of the countess was upon this occasion to be the scene. She had conceived the bold idea of resuscitating, upon a large scale, an amusement which in Paris has long since degenerated into vulgar license and drunken saturnalia. Her entertainment was to be a masquerade, to which no one was to come with uncovered face or in ordinary costume. A mask and a disguise were as essential to obtain entrance, as was the ticket of admission sent to each individual invited, and which was to be delivered up at the door, accompanied by the holder's engraved visiting card. This precaution was to guard against the recurrence of an unpleasant incident that had occurred two years previously at a minor entertainment of similar character, when two ingenious professors of legerdemain, better known to the police than to the master of the house, found their way into the ball-room under the convenient covering of dominos, and departed, before their presence was discovered, carrying with them a varied assortment of watches, purses, and jewellery.

The night of the much talked-of fête had arrived; the tailors, milliners, and embroiderers, who, for a month past, had slaved in the service of the invited, had brought home the results of their labours: the fashionable hair-

dressers had had a hard day's work—some hundreds of wreaths and nose-gays, which in June would have been beautiful, and in January seemed miraculous, and whose aggregate cost was a comfortable year's income, had been composed by the tasteful fingers of the Parisian flower-girls. The hour was at hand, and many a fair bosom palpitated with pleasurable anticipations. The hotel of the rich Fatello, as the successful speculator was usually called, had its share of the bustle of preparation; but at last, knotty questions of costume were satisfactorily settled, and the ladies committed themselves to the hands of their tire-women. In his library sat Sigismund Fatello, opening a pile of notes and letters that had accumulated there since afternoon. Some he read and put carefully aside; to others he scarcely vouchsafed a glance; whilst a third class were placed apart for perusal at greater leisure. At last, he opened one by whose contents he was strangely moved, for, on reading them, he started and turned pale, as if stung by an adder. Passing his hand over his eyes, as though to clear his vision, he stood up and placed the paper in the very strongest glare of the powerful Carcel lamp illuminating the room. A second time he read, and his agitation visibly increased. Its cause was a small note, containing but four lines, written in a feigned hand. It was an anonymous letter, striking him in his most vulnerable point. Again and again he perused it, striving to recognise the handwriting, or conjecture the author. All his efforts were in vain. Once, inspired by his good genius, he crushed the treacherous paper in his hand, and approached the fire-place to destroy it in the flames. But, as he drew near the logs that glowed and crackled on the hearth, his pace became slower and slower, until he finally stood still, smoothed the crumpled paper, and once more devoured its contents. Then he walked several times up and down the apartment, with a hurried step. The three months that had elapsed since Arthur de Mellay and Baron Steinfeld had met in the stalls at the opera, had not passed over the head of Fatello without producing a certain change in his appear-

ance. He was thinner and paler, his eyes were more sunken, and a dark line was pencilled beneath them. The change, however, was not such as an indifferent person would notice; it might proceed from many causes—from mental labour, uneasiness, or grief, as well as from bodily disease—the idea of which latter was unlikely to enter the head of a careless observer of his massive frame and features, and of the general appearance of great muscular strength, still remarkable in the ill-favoured financier. Now, however, he was unusually pale and haggard. The letter he still held in his hand had worked upon him like a malevolent charm, hollowing his cheek and wrinkling his brow. For nearly half an hour he continued his monotonous walk, alternately slackening and accelerating his pace. At times he would come to a momentary halt, with the absent air of one absorbed in working out a puzzling problem. At last he opened a secretaire, touched a spring which made a secret drawer fly open, placed in this drawer the letter that had so greatly disturbed him, closed the desk, and, lighting a taper, took the direction of his wife's sitting-room, in the opposite wing of the hotel.

Madame Fatello and Mademoiselle Sebastiana Gonfalon were equipped for the ball and in readiness to depart. Between the two sisters, in whose ages there was a difference of two years, so strong a resemblance existed that they frequently were taken for twins. Exactly of the same stature, they had the same large dark eyes, abundant hair, and brown tint of skin, and the same mouth, not very small, but beautiful in form, and adorned with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Both had the grace and fascination for which their countrywomen are renowned. The chief difference between them was in expression. Catalina was the more serious of the two: her gravity sometimes verged upon sullenness, and this was especially observable since she had been compelled to a marriage repugnant to her feelings, but which she had lacked energy and courage to resist. Her father would have found it a far less easy task to force Sebastiana to a union opposed to her inclinations. As high-spirited as her sister was

irresolute, Mademoiselle Gonfalon was one of those persons whose obstinacy is increased by every attempt at coercion. Laughing and lively, amidst all her gay coquetties there still was a decision in her classically moulded chin and slightly compressed lip, and a something clandestine but resolute in her eye, which a physiognomist would have interpreted as denoting a degree of intelligence and a passionate strength of character denied by nature to her feebler sister. Upon this evening, however, it might have been thought the two young women had exchanged characters. Sebastiana, in general all smiles and sprightliness, was thoughtful and preoccupied, almost anxious; whilst the listless and melancholy Catalina had an unusual appearance of gaiety and animation. Her cheek was flushed, her eyes were brilliant, and she looked repeatedly at a jewelled bijou-watch, as though she would fain have advanced the hour at which she could with propriety make her entrance into Madame de M——'s saloons.

The door opened and Fatello came in. By a powerful exertion of that self-command which he possessed in no ordinary degree, he had banished from his countenance nearly every trace of recent agitation. He was perhaps a shade paler than usual, but his brow was unclouded, and his uncouth countenance was lighted up by the most agreeable smile it could assume.

"So, ladies," he said, with a liveliness that sat but clumsily upon him; "you are armed for conquest. Accept my compliments on the excellent taste of your costumes. They are really charming. If you are detected, it will hardly be by your dress. Those loose robes and that convenient cowl are the best possible disguises."

"All the better!" cried Sebastiana. "Nothing like the dear black domino, under which you can be impertinent as you like, with scarce a possibility of discovery. There will be fifty such dresses as ours in the room."

"No doubt of it," replied her brother-in-law, thoughtfully. And his piercing green-gray eye scanned the dominos that shrouded the graceful figures of his wife and her sister.

They were of plain black satin ; but the art of the maker had contrived to impart elegance to the costume which, of all others, generally possesses it the least. The two dresses were exactly alike, except that Catalina's was tied at the wrists with lilac ribbons, whilst nothing broke the uniform blackness of her sister's garb. Black gloves and masks, and two bouquets of choice exotics, the masterpieces of the celebrated bouquetière of the Madeleine boulevard, completed the ladies' equipment.

"I am sorry," said Fatello, "to deny myself the pleasure of accompanying you to the Countess's fête; but I am behindhand with my correspondence, and have received important letters, which I must answer by the morning's post. My night, a part of it at least, will be passed at the desk instead of in the ball-room."

There was nothing in this announcement to excite surprise; the tone and manner in which it was made were perfectly natural; but, nevertheless, Sebastiana Gonfalon darted a keen quick glance at her brother-in-law, as though seeking in his words a double meaning or disguised purpose. Madame Fatello showed neither surprise nor disappointment, but, approaching a table, she took from a costly basket of gold filagree, overflowing with cards and invitations, an envelope containing three tickets for the masquerade. Selecting two of them, she threw the third into the basket, and again looked at her watch. At that moment the door opened, and her carriage was announced.

"Come, Sebastiana," said Madame Fatello, impatiently. "Good-night, M. Fatello." And, with a slight bow to her husband, she passed into the ante-room.

"Good-night, Sigismund," said Sebastiana. "Change your mind and follow us."

"Impossible," said Fatello, with the same smiling countenance as before.

Sebastiana followed her sister. Fatello lingered a few moments in the drawing-room, and then returned to his study. As he entered, he heard the roll of the carriage-wheels driving out of the court.

The masquerade given by the Countess de M—— was that kind of magnificent and extraordinary entertainment which forms the event of the year in which it occurs; which is long held up as a pattern to gala-givers, and as marking a red-letter epoch in the annals of fashion and pleasure. Nothing was spared to make it in all respects perfect. An entire floor of the Countess's vast mansion had been cleared, for the occasion, of all superfluous furniture; three splendid saloons were appropriated to dancing; two others, equally spacious, to refreshments. In these, the appetites of the guests had been richly catered for. One was the coffee-house, the other the *restaurant*. In the former, on a multitude of small marble tables, a regiment of attentive waiters served ices and sherbets, wine and chocolate, coffee and liqueurs. In the latter, tables were laid for supper, and upon each of them lay a printed bill of fare, where the hungry made their selection from a list of the most delicate dishes, whose appearance followed the order with a celerity that would have done honour to the best-appointed hotel in Paris. A long, wide gallery, and some smaller rooms, were used as a promenade, where the company freely circulated. In a music-hall, a strong party of professional singers kept up an unceasing concert for the entertainment of all comers; and in a chamber fitted up as a tent, an Italian juggler, with peaked beard, and in antique costume of black velvet, performed tricks of extraordinary novelty and ingenuity. Every part and corner of this magnificent suite of apartments was lighted a *giorno*, draped with coloured silks and muslins, and enlivened by a profusion of tall mirrors, multiplying tenfold the fantastical figures of the maskers and the flame of the countless *bougies*. Many hundreds of porcelain vases, containing the choicest plants, forced prematurely into flower, and all remarkable for brilliancy of colour or fragrance of perfume, lined the broad corridors and the recesses of the windows, which latter were further filled by admirably executed transparencies, forming a series of views from the Italian lakes. The whole resembled a

scene from Fairyland, or an enchanted palace, raised by the wand of some benevolent gnome for the delectation of the sons and daughters of mortality. If the entertainment was of unparalleled magnificence, the appearance of the guests did it no discredit. Tasteful and ingeniously devised costumes crowded the apartments; history and romance had been ransacked for characters; the most costly materials had been lavishly employed in the composition of dresses for that one night's diversion. All was glitter of jewels, wave of plumes, and rustle of rich brocades. In diamonds alone, an emperor's ransom was displayed; and more than one fair masker bore upon her neck and arms, and graceful head, the annual revenue of half-a-dozen German princes.

As Sebastiana had predicted, there was a considerable sprinkling of dominos amongst the motley throng; and as usual, of those who had selected that dress, more favourable to concealment and intrigue than to display of personal graces or costly ornaments, at least one half had preferred black to any other colour. These latter seemed the subject of the particular attention of one of their number, who, soon after twelve o'clock, made his appearance in the ball-room. Impatience to share in the much-talked-of fête, had rendered the invited punctual; by that hour nearly all had arrived, and in such numbers that the rooms, though so large and numerous, were crowded at least as much as was convenient and consistent with circulation. Hence the black domino was frequently impeded in the rapid movements he commenced whenever one of his own species—that is to say, a domino of the same colour—caught his eye, movements which had for their object to meet or overtake the person of garb similar to his own. On such occasions, so great was his impatience, that in a public ball-room he would surely have incurred a quarrel by the somewhat too vigorous use he made of his elbows. But Madame de M——'s well-bred guests merely shrugged their shoulders, and wondered who the *manant* could be who thus imported into their élite society the unceremonious usages of an opera-house masquerade.

The black domino heeded not their mute wonderment, nor cared for the unfavourable impression he might leave upon the ribs and the minds of those he jostled. He was evidently looking for somebody, and however discouraging the task of seeking one particular black domino in a crowded masquerade, where there were two or three score of them, he persevered, in spite of repeated disappointments. At last it seemed as if success had rewarded his constancy. With the suddenness and certainty of a well-broken pointer, he came to a dead stop at sight of a black satin domino leaning on the arm of an elegant Hungarian hussar. To the steps of this couple he thenceforward attached himself. Whithersoever they went, he followed, keeping at sufficient distance to prevent their noticing his pursuit; regulating his pace by theirs, but occasionally accelerating it so as to pass them, and lingering for a second when close at their side, as if trying to distinguish the tones of their voices, or to catch a few words of their discourse. Whilst thus engaged, he did not observe that he had himself become an object of attention to a third black domino, who, previously to him, had been dogging, but at greater distance, and with still more precaution than he observed, the steps of the hussar and his companion. The curiosity and caution of domino No. 3, appeared to receive fresh stimulus from the apparition of a rival observer, over whose movements he kept careful watch, but from afar, and concealed as much as possible amongst the crowd, somewhat after the fashion in which the Red Indian observes, from his shelter amidst the trees of the forest, the movements of the hunter, who himself watches from an ambush the course of a herd of deer.

The only portion of the apartments thrown open to the maskers that was not rendered light as day by a profusion of wax candles, was a vast conservatory, the entrance to which was through two large French windows, opening out of one of the dancing rooms. Paved with a mosaic of divers-coloured marbles and fanciful device, it contained a choice collection of exotics and evergreens, of such remarkable size and beauty, that the topmost leaves of many of them rustled against

the elevated glass roof. These trees and shrubs were so arranged as to form a sort of miniature labyrinth, upon whose paths a mild light was thrown by lamps of coloured glass suspended to the branches. This illumination, although ample to guide the steps of the promenaders between the verdant and flowering hedges, seemed but a twilight, from its contrast with the broad glare of the adjoining apartments. The change from a strong to a subdued light had been purposely contrived by the judicious arrangers of the fête, as a relief for eyes wearied by the brilliancy of the ball-room. As yet, however, few persons seemed eager for the transition, and the conservatory was little resorted to except at the close of a dance, when its comparatively fresh atmosphere was gladly sought.

Quadrilles had just commenced in all the dancing-rooms, when the Hungarian hussar and his domino, making their way slowly and with some difficulty in rear of the dancers, took refuge in the conservatory from the din of music and pressure of the crowd. They were evidently so absorbed in their conversation, so much alone in the midst of the multitude, that their eternal pursuer ventured unusually near to them, and was close at their heels when they passed through the glass door. Then, instead of continuing to follow them, he struck into another path, which ran nearly parallel to the one they took. On reaching a circle of beautiful arbutus, whose white bells and bright strawberries gleamed like pearls and blood-drops in the light of the purple lamps that hung amongst them, the hussar and his companion paused beside a porphyry basin, supported by a scabured pedestal of the same material. For a few moments they stood silent, gazing at the gold-fish that swam their monotonous circle in the basin; and at the little fountain that spouted up in its centre. Then, leaning upon the edge of the vase, they resumed their conversation in tones less guarded than before, for here they might almost consider themselves alone—the few groups and couples sauntering in the conservatory being too much engrossed in their own discourse to heed that of others. The Hungarian removed his mask, still,

however, holding it ready to apply to his face in case of intrusion; whilst the domino contented herself with raising the silken beard of hers, to allow the musical tones proceeding from a pair of rosy and youthful lips to fall more clearly upon her companion's ear. Thus they continued a conversation apparently of deep interest to both, and which they suspended only when some passing party of masks lingered for an instant beside the fountain, until the end of the quadrille brought a throng of dancers into the conservatory. Then they left the place, and sauntered back into the ball-room.

Meanwhile the third domino watched the conservatory doors with a lynx-eyed vigilance worthy a pupil of the celebrated Vidocq. Although the loose black dress might have covered either a short man or a woman of the middle stature, the delicacy of the gloved fingers, and of the tiny foot that peeped from below its border, left little doubt as to the sex of its wearer. From a convenient position on the steps leading up to an orchestra, the fringe of her mask confined by her hand, so as to prohibit even a glimpse of her ivory chin, she subjected to a rigid scrutiny all who issued from the conservatory. Suddenly, from the door nearest to her, the hussar and his companion made their appearance, and, as they passed, she shrouded herself behind the portly figure and sumptuous embroideries of a Venetian doge. Then she resumed her watch, and a minute had not elapsed when she saw the tall black domino, whom she had observed during the evening, re-enter the dancing-room and make his way as fast as the crowd would allow him to the nearest door of exit, with a hurried and irregular step, hardly to be explained otherwise than by sudden illness or violent emotion. She followed him to the head of the staircase, down which he rushed, disappearing at its foot through the crowd of lackeys in the hall. Having seen this, she re-entered the ball-room, sought out the hussar and his companion, and soon afterwards was whirling with the former in the giddy circles of a waltz.

Some hours later, as the Hungarian retired from the ball, almost borne

along in the dense stream of masks that now flowed through the rooms, he felt a momentary pressure of his hand. A paper remained in its palm, upon which his fingers mechanically closed. Amidst the ever-moving throng it was impossible to detect the person from whom he had received it. By this time a large portion of the company, oppressed by the heat, had unmasked, but he knew none of the faces he saw around him, whilst of those who had preserved their vizards he could fix on none as object of suspicion. So soon as he could extricate himself from the crowd, he unfolded the paper. It contained the following

mysterious words, hastily scrawled with a pencil :—

“One whom you think asleep wakes and watches. He is here; has followed and overheard you, and will seek revenge. Be prepared. Proof is difficult: denial may be safety. Adopt it at all risks. Masked, the sisters are undistinguishable. Credit this warning from a sincere friend.”

Thrice the Hungarian perused this mysterious billet; and then, thrusting it into the breast of his richly braided jacket, slowly left the house.

CHAP. III.—THE ACCUSATION.

The house selected by Baron Ernest von Steinfeld, wherein to pass what might possibly be his last season in Paris, was situated in the Rue St Lazare. It was one of those buildings, of frequent occurrence in modern Parisian architecture, which seem intended to gratify the taste of such persons as prefer the English fashion of occupying an entire house, to the French one of dwelling upon a floor. At the bottom of a paved court-yard, around three sides of which was built a large mansion containing many tenants, stood one of those edifices known in French parlance as pavilions—not that they possess a dome, resemble a tent, or, for the most part, have any of the qualities of a summer-house, but because, in Paris, the term “house” is grudgingly bestowed upon a building of less than five stories and thirty or forty rooms. This pavilion had but three stories and a dozen rooms; it was a particularly complete and independent habitation, standing well back from the body of the house, under whose number it was included, and of which, although detached, it was considered to form part; and having two entrances, one through the court, the other from a lane running at right angles with the street. The ground-floor contained, besides a light and commodious vestibule and servant’s offices, only one apartment, a handsome dining-room, in which, however, it was impossible, for three

quarters of the year, to dine without lamps—the daylight admitted by its one broad window being greatly limited by the walls of a nook of garden, and by the impending branches of a laburnum and acacia, which mingled their boughs in affectionate union, twin lords of a square yard of grass, and of a fathom’s length of flower-bed, and in the spring-time rejoiced the inmates of the pavilion with the odorous rustle of their yellow clusters and rose-coloured blossoms. The first floor contained two pleasant drawing-rooms and a boudoir; the second, bath, bed, and dressing rooms. The roof, flat and surrounded by a parapet, commanded a view over the adjacent gardens of an extensive bathing establishment and *maison de santé*, and was no unpleasant resort, on a fine day, for persons desirous to inhale the fresh air, or to scent it with the fumes of Havana’s weed. This pavilion, described by the *Petites Affiches* as *fraîchement décoré*—the said decoration consisting in fresh paint and paper, and in a profusion of that cheerful French luxury, large and excellent mirrors—was rented for six months by Baron Steinfeld, who had hired, for the same period, from a fashionable upholsterer—for a sum which would almost have furnished the house permanently in a plainer manner—a complete set of furniture, against whose perfect elegance and good taste not a syllable could be

breathed. His establishment was as correct as his residence. It consisted, in the first place, of a French cook, with whose sauces Arthur de Mellay had repeatedly expressed his willingness to eat a fragment of his father; which offer—considering the worthy count had been a guardsman in the time of Louis XVI., and, consequently, was neither young nor tender—was certainly a high testimonial to the merits of sauce and cook. Then came an Italian valet, quite as skilful a personage in his way as the professor of gastronomic science—speaking three or four languages, accumulating in his own individuality the knowledge and acquirements of a legion of hairdressers, tailors, perfumers, and the like—thoroughly versed in the arcana of the toilet, a secretary in case of need, and a perfect Mercury in matters of intrigue. The third person of Steinfeld's household, the last, and also by much the least—physically speaking, that is to say, but by no means in his own estimation—was one of those miniature tigers, (copied from the English, and essential appendages to the establishment of a Paris lion,) who look as if they had been subjected to that curious Chinese process by which lofty shrubs and forest trees are stunted to dimensions that permit the plantation of a grove in a flower-pot—wizen-faced, top-booted abortions, uniting the mischief and the proportions of a monkey, and frightfully precocious in every species of villany. The house also contained, during the day, an old Frenchwoman, of a species indigenous and confined to Paris—the patient butt of the cook's ill-humours and of the groom's pranks, with bearded chin and slipshod feet, and willing for any sort of dirty work, from the scouring of a kettle to the administration of the remedy renowned in French pharmacy.

It was an hour past noon on the day succeeding the Countess of M——'s masquerade, and Steinfeld sat alone at breakfast. It were more correct to say that he sat at the breakfast table; for the savoury meal before him was still untasted, and he seemed in no haste to attack it. In vain the green oysters from Ostend lay invitingly open, and one of

Chévet's pies displayed, through a triangular aperture in its crust, the tender tints of an exquisite *foie-gras*—the result of the martyrdom of some unhappy Strasburg duck; in vain, a fragrant steam of truffles oozed from beneath the covers of two silver dishes, fresh from the laboratory of Macedoine the cook, and mingled its odours with the flowery aroma of a bottle of Sauterne, from which Rufini the valet had just extracted the long yellow-sealed cork. Apparently, none of these creature-comforts dwelt in the desires of the baron, who sat sideways to the table, his chin resting on his hand, gazing upon vacancy with an intenseness bespeaking deep pre-occupation. One acquainted with Steinfeld's circumstances would have hesitated little in conjecturing the nature of the unpleasant reflections in which he seemed absorbed. They might very well have for motive the unprosperous state of his exchequer, the heavy incumbrances weighing upon the hereditary acres, the approaching decease of that convenient but fickle ally, on whose succour half the world exist, and whose name is Credit. The baron had been any thing but a prudent man. Too careless of the future, he had neglected fortune when she offered herself to his embrace; and now she revenged herself by averting her countenance. Of high descent and fair estate, handsome person and fascinating manners, for some years Steinfeld might have aspired to the hand of almost any heiress in Vienna or Paris. Numerous were the matrimonial overtures that had been more or less directly made to him, at a time when, in love with his bachelorhood, and celebrated for his *bonnes fortunes*, he looked upon the bonds of Hymen as the most oppressive of fetters, intolerable even when sheathed in gold. The match-makers, repulsed without exception, at last renounced all further attempts upon the hand of the handsome Austrian—as Steinfeld was generally called in Paris—and declared him an incorrigible partisan of celibacy. To the unmolested enjoyment of his bachelor bliss the baron was for some years left, until one morning he awoke to the disagreeable consciousness that profuse expenditure had

done—its work, and that ruin or a rich marriage were the only alternatives left him. He was fully alive to the difficulties placed in the way of the latter by the change in his circumstances. His ancient name and personal advantages remained, but his fair estate was in the hands of the harpies; and however disposed romantic young ladies might be to overlook this misfortune, prudent papas would deem it a serious stumbling-block. Then it was that, roused by horrid visions of approaching poverty from his usual state of happy *insouciance*, the baron gathered together the relics of his past opulence, squeezed and exhausted every remaining resource, and, assuming a bold front against bad fortune, returned to Paris, with much the feelings of the soldier who screws up all his energies to conquer or to die. It was no apprehension, however, as to the result of this final struggle—no nervous trepidation arising from the imminence of his situation, that now clouded Steinfeld's brow and spoiled his appetite. On the contrary, he deemed victory secure, and beheld himself, in no remote perspective, emerging triumphantly from his difficulties, even as a snake, casting its shabby skin, reappears in glittering scales of gold. He had not wasted the three months he had passed in Paris, and was well satisfied with the result of his exertions. His present uneasiness had a different origin—one similar to the cause by which, some fifteen hours previously, we saw Sigismund Fatello so deeply moved. The baron turned and twisted in his hand a letter, to whose contents he again and again recurred, pondering them intently. Like that received by the banker, the billet was anonymous; like his, it contained but three or four lines; but, despite its brevity and want of authenticity, it proved, on the part of the writer, whoever that might be, an acquaintance with the baron's most important secret, that did not fail greatly to disquiet him. Who had thus detected what he deemed so surely concealed? He strained his eyes and memory, in vain endeavouring to recognise the handwriting; and, more than once, fancying he had done so, he

fetches notes and letters from a desk in the adjoining boudoir, to compare them with the anonymous epistle. But the comparison always dissipated his suspicion. Then, taking a pen, and a diminutive sheet of amber-scented paper, he began a note, but tore the paper after writing only three words, and threw the fragments impatiently into the fire. Just then the pavilion bell rang loudly; the next minute there was a knock at the room door, and Celestin the tiger made his appearance, bearing a card inscribed with the name of M. Sigismund Fatello, and an inquiry whether Monsieur le Baron was at home and visible.

On reading the banker's name, Steinfeld made a slight and sudden movement, almost amounting to a start, but, instantly recovering himself, he bade his groom show the visitor up stairs. At the same time he hastily seated himself, ordered Rufini to take off the covers, poured some wine into a glass, and helped himself from the first dish that came to hand; so that when Fatello, ushered in by the groom, entered the apartment, he had all the appearance of one whose whole faculties were concentrated, for the time being, in the enjoyment of an excellent meal. Rising from his chair, with an air of jovial cordiality, he hastened to welcome the banker.

"An unexpected pleasure, my dear Fatello," said he. "What favourable chance procures me so early a visit? You are come to breakfast, I hope. Rufini, a knife and fork for M. Fatello."

"I have breakfasted, M. le Baron," replied Fatello, with a dryness amounting almost to incivility. "If my call is untimely, my business is pressing—and private," he added, with a glance at the Italian, who stood in respectful immobility behind his master's chair.

"Leave the room, Rufini," said Steinfeld.

The well-drilled valet bowed in silence, and glided noiselessly from the apartment.

"Now then, my good friend," said the Austrian, in the same gay off-hand tone as before, "I am all ear and attention. What is up? Nothing bad, I hope; nothing so serious as to

spoil my appetite. I have heard a proverb condemning discourse between a full man and a hungry one."

Fatello made no immediate reply. There was something very peculiar in his aspect. His lips were pale and compressed, and his brows slightly knit. He seemed constraining himself to silence until he felt he could speak calmly on a subject which roused anger and indignation in his breast. Whilst seemingly engrossed by his breakfast, Steinfeld lost not a look or motion of his visitor's, not a line of his physiognomy, or a glance of his small piercing eye. And the baron, notwithstanding his assumed careless levity of manner, did not feel altogether at his ease.

"You have not turned conspirator, I hope," said he, when Fatello, after a short but awkward pause, still remained silent. "No Henri-quinist plot, or plan to restore the glorious days of the guillotine and the Goddess of Liberty? No, no; a Crusus of your calibre, my dear Fatello, would not mix in such matters. Your plotters are hungry dogs, with more debts than ducats. Talking of hunger—I am grieved you have breakfasted. This mushroom omelet does honour to Macedoine."

The baron would have talked on,—for at that moment any sort of babble seemed to him preferable to silence. But Fatello, who had not heard a word he had said, suddenly rose from his seat, rested his hands upon the table, and leaning forward, with eyes sternly fixed upon Steinfeld, uttered these remarkable words, in tones rendered harsh and grating by the effort that made them calm:

"Monsieur le Baron de Steinfeld, you are courting my wife!"

The most expert physiognomist would have failed to detect upon the countenance of the ex-diplomatist any other expression than one of profound astonishment, tinged by that glow of indignation an innocent man would be likely to feel at an unfounded accusation, abruptly and brutally brought. After sustaining for a few seconds Fatello's fixed and angry gaze, his features relaxed into a slightly contemptuous smile.

"The jest is surely in questionable taste, my dear M. Fatello. And the

severity of your countenance might alarm a man with a conscience less clear than mine."

"I jest not, sir, with my honour and happiness," retorted Fatello, with a rude fierceness that brought a flush to the baron's cheek—a flame of anger which the next moment, however, dispelled.

"Then, my dear M. Fatello," said Steinfeld, "since, instead of a bad jest, you mean sober earnest, I can only say you are grossly misinformed, and that your suspicions are as injurious to Madame Fatello, as your manner of expressing them is insulting to myself."

"I have no suspicions," replied Fatello, "but a certainty."

"Impossible!" said the baron. "Name my accuser. He shall account for the base calumny."

"He desires no better," replied Fatello, sternly. "I myself accuse you. No slanderous tongues, but my own ears, are evidence against you. And yourself, sir, shall confess what you now so stubbornly deny. You were at last night's masquerade."

"I was so."

"In hussar uniform—crimson vest and white pelisse."

Steinfeld bowed assent. "The uniform of the regiment to which I formerly belonged."

"A black domino was on your arm."

"*Ma foi!*" cried the baron, with a laugh that sounded rather forced, "if you demand an account of all the masks I walked and danced with, I shall hardly be able to satisfy you. Dominos there were, doubtless; and, of all colours, black amongst the rest."

"You equivocate, sir," said Fatello, angrily. "I will aid your memory. The domino I mean was your companion early in the night. The domino I mean danced once with you, (a waltz,) and afterwards walked with you through the rooms, in deep conversation. The domino I mean stood with you for more than ten minutes beside the fountain in the conservatory. The domino I mean was my wife; and you, Baron Steinfeld, are a villain!"

During this singular conversation Steinfeld had sat, leaning back in his

large elbow-chair, in an attitude of easy indifference—one slippers foot thrown carelessly over the other, and his hands thrust into the pockets of his damask dressing-gown. On receiving this last outrageous insult, his lip blanched with passion, his whole person quivered as with an electric shock, and he half rose from his semi-recumbent position. But the baron was a man of vast self-command; one of those cool-headed cool-hearted egotists who rarely act upon impulse, or compromise their interests by ill-timed impetuosity. The first choleric movement, prompting him to throw Fatello down stairs, was checked with wonderful promptitude, and with little appearance of effort. In reality, however, the effort was a violent one. As a soldier at the triangles bites a bullet with the rage of pain, so Steinfeld clenched his hands till the strong sharp nails almost cut into the palm. As he did so, a paper in his pocket rustled against his knuckles. It was the note so mysteriously conveyed to him at the masquerade, and which he had been pondering when Fatello was announced. To one so quick-witted, the mere touch of the paper was as suggestive as a volume of sage counsels. In an instant every sign of annoyance disappeared from his features; he rose quietly from his seat, and with easy dignity and an urbane countenance, confronted Fatello, who stood gloomy and lowering before the fire.

"I see, M. Fatello," he said, "that you are bent upon our cutting each other's throats; but, strange as it may seem, after the terms you have employed, I still hope to avert the unpleasant necessity. For one moment moderate your language, and give me time for brief explanation. If I rightly understand you, it is from your own observations you thus accuse me; and I presume you did me the honour of a personal surveillance at last night's ball?"

Fatello, his violence checked for the moment from further outbreak by the baron's courtesy and coolness, made a gesture of sullen assent.

"And that you overheard a part, but not the whole, of my conversation with the black domino in question?"

"I heard enough, and too much,"

replied Fatello, with a savage scowl at his interlocutor. "This is idle talk, mere gain of time. Baron Steinfeld!" cried the banker, in a voice that again rose high above its usual pitch, "you are —"

"Stop!" interrupted Steinfeld, speaking very quickly, but with an extraordinary and commanding calmness, which again had its effect. "Descend not to invective, M. Fatello. There is always time for violence. Hear reason. You are in error, an error easily explained. I certainly saw Madame Fatello at the ball, saw and spoke with her—patience, sir, and hear me! But the domino, of my conversation with whom you heard a part, was *not* Madame Fatello, but Mademoiselle Gonfalon. You take little interest in the frivolities of a masquerade, and are possibly unaware that the two ladies' dresses were exactly similar. You can have heard our conversation but imperfectly, or you would not have wronged me by this suspicion."

Whilst uttering these last sentences, Steinfeld redoubled the keenness of the scrutiny with which he regarded the banker's uncomely and agitated physiognomy. But although piquing himself, as a former diplomatist, on skill in reading men's thoughts through their faces, he was unable to decipher the expression of Fatello's countenance on receiving this plausible explanation of the error into which he had been led by the sisters' identity of costume. As he proceeded with it, the banker's lips, slightly parting, gave his face an air of stupefied wonderment, in addition to its previously inflamed and angry aspect. When Steinfeld concluded an explanation uttered with every appearance of sincerity and candour, and in that flexible and affable tone which, when he chose to employ it, imparted to his words a peculiarly seductive and persuasive charm, Fatello's lips were again firmly closed, and curled with a curious and inexplicable smile. This faded away; he struck his left hand against his forehead, and remained for some moments plunged in thought, as if he hastily retraced in his memory what he had heard the night before, to see how it tallied with the explanation just given him. Thus, at least,

Steinfeld interpreted his manner; and although the Austrian's countenance preserved its serenity, his heart throbbed violently against his ribs during the banker's brief cogitation. The result of this was evidently satisfactory to Fatello, from whose brow, when his hand again dropped by his side, the lowering cloud had disappeared, replaced by affability and regret.

"I see," he said, with better grace than might have been expected from him, and taking a step towards Steinfeld, "that nothing remains for me but to implore your pardon, baron, for my unwarrantable suspicions, and for the harsh and unbecoming expressions into which they betrayed me. Jealousy is an evil counsellor, and blinds to the simplest truths. I scarce dare hope you will forgive my intemperate conduct, without exacting the hostile meeting for which I was just now as eager as I at present am to avoid it. If you insist, I must not refuse, but I give you my word that if I have a duel with you to-day, nothing shall induce me to depart from the defensive."

"I should be unreasonable," replied Steinfeld graciously, "if I exacted ampler satisfaction than this handsome apology, for what, after all, was no unnatural misconception. Ten years ago, I might have been more punctilious, but after three or four encounters of the kind, a duel avoided, when its real motive is removed, is a credit to a man's good sense, and no slur upon his courage."

"No one will ever attack yours, my dear baron," said Fatello. "I only hope you will always keep what has passed between us this morning as profound a secret as I, for my own sake, certainly shall do. I am by no means disposed to boast of my part in the affair."

Steinfeld bowed politely, and the two men exchanged, with smiles upon their faces, a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Out of evil cometh good," said the banker sententiously, subsiding upon the silken cushions of a *causeuse* that extended its arms invitingly at the chimney-corner. "I am delighted to find that the leaden bullet I anticipated exchanging with you is likely to be converted into a golden ring,

establishing so near a connexion between us as to render our fighting a duel one of the least probable things in the world. My dear baron, I shall rejoice to call you brother-in-law."

"It would be a great honour for me," replied Steinfeld, "but you overrate the probability of my enjoying it. Nothing has passed between Mademoiselle Gonfalon and myself to warrant my reckoning on her preference."

"Tush, tush! baron," said Fatello, apparently not heeding, or not noticing the somewhat supercilious turn of Steinfeld's phrases, "you forget the new and not very creditable occupation to which the demons of jealousy and suspicion last night condemned me. You forget that I tracked you in the promenade, and lay in ambush by the fountain, or you would hardly put me off with such tales as these."

The baron winced imperceptibly on being thus reminded how closely his movements had been watched.

"You are evidently new at the profession of a scout," said he jestingly, "or you would have caught more correctly my conversation with your amiable sister-in-law. Mademoiselle Gonfalon is a charming person; the mask gives a certain license to flirtation, and a partial hearing of what passed between us has evidently misled you as to its precise import."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Fatello, with an odd laugh—"I heard better than you think, I assure you; and what I did hear quite satisfied me that you are a smitten man, and that Sebastiana is well disposed to favour your suit."

"I must again protest," said Steinfeld, expressing himself with some embarrassment, "that the thought of becoming Mademoiselle Gonfalon's husband, great as the honour would be, has never yet been seriously entertained by me; and that, however you may have been misled by the snatches of our conversation you overheard, nothing ever passed between us exceeding the limits of allowable flirtation—the not unnatural consequence of Mademoiselle Sebastiana's fascinating vivacity, and of the agreeable footing of intimacy on which, for the last three months, I have found admittance at your hospitable house."

Sigismund Fatello preserved, whilst the baron waded through the intricacies of his artificial and complicated denial, a half-smile of polite but total incredulity.

"My dear baron," said he, gravely, when Steinfeld at last paused, "I am sure you are too honourable a man to trifle with the affections of any woman. I know you as the very opposite character to those heartless and despicable male coquets, who ensnare susceptible hearts for the cruel pleasure of bruising or breaking them, and sacrifice, in their vile egotism, the happiness of others to the indulgence of a paltry vanity. I detect the motives of your present reserve, and, believe me, I appreciate their delicacy. Rumour, that eternal and impertinent gossip, has asserted that Baron Ernest von Steinfeld has impaired, by his open hand and pursuit of pleasure, the heritage of his forefathers. I do not mean that this has become matter of common report; but we bankers have opportunities of knowing many things, and can often read in our bill-books and ledgers the histories of families and individuals. In short, it is little matter how I know that your affairs, my dear baron, are less flourishing than they might be, or than you could wish. But this, after all, is an unimportant matter. The dirty acres are still there—the Schloss Steinfeld still stands firm upon its foundation, and though there be a bit of a mortgage on the domain, and some trouble with refractory Jews, it is nothing, I am sure, but what a clear head, and a little ready cash, will easily dispose of."

It was natural to suppose that a lover, whose position on the brink of ruin made him scruple to ask the hand of his mistress of her nearest male relative and protector, and who found his embarrassments suddenly smoothed over and made light of by the very person who might be expected to exaggerate them, would be the last man to place fresh stumbling-blocks on the path to happiness thus unexpectedly cleared before him. Steinfeld, however, appeared little disposed to chime in with the banker's emollient view of his disastrous financial position. With an eagerness that bespoke either the most honourable punctiliousness, or

very little anxiety to become the husband of Mademoiselle Gonfalon, he set Fatello right.

"I heartily wish," said he, "matters were no worse than you suppose. You quite underrate my real embarrassments. My estate is mine only nominally; not a farthing it produces comes into my pocket; the very castle and its furniture are pledged; some houses in Vienna, and a few thousand florins of Austrian *rentes*, derived from my mother, melted away years ago; I am deeply in debt, and harassed on all sides by duns and extortioners. I calculated my liabilities the other day—why, I know not, for I have no chance of clearing them—and I found it would require three hundred thousand florins to release my lands and pay my debts. You see, my dear M. Fatello, I am not a very likely match for an heiress."

Fatello had listened with profound attention to the insolvent balance-sheet exhibited by the baron.

"Three hundred thousand florins—six hundred thousand francs," said he, musingly—"allowing for usury and overcharges, might doubtless be got rid of for a hundred thousand less. Well, baron, when Sebastiana marries, she will have more than that tacked to her apron. Her father left her something like half a million, and I have not let the money lie idle. She is a richer woman, by some thousand louis d'ors, than she was at his death. I don't carry her account in my head, but I daresay her fortune would clear your lands, and leave a nice nest-egg besides. And although she certainly might find a husband in better plight as regards money matters, yet, as you are so much attached to each other, and happiness, after all, is before gold, I shall make no difficulties. I noticed the girl was absent and sentimental of late, but never guessed the real cause. Ah, baron! you fascinating dogs have much to answer for!"

Whilst Fatello thus ran on, with, as usual, more bluntness than good breeding, Steinfeld was evidently on thorns; and at the first appearance of a pause in the banker's discourse, he impatiently struck in.

"I must beg your attention, M. Fatello," said he, "whilst I repeat

what you evidently have imperfectly understood—that it has never entered my head to gain Mademoiselle Gonfalon's affections, and that I have no reason to believe I should succeed in the attempt. I again repeat that nothing but the most innocent and unimportant flirtation has passed between us. I am deeply sensible of your kind intentions—grateful for your generous willingness to overlook my unfortunate circumstances, and to promote my marriage with your sister-in-law; but, flattering and advantageous as such a union would be to me, I am not certain it would lead to that happiness which you justly deem preferable to wealth. I doubt whether my disposition and that of Mademoiselle Sebastiana would exactly harmonise. Moreover, necessitous though I am, it goes against my pride to owe every thing to my wife. It would pain me to see her dowry swallowed up by my debts. Let us drop the subject, I entreat you. To-morrow you will appreciate and rejoice at my hesitation. I fully comprehend the generous impulse that prompts you. Having done me an injustice, you would compensate me beyond my merits. Thanks, my good friend: but, believe me, if happiness resides not in wealth, neither is it found in hasty or ill-assorted unions. And, to tell you the truth, however politic a rich marriage might be in the present critical state of my affairs, I long ago made a vow against matrimony, which I still hesitate to break."

"You are the best judge of your own motives," said Fatello, stiffly, "but you quite misconstrue mine. It never entered my head to view you as a victim, or to think myself called upon to atone, by providing you with a rich and handsome wife, for the jealousy you so successfully proved groundless. Such compensation would be excessive for so slight an injury. No, no, baron—you have quite mistaken me. As the nearest connexion and natural guardian of Mademoiselle Gonfalon, it is my duty to watch over her, and not to allow her feelings to be trifled with. For some time past, I have suspected her affections were engaged, but it never occurred to me they were fixed upon you. Well—last night I go to a ball, and, actu-

ated by suspicions to which it is unnecessary to recur, I listen to your conversation with my sister-in-law. To a plain man like myself, it bore but one interpretation—that you have sought and won her heart. You deny this, and assert your language to have been that of common gallantry and compliment, such as may be addressed to any woman without her inferring serious intentions. Here, then, we are gravely at issue. You maintain my ears deceived me; I persist in crediting their evidence. Fortunately, an arbiter is easily found. I shall now return home, see my sister-in-law, and confess to her my caves-dropping, keeping its real motive and my visit to you profoundly secret. From her I shall learn how matters really stand. If her account agree with Baron Steinfeld's, I shall evermore mistrust my hearing; if the contrary, and that the baron, himself a sworn foe to marriage, has compromised the happiness of a young and confiding woman, why, then, he will not be surprised if I seek of him, for so grave an offence, the reparation which a short time ago I was ready to afford him for one comparatively insignificant." And Fatello bowed formally, and with severe countenance moved towards the door. But before he could leave the room, Steinfeld, who had stood for a moment thoughtful and perplexed, hurried to intercept him, and laid his hand upon the lock.

"You are really too hasty, Fatello," said he, "and not altogether reasonable. What ill weed have you trodden upon, that makes you so captious this morning? Own that our conversation has taken an odd turn! Would any one believe that you, Fatello the *millionnaire*, press a marriage between your sister, the wealthy Mademoiselle Gonfalon, and myself, the needy Baron Steinfeld—and that it is I, the ruined spendthrift, from whom the obstacles to the match proceed? Neither in romance nor in real life has the case a precedent. And you may be assured the world will not applaud your wisdom, nor Mademoiselle Sebastiana feel grateful for your zeal."

"For the world's applause I care not that," replied Fatello, snapping his fingers. "As to my sister, I have

neither will nor power to constrain her. I do but afford her the protection she is entitled to at my hands. I press her upon no man, but neither do I suffer her to be trifled with. Sebastiana Gonfalon does not lack suitors, I can assure you."

"Unquestionably," said Steinfeld, with an absent air; "Mademoiselle Gonfalon is indeed a most charming person, and, were she penniless, would still be a prize to any man. I only wish I enjoyed the place in her good opinion you so erroneously imagine me to occupy."

"Well, well," said Fatello, striving to get at the door, before which the baron had planted himself, "since error there is, it will soon be cleared up. You cannot blame me, baron, for preferring, in so delicate an affair, the testimony of my own ears to that of any one person. But if two unite against me, I shall think myself crazed or bewitched, and shall at least be silenced and confounded, if not entirely convinced."

"Answer me one question," said Steinfeld. "If yesterday, before you overheard a part of my conversation with your sister, I had asked of you her hand, exposing to you at the same time the state of my fortunes, or rather of my misfortunes, would you then have sanctioned my suit and pleaded my cause with Mademoiselle Gonfalon? Would you, and will you now—for, believe me, I need it more than you think—add the weight of your arguments and advocacy to the prepossession you persist in thinking your sister has in my favour, a prepossession of whose existence I hardly dare flatter myself?"

"Why not?" said Fatello, with an air of straightforward cordiality. "Why not? You are not rich, certainly but Sebastiana is rich enough for both. You have high birth, talents, interest with the Emperor, and, once married, with your debts paid, and your wild oats sown, you may take ambition instead of pleasure for a mistress, and aspire to high employment. Why not return to diplomacy, for which you are so admirably qualified, and come back to us as Austrian ambassador? Believe me, baron, there is a fine career before you, if you will but pursue it."

"Perhaps," said Steinfeld, smiling to himself, like a man to whom a bright perspective is suddenly thrown open; "and, as you say, the first step would be a suitable marriage, which, by ridding me of all encumbrance, might enable me to climb lightly and steadily the hill of wealth and honours."

"And a *millionnaire* brother-in-law to give you an occasional push by the way," added Fatello, with one of his heavy, purse-proud smiles; "pushes you may repay in kind, for diplomatist and financier should ever hunt in couples."

"My dear Fatello," said Steinfeld, "the prospect is too charming to be lightly relinquished. You must think strangely of my first reluctance to avail myself of your friendly disposition in my favour; but I so little suspected it, I was so bewildered by its sudden revelation, so embarrassed by my own difficulties—and then pride, you know—a morbid fear of being thought mercenary; in short, you will make allowance for my strange way of meeting your kind encouragement. I can only say, that since you deem me worthy of her, and if you can obtain her consent, (a more difficult task, I fear, than you imagine,) I shall be the happiest of men as the husband of the adorable Sebastiana."

"That is speaking to the purpose," said Fatello; "and, for my part, I repeat that I shall be happy to call you brother-in-law. I will do my best for you with Sebastiana, to whom I will at once communicate your formal demand in marriage. But, pshaw! you rogue," added he, with a clumsy attempt at archness, "you have made pretty sure of her consent, and need no brotherly advocate."

"Indeed you are mistaken," replied Steinfeld earnestly. "I only wish I were as confident, and with good reason, as you think me."

"Well, well, no matter," said the banker. "You shall shortly hear your fate."

"I shall be on thorns till I learn it," said the baron. "And, my dear Fatello," said he, detaining the banker, who, after shaking hands with him, was about to leave the room, "it is perhaps not necessary to refer—at least not weigh upon—our conversation at

last night's masquerade. It might vex Mademoiselle Gonfalon—to learn that she had been overheard—or—she might doubt your having heard, and think I had been confiding to you a presumptuous and unfounded belief of her partiality for myself. Women, you know, are susceptible on these points; it might indispose her towards me, and lessen my chance. In short," he added, with a smile, "if you will be guided by an *ex-roué*, now reformed, but who has some little experience of the female heart, you will confine yourself to the communication of my proposals, without reference to any thing past, and apply all your eloquence to induce Mademoiselle Sebastiana to receive them as favourably as yourself."

Fatello nodded knowingly.

"Ay, ay," said he, "I see I need not despair of my ears. They do not serve me so badly. But never fear, baron—I will know nothing, except that you are desperately in love, and that your life depends on your suit's success. That is the established formula, is it not?"

When the baron—after escorting Fatello, in spite of his resistance, to the door of the pavilion, where the banker's carriage awaited him—re-entered the breakfast-room, the joyous and hopeful expression his countenance had worn during the latter part of his conversation with his visitor was exchanged for one of anxiety and doubt. Instead of returning to the breakfast, of which he had scarcely eaten a mouthful, he drew his arm-chair to the fire, threw himself into it, and fell into a brown study. The attentive valet, who came in full of concern for his master's interrupted meal, was sharply dismissed, with an order to admit no callers. After a short time, however, Steinfeld's cogitations apparently assumed a rosier hue. The wrinkles on his brow relaxed their rigidity, he ceased to gnaw his mustache, and at length a smile dawned upon his features, and grew till it burst into a laugh. Something or other inordinately tickled the baron's fancy; for he lay back in his chair and laughed heartily, but silently,

with the eyes rather than the mouth, for nearly a minute. Then getting up, and lounging pensively through the room, he indulged in a soliloquy of muttered and broken sentences, which, like the secret cipher of a band of conspirators, were unintelligible without a key. Their obscurity was increased by a style of metaphor borrowed from the card-table, and which a man of such correct taste as Steinfeld would doubtless have scrupled to employ in conversation with any one but himself.

"What an odd caprice of fate!" he said. "A strange turn in the game, indeed! The card I most feared turns up trumps! It rather deranges my calculations; but perhaps it is as good a card as the other. Decidedly as sure a one. What certainty that yonder pedantic booby is right in his prognostics? And then there was no avoiding it. Provided, only, Fatello is silent about last night. If not, all is spoilt. And if she makes a scene! Your Spanish dames are reputed fiery as Arabs; but I take her for one of the milder sort—rather a pining than a storming beauty. What if I were to miss both, by some infernal *quiproquo* or other. Query, too, whether Sebastiana accepts; but I think, with Fatello to back me, I need not fear much on that score. I detect his motives. To your rich upstart, money is dirt compared with descent, connexion, title. He would like to be an ambassador's brother-in-law, the near connexion of a family dating from Charlemagne—he, the man of nothing, with plebeian written on his front. Upwards of half a million. Seven hundred thousand, I daresay. I had reckoned on nearly double, and now I may lose both. Well, *à la grâce du diable*. I will go take a gallop."

And in another half hour the aspirant to the hand and fortune of Sebastiana Gonfalon was cantering round the Bois de Boulogne, followed at the prescribed distance by Celestin, who, mounted on a fine English horse, near sixteen hands high, bore no slight resemblance to an ape exalted on an elephant.

CHAP. IV.—THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM.

The hotel of the Northern Eagle, situated in one of the most respectable of the numerous small streets between the Rue St Honoré and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, is one of several hundred establishments of the class, scattered over Paris, and which, although bearing the ambitious title of "hotel," differ in no essential respect from what in London are styled third or fourth-rate lodging-houses. It is a tall, narrow, melancholy-looking edifice, entered through an archway, which devours a great part of the ground-floor, and is closed at night by a heavy coach-door, and in the daytime by a four-foot palisade, painted a bright green, with a gate in the middle, and a noisy bell that rings whenever the gate is opened. Under the archway, and in the little paved court that terminates it, there is always a strong smell of blacking in the morning, and an equally strong smell of soup in the afternoon; the former arising from the labours of Jean, a strapping, broad-shouldered native of Picardy, who makes beds, cleans boots, and carries water for the entire hotel; the latter emanating from a small, smoky den, not unlike a ship's caboose, where a dingy cookmaid prepares the diurnal *pot-au-feu* for the mistress of the hotel, her son and husband, and for a couple of pensioners, who, in consideration of the moderate monthly payment of fifty francs each, are admitted to share the frugal ragouts of Madame Duchambre's dinner-table. By an architectural arrangement, common enough in old Paris houses, and which seems designed to secure a comfortable gush of cold air through the crevices of every door in the building, the foot of the staircase is in the court, open to all weathers—a circumstance most painful to Jean, who takes pride in the polish of his stairs, and is to be seen, whenever his other avocations leave him a moment's leisure, busily repairing, with a brush buckled on his foot, and a bit of wax in a cleft stick, the damage done to their lustre by the muddy boots of the lodgers.

The hotel contains about five-

and-twenty rooms, all let singly, with the exception of the first floor, divided into two "*appartemens*" of two rooms and a cupboard each, for which Madame Duchambre obtains the extravagant rent of ninety and one hundred francs per month. Above the first floor the rooms are of various quality—from the commodious chamber which, by the French system of an alcove for the bed, is converted in the daytime into a very tolerable imitation of a parlour—to the comfortless attic, an oven in summer, an ice-house in winter, dearly paid at five francs a week by some struggling artisan who works hard enough in the day to sleep anywhere at night.

At the period referred to by this narrative, a room upon the third floor of the hotel of the Northern Eagle was occupied, as might be ascertained by inspection of a lithographed visiting card, stuck upon the door with a wafer, by Godibert Carcassonne, captain in the 1st African Chasseurs, known emphatically amongst the permanent tenants of the hotel as "The Captain." Not that military occupants were a rarity under the wings of the Northern Eagle; captains were common enough there—majors not very scarce—and it was upon record that more than one colonel had occupied the yellow *salon* upon the first floor. But none of these warriors bore comparison with Captain Carcassonne in the estimation of Madame Duchambre, an elderly lady with a game leg, and a singularly plain countenance, who had seen better days, and had a strong sense of the proprieties of life. In general she professed no great affection for men of the sword, whom she considered too much addicted to strong drink and profane oaths, and who did not always, she said, respect *la pudeur de la maison*. The captain, however, had completely won her heart—not by any particular meekness or abstinence, for he consumed far more cognac than spring water, had a voice like a deep-mouthed mastiff, and swore, when incensed, till the very rafters trembled. Nevertheless he had somehow or other

gained her affections ; partly, perhaps, by the regularity with which, upon all his visits to Paris during the previous fifteen years, he had lodged in her house and paid his bills ; partly, doubtless, by the engaging familiarity with which he helped himself from her snuff-box, and addressed her as *Man-maan Duchambre*.

It was eight o'clock at night, and, contrary to his wont, Captain Carcassonne, instead of contesting a pool at billiards in his accustomed café, or occupying a stall at his favourite Palais Royal theatre, was seated in his room, alone, a coffee-cup and a bottle on the table beside him, the amber mouth-piece of a huge meerschaum pipe disappearing under his heavy dark mustache, smoking steadily, and reading the *Sentinelle de l'Armée*. He was a powerful active man, about forty years of age, with a red-brown complexion, martial features, and a cavalier air, in whom Algerine climate and fatigues had mitigated, if it had not wholly checked, that tendency to corpulence early observable in many French cavalry officers, for the most part a sedentary and full-feeding race. Of a most gregarious disposition, no slight cause would have induced the captain to pass in slow solitude those evening hours, which, according to his creed, ought invariably, in Paris, to dance merrily by in the broad light of gas, and in the excitement of a theatre or coffee-house. Neither was it, in his eyes, a trifle that had placed him, as he expressed it, under close arrest for the evening. He was paying a small instalment of a debt of gratitude, which many would have held expunged by lapse of time, but which Carcassonne still remembered and willingly acknowledged. Many years previously—within a twelvemonth after his promotion from a sergenty in a crack hussar regiment to a cornetcy in a corps of chasseurs, newly formed for African service, and in which he had since sabred his way to the command of a troop—Godibert Carcassonne, when on leave of absence at Paris, had been led, by thoughtlessness and by evil associates, rather than by innate vice, into a scrape which threatened to blast his prospects in the army, and consequently in life, and of his extrication from which there was no possibility,

unless he could immediately procure five thousand francs. The sum was trifling, but to him it seemed immense, for he estimated it by the difficulty of obtaining it. Driven to desperation, thoughts of suicide beset him, when at that critical moment a friend came to the rescue. By the merest chance, he stumbled upon a former school-fellow, a native of the same department as himself, and his accomplice in many a boyish frolic. They had not seen each other for years. When Carcassonne was taken by the conscription, his schoolmate had already departed to seek fortune at Paris, the Eldorado of provincials, and there, whilst the smart but penniless young soldier was slowly working his way to a commission, he had taken root and prospered. He was not yet a wealthy man, but neither was he a needy or niggardly one, for, on hearing the tale of his friend's difficulties, he offered him, after a few moments' internal calculation, the loan of the sum on which his fate depended, and gruffly cut short the impetuous expression of gratitude with which the generous offer was joyfully accepted. The loan was in fact a gift, for when, some time afterwards, Carcassonne remitted to his friend a small instalment of his debt, scraped together by a pinching economy that did him honour, out of his slender pay, the little draft was returned to him, with the words, "You shall pay me when you are colonel." And as all subsequent attempts were met by the same answer, the money was still unpaid. But never did loan bear better interest of gratitude. Carcassonne had never forgotten the obligation, was never weary of seeking opportunities of requiting it. These were hard to find, for his friend was now a rich man, and there was little the dragoon could do for him beyond choosing his horses, and giving his grooms valuable veterinary hints, derived from his long experience of the chevaline race in the stables of the 1st Chasseurs. Once only was he fortunate enough to hear his benefactor slightly spoken of at a public table in Paris. That was a happy day for Carcassonne, and a sad one for the offender, who was taken home a few hours afterwards with a pistol bullet in his shoulder.

The object of this devoted attachment on the part of the rough but honest-hearted soldier, was not insensible to the sincerity and value of such friendship, and returned it after his own fashion,—that is to say, somewhat as the owner of a noble dog permits its demonstrations of affection, and requites them by an occasional caress. When Carcassonne came to Paris, which he did as often as he could get leave of absence from his duties in Africa, his first visit was always for his benefactor, who invariably got up a dinner for him—not at his own house, which the dragoon would have considered a tame proceeding, but at some renowned restaurant—a regular *hamboche*, as the African styled it, where champagne corks flew and punch flamed from six in the evening till any hour after midnight. Then, the civilian's occupations being numerous, and his sphere of life quite different from that of the soldier, the two saw but little of each other, except through a casual meeting in the rich man's stables, or on the boulevard, or when—but this was very rare—Carcassonne was surprised in his room, at the Northern Eagle, by an unexpected but most welcome visit from his friend, come to smoke a passing cigar, and have ten minutes' chat over boyish days and reminiscences.

These visits were a great treat to the captain; and it was the anticipation of one of them that now kept him in his room. To his astonishment, he had received that morning a note from his friend, requesting him to remain at home in the evening, as he would call upon and crave a service of him. Carcassonne was delighted at the intimation, and not feeling quite certain when evening might be said to begin, he shut himself up in his room at four o'clock, ordered in dinner from a neighbouring *traiteur*, sipped his coffee in contented solitude, and now awaited, with the dutiful patience of a soldier on sentry, the promised coming of his friend. At last a cough and a heavy footstep were heard upon the stairs; the captain took up a candle, opened the door, and, stepping out into the gloomy corridor, the light fell upon the tall ungainly figure, and sullen features, of Sigismund Fatello.

"Come in, my dear fellow," cried

Carcassonne in his stentorian tones, and with a soldier's oath. "I've expected you these three hours. What—wet? Snow? Come to the fire, and take a sup of cognac till the punch is made."

It snowed heavily outside, and the banker's upper coat had caught a few large flakes in crossing the court. He heeded them not, but putting down, untasted, the glass of brandy handed to him by the captain, he took a chair, and motioned Carcassonne to another.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Sigismund?" said the captain, looking hard at his friend. "Are you ill?"

"Better than I have for a long time been. Fresh from a wedding."

"Oho!" said Carcassonne. "I thought you had not put on full dress to visit your old comrade in his den at the Northern Eagle. And whose wedding was it?"

"A singular one," replied the banker, parrying the question. "Strangely brought about, certainly. Would you like to hear its history, Carcassonne?"

"By all means," said the captain, who always liked whatever Fatello proposed. "But the business you came about?—you said I could do something for you. What is it?"

"Plenty of time for that. It will keep. Let me tell you of this marriage."

"Delighted to listen," said Carcassonne, settling himself in his chair, and filling his pipe from a huge embroidered bag, once the property of an Arabian Emir's lady, but which a razzia had degraded into a receptacle for tobacco.

"You must know, then, Carcassonne," said Fatello, "that a friend of mine, named Oliver, a man of middle age, more calculated to shine in a counting-house than in a boudoir, was fool enough, not very long ago, to fall in love with a beautiful girl, twenty years younger than himself; and as he was rich, and her father avaricious, the marriage was brought about, although not altogether with her good will."

"Bad," quoth the captain, between two puffs of his pipe. "An unwilling bride is apt to prove a sour wife."

"Once married," continued Fatello, without heeding his friend's interrup-

tion, "Oliver, who knew he had not his wife's love, spared no pains to obtain her friendship. He was not such a man, either by person, manners, or temper, as women are apt to fancy; but, to atone for his deficiencies, he covered her with gold, was the slave of her caprices, forestalled her slightest wish. Her amusement and happiness were the whole study of his life; and after a while his efforts seemed crowned with success. She treated him as a friend, and appeared contented with her lot. This was all he had dared to hope, and, having attained this, he was happy. His existence, from boyhood upwards, had been agitated and laborious, but riches had rewarded his toils, and he could now look forward to a long period of happiness and repose. At the very moment he indulged these visions of a bright future, a single word, whispered in his ear by a physician of high repute, crumbled the entire fabric. That word was Consumption, and when he heard it he knew his doom was sealed. His father, his elder brother, his sisters, all had been carried off, in the prime of their strength, by the insidious disease, whose germ, implanted in their system before they saw the light, was ineradicable by the resources of art. The shock was severe—it could not be otherwise—for most of the things were his for which men prize life. But he was no poltroon, to pine at the approach of death; and he nerved himself to meet like a man his inevitable fate. Although with scarce a shadow of hope, he neglected no means of combating the deadly malady; and, enjoining secrecy to his physician, he concealed from every one his belief that his days were numbered and his race wellnigh run. He was calm and resigned, if not hopeful, when he one day received a letter that chilled his very soul. His wife, it told him, loved another, whom she would meet that night at a masquerade. Although anonymous, its indications were so precise, that Oliver, spurred by fiercest jealousy, disguised himself and went secretly to the ball. There he discovered his wife, in the company of a foreign fopling, who, for some time previously, had been a frequent visitor at his house. He kept near them,

occasionally catching a sentence confirmatory of his suspicions, until they withdrew from the crowd, and sought a retired nook, where to converse uninterrupted. He found means to secrete himself in their vicinity, and overheard—no evidence of his dishonour, for then he had stabbed them where they stood—but words whence he gathered the existence of the most heartless, perfidious, and cold-blooded calculation.

"The wife of his bosom, to gain whose affection he had squandered millions, and changed his very nature, impatiently awaited his death to bestow her hand, and the fortune he should bequeath her, on the smooth-tongued seducer whose arts had beguiled her. The secret of his fatal malady had been divulged by the physician, to whom alone it was known, in the hearing of this foreign adventurer, who, ever upon the watch to redeem his broken fortunes by a wealthy marriage, profited by the disclosure. He obtained an introduction to Oliver's house, and applied every art and energy to gain his wife's affections. He was but too successful. She listened to his protestations, and on learning her husband's impending death, pledged herself to become his, when she should be released by it from ties she abhorred. All this, and more, Oliver gathered from their conversation, to which he had the courage to listen to the end, although each sentence went to his heart like a stab, leaving in the wound the venom of hate and jealousy, to rankle there until the latest moment of his life. What had you done, Carcassonne, had you been in his place?"

"*Pardieu!*" said the captain, who had listened with profound attention, and great expenditure of smoke, to his friend's narrative; "I can hardly say, Sigismund. If I had kept my hands off the butterfly scoundrel when I heard him courting my wife, I should have followed him when he had had his chat out, and requested the pleasure of crossing swords with him at his earliest convenience; and had I got one good cut at him, he should not have needed another. What did your friend?"

"Very nearly what you have said. He went home and destroyed his will,

and made another. Then he sought his enemy, to challenge him to an instant encounter. The mean villain denied his treachery, and swore that her to whom his vows of love were addressed was not Oliver's wife, but his sister-in-law. Oliver well knew this to be a lie, but he affected to believe he had been deceived by similarity of dress and imperfect hearing, for the subterfuge had suddenly suggested to him a sure means of punishing his faithless wife, and defeating her seducer's aim. He declared himself willing to aid the views of the foreigner—one Baron Steinfeld, an Austrian of high family, but ruined fortunes—and to urge his sister-in-law to accept his hand. Disagreeably surprised at such willingness, where he had wished and expected opposition, Steinfeld strove to recede, but found extrication impossible from the trap he had rushed into. Finally he was compelled to yield; the less unwillingly because the bride thus given him was not without fortune, which Oliver exaggerated, the better to allure him. So that, when Oliver left him, it was to convey his formal proposals to the lady, who was nothing loath, and to-day they were married."

"To-day!" exclaimed Carcassonne. "This, then, is the wedding you come from. And what said Madame Oliver?"

"What could she say? Made all the secret opposition she could, no doubt; and then, finding it in vain, for her sister seemed as much fascinated by the Austrian Lothario as she was herself, she took ill and kept her bed. It needed all her woman's pride, and her fear of unflinching comment, to carry her calmly through to-day's ceremonies and festivities."

"A very strange tale!" cried the captain. "And all true, eh?"

"To the letter. But that is not all. To-day, after the marriage, Oliver sought five minutes' conversation with his newly-made brother-in-law; and his first act, when they were alone, was to hand him the anonymous letter he had received on the day of the masquerade, in which was mentioned the colour of the ribbons worn by Madame Oliver at the ball, as a sign by which Steinfeld was to distinguish her amongst the crowd of dominos."

"Good!" said Carcassonne emphatically. "And what said the Kaiser-lic?"

"Denied every thing, until Oliver recapitulated, word for word, certain phrases of the conversation he had overheard. This struck him dumb; but soon he recovered his effrontery, and expressed surprise at Oliver's reviving the subject, especially at that moment."

"Since you deemed it advisable to overlook the offence at the time, and to promote my marriage with your sister-in-law," he said, "I cannot understand your motive for now raking up the grievance."

"I will explain," replied Oliver. "I married you to my sister-in-law that you might never be my widow's husband, whether I die a few months hence, by the hand of God, or to-morrow by yours, in the duel which shall no longer be delayed."

"The devil!" shouted the captain, at this announcement. "Your friend Oliver is the wrong man to jest with, I see that. But will he really fight his sister's husband?"

"He really will," replied Fatello, calmly. "Should you scruple, in his place?"

"By my soul, it's hard to say, till one is tried. We are used in Africa to hear fellows reckoning on our boots before we think of leaving them off. But that hurts neither us nor the boots, whilst a man's wife—it is aggravating, certainly, particularly to a man of your Oliver's temper. A saint or a priest might not approve, but, as a soldier and sinner, I must say revenge, in such a case, seems sweet and natural."

"Then," said Fatello, "I may reckon on your assistance to-morrow?"

"On my assistance!—I— you! What the devil do you mean?" cried Carcassonne, dropping his pipe, and starting from his seat in extraordinary perturbation.

"Merely that my friend Oliver and your friend Fatello are one and the same person, whose business here to-night is to ask you to second him in his duel to-morrow with Baron Ernest von Steinfeld, married this morning to Mademoiselle Sebastiana Gouffalon."

CHAP. V.—THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

It may easily be imagined that Steinfeld, brave as he unquestionably was, did not feel particularly pleased at finding himself called upon to risk his life in a profitless duel, at the very moment when that life had acquired fresh value in his eyes, through his acquisition of a pretty wife and a handsome fortune. The former, it is true, the baron, whose utter selfishness made him incapable of love in the higher sense of the word, prized only as a child does a new plaything, or an epicure a fresh dish presented to his sated palate. Pretty and attractive as his bride was, her personal charms weighed far less with him than her golden ones. Even in these he had been somewhat disappointed. Although considerable, they were less than Fatello's round-numbered generalities had led him to expect; and, moreover, when the time came to discuss the settlements, the banker fought hard to secure his sister-in-law's fortune upon her own head and that of her children. This, however, Steinfeld vigorously resisted, urging the necessity of extricating his estates from pawn; and Sebastiana, enamoured of her handsome bridegroom, and whose ardent and jealous imagination drew a romantic picture of a tête-à-tête existence in a secluded chateau, far from the rivalries of a capital, expressed so strongly her will to apply her fortune in the manner Steinfeld desired, that Fatello, after much opposition, and with no good grace, was compelled to yield the point. The sum thus placed in the Austrian's power, although less than he had anticipated, was yet so large to a man in his position, that its possession threw a pleasant rose-coloured tint over his existence, of which the prospect of poverty, and the annoyances of duns, had for some time past deprived it. So that when, upon his wedding-day, Fatello fiercely taxed him with his perfidy, repeated the words of insult he had addressed to him on the morrow of the masquerade, and insisted upon a duel, the baron did all in his power to pacify him,

urging their new but near connexion as an insuperable obstacle to a quarrel, and even humbling himself to express contrition for his offence, which he persisted, however, would have been viewed as but a venial one by any but so morbid, jealous, and vindictive a person as Fatello, and which, in no case, considering the relation they now stood in to each other, could be held to justify them in seeking each other's life. But to his expostulations, apologies, and arguments, Fatello replied with such savage invective and ungovernable violence, taunting the baron with cowardice, and threatening him, if he refused the reparation demanded, with public exposure and manual chastisement—threats, of whose execution Fatello's intemperate character and colossal frame (the latter still muscular and powerful in spite of the disease mining it) allowed very little doubt—that Steinfeld saw there was no alternative but to accept the meeting; and, assuming the cold and haughty tone of an injured man, he briefly arranged with Fatello its principal conditions. To avoid scandal, and to insure, as far as possible, the safety of the survivor, the duel was to take place in the grounds of a country house belonging to the banker, at about a league from Paris, and the seconds and surgeon were to be pledged to the strictest secrecy. Fatello named Captain Carcassonne, and Steinfeld the Viscount Arthur de Mellay, between whom the details of the affair were to be settled.

Both the principals, however, in this singular duel, were destined to experience difficulties from the friends they had fixed upon to second them. Captain Carcassonne, who himself cared no more for a duel than an English prizetighter does for a round with the gloves, and who never slept a wink the fewer, or ate a mouthful less breakfast before going out to fight one, was seized with a sudden trepidation when he learned that his friend, whom he well knew to be unskilled in fence and fire, was to enter the field with a man reputed expert in both. At

first he would not hear of the meeting taking place, swearing, in direct opposition to what he had just before said, that he should not think of fighting for such a trifle. When this plea was overruled, a bright idea struck him. He would pick a quarrel with Steinfeld, and wing him with a pistol-shot, or spoil his beauty with a sabre-cut, just as Fatello chose; ay, would kill him outright, if nothing less would satisfy his vindictive friend. But Fatello, whose morbid desire of revenge had assumed the character of a monomania, rejected all the captain's plans; and Carcassonne, whose affection and deference for his old companion and benefactor were unbounded, ceased to make objections, and fixed his thoughts solely upon the necessary preliminaries. As to Fatello's announcement of the danger his life was in from lurking disease, (a danger more remote, but also more certain than that he would incur upon the morrow,) it would deeply have grieved the worthy captain had he attached the least credit to it; but his contempt for doctors and their prognostications prevented his dwelling on it longer than to give a smile to the credulity of his friend. Meanwhile Steinfeld had some trouble with de Mellay. It not being the fashion in France for newly-married couples to escape from the place of their wedding as fast as four posters can carry them, the baron had taken his bride to his house in the Rue St Lazare, which a little arrangement had adapted for their residence during the few days that were to elapse before their departure for Germany. There, upon the evening of his wedding-day, he had a conference with the viscount, who, startled, like Carcassonne, at the news of the projected duel, insisted on full explanations before consenting to render Steinfeld the service required of him. These explanations Steinfeld was compelled to give; and although he spread over them a varnish favourable to himself, de Mellay plainly saw that the part the Austrian had played in the whole affair did him no credit, and that Fatello's extraordinary vindictiveness, if not justified, was in some degree extenuated, by his adversary's perfidious manoeuvres and gross breach of hospital-

ity. He at first insisted on attempting a reconciliation, but Steinfeld having convinced him of its impossibility, he would not refuse to stand by an intimate friend and companion, who had more than once gone upon the ground with him. He suggested, however—almost, indeed, made it a condition—that the baron should fire wide, or not at all the first time, in doing which he ran little risk, for Fatello was known to be unskilled with the pistol. De Mellay resolved to place the duellists as far apart as possible, and to make them fire together. He made sure Fatello would miss the first shot, and that then, if Steinfeld had not fired, the affair could easily be made up.

It was three in the afternoon, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, when Steinfeld and his second entered a small door in the paling of the banker's park, at a short distance from which they had dismissed their hackney coach. Fatello, Carcassonne, and Dr Pilori, had preceded them in the banker's carriage. The five men met upon a bowling-green surrounded by trees, which, although leafless, were so thickly planted as to form an impervious screen. More for form's sake and the satisfaction of conscience, than with hope of success, the seconds essayed a reconciliation. The attempt was rendered fruitless by Fatello's firm determination; and after a brief conference between the viscount and Carcassonne, the combatants were placed at twenty paces. It was agreed they were to fire together, when six had been counted. The seconds stepped aside. Carcassonne counted. When he came to "six" a single report followed. Steinfeld staggered. De Mellay ran to him.

"Nothing," said the baron. "My dear brother-in-law shoots better than I thought, that is all." And he showed a rent made by Fatello's bullet in the front of his tightly-buttoned surtout, near the waist. A button had been cut away, and the ball had grazed the skin, but without drawing blood.

"This shall not avail you, sir," cried Fatello, in a tone of indescribable exasperation. "We came to fight, not to play. Fire, sir!" And he stood sideways, expecting his adversary's bullet.

Steinfeld smiled bitterly. Then raising his pistol, he took aim at a red-breast, which, scared from the bough by Fatello's fire, had again settled, tamed by cold and hunger, upon a sapling five-and-twenty paces off. Bark and feathers flew at the same time, and the unlucky little bird lay disembowelled upon the snow. Carcassonne and de Mellay exchanged a word or two, and advanced towards Fatello.

"Enough done, my dear Sigismund," said the captain. "After the baron's forbearance, this can go no farther."

Fatello's reply was a torrent of imprecations. His eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks pale as death: he was insane with passion. The captain in vain endeavoured to soothe and calm him. He raged and stormed like a madman.

"Monsieur Fatello," said de Mellay, with surprise—almost with disgust—"for heaven's sake compose yourself. This persistence is unworthy of you. What injury have you received to justify such malignity? Neither your second nor myself can let this affair proceed, otherwise than to a reconciliation."

There was a decision in the young man's tone and manner that seemed to strike Fatello and check his fury. For a moment or two he gazed silently at the viscount, as if recalled to reason by his remonstrance. It was the trick of the maniac, to put the keeper off his guard. Suddenly pushing Carcassonne aside, he reached, in two bounds, a pistol-case that lay open at a short distance, and, seizing one of the weapons, levelled it at Steinfeld. With a cry of horror, de Mellay and Carcassonne threw themselves before the baron.

"This is murder!" exclaimed the viscount.

"Stop!" said Steinfeld, pale, but quite calm. "Wait a moment, sir, and you shall be satisfied. There is no alternative, my dear de Mellay. Monsieur Fatello insists. Give me the other pistol."

De Mellay hesitated, and looked at the captain.

"*Ma foi!*" said Carcassonne, shrugging his shoulders, as if he thought a bullet more or less hardly

worth so much discussion—"if they *will* have it!" The principals resumed their ground, and the word was again given. This time both pistols were discharged. Steinfeld stirred not, but Fatello fell to the ground and lay there without motion. Dr Pilori ran forward, and, kneeling beside him, unbuttoned his coat. There was a small blue spot on the breast, from which oozed a drop or two of blood. The doctor seized the wrist of the fallen man. Steinfeld and the seconds gazed anxiously in his face, awaiting his verdict.

"I aimed at his arm," said Steinfeld gloomily, "but the cold made my hand shake."

Carcassonne seemed not to hear the remark. De Mellay glanced at the baron, and then at the bird that lay upon the blood-sprinkled snow more than twenty yards off.

"Quite dead," said Pilori, letting the arm fall. "It is a painful thing to kill a man," added the materialist doctor to Steinfeld, who stood regarding his victim with a moody and regretful gaze. "It may be satisfactory to you to know that he could not have lived six months longer."

In France, a few years ago, duels, even when fatal in result, did not necessarily entail strict judicial investigation, unless such investigation was provoked by the friends of the fallen man. In the instance here recorded, no one thought proper to take vindictive steps. Fatello's coachman was instructed, and largely bribed, to say that his master had been struck with apoplexy in his carriage, and that, on discovering his condition, he had at once driven him to Dr Pilori. The physician's arrival at the house, in company with the corpse, and the absence of hemorrhage from the wound, rendered it easy to conceal the latter, and gave plausibility to the story, which found general credit. It was not till several days afterwards that a report spread of the real cause of the banker's death. Even then it attained little publicity, and by many was looked upon as a malicious fabrication. Before it got wind, however, the survivors of the domestic drama we have narrated, were far from its scene. By a will made a month

before his death, Fatello had left the whole of his great riches, with the exception of some munificent donations to public charities, and of an ample legacy to Captain Carcassonne, to a cousin of his own name in Alsace. But he could not alienate his wife's fortune, or deprive her of the splendid jointure secured to her by her father's cautious greediness; and these constituted very large wealth, with which his widow, shortly after his death, left Paris for her native country. Her Parisian friends and acquaintances were edified, in the highest degree, by the grief she displayed at Fatello's decease. She was disconsolate; and, for at least a day and a half, "*cette pauvre Madame Fatello*" was the prevailing topic of conversation, and the object of universal sympathy. Hen-pecked husbands held her up as a model of conjugal affection; and wicked wives secretly wondered at the poignant regret shown by such a young, rich, and handsome widow, for so ugly, unprepossessing, and morose a man. But it occurred to no one to seek the cause of her excessive grief in a bridal wreath instead of in a funeral shroud; to trace the source of her sorrow to the loss of an expected husband whom she passionately loved, not to that of a departed one, whom she never regretted.

Although little apprehensive of persecution, many motives concurred to render Paris an undesirable residence for the survivor of the duel in which Fatello met his death. The day after the fatal meeting, a travelling carriage left Paris by the road to Brussels. It contained Ernest von Steinfeld and his bride. In spite of some practice in duelling, and of the triple armour of selfishness in which he was habitually cased, there was a cloud upon the baron's brow which change of scene and the caresses of his young wife did not always suffice to

dissipate. And, although sensible to his bride's beauty and fascination, and grateful, as far as it was in his nature to be so, for the passionate affection she showed him, it may be doubted whether he would not have repulsed her endearments, and spurned her from him, had he detected a secret that lay buried in the innermost recesses of her heart—had he recognised, in Sebastiana Goufalon, the writer of the two anonymous letters that tended so materially to bring about her marriage, and the violent death of Sigismund Fatello.

As it was, the Baroness von Steinfeld had not long to congratulate herself on the success of her culpable manoeuvres, whose sole extenuation was to be found in the fiery passions of her race, and in a moral education totally neglected. Doubtless, when planning and carrying out her guilty scheme, the possibility of so terrible a result never occurred to her; and it were attributing improbable depravity to one so young to doubt that she felt remorse at the catastrophe. She did not long await her punishment. Bright as were her hopes of happiness when led to the altar by the man she adored, she soon was bitterly convinced, that no true or permanent felicity could be the consequence of a union achieved by guilty artifice, and sealed with a brother's blood. A few months were sufficient to darken her destiny and blight her joys. Her fortune swallowed up by Steinfeld's debts and extravagance, her person speedily became indifferent to the sated and cold-hearted voluptuary; and whilst her reckless husband, faithful to nothing but to his hatred of matrimonial ties, again galloped upon the road to ruin, in the most dissipated circles of the Austrian capital, she saw herself condemned to solitude and unavailing regrets, in the very castle where she had anticipated an existence of unalloyed bliss.

THE "GREEN HAND."

A "SHORT" YARN.*

"COME, old ship, give us a yarn!" said the younger fore-castle-men to an old one, on board of an Indianan then swiftly cleaving the waves of the western Atlantic before the trade-wind, and outward-bound, with a hearty crew and a number of passengers. It was the second of the two dog-watches; and, the ship being still in the region of evening twilights, her men, in a good humour, and with leisure, were then usually disposed, as on this occasion, to make fast their roaming thoughts by help of a good yarn, when it could be got. There were plenty of individuals, amongst a crew of forty, calculated by their experience, or else by their flow of spirits and fancy, to spin it. Each watch into which they were divided had its especial story-teller, with whose merits it twitted the other, and on opportunity of a general *reunion*, they were pitted against one another like two fighting-cocks, or a couple of rival novelists in more polished literary society at home. The one was a grave, solemn, old North-Sea whaler with one eye, who professed to look down with contempt upon all raw head-work, on navigation compared with seamanship, and fiction against fact. As for himself, he rested all his fame upon actual experience, and told long dry narratives of old shipmates, of his voyages and adventures, and sometimes of the most incredible incidents, with a genuine briny gusto which pleased the veteran staggers beyond expression. They were full of points of seamanship—expedients for nice emergencies, tacks, knots, and splices; he gave the very conversation of his characters, with all the "says he" and "says I;" and one long recital of the old fellow's turned upon the question between himself and a newfangled second-mate about the right way to set up back-stays, in which he, the sailor, was proved correct by the loss of the ship. The other story-teller, again, was a Wapping man; a lively, impudent young Cockney, who had the

most miraculous faculty of telling lies—not only palpable lies, but lies absolutely impossible: yet they were so sublimely told often, and he contrived to lug into them such a quantity of gorgeous tinsel ornament, as, in his happier efforts, decidedly to carry the day against his opponent. The London hand had seen *life* too, of which, with respect to what is called the world, his competitor was as ignorant as a child. He had his sentimental vein, accordingly, in which he took the last love-tale out of some "Penny Story-Teller" or fashionable novel he had spelled over below, and turned it over into a parody that would have thrown its unfortunate author into convulsions of horror, and his critics into shrieks of laughter. The fine language of lords and ladies, of romantic heroines, or of foreign counts and bandits, was gravely retailed and gravely listened to by a throng of admiring jack-tars; while the old whaler smoked his pipe sulkily apart, gave now and then a scornful glance out of his weather-eye, and called it "all *high-die*" and soger's gammon."

On this occasion, however, the group forward did not solicit the services of either candidate, as they happened to have present among them a shipmate who, by general confession, "took the shine" out of both, although it was rarely they could get hold of him. "Old Jack," the captain's private steward, was the oldest seaman on board, and having known the captain when the latter went to sea, had sailed with him almost ever since he commanded a ship, as well as lived in his house on shore. He did not now keep his watch, nor take his "trick at the helm," except when he chose, and was altogether a privileged sort of person, or one of "the idlers." His name was Jacobs, which afforded a pretext for calling him "Old Jack," with the sailor's fondness for that Christian cognomen, which it is difficult to account for, unless because

Jonah and St John were seafaring characters, and the Roman Catholic holy clerk St Nicholas was baptised "Davy Jones," with sundry other reasons good at sea. But Old Jack was, at any rate, the best hand for a yarn in the Gloucester Indian, and had been once or twice called upon to spin one to the ladies and gentlemen in the cuddy. It was partly because of his inexhaustible fund of good-humour, and partly from that love of the sea which looked out through all that the old tar had seen and undergone, and which made him still follow the bowsprit, although able to live comfortably ashore. In his blue jacket, white canvass trousers edged with blue, and glazed hat, coming forward to the galley to light his pipe, after serving the captain's tea of an evening, Old Jack looked out over the bulwarks, sniffed the sharp sea-air, and stood with his shirt-sleeve fluttering as he put his finger in his pipe, the very embodiment of the scene—the model of a prime old salt who had ceased to "rough it," but could do so yet if needful.

"Come, old ship!" said the men near the windlass as soon as Old Jack came forward, "give us a yarn, will ye?" "Yarn!" said Jack, smiling—"what yarn, mates? 'Tis a fine night, though, for that same—the clouds flies high, and she's balling off a good ten knots sin' eight bells." "That she is, be"—so give us a yarn now, like a reg'lar old A. 1. as you are!" said one. "'Vast there, mate," said a man-o'-war's-man, winking to the rest,—"you 're always a-cargo-pudding, Bill! D'ye think Old Jack answers to any other hail nor the Queen's? I say, old three-decker in or'nary, we all wants one o' your close-laid yarns this good night. Whaling Jim here rubs his down with a thought overmuch o' the tar, an' young Joe dips 'em in yallow varnish, —so if you says Nay, why, we'll all save our grog, and get drunk as soon as may-be." "Well, well, mates," said Jack, endeavouring to conceal his flattered feelings, "what's it to be, though?" "Let's see," said the man-o'-war's-man—"ay, give us the Green Hand!" "Ay, ay, the Green Hand!" exclaimed one and all. This "Green Hand" was a story Old

Jack had already related several times, but always with such amusing variations, that it seemed on each repetition a new one—the listeners testifying their satisfaction by growls of rough laughter, and by the emphatic way in which, during a pause, they squirted their tobacco-juice on the deck. What gave additional zest to this particular yarn, too, was the fact of its hero being no less than the captain himself, who was at this moment on the poop quarter-deck of the ship, pointing out something to a group of ladies by the round-house—a tall handsome-looking man of about forty, with all the mingled gravity and frank good-humour of a sailor in his firm weather-tinted countenance. To have the power of secretly contrasting his present position and manners with those delineated by Old Jack's episode from the "skipper's" previous biography, was the *acme* of comic delight to these rude sons of Neptune, and the narrator just hit this point.

"Ye see," began he, "'tis about six-an'-twenty year gone since I was an able seaman before the mast, in a small Indyman they called the Chester Castle, lying at that time behind the Isle of Dogs in sight of Grenidge Hospital. She was full laden, but there was a strong breeze blowing up that wouldn't let us get underweigh; and, besides, we waited for the most part of our hands. I had sailed with the same ship two voyages before; so, says the captain to me one day, "Jacobs, there's a lady over at Greenwich yonder wants to send her boy to sea in the ship—for a sickening I s'pose. I'm a going up to town myself," says he, "so take the quarter-boat, and two of the boys, and go ashore with this letter, and see the young fool. From what I've heard," says the skipper, "he's a jackanapes as will give us more trouble than thanks. However, if you find the lady's bent on it, why, she may send him aboard to-morrow if she likes. Only we don't carry no young gentlemen, and if he slings his hammock here, you must lick him into shape. I'll make a sailor of him, or a cabin-boy." "Ay, ay, sir," says I, shoving the letter into my hat; so in half an hour's time I knocks at the door of

the lady's house, rigged out in my best, and hands over the screed to a fat fellow with red breeches and yallow swabs on his shoulders, like a captain of marines, that looked frightened at my hail, for I thout' he'd been deaf by the long spell he took before he opened the door. In five minutes I heard a woman's v'ice ask at the footman if there was a sailor awaiting below. "Yes, marm," says he; and "show him up," says she. Well, I gives a scrape with my larboard foot, and a tug to my hair, when I gets to the door of *such* a fine room above decks, all full o' tables, an' chairs, an' sofers, an' piangers, an' them sort o' highflying consarns. There was a lady all in silks and satins on one of the sofers, dressed out like a widow, with a pretty little girl as was playing music out of a large book—and a picter of a man upon the wall, which I at once logged it down for him she'd parted company from. "Sarvint, ma'am," says I. "Come in, my good man," says the lady. "You're a sailor?" says she—asking, like, to be sure if I warn't the cook's mate in dish-guise, I fancy. "Well, marm," I raps out, "I make bould to say as I hopes I am!"—an' I catches a sight o' myself in a big looking-glass behind the lady, as large as our sky-sail,—and, being a young fellow in them days, thinks I, "Blow me, if Betsy Brown asked me that now, I'd ask her if *she* was a woman!" "Well," says she, "Captain Steel tells me, in this here letter, he's agoing to take my son. Now," says she, "I'm sore against it—couldn't you say some'at to turn his mind?" "The best way for that, yer ladyship," says I, "is to let him go, if was only the length of the Norc. The sea 'll turn his stomach for him, marm," I says, "an' then we can send him home by a pilot." "He wanted for to go into the navy," says the lady again, "but I couldn't think on that for a moment, on account of this fearful war; an', after all, he'll be safer in sailing at sea nor in the army or navy—don't you think so, my good man?" "It's all you knows about it," thinks I; hows'ever, I said there wasn't a doubt on it. "Is Captain Steel a rash man?" says she. "How so, marm?" says I, some'at taken

aback. "I hope he does not sail at night, or in storms, like too many of his profession, I'm afeard," says she; "I hope he always weighs the anchor in such cases, very careful." "Oh, in course," says I, not knowin', for the life o' me, what she meant. I didn't like to come the rig over the poor lady, seein' her so anxious like; but it was no use, we was on such different tacks, ye see. "Oh yes, marm," I says, "Captain Steel al'ays reefs taups'ls at sight of a squall brewing to wind'rd; and we're as safe as a church, then, ye know, with a man at the wheel as knows his duty." "This relieves my mind," the lady says, "very much;" but I couldn't think why she kept sniffing all the time at her smelling bottle, as she wor agoin' to faint. "Don't take it to heart so, yer ladyship," I says at last; "I'll look after the young gentleman till he finds his sea-legs." "Thank you," says she; "but, I beg your pardon, would ye be kind enough for to open the winder, and look out if you see Edward? I think he's in the garding.—I feel sich a smell of pitch and tar!" I hears her say to the girl; and says she to me again, "Do you see Edward there?—call to him, please." Accordingly, I couldn't miss sight of three or four young slips alongside, for they made plenty of noise—one of 'em on top of a water-barrel smoking a segar; another singing out inside of it for mercy; and the rest roaring round about it, like so many Bedlamites. "No wonder the young scamp wants to sea," thinks I, "he's got nothin' arthly to do but mischief." "Which is the young gentleman, marm?" says I, lookin' back into the room—"Is it him with the segar and the red skull-cap?" "Yes," says the lady—"call him up, please." "Hallo!" I sings out, and all runs off but him on the barrel, and "Hallo!" says he. "You're wanted on deck, sir," I says; and in five minutes in comes my young gemman, as grave as you please. "Edward," says the mother, "this is one of Captain Steel's men." "Is he going to take me?" says the young fellow, with his hands in his pockets. "Well, sir," I says, "'tis a very bad look-out, is the sea, for them as don't like it. You'll be sorry ten times over you've left sich a berth as this here,

afore you're down Channel." The young chap looks me all over from clue to earing, and says he, "My mother told you to say that!" "No, sir," says I, "I says it on my own hook." "Why did you go yourself, then?" says he. "I couldn't help it," answers I. "Oh," says the impertinent little devil, "but you're only one of the common sailors, ain't you?" "Split me, you little beggar!" thinks I, "if I doesn't show you the odds betwixt a common sailor, as ye call it, and a lubber of a boy, before long!" But I wasn't goin' to let him take the jaw out o' me, so I only laughed, an' says I, "Why, I'm captain of the foretop at sea, any how." "Where's your huniform, then?" says the boy, lowering his tone a bit. "Oh," I says, "we doesn't al'ays wear huniform, ye know, sir. This here's what we call ondress." "I'm sorry, -sir," says the lady, "I didn't ax you to sit down." "No offence at all, marm," I says, but I took a couple o' glasses of brandy as was brought in. I saw 'twas no use goin' against the young chap; so, when he asked what he'd have to do aboard, I told him nothing to speak of, except count the sails now and then, look over the bows to see how the ship went, and go aloft with a spy-glass. "Oh," says his mother at this, "I hope Captain Steel won't never allow Edward to go up those dangerous ladders! It is my pertic'lar request he should be punished if he does." "Sartainly, marm, I'll mention it to the captain," I says, "an' no doubt he'll give them orders as you speak on." "The captain desired me to say the young gentleman could come aboard as soon as he likes," says I, before goin' out of the door. "Very well, sir," says the lady, "I shall see the tailor this same arternoon, and get his clothes, if so be it must." The last word I said was, putting my head half in again to tell 'em, "There was no use gettin' any huniforms at present, seein' the ship's sailmaker could do all as was wanted arterwards, when we got to sea."

Well, two or three days after, the captain sent word to say the ship would drop down with the morning tide, and Master Collins had better be aboard by six o'clock. I went ashore with the boat, but the young

gemman's clothes warn't ready yet; so it was made up he was to come on board from Gravesend the day after. But his mother and an old lady, a friend of theirs, would have it they'd go and see his bed-room, and take a look at the ship. There was a bit of a breeze with the tide, and the old Indiaman bobbed up and down on it in the cold morning; you could hear the wash of water popping on to her rudder, with her running gear blown out in a bend; and Missus Collins thought they'd never get up the dirty black sides of the vessel, as she called 'em. The other said her husband had been a captain, an' she laid claim to a snatch of knowledge. "Sailor," says she to me, as we got under the quarter, "that there tall mast is the main-bowsprit, ain't it? and that other is the gallant bowling you call it, don't you?" says she. "No doubt, marm," says I, winking to the boys not to laugh. "It's all right," I says. Howsoever, as to the bed-room, the captain showed 'em over the cabin, and put 'em off by saying the ship was so out of order he couldn't say which rooms was to be which yet, though they needn't fear Master Ned would get all comfortable; so ashore the poor woman went, pretty well pleased, considerin' her heart was against the whole consarn.

Well, the next afternoon, lying off Gravesend, out comes a wherry with young master. One of the men said there was a midshipman in it. "Midshipman, be blowed!" says I; "did ye ever see a reefer in a wherry, or sitting out o' the starn-sheets? It's neither more nor less nor the green-horn we've got." "Why don't the bo'sun pipe to man side-ropes for him!" says th' other; "but, my eye, Bob," says he to me, "what a sight of traps the chap's got in the boat!—'twill be enough to heel the Chester Castle to the side he berth's upon, on an even keel. Do he mean to have the captain's cabin, I wonder!" Up the side he scrambles, with the help of a side-ladder, all togg'd out to the nines in a span-new blue jacket and anchor buttons, a cap with a gould band, and white ducks made to fit—as jemmy-jessamy a looking fellow as you'd see of a cruise along London parks, with the watermen singing out

alongside to send down a tackle for the dunnage, which it took a pair of purchase-blocks to hoist them out on board. "What's all this?" says the mate, coming forward from the quarter-deck. "'Tis the young gemman's traps, sir," I says. "What the devil!" says the mate, "d'ye think we've room to stow all this lumber? Strike it down into the forehold, Jacobs—but get out a blue shirt or two, and a Scotch cap, for the young whelp first, if he wants to save that smooth toggery of his for his mammy. You're as green as cabbage, I'm feared, my lad!" says he. By this time the boy was struck all of a heap, an' didn't know what to say when he saw the boat pulling for shore, except he wanted to have a sight of his bed-room. "Jacobs," says the mate, laughing like an old bear, "take him below, and show him his bed-room, as he calls it!" So down we went to the half-deck, where the carpenter, bo'sun, and three or four of the 'prentices, had their hammocks slung. There I left him to overhaul his big donkey of a chest, which his mother had stowed it with clothes enough for a lord ambassador, but not a blessed thing fit to use—I wouldn't 'a given my bit of a black box for the whole on it, ten times over. There was another choke-full of gingerbread, pots o' presaves, pickles, and bottles; and, thinks I, "The old lady didn't know what *shares* is at sea, I reckon. 'Twill all be gone for footing, my boy, before you've seen blue water, or I'm a Dutchman."

In a short time we was up anchor, going down with a fast breeze for the Nore; and we stood out to sea that night, havin' to join a convoy off Spithead. My gentleman was turned in all standing, on top o' some sails below; and next day he was as sick as a greenhorn could be, cleaning out his land-ballast where he lay, nor I didn't see him till he'd got better. 'Twas blowing a strong breeze, with light canvass all in aloft, and a single reef in the tops'ls; but fine enough for the Channel, except the rain—when what does I see but the "Green Hand" on the weather quarter-deck, holding on by the belaying-pins, with a yumberella over his head. The men forward was all in a roar, but none of the officers was on deck save the

third mate. The mate goes up to him, and looks in his face. "Why," says he, "you confounded long-shore, picked-up son of a green-grocer, what are you after?" an' he takes the article a slap with his larboard-flipper, as sent it flying to leeward like a puff of smoke. "Keep off the quarter-deck, you lubber," says he, giving him a wheel down into the lea-scuppers,—"it's well the captain didn't catch ye!" "Come aft here, some of ye," sings out third mate again, "to brace up the mainyard; and you, ye lazy beggar, clap on this moment and pull!" At this the greenhorn takes out a pair o' gloves, shoves his fingers into 'em, and tails on to the rope behind. "Well, dammit!" says the mate, "if I ever see the likes o' that! Jacobs, get a tar-bucket and dip his fists in it; larn him what his hands was made for! I never could bear to see a fellow ashore with his flippers shoed like his feet; but at sea, confound me, it would make a man green-sick over again!" If you'd only seen how Master Collins looked when I shoved his missy fingers into the tar, and chucked the gloves o'board! The next moment he ups fist and made a slap at me, when in goes the brush in his mouth; the mate gives him a kick astarn; and the young chap went sprawling down into the half-deck ladder, where the carpenter had his shavin'-glass rigged to crop his chin—and there he gets another clip across the jaws from Chips. "Now," says the mate, "the chap 'll be liker a sailorto-morrow. He's got some spunk in him, though, by the way he let drive at you, my lad," says he: "that fellow 'll either catch the cat or spoil the monkey. Look after him, Jacobs, my lad," says the third mate; "he 's in my watch, and the captain wants him to rough it out; so show him the ropes, and let him taste an end now an' then. Ha! ha! ha!" says he again, laughing, "'tis the first time I ever see a embreller loosed out at sea, and but the second I've seen brought aboard even! He's the greenest hand, sure enough, it's been my luck to come across! But green they say's nigh to blue, so look out if I don't try to make a sailor of the young spark!"

Well, for the next three or four days the poor fellow was knocked about

on all hands : he 'd got to go aloft to the 'gallant cross-trees, and out on the yard foot-ropes the next morning, before breakfast ; and, coming down, the men made him fast till he sent down the key of his bottle-chest to pay his footing. If he closed his eyes a moment in the watch, slash comes a bucketful o' Channel water over him ; the third mate would keep him two hours on end, larnin' to rig out a sternsail boom, or grease a royal mast. He led a dog's life of it, too, in the half-deck : last come, in course, has al'ays to go and fill the bread barge, scrub the planks, an' do all the dirty jobs. Them *owners' prentices*, sich as he had for messmates, is al'ways worse to their own kind by far nor the "*common sailors*," as the long-shore folks calls a foremast-man. I couldn't help takin' pity on the poor lad, bein' the only one as had seen the way of his up-bringing, and I felt a sort of a charge of him like ; so one night I had a quiet spell with him in the watch, an' as soon 's I fell to speak kind-ways, there I seed the water stand i' the boy's eyes. "It's a good thing," says he, tryin' to gulp it down—"it's a good thing mother don't see all this!" "Ho, ho!" says I, "my lad, 'tis all but another way of bein' sea-sick! You doesn't get the land cleared out, and snuff the blue breeze nat'ral like, all at once! Hows'ever, my lad," says I, "take my advice—bring your hammock an' chest into the fok'sle; swap half your fine clothes for blue shirts and canvass trowsers; turn-to ready and willing, an' do all that's asked you—you'll soon find the differ 'twixt the men and a few petty officers an' 'prentices half out their time. The men 'll soon make a sailor of you : you'll see what a seaman is; you'll larn ten times the knowledge; an', add to that, you'll not be browbeat and looked jealous on!"

Well, next night, what does he do but follows what I said, and afore long most of his troubles was over; nor there wasn't a willin'er nor a readier hand aboard, and every man was glad to put Ned through any thing he'd got to do. The mates began to take note on him; and though the 'prentices never left off callin' him the *Green Hand*, before we rounded the Cape he could take his wheel with the best of them, and clear away a stern-

sail out of the top in handsome style. We were out ten months, and Ned Collins stuck to the fork'sle throughout. When we got up the Thames, he went ashore to see his mother in a check shirt, and canvass trowsers made out of an old royal, with a tarpaulin hat I built for him myself. He would have me to come the next day over to the house for a supper; so, havin' took a kindness to the young chap, why, I couldn't say nay. There I finds him in the midst of a lot o' soft-faced slips and young ladies, a spinning the wonderfulest yarns about the sea and the East Indgees, makin' 'em swallow all sorts of horse-marines' nonsense, about marmalades, sea-sarpents, and sichlike. "Hallo, my hearty!" says he, as soon as he saw me, "heave a-head here, and bring to an anchor in this here blessed chair. Young ladies," says he, "this is Bob Jacobs, as I told you kissed a marmalade his-self. He's a wonderful hand, is Bob, for the fair!" You may fancy how flabbergasted I was at this, though the young scamp was as cool as you please, and wouldn't ha' needed much to make him kiss 'em all round; but I was al'ays milk-an'-water along-side of women, if they topped at all above my rating. "Well," thinks I, "my lad, I wouldn't ha' said five minutes agone there was any thing of the green about ye yet, but I see 'twill take another voy'ge to wash it all out." For to my thinkin', mates, 'tis more of a land-lubber to come the rig over a few poor creatures that never saw blue water, than not to know the ropes you warn't told. "O Mister Jacobs!" says Missus Collins to me that night, before I went off, "d'ye think Edward is tired of that 'ere horridsome sea yet?" "Well, marm," I says, "I'm afear'd not. But I'll tell ye, marm," says I, "if you want's to make him cut the consarn, the only thing ye can do is to get him bound apprentice to it. From what I've seen of him, he's a lad that won't bear aught again his liberty; an' I do believe, if he thought he couldn't get free, he'd run the next day!" Well, after that, ye see, I didn't know what more turned up of it; for I went myself round to Hull, and ships in a timber-craft for the Baltic, just to see some at new.

One day, the third voy'ge from that

time, on getting the length of Black-wall, we heard of a strong press from the men-o'-war; and as I'd got a dreadful dislike to the service, there was a lot of us marchant-men kept stowed away close in holes an' corners till we could suit ourselves. At last we got well tired, and a shipmate o' mine and I wanted to go and see our sweethearts over in the town. So we hired the slops from a Jew, and makes ourselves out to be a couple o' watermen, with badges to suit, a carrying of a large parcel and a ticket on it. In the artemnoon we came back again within sight of the Tower, where we saw the coast was clear, and made a fair wind along Rosemary Lane and Cable Street. Just then we saw a tall young fellow, in a brown coat, an' a broad-brim hat, standing in the door of a shop, with a paper under his arm, on the look-out for some one. "Twig the Quaker, Bob!" my shipmate says to me. As soon as he saw us, out the Quaker steps, and says he to Bill, in a sleepy sort of a voice, "Friend, thou'rt a waterman, I b'lieve?" "D— it, yes," says Bill, pretty short like, "that's what we hails for! D'ye want a boat, master?" "Swear not, friend," says the broad-brim; "but what I want is this, you see. We have a large vessel, belonging to our house, to send to Havannah, and willin' to give double wages, but we can't find any mariners at this present for to navigate. Now," says he, "I s'pose this onfortunate state o' things is on account of the sinful war as is agoin' on—they're afraid of the risk. Hows'ever, my friends," says he, "perhaps, as you knows the river, ye could put us upon a way of engagin' twenty or more bold mariners, as is not afear'd of venturing for good pay?" and with this he looks into his papers; and says Bill, "Well, sir, I don't know any myself—do you Bob?" and he gives me a shove, and says under the rose, "No fear, mate," says Bill, "he's all over green—don't slip the chance for all hands of us at Jobson's." "Why, master," I says, "what 'ud ye give them mariners you speaks on, now?" "Six pound a-month, friend," says he, looking up; "but we gives tea in place of spirits, and we must have steady men. We

can't wait, neither," says he, "more nor three days, or the vessel won't sail at all." "My eye!" says Bill, "'t won't do to lose, Bob!—stick to him, that's all." "Well, sir," I says, "I thinks I does have a notion of some'at of the sort. If you sends your papers to Jobson's Tavern to-night, in the second lane 'twixt Barnaby Street and the Blue Anchor Road, over the water, why, I'll get ye as many hands to sign as you wants!" "Thanks, friend," says the young broad-brim, "I will attend to thine advice,"—so he bids us good-day, and stepped into his door again. "Bill," says I, as we went off, "now I think on it, I can't help a notion I've seen that chap's face afore!" "Very like," says Bill, "for the matter o' that 'tis the same with me—they broad-brims is so much of a piece! But that 'ere fellow don't know nothin' of ships, sure enough, or he wouldn't offer what he did, and the crimps' houses all of a swarm with hands!"

"Take my word, mate," says I, "it's a paying trip, or he wouldn't do it—leave a Quaker alone for that! Why, the chap's a parfit youngster, but I am blessed if he don't look as starched as if he'd sat over a dask for twenty year!"

Well, strike me lucky, mates all, if the whole affair warn't a complete trap! Down comes a clerk with the papers, sure enough—but in ten minutes more the whole blessed lot of us was puckalowed, and hard an' fast, by a strong press-gang. They put us into a cutter off Redriff Stairs, an' the next noon all hands was aboard of the Pandora frigate at Sheerness. The first time of being mustered on deck, says Bill to me, "Cuss my eyes, Bob, if there isn't the 'farnal Quaker!" I looked, and sees a mid-shipman in uniform like the rest, and so it was. "The sly soft-saunderin' beggar!" says I. "All fair in war, and a press-mate!" says one o' the frigate's men. All the while I kept looking and looking at the mid-shipman; and at last I says to Bill when we got below, giving a slap to my thigh, "Blessed if it ain't! it's the *Green Hand* himself!" "Green Hand!" says Bill, sulky enough, "who's the *Green Hand*? Blow me, Bob, if I don't think we're the

green hands ourselves, if that's what you're upon!" So I told him the story about Ned Collins. "Well," says he, "if a fellow was green as China rice, cuss me if the reefers' mess wouldn't take it all out on him in a dozen watches. The softest thing I know, as you say, Bob, just now, it's to come the smart hand when you're a lubber; but to sham green after that style, ye know, why 'tis a mark or two above either you or I, messmate. So for my part, I forgives the young scamp, cause I ought to ha' known better!"

By the time the frigate got to sea, the story was blown over the whole main-deck; many a good laugh it gave the different messes; and Bill, the midshipman, and I, got the name of the "Three Green Hands."

One middle-watch, Mister Ned comes for'ard by the booms to me, and says he, "Well, Bob Jacobs, you don't bear a grudge, I hope?" "Why," says I, "Mister Collins, 'twould be mutiny now, I fancy, you bein' my officer!" so I gave a laugh; but I couldn't help feelin' hurt a little, 'twas so like a son turnin' against his father, as 'twere. "Why, Bob," says he, "did ye think me so green as not to know a seaman when I saw him? I was afeared you'd known me that time." "Not I, sir," I answers: "why, if we hadn't sailed so long in company, I wouldn't know ye now!" So Master Ned gave me to understand it was all for old times he wanted to ship me in the same craft; but he knew my misliking to the service, though he said he'd rather ha' lost the whole haul of 'em nor myself. So many a yarn we had together of a dark night, and for a couple of years we saw no small service in the Pandora. But if ye'd seen Ned the smartest reefer aboard, and the best liked by the men, in the fore-taups' I hunt in a gale, or over the main-deck hatch, with an enemy's frigate to leeward, or on a spree ashore at Lisbon or Naples, you wouldn't ha' said there was any thing green in his eye, I warrant ye! He was made acting lieutenant of a prize he cut out near Chairboorg, before he passed examination; so he got me for prize bo'sun, and took her into Plymouth. Soon after that the war was ended, and all

hands of the Pandora paid off. Master Ned got passed with flying colours, and confirmed lieutenant besides, but he had to wait for a ship. He made me say where I'd be found, and we parted company for about a year.

Well, I was come home from a short trip, and one day Leftenant Collins hunts me up at Wapping Docks, where I'd had myself spliced, six year before, to Betsy Brown, an' was laid up for a spell, havin' seen a good deal of the sea. Ye must know the young lieutenant was fell deep in love with a rich Indy Nabob's daughter, which had come over to take her back to the East Ingees. The old fellow was hard close-hauled again the match, notwithstanding of the young folks makin' it all up; so he'd taken out berths aboard of a large Company's ship, and bought over the captain on no account to let any king's navy man within the gangways, nor not a shoulder with a swab upon it, red or blue, beyond the ship's company. But, above all, the old tyrant wouldn't have a blue-jacket, from stem to stern, if so be he'd got nothing ado but talk sweet; I s'pose he fancied his girl was mad after the whole blessed cloth. The lieutenant turns over this here log to me, and, says he, "I'll follow her to the world's end, if need be, Bob, and cheat the old villain!" "Quite right too, sir," says I. "Bob," says he, "I'll tell ye what I wants you to do. Go you and enter for the Seringpataw at Blackwall, if you're for sea just now; I'm goin' for to s'cure my passage myself, an' no doubt dooin' the voy'ge something 'll turn up to set all square; at any rate, I'll stand by for a rope to pull!" "Why here's a go!" thinks I to myself; "is Ned Collins got so green again, spite of all that's come an' gone, for to think the waves is a-goin' to work wonders, or ould Neptune under the line 's to play the parson and splice all!" "Well, sir," I says, "but don't you think the skipper will smoke your weather-roll, sir, at sea, as you did Bill Pikes an' me, you know, sir?" says I. "Oh, Bob, my lad," says the lieutenant, "leave you that to me. The fellow most unlikely to a sailor on the Indyman's poop will be me, and that's the way you'll know me!"

Well, I did ship with the *Seringpatam* for Bombay: plenty of passengers she had; but only clerks, nabobs, old half-pay fellows, and ladies, not to speak o' children and nurses, black and white. She sailed without my seein' Leftenant Collins, so I thought I was to hear no more on it. When the passengers began to muster on the poop, by the time we got out o' Channel, I takes a look over the ladies, in coilin' up the ropes aft, or at the wheel; I knowed the said girl at once by her good looks, and the old fellow by his grumpy, yallow frontispiece. All on a sudden I takes note of a figger coming up from the cuddy, which I made out at once for my Master Ned, spite of his wig and a pair o' high-heeled boots, as gave him the walk of a chap treading amongst eggs. When I hears him lisp out to the skipper at the round-house if there was any fear of wind, 'twas all I could do to keep the juice in my cheek. Away he goes up to windward, holding on by every thing, to look over the bulwarks behind his sweetheart, givin' me a glance over his shoulder. At night I see the two hold a sort of a colloque abaft the wheel, when I was on my trick at the helm. After a while there was a row got up amongst the passengers, with the old nabob and the skipper, to find out who it was that kept a singing every still night in the first watch, alongside of the ladies' cabin, under the poop. It couldn't be cleared up, how's'ever, who it was. All sorts o' places they said it comed from—mizen-chains, quarter-galleries, lower-deck ports, and davit-boats. But what put the old hunks most in a rage was, the songs was every one on 'em such as "Rule Britannia," "Bay of Biscay," "Britannia's Bulwarks," and "All in the Downs." The captain was all at sea about it, and none of the men would say any thing, for by all accounts 'twas the best pipe at a sea-song as was to be heard. For my part, I knowed pretty well what was afloat. One night a man comed forward from the wheel, after steering his dog-watch out, and "Well I'm blessed, mates," says he on the fok'sle, "but

that chap aft yonder with the lady—he's about the greenest hand I've chanced to come across!—What d'ye think I hears him say to old Yallow-chops an hour ago?" "What was it, mate?" I says. "Says he, 'Do ye know, Sar Chawls, is the hoshun reelly green at the line—green ye know, Sar Chawls, reelly green?' 'No sir,' says the old nabob, 'tis blue.' 'Whoy, ye don't sa—ay so!' says the young chap, pullin' a long face.' "Why, Jim," another hand drops in, "that's the very chap as sings them first-rate sea-songs of a night! I seed him myself come out o' the mizen-chains!" "Hullo!" says another at this, "then there's some'at queer i' the wind! I thought he gave rather a weather-look aloft, comin' on deck i' the mornin'! I'll bet a week's grog that chap's deserted from the king's flag, mates!" Well, ye know, hereupon I couldn't do no less nor shove in my oar, so I takes word from all hands not to blow the gaff,* an' then gives 'em the whole yarn to the very day, about the Green Hand—for somehow or another I was al'ays a yarnin' sort of a customer. As soon as they heard it was a love consarn, not a man but swore to keep a stopper on his jaw; only, at findin' out he was a leftenant in the Royal Navy, all hands was for touchin' hats when they went past.

How's'ever, things went on till we'd crossed the line a good while; the leftenant was making his way with the girl at every chance. But as for the old fellow, I didn't see he was a fathom the nearer with *him*; though, as the Nabob had never clapped eyes on him to know him like, 'twan't much matter before heavin' in sight o' port. The captain of the *Indywan* was a run old-fashioned codger, all for plain sailing and old ways—I shouldn't say overmuch of a smart seaman. He read the sarvice every Sunday, rigged the church an' all that, if it was any-thing short of a reef-taps'l breeze. 'Twas queer enough, ye may think, to hear the old boy drawling out, "As 'twas in the beginnin',"—then, in the one key, "Haul aft the mainsheet,"—"Is now, and ever shall be,"—"Small pull with the weather-brace,"—"Amen,"—

Well the mainyard," — "The Look be with you," — "Tanps'll yard well!" As for the first officer, he was a dandy know-nothing young blade, as wanted to show off before the ladies; and the second was afraid to call the nose on his face his own, except in his watch; the third was a good seaman, but ye may fancy the craft stood often a poor chance of being well handled.

'Twas one afternoon watch, off the west coast of Africay, as hot a day as I mind on, we lost the breeze with a swell, and just as it got down smooth, land was made out, low upon the starboard bow, to the south-east. The captain was turned in sick below, and the first officer on deck. I was at the wheel, and I hears him say to the second how the land breeze would come off at night. A little after, up comes Leftenant Collins, in his black wig and his 'long-shore hat, an' begins to squint over the stern to nor'west'ard. "Jacobs, my lad," whispers he to me, "how do ye like the looks o' things?" "Not overmuch, sir," says I; "small enough sea-room for the sky there!" Up goes he to the first officer, after a bit. "Sir," says he, "do ye notice how we've risen the land within the last hour and a-half?" "No, sir," says the first mate; "what d'ye mean?" "Why, there's a current here, takin' us inside the point," says he. "Sir," says the Company's man, "if I didn't know what's what, d'ye think I'd larn it off a gentleman as is so confounded green? There's nothing of the sort," he says. "Look on the starboard quarter then," says the leftenant, "at the man-o'-war bird afloat yonder with its wings spread. Take three minutes' look!" says he. Well, the mate did take a minute or two's look through the mizen-shroud, and pretty blue he got, for the bird came abreast of the ship by that time. "Now," says the leftenant, "d'ye think ye'd weather that there point two hours after this, if a gale come on from the nor'-west, sir?" "Well," says the first mate, "I daresay we shouldn't—but what

o' that?" "Why, if you'd cruised for six months off the coast of Africa, as I've done," says the leftenant, "you'd think there was something ticklish about that white spot in the sky, to nor'west! But on top o' that, the weather-glass is fell a good bit since four bells." "Weather-glass!" the mate says, "why, that don't matter much in respect of a gale, I fancy." Ye must understand, weather-glasses wan't come so much in fashion at that time, except in the royal navy. "Sir," says the mate again, "mind *your* business, if you've got any, and I'll mind mine!" "If I was you," the leftenant says, "I'd call the captain." "Thank ye," says the mate,—"call the captain for nothing!" "Well," in an hour more the land was quite plain on the starboard bow, and the mate comes aft again to Leftenant Collins. The clouds was beginning to grow out of the clear sky astarn too. "Why, sir," says the mate, "I'd no notion you was a *seaman* at all! What would you do yourself now, supposin' the case you put a little ago?" "Well, sir," says Mr Collins, "if you'll do it, I'll tell ye at once —"

At this point of Old Jack's story, however, a cabin-boy came from aft, to say that the captain wanted him. The old seaman knocked the ashes out of his pipe, which he had smoked at intervals in short puffs, put it in his jacket pocket, and got up off the windlass end. "Why, old ship!" said the man-o'-war's-man, "are ye goin' to leave us in the lurch with a *short yarn*?" "Can't help it, bo'," said Old Jack; "orders must be obeyed, ye know," and away he went. "Well, mates," said one, "what was the upshot of it, if the yarn's been overhauled already? I didn't hear it myself." "Blessed if I know" said several—"Old Jack didn't get the length last time he's got now." "More luck!" said the man-o'-war's-man; "'tis to be hoped he'll finish it next time!"

EASTLAKE'S LITERATURE OF THE FINE ARTS.

WE are surrounded by an external world, which it has pleased the great Maker of the universe to clothe with infinite beauty, cognisable to us through the senses, yet scarcely ours, until, by a more intimate appropriation through the mind, we have added ourselves to it, made it a part of, and in some no inconsiderable degree subject to, the will of our own nature. The inventive faculties of the mind gather all within their reach, which it is their province to combine, and remodel, and revivify with human feeling; and thus, by becoming to a limited extent creative ourselves, we are the more enabled to look up, and in admiration adore the divine power that has made all things out of nothing, and the divine goodness which has given us a perception of a portion of His works. Through the senses we know indeed but imperfectly—more imperfectly than those who have not considered the subject will allow. They minister first to our actual wants, presenting few charms and enticements but such as barely suffice to refresh the mind under the weariness of its daily experience. The bulk of mankind are under a hard necessity, which limits their senses to the work of life: were they enlarged to a greater capacity, that work would be the more irksome. The senses are then, like the air we breathe, reduced from an extreme fineness and purity, for the temporary use of yet unpolished humanity. But they are not intended to continue ever in this state of imperfection.

The great business—the providing for the first wants of life—done, industry is rewarded not by absolute rest and idleness, but by the succession of new and higher wants, which the growing mind demands; and it accordingly taxes the senses, and gives them command to be purveyors, and cultivates them for the purpose of enlarged gratification. They are thus capable of great extension, and, as it were, of an influx of living power to awaken and spiritualise their dormant or inert matter. All life is in progression: sciences must be discovered; arts must be created; and could we conceive an

entirely sluggish and uncultivated social state, how few would see what may be seen, or hear what may be heard! The earth, teeming with sights of wonder, and breathed over with a divine music, would be to its inhabitants, in such a condition, but a waste and thankless wilderness. And which is nature—the bare, the imperceptible, for any beauty it contains, or the riches of the mind's discovery, the imaginative creation? We are inventive, that we may discover what nature is; nor is that the less, but rather the more, nature which is art. Art is but nature discovered—the hidden brought to light, and home to us, and acknowledged and felt—more or less felt as we cultivate reciprocally the mind through the senses, and the senses through the mind. With this view, all the artificial enchantments of life are nature—all arts, all sciences: for how could they be to embellish society,—indeed without which there would be no society—had they not an independent existence somewhere in the great storehouse of infinity, and were they not bountifully thrown out to us as truths to gather, as fruits to nourish and to gratify? We would wish to vindicate all nature, and unfetter it from that petty distinction which many are fond of drawing between nature and art. These make but one whole. For why should we separate ourselves, with all our faculties, perceptive and inventive, from our intimate and purposed connexion with the great universe? It is nature, because it is every where man's doing, to write and act plays, to compose music, and to paint pictures, raise noble edifices, and make marble seem to live in statues. And besides, as man himself is the chief work of nature, so is that which he does, even out of a partial imitation of other nature, the more natural, as it to a certain degree recedes from its model, and participates in and adopts the feeling of him that makes it. It is this nature which makes beauty perfect—which renders the music of Handel better than the sounds of winds and waters, and of a higher nature than they, as it is of a more

extensive power, in all variety of movement, to touch our feelings, and stir us at will. And such is poetry, which influences us where fact fails. And all this not by mere imitation, which some are so fond of thrusting forward as the means; for there is nothing quite like to itself. With such means of exquisite enjoyment within our reach—by this enlargement of the boundary of our senses, of entering upon the improved faculties of our minds—it does seem strange that any gifted with leisure and understanding should neglect the cultivation of arts and sciences, which offer in the pursuit and in the attainment such unlimited riches. It is as if an heir to a large and beautiful estate; a mansion opulent in treasures, should willingly turn his back upon his inheritance, and be content to live in a hovel, and habitate with swine that feed him. And so it is when life, that might be thus embellished and enjoyed, is worse than wasted in low pursuits, and in those meaner gratifications which the untutored senses supply.

We hold that a real taste for the Fine Arts is the *acme* of a nation's civilisation, and a greater, a more general happiness, the certain result. We hold, too, that it is a creature of growth—that it may spring up where once sown and tended with care, in apparently the most unpromising soils. The revival of arts and of letters took place in "Agresti Latio." And how is the whole world benefited by that era of cultivation! There is no country under the sun that so much stands in need of an education in the Arts as our own. With energy to produce, and wealth at command, where shall we look for more favouring national circumstances? This country has been the mart where the finest productions of the genius of other times have found the most liberal purchasers, neglected sadly by our governments; individual collectors have enriched the nation. If we have suffered too many of the finest works—the purchase of which would have been as nothing out of the public purse—to leave our shores, and now to be the ornament of foreign galleries; yet our private collectors are so numerous, that at least a love for the arts has been more generally disseminated.

But we have had no previous education to qualify us for the taste which we would possess. There have been no great works, to which the public eye could be directed, growing up amongst us. Hitherto we have had no Vaticans to embellish, and our temples have been closed against the hand of genius; yet are we now, as it were, upon the turning-point of the character of our cultivation: there is a general stir, a common talk about art, an expressed interest, an almost universal appetite in that direction. We are perfectly surprised at the very large sums which have been recently given for works of even moderate pretensions. There is much to observe that indicates the general desire, but less that indicates a general knowledge. There is an incipient taste, but there is a great want,—education—education for art and in art. How is this to be promoted? The lectures of academies are thought to be exclusively for the professors or rather students, and are too often neglected by them. The lectures of Sir Joshua, of Fuseli, and others, contain much valuable matter, but they scarcely reach the public. The most interesting foreign publications remain untranslated. Vasari is as yet unknown in our language. Transcripts, in outline or in more full engraving, of the finest works, exist not among us: these are the things that should be before the eyes of all, together with a systematic reading education upon the principles. Whatever has been done that is great, that is ennobling, should be, as far as is possible, seen and known. As yet, in all this, there is a great deficiency. The public is left to, at best, an incipient taste; which, to judge from the kind of productions that find the readiest market, is not good—at all events is not high, and scarcely improving. The love is at present for picture imitation, that lowest condition in which art may be said to flourish. We want an education in its principles, that its just aim and proper influence may be understood. The Fine Arts should be a part of our literature, and thus become a branch of general education. We hail with pleasure every work of the kind we see announced; we rejoice in the publication of our "hand-books," and the many volumes

on the arts, as they flourished in other countries, which now begin in some measure to interest the reading public. But is nothing done towards a foundation for education in the principles of the arts? We are happy to say there is much done. If the commission on the Fine Arts had done nothing more than the drawing up their "reports" by their secretary, in that they have done much. Valuable, however, as these "reports" are, they were nearly a dead letter: the title was not enticing; few looked to reports as other than statistical accounts; whereas, in reality, they contained deep research, accurate knowledge, and clearly set forth the principles upon which, as a foundation, true taste must rest. We are happy that these most able essays have been rescued from the common fate of "reports," by their being now preserved in a collected form, together with other most valuable treatises from the pen of the secretary to the commission, under the title of *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts*. Mr Eastlake has conscientiously imposed upon himself an arduous undertaking, beyond the implied condition of his secretaryship. In so doing, he deserves the greatest commendation, for he has greatly increased the utility of the commission. Not content with promoting the arts by these excellent theoretical treatises, he has addressed the artists themselves, and led them to the best practical views. He has, with great industry, labour, and patient investigation, cleared away the common errors respecting the "Old Masters." We have already noticed his *History of Painting in Oil*—that is, the first volume, which treats of the practice of the Flemish school. It is now no matter of conjecture what colours or what vehicles were in use—we have sure documentary evidence before us. It remains to make known the alterations and additions to that practice by the Italian schools, and this will be the subject of his forthcoming volume. In the first work, indeed, we have glimpses of the Italian method, and recipes of the varnish supposed to be used by Correggio; but we look to certain information, which is the fair promise of the second volume.

In the *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts*, in addition to the essays on painting, sculpture, and architecture, taken from the "reports," we have Mr Eastlake's review of Passavant's *Life of Raphael*, extracted from the *Quarterly Review*; notes from Kugler's *Hand-Book*, on the subject of the paintings in the Capella Sistina; extracts from the translation of Goethe's *Theory of Colours*, on the Decoration of a Villa; and, perhaps the most interesting of all, if we may not say the most important, a fragment on "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts," not noticed in the chapter of contents. To this last, being so entirely speculative upon the very cause of beauty, and so new in matter, we should feel disposed to invite discussion on the side of doubt—partly because, it being professedly a fragment, by suggesting the difficulties attending his theory, a clearer exposition in the further prosecution of it may be the result.

If it were not, so to speak, for the genius of materials—or if genius be not allowed, we may say the characteristics of materials—poetry, painting, and sculpture would be subject but to one order of criticism, under one set of rules. But though each has its agreement with the others in the same leading principles—the foundation of general taste, and mostly arising from moral considerations—yet have they, individually, their own diverging points, from which they seem freed from the "commune vinculum." It requires a nice discrimination to ascertain for each art these points of deviation from the general rules. These rules are, from observation and from books, more easily comprehended, and the common scope of all the arts understood; but, to an inquiring mind, difficulties will often present themselves, when seeming differences and contradictions occur; for undoubtedly all these arts must be reconciled with each other, and made akin. It becomes, therefore, an important step in the education of taste, to learn the necessarily different modes by which they each approach their ends—the same as far as the general principles are concerned, but with a variance according to the characteristics of each. Mr Eastlake has been very successful in

pointing to these distinctions, in showing the rules which guide all, and those which necessitate the differences. We were particularly struck with this discrimination in his *Treatise on Sculpture*, than which we have never read any thing more clear and convincing. We quote a passage with this bearing :—

“The first question, then, in examining the style of a given art, is, in what does this difference of means, as compared with nature, consist? The answer may for the present be confined to sculpture. It is agreed, then, or it is a *convention*, that a colourless hard substance shall be the material with which the sculptor shall imitate the perfection of life. His means are, by the primary condition, effectually distinguished from those of nature; and it remains for him to cheat the imagination (not the senses) into the pleasing impression that an equivalent to nature can be so produced. He may, therefore, imitate the characteristics of life closely. His select representation, however faithful, is in no danger of being literally confounded with reality, because of the original conventions, viz., the absence of colour, and the nature of his material. But it is not the same with the imitation, in this art, of many other surfaces. As already observed, a rock in sculpture and a rock in nature can be identical; it may, therefore, be sometimes necessary to imitate the reality less closely, or even, in extreme cases, like that now adduced, to depart from nature. The reason is obvious: the degree of resemblance to reality which is attainable in the principal object of imitation—the surface of the living figure—is, from the established convention, limited; and it is desirable that the spectator should forget this restriction. He is, therefore, by no means to be reminded of it by greater reality in other, and necessarily inferior, parts of the work. In painting, it is sometimes objected that inferior objects are more real than the flesh. The defect is great; but there is this difference between the two cases—in painting, the inferiority in the imitation of the flesh may be only from want of power in the artist; in sculpture, the perfect resemblance of the flesh to nature is impossible, in consequence of the absence of colour. The literal imitation of subordinate objects is, for this reason, more offensive in sculpture than in painting. A manifest defect in the art seems more hopeless than a defect in the artist.”

“In pursuing the analogies here considered, it is necessary to compare mere art with art—the form, as such, of the one,

with the form of the other. Thus, in comparing sculpture and poetry together, the parallel conditions are to be sought in the strictly corresponding departments. As sculpture, in reference to nature, (to repeat an observation before made,) gives substance for substance, so poetry gives words for words. Accordingly, the form of poetry is by agreement or convention (similar in principle to that which dictates the conditions of sculpture) effectually distinguished from the form of ordinary language. And it will now be seen that the limitations of poetry, in such outward characteristics, are more definite and more comprehensive than those of sculpture; for whereas the material of marble may sometimes coincide literally with that of substances in nature, the form of poetry never can entirely coincide with that of ordinary language. This greater liability of sculpture to be confounded with reality certainly adds to its difficulty, since the doubtful cases, which may be left to the taste of the sculptor, are often settled by an immutable rule for the poet.”

Whoever would desire a knowledge of the original causes of the differences of alto, basso, and mezzo rilievo, should read the admirable treatise on the subject. They are not to be confounded as arising from the same conditions, and subject to the same rules. The differences of position and light, by their distinct requirements, separate the three styles of rilievo, the alto, basso, and mezzo. It is not, as many suppose, that the basso, the lower relief, is less finished than the alto, or high relief; the finish of each is differently placed. “In the highest relief, however decided the shadows may, and must of necessity be, on the plane to which the figure is attached, the light on the figure itself is kept as unbroken as possible; and this can only be effected by a selection of open attitudes; that is, such an arrangement of the limbs as shall not cast shadows on the figure itself. In basso-relievo, the same general effect of the figure is given, but by very different means: the attitude is not selected to avoid shadows on the figure, because, while the extreme outline is strongly marked, the shadows within it may be in a great measure suppressed; so that the choice of attitudes is greater. Mezzo-relievo differs from both; it has neither the limited attitudes of the first, nor the distinct outline and suppressed internal markings of the second: on

the contrary, the outline is often less distinct than the forms within it, and hence it requires, and is fitted for, near inspection. Its imitation may thus be more absolute, and its execution more finished, than those of the other styles."

In all relief, as the shadows fall upon the background, the peculiar adaptation to architecture is manifest. As they are intended for minute inspection, gems are generally in mezzo-relievo. The workers in bronze and the goldsmiths—the former from the facility in casting, the latter for the minuteness and less distinctness of their works—adopting the flattest kind of mezzo-relievo, fancifully deviated from the original purity of the style, by introducing landscape and building backgrounds. An artist of the greatest genius fell into this error—Lorenzo Ghiberti, in the beautiful bronze doors of the baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence. In these celebrated compositions he attempted the union of basso-relievo with the principles of painting. His excellent workmanship and skill in composition was such as led the sculptors of the fifteenth century to consider this innovation upon the old simplicity an improvement. In inferior hands the failure would have been manifest, for the practice is in violation of the principle which the character of the material should determine. That Ghiberti was led into the error is not surprising, as he learned his art from a goldsmith. In his case it was a singular instance of ill-constituted judges choosing well. The judges who selected Ghiberti from his many competitors, were goldsmiths, painters, and sculptors—the majority were likely to favour that which approached nearest to their own practice. It is to the credit of our Flaxman that he revived the purer taste. This whole essay on relief should be read attentively: it is so connected in all its parts that it is impossible to give its true character by either a few quotations or an attempt at analysis.

In the essay entitled "Painting," Mr Eastlake keeps in view throughout the main object of the commission—the decoration of public buildings. He has to show how certain principles of art adjust themselves to the condi-

tions imposed by the dimensions, light, and general character of the buildings for which works are required. At first view it might appear that, whether a picture be large or small, there should be no difference in the manner of painting it—that the small magnified, or the large reduced, could answer every purpose. But not so: a moment's consideration will show that the spectator's eye must be consulted, which sees not minutiae of form or colour at the distance from which large works are to be seen, and that it seeks for those as the objects are brought nearer. It becomes necessary, then, in large works, lest they be indistinct, that masses be strongly preserved, and, accordingly, that neither forms nor colours be much broken. Hence, the larger the work, in general, the lighter, for the sake of distinctness, it should be: and such is the character of the great fresco works, which are, besides, in this respect, mainly aided by the materials of fresco, which is non-absorbent of light. We believe this also to be true to nature; for if we reduce any scene of nature by a diminishing glass to very small dimensions, the quantity of colour, which is never lost, becomes concentrated, and therefore more intense. The Flemish masters were great observers of nature; and we find in their smallest pictures the greatest depth and intensity of colour. Colour, in this view, even contends powerfully with perspective itself, and is often in distance, by being to the eye reduced, of an intensity that would seem to contradict aerial influence. The phenomenon of the strength of bright colour in distance is extremely curious: every one must have noticed that a lighted candle may be seen miles off, where, according to perspective rules, it would not be possible to draw its dimensions; nay, it shall appear larger than when at a moderate distance, and that not from its being a magnified light reflected from the walls of a room, for the same effect will be observed if we see the single light in the midst of a dark wood, where it is reflected not at all, and even seen in a space which, without the candle, would be too small to be discernible. But the contrary effect takes place with regard to form, which becomes indistinct at a very small distance. A bright colour

is frequently very distinct, where the form to which it belongs is lost. But to return to the essay. Mr Eastlake clearly shows the principles, with regard to colour, upon which the great Venetian masters worked—how, by what artificial means, they preserved colour without losing light. To their practice and modelling in fresco were the Venetians indebted for the largeness of their system of colouring, and probably to the rich specimens of painted glass, for which Venice was celebrated, for their brilliancy and illumination. This little treatise is peculiarly useful to those who would aspire to undertake public works of large dimensions, and could not have been offered to their notice by a more fit person than the Secretary to the Commission of the Fine Arts. The following is excellent:—"To conclude: the resources, whether abundant or limited, of the imitative arts, are, in relation to nature, necessarily incomplete; but it appears that, in the best examples, the very means employed to compensate for their incompleteness are, in each case, the source of a characteristic perfection, and the foundation of a specific style. As it is with the arts, compared with each other, so it is with the various applications of a given art: the methods employed to correct the incompleteness or indistinctness, which may be the result of particular conditions, are, in the works of the great masters, the cause of excellencies not attainable to the same extent by any other means. In the instance last mentioned—the school of the Netherlands—it is apparent that no indirect contrivances or conventions are necessary to counteract the effects of indistinctness; on the contrary, all that would be indistinct in other modes of representation is here admissible, with scarcely any restriction. The incompleteness to be overcome, which is here the cause of peculiar attractions, therefore resides solely in conditions and imperfections of the art itself, which, on near inspection, are in greater danger of being remembered. These are—a flat surface, and material pigments; and these are precisely the circumstances which, by the skill of

the artists in the works referred to, are forgotten by the spectator. The consequences of the difficulty overcome are, as usual, among the characteristic perfections of the style."

*Passavant's Life of Raphael** is by far the most satisfactory account of that great and too short-lived painter. It deservedly engaged the attention of Mr Eastlake, who, in his review, has, in an able summary, connected the genius of this extraordinary man with the influence of his times and the place of his birth. Hitherto the school of Umbria has been too much overlooked. Yet Urbino, at the time of Raphael's birth, more than rivalled in art Rome and Florence. The palace built there by Duke Federigo was not only magnificent in itself, but was adorned with treasures of art. Federigo was to this "Athens of Umbria" what Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici were to Florence. It is not the least interesting fact, that Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, was the historian of its greatness, which he celebrates in a poem, in which the painters of fame are not omitted. It is probable that the early mind of Raphael grew there under the influence of classic art, for many were the treasures of Grecian sculpture there collected. The idea is ably combated by Mr Eastlake, that Italian art was independent of this classic influence, as attempted to be proved by the German school, who wrote to establish the entire independence of early Christian art. The classic influence was felt by Raphael, and by him promoted. It was indeed Giotto, who, a century before, had set the example of emancipating art from the previous formal types—animating, as it were, the "dead bones" of art.

The young Raphael, an orphan at twelve years of age, had probably been an early scholar with his father, Giovanni Santi, and was, soon after his father's death, placed with Perugino. He must have seen at Urbino a work of Van Eyck's, which Duke Federigo had procured. Giovanni Santi calls the inventor of oil-painting "Il gran Johannes." Among the painters celebrated by Santi is Gentile, of whom Michael Angelo said, when he had seen a Ma-

* We here adopt the spelling of the name as we find it in Mr Eastlake's review of that Life.

donna and Child painted by him, that "he had a hand like his name." The young Raphael was then favourably circumstanced in his earliest years. He remained at Urbino and in Perugia till twenty-one years of age, 1504; was then at Florence till 1508; and from that time to his death, 1520, with the exception of a visit to Florence, he was at Rome.* A very interesting account of many of the works of this great man is added. The "Raphael ware," so commonly believed to be designed by Raphael, was nevertheless not his work. These designs were executed twenty years after his death. Raffaello del Colle was one employed in these designs. The name probably gave rise to the surmise that they were from the hand of Raphael.

Of the nature of the intercourse between Raphael and the Fornarina, whatever may be the conjectures, not only is no additional information brought forward, but there is every reason to believe the previous statements to be fable, manufactured according to the love for romance so common both to readers and authors. Whether the name La Fornarina implies that she was a potter's or a baker's daughter, there is still a doubt. Nor does it much concern the history of art, nor the real character of the biography, as it should be, of such a man, to sift the gossip of the idle or curious of any age. Passavant clearly vindicates the life of Raphael from the general impurities which such gossip has ever been as busy as desirous to attach to the names of men of genius. The jealousy said to have existed between M. Angelo and Raphael, probably had some origin in the impetuous temper of M. Angelo, who confounded the gentle Raphael with his architectural rival, Bramante. That Raphael owed something to M. Angelo cannot be doubted, but no unfair imitation has been proved—nay, we would venture to assert, that unfair imitation is almost impossible to genius, for it will make its own, whatever, to an indiscriminating eye, it seems only to borrow. It was not

possible that Raphael should not be influenced even in his style by that of M. Angelo. No painter can come to any perfection in his art utterly ignorant or uninfluenced by the works of others, whether predecessors or contemporaries. Nor was Raphael slow to express himself as happy in being born in the age of M. Angelo. "Whatever Raphael knew in the art, he knew from me," said M. Angelo. We do not view this as a censure, but a praise; for it shows an admission on the part of that giant of art, that the genius of Raphael was worthy the affiliation. We have sufficient evidence, we think, of the originality, of the greatness, and of the more tender virtue—gentleness—of Raphael in his works. To those who would seek more, we would refer to the letter of Raphael himself, and more especially to the touching pictures of his genius and character as we find them in Vasari, and in the heartfelt regretting, at his death, of his friend Castiglione.

The doubts raised a few years since respecting the place of Raphael's burial have been removed. The tomb has been found, as described by Vasari, behind the altar of the church of Sta Maria Bella Rotonda, (the Pantheon,) "in a chapel which he himself had built and endowed, and near the spot where his betrothed bride had been laid." The tomb was opened in the presence of the members of the academy of St Luke, who were not a little interested in the investigation, having been long in possession of a supposed skull of Raphael, which the character-casting phrenologists had, in their zeal for their theory, held up to admiration, and as a test of the accuracy of their science. It must have been to their no small mortification that their relic was discovered to have "belonged to an individual of no celebrity." We reluctantly pass over the interesting notes from Kugler's *Hand-Book* "on the subjects of the paintings in the Capella Sistina."

To the artist, the "Extracts from the translation of Goethe's *Theory of Colours* will be most valuable. The

* In page 215, it is said Raphael repaired to his native city at the age of twenty-one. This seems not to agree with the account of his not having left it till twenty-one years of age. It has been said also, at page 210, that he revisited Urbino in 1499, having been said not to have left it till 1504.

usual diagrams of the chromatic circle are shown to have one great defect. "The opposite colours — red and green, yellow and purple, olive and orange—are made equal in intensity; whereas the complemental colour, pictured on the retina, is always less vivid, and always darker or lighter than the original colour. This variety undoubtedly accords more with harmonious effects in painting." To indirect opposition of colours — the opposition should not only be of the colours, the hues, but in their intensity—"the opposition of two pure hues of equal intensity, differing only in the abstract quality of colour, would immediately be pronounced crude and inharmonious. It would not, however, be strictly correct to say that such a contrast is too violent; on the contrary, it appears that the contrast is not carried far enough, for, though differing in colour, the two hues may be exactly similar in purity and intensity. Complete contrast, on the other hand, supposes dissimilarity in all respects." In addition to the mere difference of hue, the eye, it seems, requires difference in the lightness or darkness of the hue." Artists who are so partial to extreme light—a white light—and, at the same time, of exhibiting vivid, strong, and crude colours, are far more unnatural in their effects than those who prefer altogether the lower scale. In fact, it is the lower scale which can alone truly show colours,—very vivid light and colour cannot co-exist. Colour is called by Kircher "*lumen opacatum*." That increase of colour supposes increase of darkness, so often stated by Goethe, may be granted without difficulty. To what extent, on the other hand, increase of darkness—or rather diminution of light—is accompanied by increase of colour, is a question which has been variously answered by various schools. The reconciliation of Goethe's theory with the practice of the best of the great Venetian colourists, is shown with much critical discrimination.

Leonardo da Vinci, the obscurity and want of arrangement of whose treatises are so much to be regretted, had, as is shown by the juxtaposition of passages, borrowed largely

from Aristotle. It is agreed by both, that when light is overspread with obscurity, a red colour appears; the why remains for the more accurate investigation of philosophers. The blue of the sky arises from the interposition of white against the black. The following from Leonardo is curious,—“This (effect of transparent colours on various grounds) is evident in smoke, which is blue when seen against black, but when it is opposed to the light, (blue sky), it appears brownish and reddening.”

The letter “On the decoration of a villa” comes very opportunely. Architecture, with all its accompanying decoration of furniture and ornament, has been with us for nearly two centuries in abeyance. The taste is reviving, and with it knowledge. The science is studied, and with the extension of the science, convenience, which had long been the sole aim, and inadequately pursued, is in advance. There is much to be done, not only in villas and mansions, the houses of the rich, but in those of the moderate citizens. It too often happens that families are weary of their homes, they know not why—fly off to watering-places for a little novelty—establish themselves in inconvenient lodging-houses—all, in reality, because they lack a little variety at home. We have seen houses, where most of the rooms are not only of the same dimensions, but are, as near as possible, coloured, papered, painted, and furnished alike: the eye is wearied with the perpetually obtruding sameness, and the eye faithfully conveys this disgust to the mind. We may be thought to have whimsical notions in this respect, yet we venture to the confession of a somewhat singular taste. Had we wealth at command, we would borrow something from every country and climate under the sun. We would enter subterranean palaces with the ancient Egyptians, all artificially lighted. Arabians, Greeks, and Romans should contribute architectural designs. Our house should represent, in this sense, a map of the world: we would inhabit Europe, Asia, Africa, America—(no, scarcely the latter)—yet without being shocked by too sudden transitions; though we would retain somewhat of

this electrifying source of revivifying the too slumbering spirits. We would be able to walk "the great circle, and be still at home." We would create every gradation of light, and every gradation of darkness, to suit or to make every humour of the mind. We would have gardens such as few but Aladdin saw; and who less than a genie, or most consummate of geniuses, should complete our last unfinished window?—unfinished; for, with all this, it would still be a blessing to have something to do. And a pleasant thing to be the lord, master, emperor, in an architectural world of acres. Who does not love the lordly spirit of Wolsey? but we would go beyond him—would, as well as the imperial palace, have the poet's house, the painter's house; and in their works, all their works, (we are becoming as ambitious as Alnaschar,) be in daily familiarity with the great and wise of every age. Our libraries—we speak plurally, in the magnificence of the great idea—our picture-galleries, statue-galleries, should tax the skill of purveyors and architectural competitors without end. None that have ever yet been built or supplied with treasures would suffice, for they are for cramped positions. We would have no lack of space, and would not mind building a room for a single work. The idea of magic to construct, only shows the real want of man. Magic is but a premonition of genius. Did we learn all this extravagance from our early story-books of princes and princesses, and their fairy palaces—from Arabian tales, and, in later time, from the enchantments of Boyardo and Ariosto? Whatever were the sources—though it should turn out to have been but an old nurse—we are heartily thankful for these variable, fanciful treasures; and, had we the riches, in reality would add a further extravagance of cost and fancy—a mausoleum to her bewitching bones. We remember thinking Menelaus, as pictured in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, happy even in his grief for the loss of Helen, in that he paced his galleries gazing upon her statues.

"Ma ritorniamo al nostro usato canto."

For more practical views and uses, we refer those who would build and decorate houses of pretensions and taste

to the good sense contained in Mr Eastlake's *Reply*.

It seems to be scarcely a fable that beauty (as often personified in romantic poetry) is hid in an enchanted castle that few can reach; and those fortunate few either see but the skirts of her robe, as she majestically passes from corridor to corridor, or are so bewildered with the sight, that, having worshipped with downward eyes, they can give but a poor account of that "vultus nimium lubricus aspicitur;" while many of the adventurers are at once overcome by the monsters of error that in every shape sentinel the bridge and turret; while others, scarcely on the verge of the precincts, gather a few flowers, and come away under the delusion that they have entered the true garden of all enchantment. Some are fascinated with the "false Duennas" that assume a shape of beauty, and lead them far away, to their utter bewilderment; and those never return to the real pursuit.—There are who meet with fellow adventurers, accompany each other but a short way, dispute about the route they should take, breathe a combative atmosphere in the bypaths of error, and had rather slaughter each other than continue the adventure. Such seems to have been the thought of Mr Eastlake, in the commencement of his fragment "On the Philosophy of the Fine Arts," which he has clothed in more sober prose becoming the combatant for Truth—for Truth and Beauty are one. He has been out upon the adventure—yet scarcely thinks himself safe from the weapons of combatants, old or new, the discomfited or the aspirant, and expects little credit will be given to the discoveries he professes to have made. "To hint at theories of taste," he asserts, "is to invite opposition. The reader who gives his attention to them at all is eager to be an objector; he sets out by fancying that his liberty is in danger, and instinctively prepares to resist the supposed aggression." We would by no means break a lance with one so skilful, and of such proof-armour, as that which this accomplished combatant wears; but we may venture to gather up the fragments of the broken lances that strew the field, and patch them up for other

hands—nay, offer them, with the humility of a runner in the field, to Mr Eastlake himself, who will, on good occasion, show of what wood and metal they are made. To carry on this idea of enchantment, it is possible that Mr Eastlake may resemble the happy prince in search of the ninth statue. Eight had been set up (we are not quite sure of the number): there they stood on their pedestals of finest marble, but they were cold to the touch. The prince in the tale found the ninth he was commanded to discover to be a living beauty. If we mistake not, Mr Eastlake considers beauty but the type of life. "Life is pre-eminently an element of beauty: the word itself presents at once to the imagination the ideas of movement, of energy, and of bloom: the fact itself constitutes the greatest and most admirable attribute of nature." Again, establishing the curve, though not the precise curve of Hogarth, as the line of beauty, "a variously undulating curve may therefore be proposed as the visible type of life: such a form is constantly found in nature, as the indication and concomitant of life itself. It was this which Hogarth detected in various examples, without tracing it to its source. His illustrations are often excellent, but the type itself he adopted was singularly unfortunate. His "line of beauty" constantly repeats itself, and is therefore devoid of variety or elasticity—the never-failing accompaniments of perfect vitality." Variation, whether of line or of other elements, has on all hands been admitted as an ingredient of beauty. Mr Burke's illustration of the dove is good: "Here we see the head increasing insensibly to the middle, from whence it lessens gradually until it mixes with the neck; the neck loses itself in a larger swell, which continues to the middle of the body, when the whole decreases again to the tail. The tail takes a new direction, but it soon varies its new course; it blends again with the other parts, and the line is perpetually changing above, below, upon every side." Burke adds to this the other element—softness—which, we suspect, Mr Eastlake will admit only in a minor degree; for Mr Burke considers not only softness, but a

certain degree of weakness—a delicacy almost amounting to it, at least—as necessary to the idea of beauty; and they would ill agree with the perfect "vitality" of our author.

But simply as to lines, we are inclined to believe with Burke, that though the varied line is that in which beauty is found most complete, there is no particular line which constitutes it. Mr Eastlake, in referring that line to its resemblance to life, or to the antagonistic principles that make and destroy life, if we mistake not, cautiously abstracts this line of beauty from ideas of association; whereas his whole argument, in form and matter, appears to be one of association only. But such an association of life may be, if it existed, often destructive of that impression which a beautiful object is intended to make. Lassitude, death itself, may be beautiful in form. When Virgil compares Euryalus dying to the flower cut down—to the poppies drooping, weighed down with rain—he has in his eye objects beautiful in themselves; rather than life, they express Burke's idea of a certain weakness and faintness.

Inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit.
Purpureus veluti cum flos succius aratro,
Languescit moriens; lascive papavera collo,
Demisere caput, pluvia cum fortè gravantur.

Perhaps Mr Eastlake may reply, that the simile expresses *privation* of life, and therefore shows the matter capable of receiving it; but this appears further to involve the necessity of association, which denies the beauty of the line *per se*. The idea of privation is a sentiment; but the question is, if there be a line of beauty independent of sentiment or association. Let us attempt to answer it by another—the opposite. Is there a line of ugliness? We think there is not: if there be, what line? certainly not a straight line, (we must not here refer any to an object.) Perhaps we may not be very wrong in saying that a line *per se* is one of "indifference"—similar to that state of the mind before, as Burke says, we receive either pain or pleasure. May we not further say that, very strictly speaking, there is no one line but the straight—that every figure is made up of its inclinations, which are other or equivalent to other lines? If there be any truth

in this, the "line of beauty" (here adopting for a moment the word) is not a single but a complicated thing: the straight line has no parts, until we make them by divisions: the curved line has parts by its deviations, which constitute a kind of division, without the abruptness which the divided straight line would have. The organ of sight requires a moving instinct: that instinct is curiosity; but that is of an inquiring, progressive nature. Without some variety, therefore, in the object, it would die ere it could give birth to pleasurable sensation. It is too suddenly set to rest by a straight line *per se*; but when that line is combined with others, the sense is kept awake, is exercised; and it is from the exercise of a sense that pleasure arises. Too sudden divisions, by multiplying one object, distract; but in the curve, in the very variety, the unity of the object is preserved. A real cause may possibly here exist for what we will still call a "line of beauty," without referring it at all to so complicated a machinery of thought as that of life, with its antagonistic principle, with which it continually contends. This is, doubtless, physically and philosophically true; but it is altogether a thought which gives beauty to the idea of the line after we have contemplated it—not before. The line may rather give rise to and illustrate the philosophical thought, than be made what it is by that thought, which it altogether precedes.

Mr Eastlake objects to Hogarth's line that it repeats itself. We are not quite satisfied of the validity of this objection: for we find a certain repetition the constant rule of nature—a repetition not of identity, but similarity—an imitation rather, which constitutes symmetry—which, again, is a kind of correspondence, or, to clothe it with a moral term, a sympathy. To this symmetry, when a freedom of action is given, it but makes a greater variety; for we never lose sight of the symmetry, the balancing quantity always remaining. Thus, though a man move one arm up, the other down, the balance of the symmetry is not destroyed by the motion. We know that the alternation may take place,—that the arms

may shift positions: we never lose sight of the correspondence, of the similarity. Every exterior swell in the limb has its corresponding interior swell. The enlargement by a joint is not on one side. Every curve has its opposite. The face exemplifies it, which, as it is the most beautiful part, has the least flexible power of shifting its symmetry. Mark how the oval is completed by the height of the forehead and the declination of the chin. In nature it will be mostly found that, when one line rises, there is an opposite that falls,—that where a line contracts to a point, its opposite contracts to meet it. And this is the pervading principle of the curve carried out, and is most complete when the circle or oval is formed, for then the symmetrical or sympathetic line is perfected. Let us see how nature paints herself. Let us suppose the lake a mirror, as her material answering to our canvass. We see this repetition varied only by a faintness or law of perspective, which, to the eye, in some degree changes the line from its perfect exactness. As we see, we admire. There is no one insensible to this beauty. Nay, we would go further, and say that the artist cannot at random draw any continuous set of lines that, as forms, shall be ugly, if he but apply to them this imitation principle of nature, which, as it is descriptive of the thing, may be termed the principle of Reflexion, and which we rather choose, because it seems to include two natural propensities not very unlike each other—imitation and sympathy. We say "not very unlike each other," because they strictly resemble each other only in humanity. The brute may have the one—imitation, as in the monkey; but he imitates without sympathy, therefore we love him not: and it is this lack which makes his imitation mostly mischievous, for evil acts are the more visible,—the good discernible by feeling, by sympathy. The sympathy of the symmetry of nature is its sentiment, and may therefore be at least an ingredient in beauty, and thus exhibited in lines. Lines similar, that approach or recede from each other, do so by means of their similarity in a kind of relation to each other; and by this they acquire a purpose, a meaning, as it were,

a sentient feeling, or, as we may say, a sympathy. A line of itself is nothing—it has no vital being, no form, until it bear relation to some other, or, by its combination with another, becomes a figure; and because it is a figure, it pleases, and we in some degree sympathise with it, as a part, with ourselves, of things created. Thus the curve, or Hogarth's line of beauty, which we assume to be made up of straight lines, whose joining is imperceptible, is the first designated figure of such lines, and in it we first recognise form, the first essential of organic being and beauty. It is like order dawning through chaos,—life not out of death, but out of that unimaginable nothing, before death was or could be. It is the Aphrodite, discarding the unmeaning froth and foam, and rising altogether admirable. Now again as to Hogarth's line—carried but a little further, it would be strictly according to this principle of Reflexion. Divide it by an imaginary line, and you see it as in a mirror. If the serpentine line, then, as Hogarth called it, be a line of beauty, let us see in what that line is rendered most beautiful. Let us take the caduceus of Hermes as the mystic symbol of beauty. Here we see strictly the principle of reflexion, (for it matters not whether lateral or perpendicular,) and here, as a separation, how beautiful is the straight line! Take away either serpent, where is the beauty? We have a natural love of order as well as of variety,—of balancing one thing with another. If we remember, Hogarth falls into the error of making it a principle of art to shun regularity, and recommends a practice, which painters of architectural subjects have, as we think, erroneously adopted, of taking their views away from a central point. The principle of reflexion of nature would imply that they lose thereby more than they gain, for they lose that complete order which was in the design of the architect, and which, by not disturbing, so aids the sense of repose—a source of greatness as well as beauty. But to return to this Reflexion. It has its resemblance to Memory, which gives pleasure simply by reflecting the past,—by imitating through sympathy. We are pleased with similitudes, when placed in oppo-

sition. They are, like the two sides of Apollo's lyre, divided only by lines that, through them, discourse music,—harmony or agreement making one out of many things. The painter knows well that he requires his balancing lines to bring all intermediate parts into the idea of an embracing whole. If any of Hogarth's lines, as given examples in his plate, (though he gives the preference to one,) had its corresponding, as in the caduceus, it would at once become a beautiful line.

We took occasion some years ago, in a paper in *Maga*, to notice the practice, according to this principle of nature, followed by perhaps as great a master of composition (of lines) as any that art has produced—Gaspar Poussin; and we exemplified the rule by reference to some of his pictures; and we remarked that, by this his practice, he made more available for variety and uniformity the space of his canvass. We have since, with much attention, noticed the lines of nature, when most beautiful,—have watched the clouds, how they have arched valleys, and promoted a correspondence of sentiment,—and how, in woods, the receding and approaching lines of circles have made the meetings and the hollows, which both make space, and are agreeable. We are not setting forth *our* line of beauty. We would rather suggest that it is possible the idea of the wave or curve, right in itself, may be carried to a still greater completeness. It may, in fact, only be a part of beauty, which must scarcely be limited to a single line, or rather figure. We should have hesitated, lest we should seem to have hazarded a crude theory, if it had appeared to be entirely in opposition to Mr Eastlake. We think, upon the whole view, it rather advances his, and reconciles it as a part only with that of Burke and Hogarth. The thing stated may be true, when the reason given for it may be untrue, or at least insufficient. The notion of life and its antagonism is true; but its application may be more ingenious, and in the nature of a similitude, than an absolute foundation; for many similar referable correspondences of ideas may be given, as the range of similitude is large. But the objection

to them is that they are mental, and will not, therefore, apply unconditionally in a theory from which we set out by abstracting association.

Nor can we go so far as to carry this idea of "life" into the theory of colour.

"Colour," says Mr Eastlake, "viewed under the ordinary effects of light and atmosphere, may be considered according to the same general principles. It is first to be observed that, like forms, they may or may not be characteristic, and that no object would be improved by means, however intrinsically agreeable, which are never its own. Next, as to the idea of life: creatures exhibit the hues with which nature has clothed them in greatest brilliancy during the period of consummate life and health. Bright red, which, by universal consent, represents the idea of life, (perhaps from its identity with the hue of the blood,) is the colour which most stimulates the organs of sight."

We doubt if any one colour, as we doubted of any one line, is the colour of beauty; and as to red representing life, possibly by resemblance to blood, speaking to the eye of Art, we should not say that redness is the best exponent of the beautiful flesh of human life. If so, it is most seen in earliest infancy, when it positively displeases. The young bird and young mouse create even disgust from this too visible blood-redness.

What is beauty? is quite another question from that of whether there is a line of beauty. Lines may be pleasing or displeasing, in a degree independent of the objects in which they happen to be. Lines that correspond in symmetry, as well as colours which agree in harmony, may exist in disagreeable objects, leaving yet the question of beauty to be answered; though beauty, whatever it is, may require this correspondence of parts, this order, this sympathy in symmetry.

Burke has separated the sublime from the beautiful. Mr Eastlake has, we suppose intentionally, with a view to his ulterior object, in this fragment omitted any such distinction. He may be the more judicious in this, as Burke admits ugliness into his Sublime.

It has been supposed that the an-

cient artists studied the forms of inferior animals for the purpose of embellishing the human. The bull and lion have been recognised in the heads of Jupiter and Hercules. Mr Eastlake lays stress upon the necessity in avoiding, in representing the human, every characteristic of the brute; and quotes Sir Charles Bell, who says, "I hold it to be an inevitable consequence of such a comparison, that they should discover that the perfection of the human form was to be attained by avoiding what was characteristic of the inferior animals, and increasing the proportions of those features which belong to man."

This is doubtless well put; but there is an extraordinary fact that seems to remove this characteristic peculiarity from the idea of beauty, however it may add it to the idea of perfection. Man is the only risible animal: risibility may be said, therefore, to be his distinguishing mark. If so, far from attributing any beauty to it, even when we admit its agreeability, we deny its beauty,—we even see in it distortion. Painters universally avoid representing it. They prefer the

"Santo, onesto, e grave ciglio."

Some have thought the smile, so successfully rendered by Correggio, the letting down of beauty into an inferior grace.

Perhaps the sum of the view taken by Mr Eastlake may be best shown by a quotation:—

"We have now briefly considered the principal æsthetic attributes of the organic and inorganic world. We have traced the influence of two leading principles of beauty—the visible evidence of character in form, and the visible evidence of the higher character of life. We have endeavoured to separate these from other auxiliary sources of agreeable impressions—such as the effect of colours, and the influences derived from the memory of the other senses. Lastly, all these elements have been kept independent of accidental and remote associations, since a reference to such sources of interest could only serve to complicate the question; and render the interpretation of nature less possible.

A third criterion remains; it is applicable to human beings, and to them only. Human beauty is then most complete, when it not only conforms to the arche-

typal standard of its species, when it not only exhibits in the greatest perfection the attributes of life, but when it most bears the impress of mind, controlling and spiritualising both." "The conclusion which the foregoing considerations appear to warrant, may be now briefly stated as follows:—*Character is relative beauty—Life is the highest character—Mind is the highest life.*"

We confess, in conclusion, that we are not yet disposed to admit, from any thing we have read, that Burke's "Sublime and Beautiful" is superseded. We can as readily believe that the sublime and beautiful may be reunited in one view, as that it is optional to separate them. The sublime and the beautiful both belong to us as human beings, making their sensible impressions all sources of pleasure, greatly differing in kind. It is inseparable from our condition to have a sense of a being vastly superior to ourselves: sublimity has a reference to that superior power over us, and to ourselves, as subject to it: while it renders us inferior, it lifts our minds to the knowledge of the greater. Beauty, on the contrary, seems to look up to us for aid, support, or sympathy. It thus flatters while it pleases, and, in

contradiction to the subduing influence of the sublime, it makes ourselves in some respects the superior, and puts us in good humour both with the object and ourselves.

We are loath to quit this most interesting subject. We thank Mr Eastlake for bringing it so charmingly before us. We feel that our remarks have been very inadequate, both with regard to the nature of the subject, and as "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts" may seem to demand. But we are aware that to do both justice would require larger space than can be here allowed, and an abler pen than we can command. We almost fear a complete elucidation of beauty is not within the scope of the human mind. It may be to us not from earth, but from above; and we are not prepared to receive its whole truth. Burke somewhere observes that—"The waters must be troubled ere they will give out their virtues." The allusion is admirable, and justifies disturbing discussions. On such a subject, where the root of the matter grows not on earth, it may be added, in further allusion, that the stirring hand should be that of an angel.

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